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The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ

By Rev. J. Puiseux,

Honorary Canon and Former Student of the Carmelite School

Translated from the French

By Rev. Roderick A. McEachen

This splendid Life of the World's Redeemer follows the chronological order as far as possible in using the Abbe Fouard's beautiful work as a model. Each paragraph comprises one important fact. Controversial questions are treated without entering into the various discussions, but the reader is referred to discourses and special works on these subjects. The author has availed himself of the results of modern Biblical research and of recent discoveries in the land sanctified by the footsteps of Our Lord. Valuable references are given to the scholarly and monumental works of such writers as Veuillot, Fouard, Le Camus, Frette, Didon, Dr. Lepp and Ollivier.

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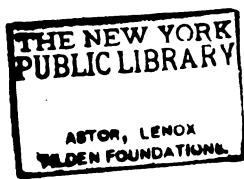
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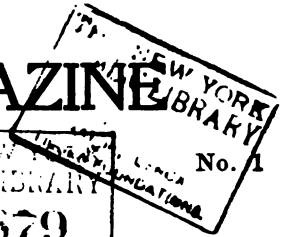
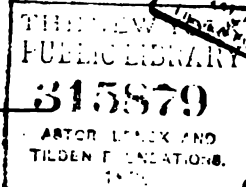


FRANZ SCHUBERT

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVII.

JULY, 1905



Great Catholic Composers of the German School

By LORNA GILL

WITH the epoch of mysticism culminating in Palestrina began the secularisation of music, effected by the Florentine opera composers and followed by the reign of pure music, that art of combining pure tones without words into an aesthetic whole—the period of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

When the possibilities of one sort of tone combination are exhausted, keen minds grasp an unused principle and inaugurate a new style. We know that the ecclesiastical, or first, period gave expression solely to religion; that the second period, the period of Italian opera, portrayed the joys and pleasures of life. To the Germans now remained the development of such tone combinations as sounded the depths of human passion and woe.

In the seventeenth century the Italian composers and virtuosi reigned supreme in every department of music, and it was not until the advent of Gluck, Haydn and Mozart that the musical sceptre was wrested from their hands. The Italian school, with its floriture, its easy, happy melodiousness of style, was attacked by the Germans in their use of heavy masses of tone. The rippling, sensuous style gave place to one more solid, serious—of greater fire and depth.

It was in the field of opera that the Germans first came into musical prom-

inence through the genius of Gluck, who initiated the revolutionary movement in the reform of Italian opera and who, though he was not the first to recognize its abuses, was the first, however, who possessed the ability and stamina necessary for so bold an undertaking. At this time the German opera-houses were entirely given up to the vanity of the Italian singers and the French operas of Rameau, the latter, however, being dramatically earnest but musically dull. Gluck, born in Bavaria in 1714, had been writing Italian operas for thirty years before he began his reforms, but it was not until 1746 that he was brought to a full realization of its weakness. At the request of some London admirers he arranged a "potpourri" of the most popular airs from his operas, and upon its utter failure, he now saw, to quote his own words, "that all efficient music must be the expression of some situation; that, in spite of melody and richness of harmony, if this vital quality be lacking only a vain medley of sounds tickle the ear, but never more deeply." Another incentive to reform lay in the prevalence of the Aristotelian idea that all art must imitate nature. Grimm, one of the musical authorities of the time, disapproved of duets, because, he said, two persons in real life did not talk at the same time without paying any attention to each other.



MOZART.

In the preface to "Alceste," Gluck says: "I sought to reduce music to its true function, that of supporting poetry, in order to strengthen the expression of the sentiments and the interest of the situations without interrupting the action." Here the role of the musician is clearly subservient to the poet, so we can understand how Gluck was determined to play the part of colorist to the poet's drawing, and how he strove to hold his imagination within the fetters imposed by the latter. His new theories received their first exemplification in "Orpheus and Eurydice," which is an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness, containing passages of great beauty beside those devoid of dramatic

significance. "Alceste," his next essay, surpassed the former in fire, mobility and orchestral effect. We can account for his predilection for Greek themes by the fact that it was the vogue of the time to portray the personages of Greek mythology.

Vestris, the famous dancer, was a source of much annoyance to Gluck, and during rehearsals he was often obliged to struggle with his inconsistency. Full as "Iphigenia in Aulis" was of ballets, Vestris wanted another in order to introduce his son. Gluck refused. "Moi," stammered Vestris, "moi, le dieu de la danse." "If you are the God of the dance, monsieur," said Gluck, "dance in heaven, not in my opera." Vestris was sad because there was no chaconne at the end of the opera. "A chaconne!" said Gluck, "when did the Greeks ever dance a chaconne?" "Did they not? Then so much the worse for them," replied Vestris. It was also the latter who

said that there were only three great men in Europe—Frederick II, Voltaire and himself.

More beautiful, however, than all Gluck's other operas was his last work, "Iphigenia in Tauris." Here his technical craft and imagination reached their greatest maturity, and his dramatic power and musical sufficiency became more concentrated and continuous. In spite of Gluck's art theories he has given us music that still lives for modern ears. His melody is more than intensified declamation, and addresses itself more to the musical than to the poetical side. He often said that he tried to be painter and poet rather than musician. That he did not succeed is proven by the vitality of his music.

The truth is that in trying to correct the abuses of Italian opera Gluck erred in going to the opposite extreme—in trying to make music subservient to poetry. To him, however, is due the credit of taking the first supreme step in showing that the words had an important place in the music drama.

As Gluck had first brought the German nation into musical prominence through his operatic reforms, so Haydn was to add greatly to the national lustre by his development of instrumental music. He was born of humble parentage in lower Austria in 1732. Though his early years were fraught with many hardships, they were not sufficient to quench his musical ambition, nor to destroy his cheerful disposition. Upon reaching his eighteenth year, having studied piano, violin and singing, he was visited by a theatrical manager who had heard favorably of him. "Sit down at the piano," said the manager, "and accompany with fitting music the pantomime which I shall perform for you. Imagine a storm at sea—that I have fallen into the water—that I am trying to save myself." Kurtz sprawls across a chair, imitates the actions of a swimmer in distress, while the chair is drawn around the room by an attendant. At first Haydn's work was not sufficiently thrilling, until, in trying to realize the frantic efforts of the swimmer, he threw his arms over his head and brought them down with tragic force on the keys of the piano. In that he foreshadowed a school of later day pianists. Kurtz sprang up and embraced him, saying: "You are the man for me; you must write me an opera."



GLUCK.

And this resulted in the composition of the opera, "The Devil on Two Sticks."

As Gluck was the pioneer of German opera, so Haydn occupied a similar position in regard to instrumental music. The latter developed popular types of expression into the beginnings of a true art, which became possible only through the harmonic and rhythmic organization of his predecessors; and in using thematic development as the basis of his work, he was laying down the first principles of a novel form of art which was later to be so subtly treated by Mozart and Beethoven.

Though called the "Father of the

Symphony," there had been works so called before Haydn's time.

The regulation one had an Allegro and Adagio and a second Allegro. Haydn made the three movements richer and more independent, and added a fourth, the Minuet. He showed his genius in their free and vivacious treatment; in the skilful and original combinations of the instruments.

Haydn was fifty years old when Gluck died, and kapellmeister to Count Esterhazy, a position socially analogous to that occupied by the literary man in the sixteenth century. It was while in this capacity, his rank scarcely higher than a servant's, that he composed the twelve great Solomon Symphonies, distinguished for their simplicity, clearness of design, geniality and playfulness.

In 1792, when in London, his "Surprise Symphony" was received with great enthusiasm. A friend having visited him after its composition, Haydn played it for him on the piano. At the drum passage Haydn said, with a roguish laugh, "Here the women will jump." He explained by saying that the ladies and gentlemen attended these concerts after a late dinner and often indulged in a little nap, and this subterfuge was a comic way of awakening them.

Haydn's extraordinary creative power is seen at its greatest strength in his quartets; he stamped a character upon them which still bears his impress. The charming "Kaiser Quartet" and the "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser" will always live.

Like his music, Haydn was of a simple, kindly nature, full of humor and geniality, never haughty or imperious, his piety and religion being the basis of all these noble qualities. He always began his compositions with the inscription, "In nomine Domini," and ended them with "Laus Deo." "When composition does not go well," he said, "I go to my chamber with rosary in hand, say

a few Aves, and then the ideas quickly come."

His domestic life was rendered very unhappy by a wife who had no sympathy with his work, besides being quarrelsome and heartless. In order to annoy him, she would often use his manuscript for curl papers.

The last great works of his life, "The Seasons" and "the Creation," written when he was sixty-five years of age, are remarkable as being the works of an old man. He said that he was never so pious as during the composition of the latter. "Daily I fell upon my knees and prayed God to give me strength for the happy execution of my work." In the "Creation" such melodies as "With Verdure Clad" and "Cooing calls the Tender Dove" are perennially fresh and young. The value of discords is shown in the introduction to "Chaos" and in the mighty climax of the finale, "The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God."

"The Seasons" was inspired by Thomson's poem of the same name, and when Haydn was asked to which work he gave the preference, he said: "In the 'Creation' the angels speak and tell of God, while in 'The Seasons' only peasants talk."

Both works are still a delight to hear when produced with taste and care.

He left the impress of his genius, also, upon the sonata, from which he removed the last traces of stiffness and brought it to complete definiteness as an artistic vehicle. Among his contributions to sacred music, "The Mariazell Mass" and "The Cecilia Mass" take rank among the masterpieces of their class.

Haydn's place is among the greatest of his art, and aside from the fact that music has undergone great changes from what he left it, his best works still remain interesting. Very fitly he is called the "Father of instrumental Music," and the endearing term of "Papa Haydn," used so much by Mozart, is

more than a name—it is condensed philosophy.

Haydn led the way into unexplored musical regions and was chiefly concerned in clearing and making highways to this unknown country. Mozart, on his appearance, changed the wilderness into a garden. Haydn showed Mozart how to do things, and in return Mozart showed Haydn how to do them better. Each admired the other profoundly, and both were clearly aware of the obligations they bore each other.

How astounding the musical accomplishment of Mozart seems when we consider his short span of life—1756-1791. His prodigious fertility is equalled only by Schubert, with this difference, that the latter's life, a few years shorter, was more quiet and secluded, while much of Mozart's time was consumed in concert tours.

Mozart was undoubtedly the most precocious genius of which musical history has any record. At four he commenced to play the piano and simultaneously to compose little pieces, which his father wrote out for him. If ever a father performed his duty well in regard to a son that father was Leopold Mozart. He was kapellmeister to the Archbishop of Salzburg, discovered the superior genius of his son and devoted his life to its proper development. Both his wife and he were devout Catholics and reared the young Mozart in that faith's pious practices.

When eight years old Mozart and his sister were taken by their father on a concert tour through the principal countries of Europe, where young Wolfgang played the clavier, organ, violin, also composed extemporaneously. In 1769 we find him in Rome, with letters of introduction to one of the Cardinals and asking the favor of being admitted to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri. "You are aware," said the Cardinal, "that the 'Miserere' is held in *such high esteem* that the musi-

cians of the chapel are forbidden under pain of excommunication to take any part of it away, to copy it themselves or through others." The difficulty of putting down the notes of music by a double choir abounding in imitation and traditional effects, is scarcely conceivable. Mozart performed this supposedly impossible feat in two visits to the chapel, the second time having his manuscript in his hat for correction and completion. The theft soon became known in Rome, but the generous Italians in their delight at discovering such marvellous ability forgot to call upon the Pope to excommunicate him.

Considering that Mozart's talents had created so great a furore in his childhood, he suffered keenly upon reaching maturity from lack of sympathy and poverty and from his failure to secure a powerful patron. It is true that his compositions were much in advance of his time, and this, together with his refusal to pander to the vulgar taste of the period, can be accounted for his financial reverses. Whatever pecuniary advantages he gained were from the concert stage, on account of his reputation as the greatest clavier virtuoso of his time; however, during the last years of his life he was appointed kapellmeister to Emperor Joseph of Austria, but the remuneration was small.

Nothing that Mozart has written seems to have been the result of human labor; everywhere we feel it as the outpouring of a divine instinct. His sense of euphony was so perfect that it would never allow him to sacrifice purity and beauty of tone to produce dramatic effect. His works, numbering thousands, run the whole gamut of musical composition;—sacred music, sonatas, symphonies, chamber music and operatic, but it is chiefly by his dramatic work that he is known to posterity. "Don Juan," "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute" will always hold the stage. Of his operatic works, it has been



MOZART BEFORE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

said that he completed the palace of Italian opera and that he laid the enduring foundations of the German. There is an extraordinary wealth of melody in these operas; the music of each character surrounds it as an atmosphere; the instrumentation supplements the voice and is in keeping with the scenic effect. Rubinstein said: "Gluck has achieved great things, yes, opened new paths, but his music, in comparison with Mozart's, is as cold as stone; besides, he has removed opera from the icy pathos of mythology into real life, from the Italian into the German language, thereby giving it a national path."

All his music is characterized by its spontaneity, its feathery lightness, its delicate filigree effects, its elegance, grace and melodic fecundity. In the domain of absolute music his productivity was equally as great as in the operatic. *Six string quartets* dedicated to Haydn

were written between 1782 and 1791; his four greatest string quartets, between 1787 and 1791, and his greatest symphonies—works that will endure as long as music—were written in two months, in the year 1788. We found that system and unity was the keynote of Haydn's composition, and that a certain monotony resulted from its great precision. Mozart's instrumental output contains a more flexible and various construction, a more venturesome harmony and more subtlety. His last composition, "The Requiem," was the result of the commission of an utter stranger, who succeeded in concealing his identity. During its composition Mozart's health was continually failing, and he truly predicted that the work would be his own requiem. On the day of his death he was visited by some friends; his ruling passion strong in death, he called for the score of "The

Requiem" and asked them to sing it, while he took the alto part. They had proceeded as far as the "Lacrymosa" when he was seized with so violent a fit of weeping that he could go no farther.

If Mozart suffered neglect from the public and was often so poor that he and his wife were sometimes found dancing around their rooms to keep warm, he was considered by contemporary musicians as the greatest composer in the world. It is to be regretted that his operas are not now produced with the same care that is devoted to Wagner's. The singers in the latter are chosen with delicate discretion as to their suitability to fill certain roles, whilst for poor Mozart's, careless and indiscriminate selection prevails. On the concert stage he is well-nigh forgotten; but this is an age of over-ornamentation in music, and

when the reaction sets in we shall see him restored to the position to which his genius entitles him.

The significance of our next subject lies in his contributions to the operatic stage. Carl Maria von Weber was born in 1786, thirty years later than Mozart. His father, fired by the success of the latter as an infant prodigy, had the ambition to have his son create a similar furor. The families were connected by marriage, Mozart's wife, Constance, being the niece of the elder Weber. The latter, however, lacked the stability of the father of Mozart, and kept his son flitting from one teacher to another, with the result that young Weber never attained the sound musical knowledge of Mozart.

In his earlier works Weber had trod in the footsteps of Gluck and Mozart, but with the composition of "Der Frei-



MOZART SINGING HIS LAST REQUIEM.



HAYDN.

schutz" he began to make marked innovations, beginning with the overture, which he thought should be an epitome of the opera to follow. Gluck and Mozart had treated it as an independent musical composition. That the effect was magical can be seen in the "Der Frieschutz" overture and those in the operas that followed, all unsurpassed for dramatic coloring and poetical feeling. His chief aim was to endow his operas with a distinct color of nationality, and for this reason he used the German folk-songs as their foundation. While the critics spoke of "Der Freischutz" as an unmusical uproar and that the composer had created a colossal nothing, its reception by the people was tremendously en-

thusiastic. Its popularity always remained an enigma to Spohr, while to Schubert nothing appeared admirable in "Euryanthe." Both saw only sensationalism in his dramatic effects. We, who are familiar with Wagner's music-dramas, can scarcely realize how revolutionary Weber's theories must have sounded three-quarters of a century ago. The fact is that his full stature can be seen only by the light of example that Wagner throws upon him, as both "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" can be traced to the influence of "Euryanthe."

Weber was a man of strong intellect and much general culture. He wrote several novels and was a regular contributor to the journals of the day (in which he expounded his art theories), and was the precursor of such literary musicians as Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner. His life was one long struggle with the partisans of Italian opera, and what-

ever happiness came into it was from the love and devotion he bore his wife, Caroline Brandt, a retired opera singer. As a piano composer his works have become obsolete; his "Concertstuck," once so popular as a "tour de force" with pianists, is rapidly sinking into neglect, whereas the "Invitation to the Valse" seems to retain the most enduring quality of all. A similar fate has befallen most of his vocal compositions, with the exception of such matchless collections of songs as "The Lyre and the Sword" and "Lutzow's Wild Hunt."

While producing "Oberon" in London, in 1826, Weber died, and was buried there with great pomp. Seventeen years later, mainly through the exertions of Richard Wagner, his body was rein-

tered in the Catholic cemetery at Vienna.

What Weber and Mozart were to opera, Haydn and Beethoven to the symphony, Schubert was to song. This most prolific of composers left at his death, at the age of thirty-two, eleven hundred compositions, and for years after manuscripts were frequently found in out-of-the-way places, in cupboards and sideboards. He was the first great exponent of the German "lied" and is still unsurpassed by any of his successors. Such a well-spring of melody he possessed, such spontaneity, such originality! In his inimitable art he preserved the naivete of the "volkslied" (folk-song); his power and breadth of treatment, his subtle harmonic changes, and his preservation of the poetic aroma mark him as a consummate master of expression.

One of the greatest sources of his inspiration was the poems of Goethe, sixty-seven of which he set to some of his noblest songs. Among them the "Erl King," that most powerful dramatic song, was on its first hearing coldly received on account of its boldness and startling originality of harmony. It was, however, through the interpretations of Vogl, one of the greatest singers of his time, that the beauties of Schubert's score first became evident. Some of the other most popular of the Goethe settings are: "Gretchen at her Spinning Wheel," "Schwager-Kronas" and the songs of "Mignon and the Harper." Many of his best known songs were the inspiration of a moment; some while talking to friends, several while drinking in beer-gardens. At the latter was writ-



WEBER.

ten the exquisite "Hark! Hark! the Lark," the beautiful melody and its accompaniment flashing upon him as he turned the pages of a volume of Shakespeare which he found lying upon the table. It was immediately transcribed to the back of a menu card. On the same evening the "Drinking Song" from "Anthony and Cleopatra" was set to music, and the verses, "Who is Sylvia?" received that daintily delicate treatment that we all know so well.

Schubert's prodigious wealth of ideas is exemplified in his song cycles, "Die schone Mullerin," "Ungeduld," the highly finished "Winterreise" and his last collection, "Swan Songs." In such songs as "Der Wanderer," "Wer, nie sein Brod mit Thranen" and "Frühlingsglaube" we find him at musical



HAYDN CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



LAST THOUGHTS OF WEBER, HAMMAN.

heights which he seldom surpassed. Of him Schumann says: "He will always be the favorite musical interpreter of youth, telling of pet fancies, romantic adventures and passionate loves. By the side of Beethoven he is effeminate, but more gossipy."

As to his piano music it is true that he carved out no new paths, yet he left the imprint of his artistic value upon his "Moments Musicales," "Impromptus, and Sonatas." His greatest achievements in chamber music were in the G minor and D minor string quartets and the quintet in C. His "Tenth Symphony," written in 1828, is ranked among the world's greatest orchestral works, and the "Mass in E Flat," composed the same year, is his supreme effort in the realm of sacred music.

Though Schubert's rank as a composer is now assured, it was only many years after his death, in 1829, that even a portion of his musical work was published, and his career was so brief, so sudden a blaze, that the world was scarcely aware of his potent presence until he had left it.

As we know how the ecclesiastical period of music reached its meridian in Palestrina, how Italian opera culminated in Rossini, so now, after the noble work of Haydn and Mozart, the classic period attained its maturity in the stupendous creations of Beethoven, the Michael Angelo of music, and the epoch-making work of Gluck, Mozart and Weber in German opera has received, probably, its last utterance in the tremendous resources of Richard Wagner.

The Forbidden Tree

By JOHN A. FOOTE

IT was pleasant to sit in the semi-darkness and tighten once more the old bond of comradeship after so many years of separation. The room itself spoke of dignified rest after labor, and unselfish comfort. The incandescent logs in the fireplace glowed with quite a cheery resemblance to real pine-knots, and the warm glare flared on the brass andirons, melted away into the soft blackness of the Flemish oak woodwork, glinted on the glass of the quaint diamond-leaded doors of the bookcases, to be focused, at last, full on the face of old Halliday—the man who had been my best friend at college, and who now, though the years had passed and I had almost given him up, had come back to me.

It was a strong face and a wonderful face that showed in the firelight. Over

the fireplace, set in the woodwork, was a sombre old painting of a group of Cromwellian warriors—Prince Rupert and his comrades—thin, grave-visaged men, with the light of a wild enthusiasm showing in their eyes. And from Halliday's face my gaze wandered to this picture and back again. Singularly like one of those gaunt, earnest men, he looked, with his sallown, thin face, angular and deeply lined, his black, pointed beard, and his eyes, large and dark, changing in opalescent flashes with the current of his thoughts, and now, for an instant, gleaming with just such a wild glitter as Rupert's might have possessed when he led his thundering cavalry to battle. "Enthusiasm or fanaticism!" I murmured to myself, nodding my head according to my habit, and Halliday started.



HAYDN CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



LAST THOUGHTS OF WEBER, HAMMAN.

"What's that?" he asked, looking at me sharply from under his bushy eyebrows. I laughed.

"It's my old habit of allowing my thoughts to go wool-gathering," I said. He continued to look serious, and raising his thin hand from the shadow hung his pipe on a rack near the mantle. Then, placing his arms behind his head, he leaned back in his chair, and gazed at the blue flame of the gas logs. After awhile he began to speak in his deep voice:

"I have been thinking, too," he said slowly, "and of many things. Seeing you has brought retrospection, and that, in turn, a realization that, after all has been said and done, we have very, very little to do with the shaping of our own fortunes."

"With such trust in fatalism, all you need now is a fez cap and a hookah, and you might be a Mussulman," I said.

"Yet I mean it, Jim," he exclaimed earnestly, leaning forward in his big chair. "Ten years ago when we left college, you remember, we had our life-work plainly chosen. You were to be an author, a famous author, and write novels that would sell by the thousand, while I was to simply develop into a gay butterfly of fashion—own summer houses, and winter palaces, and all that sort of foolishness. But what has Fate done for us? The author sinks his personality—an unnamed tributary to the ocean of syndicate literary matter—while the butterfly—" he paused with an expressive intonation and a shrug.

"Well?" I said.

"The butterfly has never passed the grub stage. His summer palaces are abandoned castles in the air. Butterflies, you know, Jim, do not thrive well in a laboratory atmosphere."

He smiled grimly while he spoke, and it was a brave, but not a pleasant smile. I fancied that I could read the current *of his thoughts* under his ill-fitting mask *of levity—the thoughts of a man who*

had drunk so deeply of the bitterness of life that now all its joys tasted of the dregs. His history was commonplace enough.

He had some wealth and splendid social position when he left the university, and, besides, was engaged to marry a beautiful woman. A European war, a decline in values, and in a single night ruin came to him. With characteristic manliness he went first to his fiancée, told her of the bad condition of his affairs, and offered to release her from her engagement. And she calmly thanked him, weighed carefully his chances of recoupment, released him—and was married within a year to another man. Always devoted to scientific research, he tried to forget his bitter experience in study. Practically buried, in the intervening years, in the laboratory of a great European biologist, a wealth that he no longer cared for flowed back to him; and now he had returned to America to live, and was talking to-night with me almost as in the old days—almost, yet there was a difference.

"We certainly haven't reached our ideals," I ventured.

"Ideals!" he mused, looking upward into the warm gloom above the fireplace. "Ideals!—will-o-the-wisps that dance before us in the youth of our wisdom, and lead us a mad chase until, perhaps, clutching in the darkness we may blindly grasp Success—false joys that have no being—and yet how we cherish them and hunger for them, even though the wise years have proved that they were phantoms, not even the ghosts of joy."

There was a strange gravity in his voice as he finished, and a sadness that spoke of his own unhappiness of spirit.

"But," I remonstrated, "ideals are our anchors: they are about the only things that remain to us when we have lost the more tangible things of life. Indeed, the world would be a very sordid place

THE FORBIDDEN TREE

without them: there is theology, and science—

"And there is night and there is day," he said, moodily: "and the night is filled with awesome mystery and peopled with shapes which we can neither see nor understand with earthly eyes, and the day perplexes us with things which we see but cannot explain: and existence seems to be a round of fruitless questions. Why should it be so? Why must the one who seeks religion without the eyes of faith lose its knowledge altogether—as I have done?"

"As you have done!" I ejaculated. "Are you crazy, man? Do you mean to tell me that you do not believe in a Creator?" I spoke impatiently, even resentfully, but then the anguish in his face, as he turned towards me, made me pity him.

"Do not judge me too quickly, Jim," he said. "For eight years I have suffered an agony of doubt, and all of that time I have prayed for light. But it has not come to me—rather, everything seems to move me farther from the old belief—my teachers, my experiments—all have been, unfortunately, adverse to my spiritual happiness and peace."

"But," I said, groping for an argument, for my biological knowledge was scanty, "there was Schwann, and Galvani, and Mendel, the monk, and Pasteur—and they not only believed but were devout Christians. And they are great names, too, are they not?"

"Great names," he assented, "and great figures, all of them; and their faith grew with their knowledge. It was Pasteur who said that if he could know all that is to be known, he might then attain the simple faith of the Norman peasant. Oh, that's it! I have no faith; I cannot accept anything, either in science or religion, unproven; and I am too proud to submit my reason to authority. Like Ibsen, the poison of the awful question and the eternal doubt has narcotized

my soul. But to-night I let it all, Jim, and I sent for I felt that you might understand and sympathize with me in my madness."

There was a suggestion of manner and his vague, hoarse words that crystallized in an instant into a fear that he was contemplating suicide. And so I blurted:

"You—you mean to destroy yourself in your madness!"

"No," he said, as he rose and came before me with his arms outstretched, not even resentful that I had not understood. "I mean that my doubt shall end, and I must choose between an infidelity to scientific fact, or else an humility which will submit his mind to authority." There was a strain in his eyes as he spoke, and he towered over me, while he raised his gaunt hand to emphasize his words.

"You must be going mad, man—no sane man would speak thus of phemy." But he did not heed me; he was standing now, his head bowed and his back turned, peering down into the fire, apparently talking to himself:

"If it succeeds—if my doubt succeeds—I shall be great, famous—more famous than Darwin—than Koch—than Pasteur—men's minds than the headstrong or the ambitious Napoleon—the high-priest of Reason!"

I touched him on the arm, and he twitched in a manner that betokened nervousness.

"What was I saying?" he asked, confusedly, and then, as the door opened and he came to him, he sank wearily into his chair. "Forgive me," he said, "my fearful thoughts take possession of me very often now, and I cannot control them. It is pride—vain pride—craving for something—I do not know what—that is the cause."

"It's nothing of the sort," I replied; "it's worry and overwork that has got on your nerves. Now, Halliday, be reasonable; forget about this experiment, or whatever it is, and let us talk about something else." But my words seemed only to act as a spur.

"Forget about it! No, I must explain it to you. You must know, then, that for many years I have been working at problems in biology, and, also, that like my confreres I accomplished much in speculation and hypothesis and little in experiment and fact. For if biology were a language, protoplasm would be its alphabet. We have yet to learn this alphabet; we have yet to analyze and synthesize living protoplasm. Yes, we can girdle the earth, and chain the great cataracts, and harness the swift lightning itself to do our bidding—but we cannot make a single grain of this living jelly! Believe me, Jim, I speak seriously when I say that I have not wished so much to prove that life could be made, as that it could not be made. And yet, sometimes moments come when the thirst for knowledge and the fever of ambition seize me, and I think that it may fall to me to discover the great secret." He spoke in a hushed, awesome voice. "And if man can create life, it will be the apotheosis of mortality, and old beliefs must crumble." Now he was talking rapidly, with his old-time, easy fluency, his eyes glowing with the fire of his own arguments. I interrupted him.

"But, as you admitted awhile ago," I urged, "your scientists in general have done nothing. I have heard of a certain Professor Loeb who claims to have fertilized a sea-urchin's eggs with chemicals. But he could not make the eggs themselves; and what has his experiment proved? Nothing, you will admit. And have you yourself done more than he?"

"You shall see for yourself to-night, *what I have done*," he replied, "be it

much or little. I have done far more than Loeb—far more, though my discovery was an accident. I have approached the great thing—the chemical difference between living and dead protoplasm. If life is equivalent to this chemical difference, then life is a thing of chemical reactions—a certain something which becomes energy, and leaves behind the substance we call proteid, or albumen. The next step is to be able to make protoplasm, and see whether or not it exhibits the phenomena of living substances, and this test is now in progress. It is the last word in the study of protoplasm; if it fails I shall know that there is indeed Something above the laws of nature." He drew out his watch and glanced at it. "In ten minutes you shall witness the result. I wish you to verify it."

"Verify it!" I exclaimed. "Where?"

"In this very house," he answered. "The adjoining room is my laboratory." He seemed almost amused at my evident astonishment, and stood regarding me silently for a moment. Then from a cabinet he drew out a decanter, and pouring out a glass of spirit, handed it to me.

"Take it for your nerves," he said; "you may need it."

"And you—" I suggested. He smiled and shrugged his shoulders:

"I haven't any left that are worth caring for." He had grown as pale as marble; I pressed him to take some of the stimulant, but he would not listen to me.

"Come!" he said, grasping my arm, after a hurried glance at his watch. "There is no time to lose. Whatever is to happen must happen soon."

He pushed aside a heavy curtain, unlocked a door, and the next instant we stood in a large room, with a single broad window facing the court yard, and numerous skylights through which the moon sent a flood of pale-blue light. A faint odor of chemicals was in the air, and even with my nerves atingle from the potentiality of the moment, I can remem-

to place one half-familiar, pre-
giant scent. Then I heard Halli-
day saying:

"That window, please, Jim, and
draw the curtain. It's a little stuffy in
here; we must wait on ourselves; I
am away for the evening so that
I am entirely alone."

He requested, and taking a
step towards the December night, noticed
the adjoining houses white
with a mantle of soft, new-fallen snow,
and how they came within the hours since
the bell in a neighboring
tower struck twelve, and I
sat in the strokes and listened as the
echoed out "Rock of Ages."
It was moving around the room
; the echo of the chimes had
gone away when he called to me:
"Wait, now, Jim."

He drew the curtain fast, while he turned
on a light of soft, diffuse light that came
from all parts of the room as evenly
as the sun. He had seated himself at
the window, not far from
the door, and was gazing intently
at a box-shaped affair, constructed
of wood and some bright metal, which
was the centre of the table. It was
not enough appearing thing,
but regarded it curiously I noticed
a thermometer tube projected from
the top of it, while one side showed a
circular indicator, or dial. Above was
a tube fitted with an eye-piece,
and an exaggerated microscope
while the balance of the ap-
paratus was apparently of glass and
innocent enough it all seemed,
I watched, an expression came
on Halliday's face such as a man might
expect to await judgment. He
was on the verge of a collapse.
He stepped towards him, intending to
help him, but he waved me away.

"Back, go back!" he cried, his eyes
fixed on the indicator. "It lacks only
moments of the time! Listen, now,
be brief: I will look, focus,

and adjust, and make my observations.
Then it will be your duty to verify what
I have seen. If we see a living, moving,
contractile, irritable organism, it is life—
if not, may God have mercy on me!"

Beads of perspiration stood out on
his forehead and he spoke disjointedly.
The breeze rustled through the curtain;
I could hear distinctly the ticking of my
watch and his labored breathing.

"Now!" he whispered, deftly drawing
out a slide, pulling down the eye-piece
and turning a couple of screws. His
eye went to the lens, and as he adjusted
the focus I watched his features, with
their hints of hope and fear blended with
constant mental misery. And then—
may I never again witness such an ex-
pression as came over his face. It was
concentrated madness, and terror, and
pain, and despair—the more awful that
he uttered no sound—as if hell's fire, or
God's glory had seared his brain with
flame. It had passed in an instant;
while one could count three, he focused,
saw, lurched forward, and then sank at
my feet in a huddled heap, a grin of ter-
ror on his bloodless face. Then I lost
my presence of mind. I know I should
have summoned medical help, but I was
alone, and I feared to leave him. I found
some water, dashed it on his temples,
and forced brandy between his set teeth.
I worked with him as I had seen
drowned men worked upon, and I
thought I noticed signs of returning con-
sciousness. After awhile I felt for his
pulse; it was not perceptible, and then
I found, to my dismay, that his heart-
beat was not audible. I had been rub-
bing his right arm with brandy; as I
grasped his left arm I could hardly raise
it—it had grown quite stiff and cold.

I dropped the bottle from my hand,
and stood stunned for the instant with
an awful realization: Halliday was dead.

What had he seen? Or was it that he
had seen nothing at all, and that the
realization of the fruitlessness of his
labors, superadded to his other miseries,

had snapped a weak link in his chain of life? Or was it a visitation on his pride—his poor, foolhardy, boasting pride! This last thought was appalling; I dared not pursue it farther, and my eyes rested on the strange machine, the engine of all this horror, with a fierce loathing. What he had seen mattered little to any one now; he was dead, and his awful secret should be buried with him. But this demonic thing that had played so ghastly a part in taking my friend from me should do no more mischief. These were my thoughts; I grasped table and all, with its death-box, and strong in my passionate rage, hurled it through the window-sash and listened until I heard it fall in fragments, clashing and jangling, into the courtyard far below. And then, in the reaction, weak and trembling with relief, I leaned against a chair and laughed hysterically.

I do not know how long I sat gazing into his wild, staring eyes with the stony apathy that follows sudden grief. Gradually the light of dawn filtered through the curtained window. A breeze began to stir, and I heard the noises of the awakening city come through the broken glass. I had been praying earnestly, with all the fervor I could command; but now with the dawn I realized that

there were other duties to be performed. I took his poor, gaunt form in my arms, carried it out to his bedchamber, straightened the twisted limbs and closed the distracted eyes, until now there seemed no trace of anguish in his face. These tasks were hardly completed when I thought I heard footsteps outside. I turned around and was startled to find Peters, his man, standing behind me, silently gazing at the figure on the bed.

"E had another attack, I expect, sir," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "and a very severe one." The man nodded, and seemed not surprised.

"E was a good master to me, sir, but I knew 'e couldn't last long. It was his 'art, sir, an' this was the third spell."

Perhaps it was; yet, though he was my best and truest friend, I cannot help thinking, when I recall the events of that dreadful night, that poor Halliday's fate had a deeper significance than we can fathom—perhaps even a supernatural significance, intimately connected with his hopeless quest of

"The fruit

Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe."

Daybreak

Thou hast not looked on Yesterday,
Nor shalt To-morrow see;
Upon thy solitary way
Is none to pilot thee:—
Thou comest to thine own
A stranger and alone.

And yet, alas, thy countenance
To us familiar seems;
The wonder of thy wakening glance,
The vanishing of dreams,
Is like an old refrain
From silence come again.

—John B. Tabb, in "Later Lyrics."

Tuesdays With Friends

About and Not To

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

FRIENDS!" said the Professor, who had come to stay over night. "Friends! At my age, somehow, you feel that friends are rather unsatisfactory."

The Professor looked across the lawn, and stroked his white beard. The level rays of the sun struck the Student in the eyes, so he moved his chair, and devoted himself to a big glass of cold tea.

"I can't stand him!" the Student whispered to the Young Lady from Virginia, "I hate an old cynic."

"All old bachelors are cynics," said the Young Lady from Virginia, sweetly. "They are young bachelors who, having been rejected by every woman they ever knew, turn bitter in old age."

"You might have worded that more logically," answered the Student. "I don't see how an old bachelor can be a young bachelor."

"Some men are born old bachelors—at least, they are born with all the worst characteristics of old bachelors," added the Young Lady from Virginia.

The Student blushed.

"The pink peonies have gone," said the Young Lady from Virginia, looking at the plot where lately they glowed, "but their reflection remains—"

"Friends," said the Professor, "are most unsatisfactory. As you grow older, they become more and more absorbed in themselves. And they drop off."

"That's one of the reasons," said the Lady of the House, "why everybody who has not a vocation for the religious

life ought to marry. If you, Professor, had been fortunate enough to marry, you would have been now so absorbed in your own affairs, that you would have no time to observe the preoccupation of your friends with theirs."

"That sounds like selfishness," said the Professor, with something like a growl. "All married persons are selfish!"

"No, no," said the Young Priest, "I've remarked that married people can't be selfish—their children will not let them."

"The ethical value of marriage," said the Student, with the wise look of youth, "is that it abrogates selfishness."

The Professor gave him a dark frown.

"I'm glad the exams. are over, or I should be plucked," whispered the Student to the Young Lady from Virginia. "He is an old beast!"

"I don't pretend to go in for popularity," continued the Professor, looking at the Young Priest. "I don't listen to everybody's tale of woe. I've no time for that. If I did, I suppose I'd have troops of friends, for friends are largely friendly when you flatter them. I don't flatter anybody. If a man comes to me with his troubles, I cut him short—dead short. I've enough troubles of my own. Nobody cares to listen to my troubles. And, if I were amiable, people would call me insincere."

"Oh, that's common enough," said the Lady of the House, "but if you bother much about what people may say of you, you'll never do much good in this world. To attract friends is a gift; to keep them is an art."

The Judge came from the lane, and crossed to the seat under the oak, bowing coldly to the Professor, who frowned, and pulled at the ends of his white mustache.

"Cold tea, Judge?" asked the Lady of the House. "No? I have just said that to attract friends is a gift. To keep them is an art."

"Let me think of that." The Judge turned his face away from the Professor and smiled genially at the Lady of the House. "I think you are right. To keep a friend one must never forget. It's not a question of frequent letters or of constant adulation—which some people seem to expect—but the knowledge that in one or two hearts there exists perennial understanding of your virtues and your faults—no envy of the first and a kindly, if regretful, tolerance for the second."

"Twaddle!" murmured the Professor to the Young Lady from Virginia. "He used to be a friend of mine; I know him."

"When I have a friend, I never see his faults," exclaimed the Student, enthusiastically.

"Not until he begins to tell you of yours," returned the Professor, cracking ice viciously between his teeth.

"There's a way of doing that which may even help to keep a friend," remarked the Judge, blandly. "I have tried it myself, though, and failed. If your friend has too much vanity, you'll lose him sooner or later, no matter how gently you may tell him the truth."

The Lady of the House looked uncomfortable.

"To keep friends is a gift," she repeated uneasily.

"You can't keep friends who imagine that brutal bluntness is sincerity," growled the Professor. "If I were a *vain man*, it would have been different. *In that case, I should have acknowl-*

edged my vanity—or, at least, taken no offence when I was accused of it."

"I fancy," said the Young Lady from Virginia, "that you two have been friends."

"Were friends," corrected the Professor. "You have mixed your moods and tenses, ma'am."

"I have no moods," said the Young Lady from Virginia, "they are the prerogatives of old bachelors."

The Professor tightened his lips.

"Friendship," said the Lady of the House, trying to make a diversion, "must be nourished carefully. It is a gift of God in the beginning, like faith, and like faith it must be cultivated. You can't keep a friend by calmly receiving friendship and making no return. There are times when friends need sympathy, even when they are in the wrong. If your friend is in the wrong, it is then that he is most in want of friendship. When we begin to analyze our friend's virtues or faults in the presence of others, friendship begins to unfold its wings for flight."

The Professor rose and bowed ceremoniously.

"I shall take a walk," he said.

"What did you say *about* him?" asked the Young Lady from Virginia, mischievously, "I'm sure he couldn't have held a grudge for anything you said *to* him?"

The Judge hesitated.

"Well," he said, "I did remark to an acquaintance that the Professor was growing bald—and the acquaintance, being a man, told, of course."

The Student laughed, and then checked himself.

"I'm afraid you've lost a friend," said the Young Lady from Virginia.

The Judge stared grimly at the Professor, who was cutting down the morning-glory vines with his cane, and he did not answer.



THE DEFENSE OF CLONMEL

By DENIS A. McCARTHY



WHEN Oliver Cromwell—whose name is still remembered with horror in Ireland—besieged Clonmel, the garrison of fifteen hundred men, commanded by Hugh Duff O'Neill, and aided by the townspeople, resisted most bravely. At length, finding further struggle against overwhelming odds hopeless, O'Neill decided to evacuate the town; but before taking this step, he planned and executed a stroke which, for the time being, almost demoralized the enemy, and filled them with such a wholesome respect for the prowess of the town's defenders that, when Clonmel surrendered, its people received favorable terms from Cromwell. General Sir William Butler, K. C. B., writing of this event, says: "No opposition appeared until the leading troops entered the breach. The column anticipated an easy victory, but there was terrible slaughter and they were repulsed. An hour after nightfall O'Neill withdrew his forces, and the town was surrendered."

"Ho, chosen warriors of the Lord,
Gird up your loins to-day!
Yon breach within, the sons of sin
Stand desp'rately at bay.
Draw, draw your swords, your pieces prime,
Let drum and trumpet swell!
This charge must rout the Papists out"—
Cried Cromwell at Clonmel.

E'en at his word the army stirred,
Grim veterans all were they,
Whose swords had flashed, whose cannon crashed
In many a fiery fray.
At Naseby field and Marston Moor
Full well they'd fleshed their spears,
When fast before their charge had fled
The haughty Cavaliers.

The eyes beneath each morion glowed
With strange, fanatic light;
They deemed themselves the saints of God,
His instruments of might.
No doubt this firm conviction vext,
But fierce, ferocious, calm,
Their war-cry was a Scripture text,
Their battle-song a psalm.



CLONMEL.

Across the land their march had been
A devastating flood;
Where'er it twined it left behind
A crimson stain of blood.
Not e'en the piteous plea of age
Their fury could disarm,
And vain the wile of childhood's smile
Their murderous mood to charm.

And now, behold, against Clonmel
They vainly fling their bands!
Battered and bayed but undismayed
The town defiant stands.
Battered and bayed but undismayed



THE BRIDGE, CLONMEL.

It meets each fresh attack,
With soldiers few and faint but true,
It hurls the foemen back.

Hugh Duff O'Neill commands the town
And marks with looks that lower,
Cromwellian cannon batter down
His forts from hour to hour.
He marks the famine-stricken few
That hold the crumbling wall,
And knows that vain is all their pain—
Clonmel at last must fall.



WESTGATE, CLONMEL, AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

Then up he speaks unto his chiefs:
"Ere yet this town we leave,
We'll make a stand for fatherland,
Will cause the foe to grieve.
The breach that yawns so widely now
Will serve our purpose well,
Before we go we'll make the foe
Remember 'rare Clonmel!'"

Within the breach's yawning mouth,
A lane of stone he rears,
He lines the walls on either side
With all his musketeers.
Across the end another wall
With cannon furnished fit—
"I have a mind," quoth he, "they'll find
This breach the devil's pit."

The trap is made, but scarcely laid,
When Cromwell's voice rings out;
With eager cry his troops reply,

In one wild charging shout.
Then, like the thundering wave that roars
Along the sounding beach,
The rushing Roundhead army pours
Its thousands through the breach!

Clonmel, Clonmel, thy fate is sealed!
Thy sun is sunk in gloom!
No strength thy puny arm may wield
Can save thee from thy doom—
The doom that fell on Drogheda
And Wexford town as well—
Slaughter and flame, defeat and shame
Are thine to-day, Clonmel!

* * * * *

But see! But see! Who can these be
From out the breach that run?
What panic-stricken wretches flee
With broken blade and gun?
Can these be Cromwell's chosen troops,
Erewhile so fierce and fell,
That stagger out, a broken rout,
From dauntless old Clonmel?

Yes, yes, thank God for cannoneers,
Who mowed them down in ranks!
Thank God for ready musketeers
Whose volleys swept their flanks!
Thank God for gallant soldiers all,
Who charged and broke and slew
In one brief hour the very flower
Of Cromwell's canting crew!

Yes, yes. Thank God for Irish hearts
Unconquerable still!
Of war's red cost the Roundhead host
To-day have had their fill.
Honor to these who held the town,
And let the future tell
How Irish swords beat back the hordes
Of Cromwell at Clonmel!



The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

VII.

PAUL MORGAN had arrived in London much the better for his Eastern trip. He called on his doctor, who pronounced himself satisfied with his condition, but warned him to still exercise care and to avoid unnecessary exposure in inclement weather. Considerably cheered by the medical verdict, the young clergyman set about his duties in an East London parish with renewed ardor.

The work was absorbing and at times full of sad experiences, but this did not discourage Paul Morgan and his co-workers. He was one of four young clergymen under the control of a Superior. The five men belonged to the most advanced Anglican school of thought and practice, and their parish, a large one, was chiefly made up of the poorer classes.

Paul Morgan's first step was to find a lodging, as home he had none. After a rather lengthy search he found what he thought would suit him in the small but quiet and attractive house of the widow of a London tradesman. Three rooms—the sitting-room looking out on the courtyard of a neighboring Catholic church—made up his abode. He arranged with Mrs. Brownell to cater for him, and then attended to having his boxes moved and unpacked. In about ten days from the time of his landing in England he was comfortably settled and feeling thoroughly happy in a return to active work. One afternoon, while making a round of parochial calls, a poor but respectable woman, a mem-

ber of his church, told him that two weeks previous some rooms on the floor opposite hers had been taken by a mother, son and daughter, who seemed very poor; that the mother was an invalid and alone all day, as the son and daughter worked out, and that she thought a visit from the clergyman would be acceptable. Consequently, on leaving Mrs. Green Paul Morgan tapped on the door opposite, and in answer to a "Come in," he entered, and found himself in a small but neatly furnished room. In a large armchair sat a woman of the middle class, with a gentle, almost spiritual face. She apologized for her inability to rise; with his usual kindness and tact the clergyman had soon drawn her out, and she was talking to him quite freely. He ascertained that she belonged to the Church of England, but had rather fallen off in her attendance for several years before becoming an invalid, having married a "dissenter." Her son and daughter were devoted children, she said, and since the death of her husband had supported themselves and her entirely.

Half unthinkingly, and without any especial intent, the clergyman inquired if they were her only children. The woman's face flushed and she hesitated.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "I have one other daughter."

As she seemed unwilling to say more the clergyman asked no questions, but shortly took his leave, promising to come again soon. It was then ten days before Ash Wednesday and Paul meant to see the woman again in a few days, but a press of work arose, detaining him until one rainy afternoon, two weeks from the

time of his first call, when he again turned his steps toward Mrs. Beaumont's. At the door he encountered a ragged urchin, who enquired:

"Be you the passun?"

"Well, I am a clergyman," said Paul, "but for whom do you want one?"

"Mrs. Beaumont," said the boy, "she's orful bad, and Mrs. Green, she was sending me for you."

Mounting the stairs, Paul knocked lightly on the door, which was opened by a young girl whom he concluded to be the woman's daughter.

"You are the Reverend Mr. Morgan, sir?" she said. "My mother has been asking for you for over an hour."

She led the clergyman into a closet beyond the living-room, lighted by a small window that looked out over some sheds. It needed but a glance to show Paul Morgan that the woman was very ill. The daughter withdrew as he bent over Mrs. Beaumont's bed.

"What can I do for you?" he said. "You want my help. Don't hesitate to ask anything of me, and if I can do it, I will."

"It's my daughter, sir," said the sick woman. "I want to see her again before I die, and I thought perhaps you would carry a message for me to her."

"Certainly," he answered, a little surprised. "Where can I find her, and what is her name?"

There was a short pause, the while the woman drew in her breath sharply and moved uneasily on her bed.

"My daughter, sir," she said, "is called Sister Mary Fidelis. She is a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, and a Sister of Charity in their orphanage at Carlisle Place."

"Oh!" said Paul Morgan. He had feared something much worse.

"I will go for her when I leave here," he added. "Meanwhile, shall I not read *prayers with you?*"

The woman assenting, he knelt down, and opening his prayer-book read the office for the sick. It seemed to soothe the woman, who sank into a doze, so the clergyman arose from his knees and replacing his prayer-book in his vest pocket walked quietly out into the living-room, where he found Mrs. Beaumont's youngest daughter, Elizabeth. Sitting down near her, he entered into a conversation as to the nature of her mother's illness, and then with the deference that always distinguished him, he said:

"Your mother has asked me to go for your sister and has given me her name and address. I have consented to be her messenger, but at the same time, while I am perfectly willing to go, I cannot help wondering why she did not send your brother."

The young girl looked relieved.

"It was my father, sir," she said. "He was very bitter about Mary's becoming a Catholic, and made mother promise she would keep us away from her; and he insisted that mother should have nothing to do with her either. It is five years since any of us have seen her, and it has preyed so on mother's mind. It is only because she is so ill that she has broken her promise to father."

"I will go to see your sister at once," said Paul, rising.

Elizabeth arose also and accompanied him to the door, watching him a moment as he passed rapidly down stairs; then closing the door she returned to the bedside of the sick woman, who still slept.

Meanwhile, Paul Morgan had hailed a bus and was driven rapidly toward Carlisle Place. Arrived there, he rang the bell of the convent, and asking for Sister Mary Fidelis, was shown into the parlor.

He had not long to wait; the door presently opened to admit an elderly woman in the dress of a Sister of Charity. She introduced herself as the Superior,

and told him that Sister Mary Fidelis was at Vespers at the Church of —, where some Lenten lectures were being delivered by Father William Basil. If he would go there and wait she would send a message to the Sister to stop and see him after Vespers, and then go immediately to her mother.

The young clergyman started out again and reaching the church, entered. It was quite crowded and the sermon was just about to commence. He was shown to a good seat by the usher and knelt down a moment just as Father Basil entered the pulpit. The sermon was the first of a course on the doctrine and teaching of the Church.

Afterwards Paul Morgan recalled a voice trained in the best Dublin English, and a method of address that some one wittily said began like a lamb and ended like a lion. Commencing his sermon in a calm, well-modulated voice, the priest gradually warmed to his subject, and was soon thundering from the pulpit, with the perspiration pouring down his face.

"The man has the fervor of a Passionist," thought Paul, whose attention was held without any break for nearly an hour. So completely was he enthralled by the man, the sermon, and the subject of his discourse, that it was not until the last sound of the musical voice died away that his mind came back to his errand, and he glanced around in search of Sister Mary Fidelis.

Perhaps that was she—a nun across the aisle, with a pure, pale profile, only she looked decidedly above the middle class from which she had sprung. His surmise was correct, however, for, after the Benediction and when most of the congregation had left the church, he looked around in the vestibule and saw three nuns waiting as if expecting some one. He advanced, and said interrogatively:

"Sister Mary Fidelis?"

"I am she," said the young nun, stepping forward, "and you are *the English*

clergyman who brings me a message from my mother?"

"Yes," he answered, and he then proceeded to tell her of her mother's illness and desire to see her.

The young nun was apparently profoundly moved, though making a strong effort at composure.

"I will start at once," she said; "the Mother has sent me permission to go and care for my mother to the end."

The voice in which she spoke had a low, musical cadence inexpressibly attractive. The clergyman noted again what a beautiful face the young nun had; fair, like the best type of an English girl, with clear, limpid blue eyes, almost like a child's, though Sister Mary Fidelis had spent five years ministering to all kinds of suffering and sin. The other daughter, Elizabeth, of a very ordinary type, had not prepared him for so much beauty in her sister.

He went out with the young nun and assisted her into a 'bus, after giving her her mother's written address. In handing it to her he hesitated for a moment.

"Shall I not accompany you?" he said courteously.

She turned on him a wonderful smile.

"Thank you," she said. "We are used to going around in this way, and no harm ever comes to us in this habit."

He lifted his hat, and the 'bus drove off in the fog and rain. The young clergyman turned his steps homeward; but having attended one of Father Basil's lectures he was anxious to hear the whole course, and the end of it was that he so arranged matters that for the next six weeks he never failed to be present for all, or a part, of Father Basil's sermons.

VIII.

On arriving home from Egypt the Blackwoods had spent a night in London, and then had gone at once to Devonshire; but three days later the

dowager Lady Blackwood decided to go to London to consult an oculist, her eyes having lately troubled her. She requested her favorite granddaughter, Natalie, to accompany her, and the young girl readily consented.

There had grown up within her, since her talks with Philip Everdeen in Egypt, a strong desire to see and converse with a priest. She had said nothing to Philip about it, her English reserve making her unwilling to enter on a subject about which she was by no means sure herself.

Once in London, her mind reverted to the Father Basil about whom Philip had talked so much. The end of it was that she wrote to him and received a prompt and cordial answer, appointing an interview at a convent at Hammersmith.

For the next five weeks Natalie saw the priest several times. Busy as he was with his Lenten lectures and other duties, he found time for the young girl, in whom he began to be deeply interested. On Lady Blackwood announcing the Monday in Holy Week that she was going back to Devonshire, Natalie, to the old lady's amazement, quietly said that she was going to the convent to stay till after Easter.

"You are mad, Natalie," said the old lady. "Where did you pick up this notion, child? Certainly not at the tomb of Cheops."

"It was in my mind before I went to Egypt, grandmother," said Natalie.

"It's preposterous," said Lady Blackwood, with an angry snort. "I shall wire for your father at once," which she did. Sir Arthur arrived in great agitation, having been summoned by his mother with the words:

"Come at once, Natalie in great danger."

On finding his daughter alive and well, Sir Arthur was at first too relieved to be as much shocked by the real news as Lady Blackwood expected. Natalie was *of age, he said; and she had her own*

fortune from her mother, and was free to do as she pleased. The baronet afterward had an interview alone with his daughter, when her sweetness and evident distress at having to wound him almost atoned for the pain he really felt at the news.

His own regret was augmented by the remarks his mother made; the old lady was careful to assure him that she had foreseen all along that no good would come of the Egyptian trip.

It was, therefore, with mixed feelings that Natalie entered the cab with her maid and drove away. The latter was only to accompany her to the convent and then return home; but her presence acted as a restraint on the overwrought feelings of the young girl, and helped her to regain her calmness ere she arrived at Hammersmith. She saw the cab with the maid drive away, and ringing the bell was soon ushered into one of the parlors by the portress. She had not long to wait; the door opened to give entrance to a nun whose mere presence acted as a healing balm to Natalie's sorely perplexed heart. She saw before her a woman of about fifty, with a fair, beautiful face. In the expression and smile lay both strength and sweetness. By nature very proud, as only a strong, sensitive and refined soul could be, Mother Catherine had nevertheless acquired the most disciplined humility. A woman of wide experience, trained by years of self-denial and self-examination into command over herself and wise government over her religious, she was only one of thousands like her—unknown to the world at large, but carrying on behind her convent walls a silent, active and far-reaching work in the training of young souls, as well as in comforting, enlightening and directing women of the world, and souls tossed with doubt, who sought her aid and counsel.

In after years Natalie looked back to those few days at the convent as a period when she had learned a well-remembered

lesson. In common with many English men and women of her class, she thought of the Catholic religious as good and holy, 'tis true, but lacking any general information and knowledge of the world. It was therefore a surprise, both then and at later times, to find again and again that these women, with their piety and life of strict enclosure, had a thorough knowledge of all worldly affairs and happenings that it was necessary to know, being therefore all the better able to understand and direct the souls that came to them for help, or to rest from the world's turmoil.

Father Basil had already spoken to Mother Catherine about the young girl, and Natalie had written to announce her coming; so a room had been prepared for her reception, and hither the Superior conducted her.

"We are just going to have the office of Tenebrae," she said, after a few words of kindly welcome and sympathy. "Would you like to be present, or will you rest until I can come to you again after the office?"

"I would rather go to Tenebrae," said Natalie, who had meanwhile removed her outdoor wraps. She took the veil the Superior handed her, and shaking out its long, soft, black folds, fastened it to her shining brown hair, then quietly took up the "Office of Holy Week" that was lying on the table and followed the Mother out of the room.

The sight of the book she was holding had brought a rush of overpowering recollections. Philip had shown her his copy during one of their talks in Cairo, and had explained all the different offices and ceremonies of Holy Week. Was that only a few months ago? She seemed to see again the blue Egyptian sky and the view from the corner of the Pyramid, where they had been sitting.

At the door outside the chapel the Mother paused, and said in a low voice:

"Your cousin, Miss Sargent, is here; will you sit with her or alone?"

"Anita here!" thought Natalie, "what in the world has brought her?" She knew that Mr. and Mrs. Sargent were in London, and that Anita had joined them as soon as she returned from Egypt; but what could have brought her to a Catholic convent, especially in Holy Week? It was not the time or place to ask, so aloud she said:

"Oh! alone, please." The idea of being brought in contact with Anita in her present frame of mind was particularly repellent.

She followed the Mother into the chapel, whose magnificence was not entirely hid by the purple coverings that had been draped over pictures, statues and stations of the cross, since Passion Sunday. Natalie knelt down in the beautiful carved stall where Mother Catherine left her and bowed her head, while her heart was lifted in fervent prayer. Then she raised her eyes and fixed them on the red light burning in front of the altar, true sign to all believing hearts of the Adorable Presence in the tabernacle. Above the reredos (which had not been covered on Passion Sunday) the wall was covered with exquisite frescoes worthy of the art of some great painter. In the centre stood the Christ, two fingers laid on His Heart, the other, showing the wound in the wrist, raised in blessing. On either side knelt two majestic angel figures in attitudes of reverent adoration. Above and around the deep gold nimbus encircling the Saviour's head were flights of delicate little angels, some reflection, as it were, of the glory of the Divine Childhood. The wonderful eyes of the Christ, recalling to Natalie the most perfect work of Andrea del Sarto, seemed to look down on her with unutterable pity and love. "My child," they seemed to say, "come unto Me! Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

The door of the sacristy opened and Father Basil entered, preceded by two

acolytes. The candles were lit on the triangular candlestick, and the solemn office began.

"Sederunt in terra," said the priest.

"The ancients of the daughter of Zion sit upon the ground, they have held their peace; they have sprinkled their heads with dust, they are girded with hair-cloth; the Virgins of Jerusalem hang down their heads to the ground."

"Ah!" thought Natalie, "if this were all—this service so beautiful and so ancient. But can I believe in the supremacy of St. Peter? Can I turn my back on the Church of my fathers. Can I say that its service, its belief, its ministry, is false? What will help me to decide?"

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem," chanted the priest, "be converted to the Lord Thy God."

"Help her, O Lord!" prayed Mother Catherine, "to be converted to Thee. The way is dark and thorny and beset with difficulties; but Thou, Lord God, canst lead her to the Truth. Put into my words the wisdom that comes from Thee, so I can help to dispel her darkness."

"To be converted," thought Natalie, "that means a new heart and an enlightened understanding. A heart free from pride and self-love. A faith humble and teachable as that of a little child."

"Cui comparabo te," chanted the priest.

"To what shall I compare thee, or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem. To what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Zion. For great as the sea is thy destruction: Who shall heal thee?"

"Thou alone, O Lord," thought Father Basil. "Bring back to Thee Thine ancient heritage, England. Bring back a hundredfold what was lost to the Church at the Reformation, and make this fair *isle once more* 'Our Lady's dowry.'"

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, be converted to the Lord Thy God."

"I shall have to meet Gerald soon," thought Anita. "It is going to be a struggle between his will and mine; but he will have to understand that I will not marry him."

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, be converted to the Lord Thy God!"

Ah yes! be converted unhappy woman, in whose heart worldliness and selfishness are fast getting a firm foothold. Be converted ere it is too late, and you destroy the faith of the man you really love, if, indeed, your feeling can be called by so high and holy a name. Here, before the Blessed Sacrament, is the place for you to search and know your own evil heart.

"O My chosen vineyard," said the sacred chant. "It is I that have planted thee. How art thou become so bitter that thou shouldst crucify me and dismiss Barabbas?"

"Help me, O Lord, to love Thee more and more," prayed Sister Marie, most gentle and humble of lay-sisters. "Convert me, so I may have patience when Sister Rose is in such a hurry. Convert me, so I may not say any sharp words when the boy who carries water to the laundry spills some over my habit."

Convert us all, O Lord of heaven and earth; draw us all, whatsoever our necessity, by the cords of love to Thee, until, our earthly warfare ended, we may come to the holy city above, the new Jerusalem, there to live with Thee in endless light.

"For in thee, O Lord! have I hoped: Thou wilt hear me, O Lord, my God!"

"He set my feet upon a rock and directed my steps."

"In the head of the book it is written of me that I should do Thy will; O my God! I have desired it, and Thy law in the midst of my heart. I have declared Thy justice in a great Church."

IX.

"The Father will see you after breakfast," said Sister Rose, who had come to call Natalie. "Reverend Mother says for you to go to the parlor as soon as you leave the refectory."

Natalie hurried through her dressing, knelt a moment in prayer, and descended to the chapel for the Mass of Communion on Maundy Thursday. A great longing filled her, as she saw the nuns draw near the altar-rail, to be able to kneel with them and receive the Holy Sacrament, and then came a swift rush of other thoughts. If she knelt there she denied absolutely and finally that the Church of England had any sacramental life. She seemed to see herself kneeling at her first communion in her uncle's parish church; that rite had not meant to her then the true indwelling presence of Christ; but it had been a time fraught with great solemnity. She seemed to hear once more the chanting of the beautiful English psalms, the singing of the sweet English hymns. Surely they all meant something; it was not the service of a dead or schismatical Church?

Her knock at the sacristy door soon after breakfast was immediately answered by the priest. Father Basil greeted her cordially, and sat down with that appearance of absolute repose and of freedom from hurry that gave confidence to all who sought him, whether for advice or confession. A man of multitudinous affairs, he nevertheless had preeminently the quality of appearing free to give his whole time and attention to the need of the moment. Very simply Natalie stated once more her ground; the drawing she had to the Church, and yet her utter inability to accept the idea that Rome alone represented the whole universal and united Catholic Church.

"That, Father," she said, "is my difficulty. I suppose with each individual it is to *this man one thing, to another*

man something else. In my case I am not so much troubled by separate articles of faith as I am by the fact that the Church of England appears to me part of the Catholic Church, and not, in itself, a sect. Possibly a further course of reading may enlighten me."

"You mistake," answered Father Basil, "a conversion is, and must always be, the work of God. The deepest reading, the most long drawn out controversy, will never bring a soul to the Divine light unless God illuminate it. Nevertheless, to such as humbly seek true faith, and earnestly pray for it, the grace will surely be given. My child," he continued, as Natalie did not speak, "the great principle involved is that the whole question is supernatural. You are not to expect to decide it as you would decide the choice of a new bonnet. The grace of God impels to the Church; but too many think and act as if mere human judgment were involved."

"All that I understand, Father," said Natalie, "nevertheless, I am not convinced that the Roman Catholic teaching is the true one. Do not many devout and noble minds in the Anglican Church pray fervently for light, and then find they are more and more firmly settled in their belief regarding the branch theory of the Church?"

Father Basil smiled. "I did not expect you to be converted so quickly," he answered; "most conversions are the work of months, sometimes of years of prayer. We all know that to pull down is easier and quicker than to build up. It did not take Henry VIII long to wrest England from the unity of the Church; but it will probably take generations yet unborn to restore that lost unity; the work, however, has begun, and in God's good time it will be completed."

"To bring that about, Father," said the young girl, "one thing must be made clear to the mind of England, to-wit, what jurisdiction the Pope has over the whole Church; and behind that ques-

tion is another—on what authority does such a teaching rest?"

"To answer that question," said the priest, "you must remember for a few moments that the English language does not figure in the settlement of this question. In fact, it is a question older than the language and literature of the English race, and older than the English Bible. You have no doubt many times heard the text from St. Matthew, 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church,' but you may not know that according to all the best and most profound scholars, both Catholic and Protestant, Our Lord was in the habit of speaking in Syro-Chaldaic, and in that language Peter and rock are one and the same word. Hence He said: 'Thou art a rock, and upon this rock I will build my Church.' Once, and once only, are we told in Sacred Scripture that Christ used the words 'My Church,' and when He so used them it was in connection with this special grant to Blessed Peter. And further," continued the priest, "this text has been borne out by the facts that followed it. The Catholic (Roman) Church is either what she claims to be, and has claimed from the beginning, or else she is an imposter. If you admit the claim of the visible, united Catholic Church, all is harmony. She has always been 'the City seated upon a hill that cannot be hid.' She was granted, and has carried out, the power of binding and loosing. She alone fulfills all the many texts in the Bible, such as: 'Go, teach all nations,' and 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' Where else do you see a Church that claims to teach because she is?"

"I think I follow you, Father," said Natalie, "but if all this is true, how comes it that the best and wisest minds in the Anglican Church have not more

readily seen and embraced it? Pusey could not see it, nor the saintly Keble, nor the scholarly Liddon, nor thousands of other men who have lived and died believing the Church of England to be their true mother."

"My child," answered Father Basil, "your question obliges me to say something that may not sound kind, which, nevertheless, is true. Some one has called the Anglican clergy, as a body, 'choosers.' They choose a body of doctrine which they call Christian, or Evangelical, or Catholic, as the case may be; and all the rest is false, or idolatrous, or non-essential. Such a spirit cannot be of the Church. If it is, then the world at this hour has no teacher. The saintliness and good faith of so many of the Anglican clergy no Catholic denies; but you must remember what holy and saintly men there also are outside that body. Clearly it is not clinging to the branch theory that produces saintly men among the non-conformists, since they repudiate it. No, the answer is, and only can be, that those who break from the Church still retain some Divine light. This is according to the Providence of God, Who wills that all may be saved who are not directly responsible or wilfully blind to their lack of the full measure of the Truth."

"And yet," said Natalie, "many never come to the Church who seek truth carefully with tears."

"Many are called, but few are chosen," replied the priest. "The causes are so many that their perusal would fill volumes. I think I may say, however, that once the call has been given, that where there is a disposition to see and learn what the Church has to teach, joined to true humility and prayer, that soul will surely reach the light, however great the mental difficulty, or however insurmountable the obstacles may appear."

"Here in England," he proceeded, "we have a condition that does not exist in America, and regarding which I was struck while I was in the States, where there is no national religion. This very condition with us is an indisputable proof to my mind of the truth of the Catholic Church. I refer to the fact that we have numerous English Catholic families, some of high rank, who have been Catholics since the days of Henry VIII. If the Catholic Church is the 'Italian Mission' in England, how comes it that these families with the old faith are here?"

This last shaft of Father Basil went home. Natalie's thoughts flew to Philip. Ah! was it not true that this religion which was his pride and glory had been a family possession for hundreds of years; long before the days when the

successors of the eighth Henry bound themselves by oath at their coronation "to maintain this Protestant Church of England?"

The young girl was very pale as she fixed her beautiful dark eyes on the priest.

"I must have time to think and pray, Father," she said. "I thank you for this interview and beg you will please pray for me."

"Every day, my child," answered Father Basil; "and remember I pray with sympathy and intelligence, as one who has suffered all that you suffer now."

He held the door open for her to pass out, then rang the bell to let Mother Catherine know that the interview was at an end.

(To be continued.)

A Prayer

By Lyndall Charlotte Burden

Oh, give me strength, dear God, that I may toil,
And bring not empty hands to Thee;
The years flow all too swiftly by;
Let me but spend them serving Thee!

Oh, give me light, dear God, to see the way
That leads to Thy eternal throne;
My path is through a darksome vale,
And I must travel all alone.

And give me faith, O God, to bear the cross
'Neath which my trembling shoulders bow;
Help me to put my trust in Him
Who bore a heavier one ere now.

Teach me the lessons, O, dear God,
Of patience and humility,
That I may join the heavenly songs
Of joy, throughout eternity!

A Southern Novelist

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

SEVERAL names in past years have brought the Southern States much to the fore in literary discussions. A number of novelists have woven pretty tales about the South and its charming people, and to them belongs the credit of having lifted the literature of the South out of the "mire" into which it had fallen after an Edgar Allen Poe and a Sidney Lanier stopped singing. James Lane Allen has done much to uplift the literature of his beloved South. Back of all his novels lie the peaceful scenes and pleasant homes of Kentucky. On all occasions, he has set his finger upon the staid old Kentucky character and given us characters really beautiful. Madison Cawein and Ingram Crockett, among other sweet singers, also frequently sound for us the beautiful songs that take us to those far, green meadows and hills over which the brooding spirit of poetry ever lingers like the benediction of some pure, virgin-hearted saint. But there is another writer—a woman—who seems to have painted the Kentucky character better than any of her predecessors. She has youth on her side, and if she continues to grow as she has in the past, before many months she will have established an enviable reputation for herself in the coveted kingdom of English letters. Anna C. Minogue, she signs herself—this prolific and splendid writer of prose. Every month we find her name in all the leading Catholic magazines and journals in the country. Here it is a short story, there a serial, occasionally a poem, and just as often paragraphs, devoted to the advancement of woman in her special sphere and other noble, philanthropic causes. The charm of her writings has gone into every Catholic household, and the millions look up to her as a queen amongst

writers. To-day, she stands much before the public gaze as the author of "Cardome," that charming tale of Kentucky life, recently off the press and praised by all the great critics throughout the land.

A Kentuckian by birth, temperament and education, Miss Minogue is one of those quiet, unassuming personalities it is a pleasure to meet in these days of strenuous living and hurried excitement. Her early education, like that of most young writers, began in the public schools of her native town. Then she drifted to a co-educational college. Later, three years of solid training in an academy conducted by the good Sisters of the Visitation, brought out all those beautiful qualities of heart and mind one sees unconsciously between all the lines of her own making. Zealously and with some pride, the devoted nuns tended and guarded the young plant entrusted to their care. To-day, what a pleasure it must be for the old teachers to see their young pupil flowering into much usefulness and bearing the treasured fruit they, in silent moments in the past, dreamed of and expected of her in the gray future that was to spread out its wings to her.

In her college days Miss Minogue was an exceptionally fine reader. Recitation, especially, was her strong forte, and some of her good teachers feared, at one time, that she might develop a liking for the stage. But what a blessing she never appeared before the footlights! Think of the loss it would have meant to literature! It was a well-known fact, also, that the young pupil at school had a strong detestation for arithmetic. Slave as she might over problems, her retentive mind simply closed its doors against everything savoring of figures. At college, too, she was the special plague of

the poor professor of mathematics. But here she developed that strong liking for natural philosophy and the languages which, after all, laid the strong foundation for more perfect mental building later on. At the convent, the clever nuns opened up to her rich and vast unknown worlds of metaphysics, history and astronomy, and the apt pupil drank in permanent knowledge deeply. Other side branches to which Miss Minogue seemed to be especially devoted in her peaceful convent days were painting and drawing. In a short time she became very proficient in these branches and when she left school she taught classes in art. Strange to say, during all these years of preparation Miss Minogue never showed any signs of literary talent. It was a difficult task for her to write even an ordinary composition, and at the convent she was excused from the composition class, in order to spend her time more profitably at painting.

Miss Minogue was born on a farm situated in the famous Blue-grass belt of Kentucky—the Eden of the world—and to this happy home, which nature had endowed so lavishly with beauty, she returned when commencement brought an end to her school days. And here, after some time, the young authoress at last succeeded in giving expression to and clothing the children of her fancy in writing. But it was a pleasant world she moved in—this world of happiness and contentment; books on all sides of her, filled with the priceless treasures of centuries, and out-of-doors that wild, interesting, all-absorbing life, which whispered messages to her girlish, inexperienced heart she had never dreamed of possessing before. And thus, with the pleasant, green earth for her footstool, her thoughts soared higher and higher until they pierced the azure—and the earth with its bright flowers and far-sweeping meadows, was joined by God's pure love to the *blue sky with its sea of cloud-ships and mariner stars*, and

there, between both, stood He, the Lord of all creation, Maker of earth and sea and sky, and in her writings glowed the natural—filled with the green of earth; but the sunshine of the spiritual lay upon it like the smile of the Master, Himself. She pencilled strongly—this young dweller in the kingdom of letters; she never painted a picture of earth without drawing heaven into it, and it usually was a heaven of sunshine and stars. How, then, could she help making herself heard? She had come with a message and there were some around, thank God, to give her a hearing. Poetry flowed freely in those days, for the muses had taken her into their confidence. Her poems were readily accepted by the press and checks came to her just as regularly to give encouragement. Later, her short stories helped to pave the way to still greater success. At first, it was hard work selling the manuscripts. But what encouragement came with that sale of her first short story! One memorable Good Friday, a letter came from The Columbian, with a check for ten dollars for an Easter tale. Mr. Kuster had accepted and paid for her first short story and her heart went bounding. Then and there she decided to leave home and all its loving associations to make her living as a writer. The future lay before her—promising, flowery land that it was—but she stood on the threshold, without guide or friend, forced to fight her own battle and do her own discovering. She had pluck and endurance and, what was more—brains. It meant hard fighting to be sure, but then she was groping through the darkness to reach the lofty ideal she had set for herself out there, somewhere, in the strange lands of the years to come.

The following fall she left home and came on to Cincinnati. She soon made friends—deserving people always do. One man, especially, lived very close to her affections in those days. He was a friend to her in every sense and to-day,

in her success, she looks up to him with a heart full of gratitude. It was the Hon. William Dillon, then editor of the New World of Chicago—profound scholar and able journalist—whose charming personality entered so largely into Miss Minogue's young life.

Upon reaching Cincinnati, luck seems to have favored Miss Minogue. She submitted a story to the Cincinnati Post which was accepted immediately and proved to be but a precursor of others. To help matters along, a strong friendship soon sprang up between the young writer and the literary editor of the Post. Later, followed an appointment as reporter on one of the large, daily papers, but the paper was bought up after awhile and all Miss Minogue's brightest hopes were dashed to pieces. Then followed two long years in which the writer felt the pain of rocky roads and bitter disappointments. They were long, tiresome days that come into every deserving writer's life; dark, sunless days in which the journey over the rocky road seems doubly hard; long, long nights in which success and fame creep very near for an instant and hover above closed, dreamy eyes and touch the sleeper with the hem of their jeweled garments; then, swish! the opening and closing of wings, and they are gone—but not forever.

In time, however, Miss Minogue secured a regular position on one of the large Cincinnati papers, and forthwith she insisted upon her parents and sister renting the old farm and coming to spend their days with her. The farm was sold and the family moved to Latonia, a beautiful suburb of Covington, about four miles from Cincinnati. And here, in her ideal cottage in Dinmore Park—a lovely section of Latonia—Miss Minogue resides at present, and the click of her busy type-writer can be heard from early morn until late at night furnishing copy for the press, for in these days of *magazine publishing*, her strong work is *continually in demand*.

The home life of the authoress is all that can be desired—full of quiet peace and charm. Those who know her best say that she is gentle, modest and unassuming. A brilliant conversationalist, a good listener, and a student and close observer of all existing affairs in the world's battlefield, she is the most delightful person one could ever wish to meet. "She has a warm, generous heart," writes one, "always seeking for the good in others and ever ready to draw the veil of charity over their faults." And here, within the roar of the big city, Miss Minogue makes friends with the birds in her garden, communes with nature in her silent hours and writes for us the chapters of her stories, so full of virile power and genuine, rare beauty. One critic, in writing of Miss Minogue and her work, pays her the following glowing tribute: "She understands the workings of the human heart, its joys and sorrows, its aspirations, its strength and its weaknesses; she knows its influences on the trend of life, and she weaves her plots with the heart-strings of her characters."

A loving mother and one devoted sister—who gives her life daily to the profession of nursing the sick—help to add many a ray of sunlight to the shadowy life of the graceful novelist. And, then, there is Teddy—that remarkable dog, which is very dear to Miss Minogue's heart. This sketch would not be complete without mention of Teddy. Mrs. Browning had her Flush and Miss Minogue has her Teddy, and they are inseparable friends. Teddy spends nearly all his hours in his mistress' study. He will lie curled up for the entire day at her feet when she is writing, and all the coaxing and attractions out-of-doors will never make him forsake his post. Miss Minogue is very fond of animals—especially dogs and horses. When only a mere tot on the farm, her father taught her how to ride and to-day, like her nurse-sister, she

enjoys nothing more than a good, well-bred horse and a swift run through the country. "Give me a Kentucky horse," I heard her say, "and you can have all the automobiles that ever were or ever will be made."

All her life, Miss Minogue has taken a lively interest in all things humanitarian. Being very fond of animals, it is only natural that she should be a member of a society formed for their protection. She was one of the first promoters of the Latonia branch of the Humane Society, and its first vice president. She also takes a deep interest in the natural parks of her town and is especially concerned about the welfare of the feathered songsters, which abound in great numbers in these pleasant breathing-places; and, on more than one occasion, she has made herself heard, to which the small boys and the "grown-ups" can testify. Then, too, she is an ardent advocate of equal rights for women. She takes pleasure in helping to uplift the condition of the gentler sex. Many a time she has put herself on record. "Everything that looks toward the advancement of woman is dear to me," she said enthusiastically. "We are approaching the dawn of a remarkable era and the first thing it will accomplish is the liberation of woman. When woman is no longer a slave, then, and then only, may we look for those other needed changes and reforms for which the soul of man is weary waiting. Then, and then only, will the fetters be removed from labor and all women be, what God intended them to be, free and equal."

"And what do you think of clubs for women, Miss Minogue?" I asked, somewhat abruptly.

"I think every woman should belong to one or more," she replied gently. "Too long has woman stayed at home and rusted. It is her duty to herself and to her family to keep her mind bright and active, and *this will never be accomplished by dusting and baking and stew-*

ing. Let her go out and mix with others; then she will come back to her home with a sense of vigor and, I may add, a deeper appreciation of her home."

Another noble body to which the novelist's heart is wedded is the society known as the United Daughters of the Confederacy—an organization of Southern women who make life beautiful for deserving souls, whose object is the care and protection of needy, old Southern veterans.

Now a few words in regard to Miss Minogue's literary work. As stated before, her name figures prominently in THE ROSARY, Donahoe's, Men and Women, The Catholic World, etc., and in numerous weekly journals. In THE ROSARY she conducts the "Garden Bench" talks, which are always so interesting and attractive. She has a whole page to herself in Men and Women each month. Recently two of her serials appeared simultaneously—"Unentered Ports" in THE ROSARY and "The Riddle of the Gods" in Men and Women. But she is the author of other novels besides. All have appeared, at one time or another, in the best magazines and weeklies in the country. All are full of the song and joy of Kentucky. She only writes of the people she knows. They move daily through her heart's little room, and here Love makes for her many an intimate acquaintance which she later writes up in one of her charming novels. "The Balanced Scale," an interesting and artistic tale, well told, first appeared in The Telegraph. At that time, Dr. Thos. P. Hart, Ph. D., said many nice things of this ambitious piece of work. Next followed "Cardome" in the Chicago New World. Collier, of New York, recently published it in book form. At present this is Miss Minogue's only published work. But a second novel will follow shortly. "A Son of Adam," which ran serially two years ago in this magazine will soon be brought out in book form by THE ROSARY PRESS. It is con-

sidered one of her strongest novels, and her many friends will be glad to know that soon the charming story will come to them daintily housed between artistic covers. "Borrowed from the Night," another novel, which appeared serially in Donahoe's, also deserves to be put up permanently in book form. It is far superior to much of the "stuff" that is turned out weekly by the publishers' press. Before very long, a publisher is sure to come upon Miss Minogue's treasures accidentally, and with their appearance in book form, she (who can say) may yet be designated the author of one of "the six best selling books." Miss Minogue's work is full of literary greatness and a display of talent like hers cannot long be in the background. It must come forward and assert itself and—it will!

Maurice Francis Egan, that true critic and man of genuine literary taste, in a criticism of her novel, "Borrowed from the Night," says very truly: "Anna C. Minogue's novel, 'Borrowed from the Night,' shows qualities that are rare and that should be cherished. Miss Minogue has not forgotten the golden era of realism that came to a pathetic close with the deluge of romanticism. She has been true to the more sedate tradition of fiction even when Miss Jewett turned her pen into a sword and did her best to make a few property figures that had escaped from 'Richard Carvel' interesting. Miss Minogue is modern in the best sense; she has all the modern improvements in perception. Even her imagination seems porcelain-lined."

What better recommendation could any publisher want?

"Cardome" has only been out a very short time yet the first edition is almost exhausted. This speaks well for the author. Already a second edition is contemplated. In many of the libraries in the land, there has been such a demand for this pretty romance that extra copies had to be ordered. "There is a

pathetic little story back of the writing of 'Cardome,'" says the Covington Post, "known to but few of the authoress' friends. Miss Minogue's father, an ex-Confederate and a stanch admirer of Morgan, the brilliant Confederate officer, outlined many of the scenes and pleaded with his daughter to write the book for him. Living again the scenes and incidents of the past leading up to the Civil War, the aged Confederate eagerly read each chapter of 'Cardome' as it came from his daughter's pen.

"The book was completed and sent to a New York publisher last autumn. Shortly after, Miss Minogue's father died, and the story she had written to give him pleasure became a tribute to his memory."

"Cardome" gives one a picture of the pleasant ante-bellum days in the South and leads up to the Civil War. Then follows history and the description of scenes dramatic in the extreme; and before one's vision pass such interesting, whole-souled, noble-minded men as Judge Todd, the principal character—who is said to be a life study of the late Governor Robinson of Kentucky—and John Morgan, the idol of the Confederate Army, whose memorable Ohio raid is lightly touched upon. The artist's hand shows strongly in every chapter. Miss Minogue shows no uncertain touch in her pen-painting of scenes full of exciting and tragic climaxes. Her prose is always good and more—there is much poetry in it. Her writing is of the kind that lulls one into a feeling of genuine comfort, no matter whether the day without be clouded and rainy.

A special feature in the book that stands out prominently is her description of plantation life in Kentucky before the war. If her book does nothing else, it will accomplish its mission by showing to outside strangers, at least, that other, nobler, better side of Kentucky life—painted so poorly and often so degradingly—the strong bond of love

and devotion that prevailed between master and slave. Books have been written with quite a different flavor. We have only to think of poor, old Uncle Tom and his struggles. Miss Minogue opens to us another world—the world of love, full of humor and pathos—through which these poor, black children move so devotedly along their narrow spheres; and, long after the book is closed, one listens in vain for the beautiful prayer which Unc' George—poor, honest, black man “whose years numbered three decades and a half—more than his master's”—offered up in the presence of the slaves from the plantation on the occasion of a holiday, given on the sixtieth birthday of their master—Judge Todd: “Good Lo'd, Good Mastah ob us all!

look down dis day an' heah Dy su'vunt's prayah. Bress our good mastah hyah, an' make his days many on de yearth; for he's been good to us, Dy po'r black chillun. His han' has nebah been rized 'gainst us in angah; he wus patient when we wus bad, an' when we wus faithful, his awa'd wus ovahpowahin'. When we wus sick, he ministahed to us; when we wus in misah'y he comfuttet us; when we wus old, he keer'd foh us, an' made our las' days happy. He's be'n a good mastah to us, O Lo'd, Dy po'r black chillun. Oh, den, lub him, an' all he lubs, as he's ebah lubed us; bress him and his'n as he has ebah bressed us!”

One sees at a glance that Miss Minogue has wonderful control of the negro dialect and uses it to good advantage.

The Master Builder

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

WILLIAM of Wykeham, “the humble minister to the servants of God,” is what he called himself, writing toward the end of a long life that had been conspicuous for virtue.

It was when he was over seventy that he renovated the nave of Winchester Cathedral, changing it from the Norman to the perpendicular, a style of architecture that gave great scope to stained-glass windows, and in Winchester they are a glory to this master builder, whose

“Beautiful windows, richly peint
With lives of many divers Seint”

still gleam like jewels from early sunrise until dusky twilight enfolds them in its soft, mystic touch.

Like many great Churchmen, William of Wykeham was a warrior within the fold, attaining both political eminence and spiritual holiness. A mainstay to his generation, he was *gifted with a singularly well-balanced mind, good*

judgment, and clear insight. His manners were pleasing, yet twice during his life he lifted up his voice for the right against two powerful sovereigns who might have put him to death.

At the present day non-Catholics often speak of him as a national Churchman, and such he was, ever anxious for the glory and development of England's spiritual and national life; but above and beyond this he was a loyal son of the Pope. On his consecration to the Bishopric of Winchester in 1367, he wrote to Urban V, calling himself the Sovereign Pontiff's “devoted and humble creature,” and telling him that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Salisbury had bestowed on him the gift of consecration, and had received his “oath of obedience to the Roman See, which I took upon God's holy Gospels, saying these words: ‘so help me God and these holy Gospels of God.’” He ends by begging the Pope

to insert his letter among the apostolic documents, almost as if he feared that some doubt in the future as to his loyalty might arise.

Without being a great theologian, Wykeham was an excellent administrator, a man of great simplicity of character, and full of personal holiness.

One of his biographers says that "in order to attain the grace of the sacrament, as well as the sacrament itself, he set himself to renew his old man, and clothed himself with the new man, which after God is created. And remembering what heights he had climbed, what as a layman he had neglected, he did his best to redeem the time. Wherefore, as if changed to another man, he set before himself this rule of life: to be on equal terms with his servants, humble to priests, kind to the people, compassionate to the wretched, bountiful to the needy. Considering that he was made the father of many nations he thought that the truest step toward renewal must begin with himself, and that if he first learnt to rule himself, he would really be able to rule others in the right way. So he subdued his body, and brought it under servitude to God, and so taught it to be the handmaid of the spirit." * * *

It was in 1324 that William of Wykeham was born at Wickham, South Hants, a village that now numbers over one thousand inhabitants. England had been converted by monks, and it was to the monastic system that, in the beginning of her history, she was indebted for most of her great men. Hence we find Wykeham being sent to the Priory of St. Swithin to be educated, an institute founded in the ninth century, and known as the great grammar school. The father of the future master builder was a yeoman, while his mother was of noble descent, but history does not say how she came to marry a man so much beneath her in rank.

Wickham lies midway between Fareham on the south and Bishops Waltham

on the north, about three and one-half miles in either direction. It is situated in a thin bed of sand clay, which makes it very picturesque, as the peculiar soil causes the growth of an abundance of beautiful oakwood. A mile to the north stretch the chalk downs of Hampshire, while toward the south is the lonely ridge of chalk running through Portsdown, shutting out the view of Portsmouth harbor and the sea. Wickham itself is on a small stream of water called the Aire, near which is Southwick Priory, founded by Henry I for Augustinian Canons at Portchester; but owing to the encroachments of the sea the priory had been removed to Southwick in the reign of Henry II.

In 1322 a certain Edmund Sutton left part of his property of Sutton Scotney for the use of Southwick Priory. The building stood near the cathedral, a little to the south of the Minister gate, and within its walls had been educated many distinguished men.

Amid such scenes Wykeham grew to man's estate. He is said to have attended Mass in the cathedral regularly, kneeling near a column in the south nave where stood an image of the Blessed Virgin. The Mass at which he assisted was always said by Brother Richard Pekis, and became generally known as Pekis-mass. His studies consisted of grammar, geometry, French, arithmetic and dialectic, considered in those days a complete education. It is not known if he ever went to Oxford; but it seems very doubtful. His chief knowledge lay in practical matters rather than in philosophy.

While still quite young, Wykeham became secretary to Sir John Scures at Winchester Cathedral. Sir John was Sheriff of Hampshire, Constable of Windsor, and had other castles in the county under his charge. It must have been through being thus brought into touch with it that Wykeham's thoughts were directed toward building. Archi-

ecture in those days was carried on by oral tradition instead of through writing, and had been thus handed down through successive generations, and ultimately it was what made Wykeham famous. When he was twenty-two he entered the service of Bishop Edingdon, and one year later, in 1347, he was seen by King Edward III on his return from his wars with France. The King, a patron of literature and art, the friend of Froissart and Chaucer, was also a builder, and had magnificent architectural designs on foot. He seems to have recognized in Wykeham a kindred spirit, and being in search of architects everywhere, he was not long in asking Wykeham to enter his employ, and they were fortunate henceforth in working together. Edward made him his chaplain, guardian of several of his manors, and clerk of the royal works at Henley and Yethampstead.

Windsor had been the King's birth-place, a castle chosen by William the Conqueror as a royal residence, and later rebuilt by Henry I; it was deemed worthy in Edward's time of further embellishment. Wykeham was appointed warden of the Castles of Leeds, Dover and Hadlee, and surveyor of Windsor, and no sooner had he been so appointed when the King created the Order of the Garter, and commenced building the Round Table, or large circular keep, for the Order at Windsor. This was the first great work of the master builder, and after that he rose rapidly to fame. In 1359 he began building the great quadrangle to the east of the keep at Windsor, a work which occupied ten years.

For political reasons Edward III was not at this time as loyal a son of the Church as he might have been. The Papal Court was at Avignon in its seventy years' captivity, and the King objected to the papal dues being paid into France on account of his war with that nation. Besides quarrels abroad, Edward had dissensions at home. He had appointed Wykeham to Pulham

Church, in the Bishopric of Ely, which did not please Thomas Lisle, Bishop of Ely, who had lost his cure because of displeasing the King. He appealed to Pope Innocent VI, who upheld his claim, and Wykeham, who had had Pulham given to him unasked, voluntarily resigned it; and Edward, thinking better of his own insubordination, sent proctors to Avignon to make his peace with the Sovereign Pontiff.

The year previous, Wykeham had been made Dean of St. Martin's le Grand, in London. He found it nearly a ruin, and at once commenced the work of restoration at his own expense. The chapel, cloisters and chapter-house were all rebuilt by him, and decorated with stone carvings and rich ornamental woodwork.

Wykeham had received the tonsure early in life, but had never been ordained, though the desire seems to have been in his heart for years. Anxious to put an end to jealousies and controversies, he finally decided to take Holy Orders. Bishop Edingdon ordained him an acolyte in December 1361, the ceremony taking place in the chapel of the Bishop's palace, and on March 12th and June 12th, 1362, he was ordained successively deacon and priest. Meanwhile Innocent VI had died, and Urban V, who had been a Benedictine Abbot, was Pope. This Pontiff, a rigid moralist and reformer, reminded Edward III that King John had promised that England should henceforth pay the Papal See the sum of one thousand marks a year, and that no payments had been made for thirty-three years.

These were troubled times for all concerned, and were made more so by the rise of Wickliffe, who asserted that England was under no obligation to pay any tribute to the Pope. That Edward did not break with Urban was probably due to Wykeham, who, above and beyond his national feeling as an Englishman, was a Catholic in deed and in truth.

The ecclesiastical laws of the time

allowed one benefice with cure of souls, and any number of benefices without, hence Wykeham held livings in Pulham, Norfolk, Lichfield, London, Wells, Southwell, Lincoln, York and Northampton; but in his time the custom had become abused, and many of the clergy held what was called "pluralities," that is, they received money for duties they could not perform except by deputy. To correct this abuse, Urban V issued a bull on May 5th, 1365, forbidding any more pluralities to be given to the clergy. Wykeham held two benefices with cure of souls, the Archdeaconry of Lincoln, and Meuheniôt, near Liskeard, in Cornwall. In obedience to the papal decree he resigned this latter benefice. It may be asked why he ever held it, and the answer is that in viewing such matters he was not ahead of his age. Collectively, the practice was wrong, but individually the men who made use of it were not to blame. Wykeham had used the money he received to promote the public good, and as soon as the matter was presented to him in its true light, he yielded obedience. Edward must have recognized his rare honesty and purity of motive, for he appointed him successively Keeper of the Priory Seal, Secretary of State, and finally in 1367 he gave him his crowning honor by making him Lord Chancellor of England.

The same year Edward sent the Duke of Avignon to petition Urban V to sanction Wykeham's being made Bishop of Winchester. He was consecrated October 10th, 1367, Urban, while en route for Rome, sending from Viterbo his consent and confirmation of the act. Wykeham was enthroned nine months later, on July 9th, 1368, the delay having been caused by repairs going on in the cathedral. That he made an ideal father of his flock has already been touched on; a medieval Bishop had far more to do with the affairs and personal concerns of his people than now; they were his *children and subjects, and looked to him*

for counsel. A quaint instance of this is a record in Wykeham's register of a deed forbidding barbers or hair-dressers to shave, wash or cut hair on Sunday.

During the thirty-seven years of his episcopate the Bishop was deeply interested in the Hospital of St. Cross, situated about a mile from the city, and founded in 1136 by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, to provide board and lodging for thirteen poor men, and daily dinner for one hundred others. Imitating this custom, Wykeham gave a dinner every day to twenty-four very old men, during the whole term of his episcopate. This beautiful building, which is still very well preserved, was enlarged and mostly rebuilt by Cardinal Beaufort in the fifteenth century. A man in such a high position could scarcely fail to have enemies, and John of Gaunt, the King's brother, was bitterly opposed to him. During Wykeham's first Chancellorship the wars with France were renewed and lost by the English. The blame was laid on the ministry, but the Black Prince was too powerful a friend to Wykeham for John of Gaunt to dare take any step against him. In 1376 the Black Prince died, and John of Gaunt hastened to take revenge. The Bishop was accused of misconducting public affairs, and was condemned to pay an enormous fine, besides being deprived of his temporalities, and being excluded from Parliament. The Bishops of England rose as one man to take Wykeham's part, and popular feeling was so strong that two years after the accession of Richard II, in 1377, Wykeham was pardoned and reconciled to John of Gaunt.

During this period of trial Wykeham showed great patience and forbearance, and throughout the reign of Richard II, although he was obliged at times to disagree with that sovereign, he showed such wisdom and discretion, and his loyalty was by this time so well known, that he was made Chancellor for the

second time in 1389. It was during this term that he made the beginnings of constitutional government. Wykeham always ascribed the ending of the Lancaster rebellion against King Richard to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and he ordered all Christian people throughout the kingdom to say a Pater and five repetitions of the Angelic Salutation every day at Matins, in thanksgiving.

He was indeed in all things a Bishop, instant in season and out of season. Together with his care for souls he carried on his great work of building. It was during the reign of Edward III that he bought some land enclosed in the north-eastern corner of the city walls of Oxford, and here he founded what is now New College. In 1387 Pope Urban VI granted him a license to build Winchester College, a project especially dear to Wykeham's heart. He finished this building in 1395, and it was opened with a warden, ten fellows, three chaplains, seventy scholars and sixteen choiristers. The beautiful chapel, hall, cloister and other buildings are still in excellent preservation, though gone is the real Catholic life that was once its glory. Wykeham's idea was that this college should be a seminary for boys destined for the priesthood; poor boys were instructed at Winchester in preparation for being sent to Oxford. In the present day the college has become a great public school.

Wykeham built Queensborough Castle in Kent; but his crowning glory was undoubtedly the restoration of Winchester Cathedral. In 1404 he finished building the chantry to the Blessed Virgin on the same spot where he used to kneel as a boy to hear the *Pekismass*.

The brethren and prior of St. Swithin's, grateful for his work in restoring their church, made a promise "that on account of the great expense he had undertaken in putting the nave of their cathedral in repair, they would grant *him forever three daily Masses*, to be

said by three members of the Order: first a Mass 'De Sancta Maria' at early dawn, and two others later in the morning, one a 'Missa de Sanctis,' and the third of the season. The officiants to receive a penny apiece per day. Also that the boys of the priory school should every night say prayers in the chantry, first for the souls of his parents, and afterward for himself, for which service they were to receive six and eight pence a year."

Wykeham died on the 27th of September, 1404.

His steward, Aylward, wrote after his death that "when he was prevented by the weakness of old age from attending the office of the Mass, he still used to receive the Holy Elements in private every Sunday, and on double feasts, with remarkable devotion and tears of penitence, recalling, perhaps, that which is often chanted in church:

"O Holy Banquet! in thee Christ is taken; the memory of His sufferings is repeated, the mind is filled with grace, and an earnest given us of future glory. For of Christ, the heavenly Bread, Who hath placed Himself in the shape of bread as a wonderful sacrament, and not of any material bread, is that passage truly to be understood, that 'he that eateth that Bread shall live forever.'"

Aylward also tells us that Wykeham used to shed abundant tears at Mass, especially when the intercession for the quick and the dead was being read, calling himself unworthy to officiate at so great a sacrament.

What a picture this is of a noble Christian ecclesiastic, and what far-reaching influence he exercised on the educational and religious life of England. How many have owed to him the beginning and end of a learning that leads to God!

It was only through constant prayer, joined to an ardent, lively faith, that William of Wykeham preserved in his high office that rarest of all virtues—the humility of a deeply-touched conscience.

That Boy Gerald

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

XIII.

WHAT GERALD THOUGHT.

JUDGE ALBURY took up the sheets of manuscripts and prepared to finish the story which Gerald had found so interesting.

That young man lay back in his easy chair, intent on not missing a word. The Judge continued:

"The beautiful and fashionable wife of Dr. Tolmin never learned of the crisis through which he had passed. She regarded it as an unaccountable whim of the doctor when he insisted that his mother should come and live with them. She put up with this 'notion,' if not very good-humoredly, at least silently. Yielding to her in all other points, her husband was adamant in this one.

"It may easily be believed there was little sympathy between these two women, whose characters and tastes were so opposed. The widow was content with the love and devotion of her son, and, being a sensible body, there soon arose a tacit compromise, so that when the fashionable five-o'clock teas, or the now celebrated Saturday night receptions occurred, the mother remained in the seclusion of her rooms.

"Dr. Tolmin was true to himself and to his vow. He was now a practical Catholic. On grand 'company nights' he always made it a point, once or twice during the evening, to steal away from his guests and spend a few minutes in his mother's room. She did not exact *more than this from him*, and was happy

in his attentions. On Sundays, too, however late the party overnight, he always managed to take his mother to an early Mass, or, if she preferred it, to the late parochial Mass.

"The Widow Tolmin was now happy with her son. The love-light came back into her old eyes and she lost many wrinkles from her face. Her one regret was that her daughter-in-law was losing her faith, or sacrificing it to social position.

"In the meantime the mother hoped on, and prayed. One morning the mistress of the house did not appear at the late breakfast. She sent word to her husband that she felt unusually tired and would sleep. The physician returned in the evening for dinner and found his wife still in bed. This was so unusual a proceeding with her that he became greatly alarmed and ran to her room. There was an ominous flush on her cheeks. Nature had, at length, given way under the strain Society had put upon it. The patient was in a high fever.

"Then it was that the true beauty of the character of Austin's mother showed itself. She would allow no one to nurse her son's wife but herself, appearing positively jealous of good nurse Langly's proffered services. Spring and summer had come and gone, and the physician's wife had not yet ventured out of doors. One day, when the patient had been carried down to the sitting-room, and had been propped up by pillows in an easy chair, she dozed from sheer weakness. The Widow Tolmin sat near her, quietly

telling her beads. She became so absorbed in her devotions that she was not aware that the other had awaked from her sleep, and was intently watching her. After some time the sick person spoke.

"'Mother, are you praying for me?'"

"The doctor's wife now frequently called the old lady by that name, to her great consolation.

"'I am, dear, for indeed you need prayers.'

"Nothing more was said for a considerable time.

"'Mother.'

"'Well, dear.'

"'Do you think me very bad, very wicked?'"

"'No. Why should I judge you? You have been neglectful, but cannot that soon be repaired?'"

"'But I have doubts about the faith.'

"'No, you have not, my dear.'

"'But I have.'

"'I am sure you have not, Annette. Your doubts, as you call them, are no doubts at all.'

"'How do you mean?'"

"The widow drew up her chair close to the invalid.

"'Now listen, daughter. You know you have neglected your religion for a long time. You believe as well as I do, but you don't practice. There's the difference. Take my word for it that one good confession will dispel more so-called doubts than a hundred controversies. That's what you want—confession. With a conscience at ease you will find all your doubts—if you have any—melt away like mist before the morning sun. Straighten out your accounts with God, dear, and you will have no doubts to clear up.'

"The old lady was eloquent, yet withal judicious. She had said enough, she knew, and, as a wise woman, she knew *when to stop*.

"There was another long silence, broken only by the soft rattling of the widow's beads as they slipped between her finger and thumb. Employed as she was, nevertheless she was not unobservant of the conflict going on in the soul of the patient. She did not interfere now with the working of grace. After a long pause:

"'Mother, I would like to see a priest.'

"The grace of God had triumphed. The widow's heart overflowed with joy and thankfulness. At the happy family breakfast on the following Sunday morning the table was decorated with a profusion of common yellow chrysanthemums, and the doctor's wife then learned for the first time what an important part they had played in her husband's life during the last few months."

Judge Albury ceased reading, and laid down the last sheet of manuscript. He waited some moments before he spoke. Gerald, who had dried his eyes by this time, had become more composed while listening to the pleasanter part of the story.

"I noticed, my boy, that during the reading you were, more than once, shedding tears."

"Yes, father, I could not help it."

"You enjoyed it, then?"

"Oh! yes, it was a beautiful story. I never heard a nicer one."

"And yet because you enjoyed it you wept."

"I—yes—no—I—I don't know why I cried, pa."

"Was it not out of sympathy for the sorrows of the poor old lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you not indignant at the conduct of her son?"

"I was. If I were a man, I don't know what I would do to him!"

"That is exactly as I thought you would feel. What would you call his

action—I mean in the first part of the story?”

“I don’t know how to call it, pa—but I feel it here,” and Gerald put his fist to his breast. “It hurts, and I would like to hurt him for it.”

“What do you think, Gerald,” said his father, gradually leading up to the point he wished to emphasize, “what do you think caused Dr. Tolmin to act so unkindly towards his aged mother?”

“I don’t know, sir, but I expect he never knew anything about knights.”

“You mean that there was an absence of chivalry. Not exactly. I do not think that was the cause of his actions which gave so much pain.”

Gerald remained silent, at a loss for another suggestion.

“Can you not guess the motive which governed him?”

“No sir. I don’t know. I know the knight in my story-book would not act in that way.”

“I will tell you, Gerald. Now listen attentively, for I want you to remember. It was not through want of real love for his mother, but it was human respect which caused him to inflict so much pain. Do you know what human respect is?”

The boy shook his head negatively.

“Human respect is a sort of fear or dread of what others might say, which causes one to neglect the proper performance of duty, or other praiseworthy actions.”

“I know, pa, now. When the bell for silence in ranks rings, I am afraid to stop talking for fear other boys will laugh at me.”

“Exactly, and is it not your duty to stop talking at the signal?”

“Sure, pa.”

“That was Dr. Tolmin’s fault. He *was afraid of what his guests might say*

or think, if they learned that this shabbily dressed old woman was his mother, and he acted the coward.”

“How did he?” asked the boy.

“Is not every one who inflicts unnecessary pain a coward?”

“Sure, pa,” said Gerald, excitedly, “just like a big fellow who punches a little fellow ’cause he can’t resist, and he has the power to hurt him.”

“The cases are parallel, only in the case of a moral coward, who inflicts moral rather than physical pain, it is much worse.”

“I don’t like that Dr. Tolmin. I just think he is a real mean man.”

“Do you?”

“Yes, I do, pa. I would like to have been there.”

“Now just listen to me for a moment. Pay close attention. Are you listening?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Gerald Albury, you and Dr. Tolmin are just the same!”

“Me—I—I—pa!”

Gerald fairly sprang from his chair, and actually shouted in his surprise at being charged with the same faults he had so emphatically condemned only a minute before. He was very much excited, and never so astonished in his life.

“Judging from the vehemence of your denunciation of Dr. Tolmin, and your excitement at my charge, Gerald, I suppose you now want me to show you that there is very little difference between you and him—a difference in degree only and not in kind.

“I have taken the trouble to read to you to-night a rather long story instead of scolding and punishing you. You have been actuated with precisely the same motives as the physician of the story. He was afraid of what his guests would say, and so was guilty of great

unkindness. Ever since Mr. Laffington told you you would not be allowed to sing—and that was nearly two weeks ago—you have been afraid of what your mother or I, or your brothers and sisters would say. Is not that so?"

Gerald was too sharp not to see the similarity of his own case to that of Dr. Tolmin. He did not speak, but shamefacedly hung his head.

"You blame the physician," continued Judge Albury, "for causing his mother so much distress and sickness, and you do rightly. Now, have you not done the same thing in letting us all think you were going to sing. I must confess that I, myself, was extremely vexed at the disappointment, and I left my courtroom under great inconvenience too. But my vexation bears no comparison with your mother's, and sister's, too. Your acting through human respect has cost them both, this afternoon, some of the most mortifying moments of their lives. Many a time, during the performance, your sister was on the point of tears, and more than once I thought your mother was going to break down. All the compliments that friends and acquaintances paid her on being the mother of the boy who was going to make a sensation by his singing, were so many subsequent annoyances. Your yielding to human respect, Gerald, has caused your mother and Blanche and myself to experience one of the bitterest afternoons of our lives. Are you not equally guilty with Dr. Tolmin."

Young Albury did not answer. He seemed unable immediately to realize the full purport of his father's words. His father saw that he was gathering in the sense, as it were, and did not hurry him for an answer. He watched him closely and saw that the boy was beginning to understand. In a minute or two there rushed upon him a realization of

all the pain and annoyance his action had caused the different members of the family.

No one had ever known the eldest son of the house of Albury to exhibit lackadaisical symptoms. He was full of pranks and high resolves, of escapades and of generous impulses of reparation, of thoughtless disobedience, and, often, of thoughtful sorrow. He had often been "lectured" by his father, and mother, and Martha; he had, as we know, not infrequently suffered the severe penalty of his misdeeds, but neither his father nor his mother ever saw him act in the way he conducted himself when he fully realized his fault. David was not more surprised when Nathan pointed the finger of denunciation at him and cried: "Thou art the man," than was Gerald Albury when he realized the truth of his father's words: "You and Dr. Tolmin are just the same."

Gerald had sprung to his feet in his excitement. He now seemed overpowered. His face turned quite white.

"Oh! oh! papa! I—" He could not go on. He turned and hid his face in the damask window curtain. After a few moments he turned with outstretched hands to his father.

"Papa! papa! I am so sorry—so sorry!"

His father drew him to him.

"I took all this trouble to teach you a lesson. You will not forget it, Gerald?"

"Never! never! never! papa. And I won't mind what people say any more. I am going—to do—what—what is right, papa. I'm awfully sorry I hurt mamma this afternoon. I didn't think—much, papa."

"That is just the trouble with most of us who wound others. We would not deliberately do so, but we do not think enough of the consequences of our acts."

"Will you—forgive—me, papa?"

"Yes, my boy, I forgive you freely."

"And now I'll go and ask mamma to forgive me, too. Poor mamma. I'm awfully sorry I hurt her this afternoon. I'll never—never do it again."

"That's a good resolution. I think your mother has retired for the night. You can see her in the morning and make your peace with her then."

"And Blanche, too?"

"Yes; she suffered very much. Make it all right with her in the morning."

"I will, pa. Oh! I say, pa! I know something! I'm going to do something!"

Gerald's vivacity had returned, and the bundle of quicksilver was once more all animation.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked the somewhat amused father.

"That's telling, pa. I can't tell you now, pa, but, my! It will be great! Say, pa, do you know Darce—Blatchford Darce?"

"I do not think I have the honor of his acquaintance."

"Never mind, papa. Oh! glory! I am not going to tell you now. Good-night, papa. I'm going to be awful good now. You forgive me, papa?"

Judge Albury again assured him of his forgiveness and sent him to bed in the happiest frame of mind.

XIV.

PLANS AND SECRETS.

When Gerald Gregory Albury, after saying his night prayers, jumped into his little bed that night, it was a very long time before he could get to sleep, owing to the story his father had read to him and his extraordinary experience afterwards.

Whatever else he had determined upon, he was, as he had promised his *father, going to be awfully good now.*

His busy little head was fairly whirling with plans and projects to carry this resolution into effect. He began to enumerate his shortcomings. Those which we have mentioned in these pages, of course, came uppermost in his mind. There were many others, also, of minor importance, but which, in the light of his repentance and good resolutions, took on a magnitude which they had never before assumed.

Drinking one-quarter of the breakfast milk from the bottle which the milkman usually placed in a corner of the veranda early in the morning, did not seem such an enormity when enjoying it as it did now in the retrospect. Picking a hole in a paper bag of sugar and extracting, literally, stolen sweets did not seem so wrong when it was being done, as now; nor did the helping himself to various little things in the corner grocery store when sent there by Martha or his mother.

Perhaps it was a fortunate thing for Gerald that he made these resolutions thus early in his life. By these little pilferings thieves are made. Many a boy, beginning in just as small a way—who would have been indignant had he been called a thief—has allowed the practice to grow, which has finally landed him in a felon's cell.

The horror of being placed in the same category as the character of the story, whom he had so strongly denounced when his better feelings were aroused, together with the conclusive proofs given by his father that his conduct during the last two weeks was actuated by similar motives, had really startled the young boy.

Thoughtless and frequently reckless of consequences as he was, which must be attributed in large measure to his youthfulness, yet he had an inherent nobility of character and a generosity of disposition which made him, in his

heart of hearts, and when he gave himself time to think, despise anything mean or small. It was with absolute sincerity, therefore, that he announced to his father that henceforth he was going to be so good a boy as to make his goodness assume the character of awfulness—of course, in his sense of that word.

During the last few minutes with his father that evening Gerald had what he thought was a very practical thought. He wanted to make some kind of reparation for his fault, and in the enthusiasm of his first inspiration he barely succeeded in not divulging his secret to his father. He was aware, that in order to succeed in the plan he had formed, it would be necessary to let either his father or his mother into the secret. This was precisely what he did not desire, and this was precisely what was puzzling him and driving sleep from his eyes.

Let come what would in relation to his wonderful plan, he was fully determined that he would not tell his mother beforehand. Nor was Blanche to be a participator in his secret. Willie? It did not so much matter about him. He probably would not take much interest in it, but he determined to take no risks, and so Master William was left out of his calculations.

"Martha!" he thought, "that's the thing! She can help me without anybody else knowing about it until everything is all over. But then—"

That plan was upset, for he saw that Martha could not move in the affair without permission from her master or mistress.

At length, tired out by the train of thought, which was an unusually long and heavy one for a boy who generally managed to do his thinking by fits and starts, and more often made the excuse that he did not think at all, Gerald at length fell asleep and was soon in that Dreamland of childhood which is always a pleasant place, and where everything happens as one desires.

The first thing that Gerald did in the morning was to make his apologies to his mother. He did not meet his sister Blanche until all had assembled at the breakfast table.

"Oh! Blanche," said the new Preparatorian, as he helped himself to a generous supply of sugar for his oatmeal, "pa said last night that I had been guilty of respect and that it caused you—caused you—what was it, pa?"

"Vexation and disappointment."

"Vexation and disappointment, and I apologize."

Gerald thought he had done famously, and so he had, for his motive was sound. Blanche did not say a word.

"Why do you not accept the apology, Blanche, and tell Gerald you forgive him?" said her mother.

"I accept the apology, and everything is all right now," said Blanche, as if she were repeating a lesson, "but why did you not tell us beforehand? I felt like crying in the hall."

"But you didn't though. It was all through my respect, and I'm sorry now."

"Through your what, Gerald?" asked his father.

"Respect, sir. That's what you told me last night."

"Indeed I did no such thing, my boy," said the Judge, laughing heartily. "Do you not remember I used two words?"

"Yes, sir, but I can't think what the other one was."

"Human respect, not respect, my boy. The two things are very different."

"Yes, sir."

"Now tell Blanche."

"Well, sis, I did human respect."

"You did human respect! What do you mean? You must be very stupid this morning. You should say that you had human respect, or acted from human respect," answered his sister rather ungraciously. She had not fully recovered from her disappointment of the previous day, and was in decided ill-humor.

"Oh! well, if you won't take the

apology, I can't help it," said Gerald; which, somehow, looked as if that awful goodness was yet a long way off.

"There! there! children; do not quarrel. Gerald has done what he thought was right, and tried to undo the wrong. You should take his advances, Blanche, in the way and in the spirit they were offered."

Notwithstanding this reproof from her mother, Miss Blanche remained silent, for even academy young ladies are sometimes—Reverend Mothers and Sisters of academies say very seldom—sometimes, guilty of deliberately destroying the beauty curve of the lips by pouting. The breakfast, from that time, passed in silence.

On Monday Mr. Laffington scolded Gerald quite severely. He saw, however, that the boy was very sorry. When Gerald had told him all that his father had done on Saturday evening, he said:

"Do you think, Albury, that if I took you for the next monthly concert you would attend the practices regularly?"

"Oh! sir, I'm terr'ble sorry I missed the first concert. I did not think you were so strict, sir. Yes, I'll come every time, sure."

"I think you will, after this," said Mr. Laffington. "Very well. At three o'clock this afternoon we will begin practice. Tell Darce to come."

"Thank you, sir."

"You ought to apologize to Darce, Albury. You were the occasion of a great disappointment to him. Your failure to come to practice deprived him of the pleasure of appearing in public."

"I will, sir."

Gerald thought there were a wonderful amount of apologies to be made, arising from one fault. He was too young to realize what a series of evil consequences sometimes arise from one wrong deed.

He easily "made up" with Blatchford Darce. These two were great friends. *During the day, Gerald, whose secret*

was becoming a positive burden to him, decided to take Darce into his confidence. He was urged to do this, because this very boy was necessary to the carrying out of the scheme he had in view.

The confidences Gerald had to impart took a long time. He and Blatchford had their heads together nearly all the time of the recesses. Nor were these sufficient for the vitally important matter. As often as possible during the class hours, when they could possibly get together, there were important communications to be made. This had occurred so many times during that Monday that it had attracted the attention of the teacher of the class, who at the very last quarter of the last hour, said:

"Albury and Darce will both see me after class. Both of you have been talking and misbehaving nearly all day."

"Oh! Mr. Somers," said Gerald, in dismay, "I didn't mean to. I had something important to tell Batch, sir. I didn't mean to be bad, sir—for sure."

"That's all very well. See me after class."

Albury suddenly remembered his appointment with the exacting Mr. Laffington at three. Was anything ever so unfortunate! What would the music teacher think! The teacher saw that the boy was more than usually upset.

"You can explain to me after class, Albury," he said, in a softened tone, "go now to the board and work out this example in compound fractions."

This was Gerald's delight. There was not a boy in the class who could cover himself with chalk sooner—face, hands, and clothes—and there were few who could work the examples better or quicker either.

When the classes were dismissed, Gerald, very humbly, told Mr. Somers why he had spoken several times to Darce, and then in a burst of confidence divulged the plan which had so completely absorbed his attention all day.

In his most winning manner—and young Albury could be winning when it suited his purpose—he begged off from the penance in order not to disappoint Mr. Laffington a second time. Even stern, hard-hearted schoolmasters are sometimes caught by bright, dark-lashed, pleading eyes, and quivering lips and a beseeching face. Weakness? It was a weakness that made for strength in this case, for the teacher had no more trouble with Master Gerald Gregory Albury for three whole weeks—and everybody will admit that is a very long time.

That evening Mr. Laffington was in great good humor. That meant that the musical practice had gone well. Albury and Darce sang "The Larboard Watch" as few boys ever sang it. Our friend then went through "Chamouni," and Darce also attempted a solo. When these were finished Gerald surprised the enthusiastic music teacher by asking to be trained in "Please Give Me a Penny, Sir," a song which was a great favorite some years ago.

"What do you want it for, Albury?"

"I want to get it up, sir, for a secret."

"Oh! indeed!"

"Yes, sir. I've got a plan, but it's a secret."

"Ah! the faintest glimmer of understanding begins to break through my obtuseness. You intend—"

Gerald put his finger to his lips in token of desired silence.

"It's a secret."

That is all he would say.

"Oh! all right. I shall certainly train you. I bow in humble submission to your mandate."

"Yes, sir," replied Gerald, mystified by the big words the music teacher frequently used in order to tease little boys when he was in good humor. At other times he spoke plainly enough, as Gerald already knew, to his cost.

"Mr. Laffington," said Albury at the end of the practice.

"Most gracious sir?"

"I don't think I can be here to practice to-morrow afternoon, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, I have to see somebody."

"Oh! indeed! I beg of you not to permit me to interfere with your social pleasures. Do you dine with the governor, or are you to meet royalty?"

Gerald remained mute.

"It is of no consequence, however. There will be no practice to-morrow, so you are at liberty to meet all your engagements and attend all the functions you choose."

"Thank you, sir."

"You will, however, be on hand by three, sharp, on Wednesday?"

"Yes, sir, I'll be here, sure, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I won't be let by Mr. Somers. He very nearly kept me this afternoon."

"He did! Well, my boy," said Mr. Laffington, seriously, "you will please understand that if you are kept away from practice on account of penances given for misconduct, you will, or rather I shall consider that a deliberate breaking of your engagement with me. Do you understand?"

"Sure."

Mr. Laffington smiled at the use of that dearly loved word of the small boy.

"Would it offend your susceptibilities," he said, as he let his fingers run up and down the keyboard of the piano, "if you would be so condescending as to say 'surely' instead of 'sure.' The latter is an offense to the delicacy of my auricular organs."

Gerald remained unintelligently silent.

"Say 'surely' or 'certainly,' Albury; not 'sure,' will you?"

"Sure," replied the boy, entirely unconscious of any humor in his reply. He was very much surprised when Mr. Laffington burst out into a hearty laugh.

(To be continued.)

An Altar for Rabelais

By JOHN J. O'SHEA

IT is fitting when literary taste has touched the nadir that the coryphées of degradation should erect altars for their chiefs and tutelary deities. The "Goddess of Reason," naked and unashamed, was not planted on the high place of Jehovah Himself without an expectation of results on the part of the worshippers. We have the logical result now, in the proposal to make a hero of Rabelais, the real "man with the muck rake." It is a proposition offered in all seriousness.

A London devotee of letters, so called, Mr. Charles W. Whibley, proposes the literary canonization of the author of the foulest book that had been offered to the world before Zola arose. As this is an age that is astonished at nothing outrageous to decency, the proposal may be taken seriously. If there were another Rabelais among us, he would be an exception, probably. To take nothing seriously was the doctrine of life laid down by the original. Hence his successor would be false to his master did he not greet the proposition with a guffaw and a foul aphorism.

Meudon is a pretty adjunct of Paris. Its heights are crowned with pretty villas, embowered in graceful trees and shrubbery, and bordered with dainty gardens. But below the heights, beside the river, there are dingy factories with foul smells and grimy workers. There are tanneries among these unsavory fabrics. These tanneries furnished, more than a century back, the culminating chapter to the book begun two centuries and a half before by the strange being *who was curé of Meudon* in his later

years. The skins of aristocrats were thrown into the pits, to be dyed and manufactured into personal wear for the gentry who had learned the lessons of Rabelais, the scoffer, and the grim satirists, Rousseau and Voltaire, who hewed down their coarseness and gave them an application, in fine literary and philosophical form, to the cravings of an esurient age.

One of our own most popular authors—Mr. James Lane Allen—has stirred up discussion by a bitter fling at the deterioration in taste which marks the present era. The thing for the best American writers to do, he complained, is to cater to the demand for what he calls "soap-bubble fiction." This was hardly the proper description of what suits the popular taste. The Providence Journal puts the case more correctly when commenting on this utterance:

"The people who read fiction of the kind indicated—cheap, flimsy, false, untrue to every principle of art and nature—do not want well-written books; they prefer the bad ones. They like the literary garbage heap; it is both more highly colored and more strongly scented than the food served on a dining table. Is it reasonable to think that they will realize the difference between garbage in its natural condition and garbage which has been dressed into the semblance of a meal by a French chef?"

One of the best written books of the year in this country—namely, "The Garden of Allah"—proves this fact most clearly. It is a splendid literary performance as regards style and feeling, yet in a couple of chapters there is a

grossness of detail in scenes of passion and temptation that makes the reader recoil. Why these black patches on the white marble of a noble conception? Clearly because there must be something to make the book "go." Art is not wanted for its own sake, but to serve as an auxiliary to jaded sensuality. Zola took some time to find this out. He was never successful until he appealed to that sense in the Frenchman that Rabelais discovered as an acorn and cultivated until it became the spreading oak.

What was the motive which impelled the renegade priest to write his reeking book? It could hardly have been a desire to gain money, for in his day there could not have been much demand for any class of literature, in comparison with that of our own omnivorous time, and the cost of producing books must have been very great as compared with what it is now. A desire for revenge may have been his principal reason. Mr. Whibley imputes such a desire to his biographers. He tells the world why it is that Rabelais has been depicted, like Vice, as "a monster of hideous mien:"

"It was but natural that the monks, whom he scarified in his book, should have employed their ingenuity in detraction; and since they were troubled by no scruples of truth or conscience, they found little difficulty in creating a bogey. 'Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat'—such was their argument, and therefore they boldly declared that the author was no more than the living image of his work. It was not for them to understand a masterpiece which offended the dignity of their order; they did not trouble to search out the honorable life and employments of their victim; they were content to sow their slanders broadcast over the world, in the vain hope that the tares of their foul fancy might grow up and choke the harvest of intelligence. * * * Rabelais,

the drunken buffoon, the bawdy trickster, the impious impostor, the truculent enemy of God and man, was already invented, and gossip was free to do the rest."

Now, the very best test that can be applied to this explanation is the fact that with all his admiration for the wronged genius Mr. Whibley does not dare to reproduce any examples of his master's style for public inspection. He could hardly select a chapter that he should not have to "Bowdlerize," or expurgate, to the destruction of the whole sense, so cleverly are the dirt and the mortar mixed in the building.

Outrage so gross would not be tolerated in modern society. It is only on the walls of prisons and foul resorts that such thoughts and language as Rabelais invented for the gratification of his own evil imaginings ever find a place—and then only furtively.

No; it was Rabelais himself who wrote the doom that consigned him to a niche all to himself—a niche full of noisome slime and the worms that feed on carrion. Glance at his face; does it not speak of a licentious mind and a Ther-sites tongue?

Mr. Whibley considers that Rabelais and Erasmus must be regarded as the twin stars of the Reformation. This is rather hard upon the reputation of Martin Luther as a literary man. In his method of expression he bore a good deal of resemblance to the creator of "Gargantua and Pantagruel." He was equally coarse and sensual, though not so rich in filthy fancy or volume or vocabulary. But Erasmus was decent, as decency went in those days. While his "Colloquies are bigoted, their language is not vulgar." He has no valid claim to be bracketed with Rabelais.

Mr. Whibley accepts the stereotyped charge that Rabelais was persecuted by "the rascal monks" because he was caught studying Greek! This ridiculous

plea is wholly in keeping with the larger charge that the Church has always set its face against learning. It is permissible to surmise that he early developed his talent for scurrilous vilipend, and was caught scribbling his foul imaginings while sojourning with the monks, and for this was ignominiously expelled, and for no other reason.

Francois Rabelais was born in Chinon, Touraine, some time about the year 1490. The date of his birth is unsettled, but not more so than the date of his death, since the biographers can only say that he departed from the scene of his frivolities about the year 1553. A similar uncertainty prevails about long stretches of his career. Although it is known for certain that he was given, toward the close of his life, the curacy of Meudon by his friend, Cardinal du Bellay, it is not definitely known whether he fulfilled the duties of the post or remained a figurehead. He was certainly a genius, but an erratic one; a character as many-sided and romantic as ever occupied the pages of Scott or Bulwer Lytton. We do not know of what station were his parents; Henri Berenger says he was born either in an apothecary's shop or a publican's inn, amid the shouting and singing of swilling roysterers. Berenger also says that he began his education at the convent of "Seville." This must be a mistake, since in Seville there are many convents. Other biographers say it was at the convent of Seuille he began, and finished at the monastery of La Baumette, near Angers, and that he finished his novitiate at the convent of Fontenay-la-Comte, where he was ordained a priest in the year 1519 and lived for four years after. The monks of these latter convents are described by the biographers as mendicant monks, and as ignorant, sensual, and superstitious. They detested the intellectual life, it is also said, and when they discovered that Rabelais

was studying Greek they were inflamed to the utmost; so that, in order to save himself from being denounced as a heretic and burned at the stake, he was fain to flee from such company. This is one side of the story; some time or other accident may enable the world to hear the other. Rabelais had friends who were influential at Rome, so that by the favor of the Pope he was allowed to enter the Benedictine Order, and soon became regular canon of the abbey of Maillezais. This post he only held for a little time; probably he was not found fitted for it. He quitted the regular life and became a secular priest in the household of the Bishop of Maillezais for a little while. The fact that Rabelais retained his various positions only for a short time would serve to throw a sinister light on his real character even if he never had left his horrible book to furnish direct evidence of the fact that he was utterly unfitted for the priestly vocation. It was not, then, for his fondness for Greek learning that he had to flee from the convent of Fontenay, but for something far different. This inference is irresistible from a perusal of the obscene masterpiece, "Gargantua and Pantagruel."

Rabelais now turned his attention to the healing art. He received a medical degree at the university of Montpellier in the year 1530, and obtained an appointment as physician in the Lyons hospital in 1532, which he held only for two years. He accompanied the Bishop of Paris to Rome when that prelate was sent as ambassador extraordinary by King Francis I. This Bishop (who subsequently was raised to the cardinalate), Rabelais' biographers say, "always protected him from the rage of his enemies"—a very doubtful expression, since it was not until this period of his career that he began to publish his obscene slanders on the class from whom he had received his education.

Rabelais alternated like a pendulum between the Church and medicine. He took a course in anatomy in Montpellier, after this was finished he is found in the Church as canon of the abbey of St. Maur. Then cut he started out as a traveller—just like Oliver Cromwell. He was evidently a born politician—like Villon, the vagabond poet and highwayman. He had obtained leave from the King, Francis I, to publish the third volume of his history—a fact which seems to prove that Francis and two had given offense of a serious character. When the King died Rabelais was in a condition of terror, the new monarch, Henry II, was not at all of his licentious farragoes. But his friend, Cardinal Du Bellay, stood up for him in good stead again, and so did Cardinal Chatillon, to whom he dedicated the fourth volume when he had obtained permission to publish it from the King. It was about this time (1550) that he got the living of Meudon. It is known that he ever discharged his priestly function in connection with it; for his soul's sake we should not, while continuing to pour out poisonous lava. He resigned the living a short time before he died. He was surrounded by hosts of enemies by his terrible attacks, but he always hid behind the skirts of the great, on whom he fawned, and threatened with serious consequences by the victims of his dreadful onslaught.

Rabelais' work is a series of allegories concerning events that ranged over a score of years or more. Their references are obscure that no writer has ever been able to do more than give a guess at the meaning of the riddles. Like Swift, in writing "Gulliver," he had his perceptions and their actions very clearly in his mind, and the fact that his book has been readily sought by great people, as Lear, proves that the great world of France knew well the personages whom

he was lampooning and enjoyed the tortures to which he subjected them. Now the world has hardly a clue to those who then strutted their hour on the stage. Their defamer, only, lives, to enjoy a questionable fame while the objects of his shafts rest in the calm of eternal oblivion, where Rabelais can trouble no longer.

Were it possible to separate the wheat from the chaff in Rabelais the work he left must be valued for its literary power. Many isolated passages display a rich imagination set in a frame of world-wide learning. But the heterogeneous way in which gems and rubbish, flowers and weeds, radiant angels and foulest reptiles of the Pit, are flung together reminds one of the handiwork of a Merlin or a Michael Scott under the influence of cheap champagne or five cent whisky from New York's Bowery. In this respect his literary production is absolutely unique. There was no middle way in the mind of the author. He had no sense of literary balance. Therefore there is a great contrast between his performance and that of the work of his best imitator in the English field of literature, Lawrence Sterne—another degenerate cleric. Sterne could appreciate the virtues of womanly purity and manly honor. There is hardly a trace of any such sense of discrimination in the writings of Rabelais. The "Sentimental Journey" is full of exquisite bits of sympathy with the best side of humanity.

A writer of distinction has referred to "Gargantua and Pantagruel" as an "imitable romance." The term does not fit well. It is no more a romance than "Gulliver's Travels" or the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is a series of allegorical satires on religion, law, medicine, pedagogy, dress, social customs, politics, and all the important affairs of the writer's time. Its plain purpose is irreverence and the promotion of infidelity, although the author pretended it was only to make

men laugh, as he believed there was altogether too much sadness in life. No doubt it has made men laugh—but it has made judicious ones grieve. The work of the iconoclasts did not make men laugh, but it made the demons laugh. Rabelais was an iconoclast as dreadful in his hilarity as any of the followers of Knox in their fanatical wrath. He not only pulled down the pillars of religion, but he trampled the image of human decency in the gutter of his diseased creation. He sought to elevate the baser instincts and passions to the highest place in the human composition, and to substitute mere filth for wit. No doubt there is much wit intermingled with the compost; but filth is the dominant note all through his "inimitable romance." He revels in filth; and the bewildering vocabulary of dirt and "double entendre"—culled from the vulgar folk-lore and proverbial "argot" of all nations—with which he amazes and confounds the reader displays the diligence with which he prepared himself for this important feature of his work. Neither the author of "Tom Jones" nor of "Tristram Shandy," could be compared with Rabelais for an instant: they are pigmies, he a colossus. In Swift's "Tale of a Tub" there is some approach to his perfection in pornography, but it is a feeble, stunted effort, by comparison. Buffoonery in Rabelais' case was elevated to the plane of a fine art.

In those chapters in which the author gives his ideals of the religious life in communities we get the real meaning of this extraordinary work. The "Monks of Thelema," as he styles them, live by no rule but the law: "Do what you like; never admit a restraint on your inclinations, since it is restraint that makes men and women transgress laws to gain what is forbidden." Their whole life was to be employed, not according to rules, statutes, or laws, but according to their own free will and judgment; they rising when they liked,

drinking, eating, working, going to bed, just whenever they desired. Their rule contained just one clause—"Do what you will."—(Gargantua, book I, chap. 57). And yet Rabelais makes all these monks and nuns (without vows or rule) play the most childish game of imitation, like our juvenile one called "follow the leader." One lady sets the fashion in dress, in reading, in amusement for one day; all the others rigorously follow suit. One cavalier or "monk" does the same for the masculine part of the community; and there is no more freedom of initiation or individualism in action than there is under the old respectable order of things. The rule of the beehive is the rule of the Monks of Thelema.

Rabelais' Friar John is an embodiment of every form of satyr-like vice and gluttony. He was created for the purpose of having such a monstrosity accepted as a type, and so bringing the whole body of religious into contempt. The figure of a dead Pope is introduced for a similar sinister purpose, and the language of some of the passages which are devoted to this object is open and shocking blasphemy.

This is the reason why Rabelais is so greatly admired by writers of the "progressive" school. His book finished the work that Luther's lesser genius failed to do. Luther intended to pull down only part of the great Catholic fabric; Rabelais' aim was to sweep it wholly away and leave nothing but infidelity in its place. Montaigne, who came after him, took up the same task more scientifically; and it was continued by Descartes. When Voltaire succeeded, and after him Rousseau, there was no more leveling to be done. The way was prepared for the march of the mob and the Feast of Pikes and the Noyages on the rivers. The tanneries of Meudon then, as has been said, put the finishing strokes to Rabelais' work. It was handsomely bound, in a shape to command the attention of posterity, in human skin.



UNIVERSITY STREET, SHOWING INNSBRUCK UNIVERSITY ON THE RIGHT.

In the Heart of the Tyrol

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph. D.

FEW corners of Europe are dowered with more interest for the tourist and literary pilgrim than that portion of Austria known as the Tyrol. Its background is full of history, its life starred with heroic deeds.

We always think of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg together, and politically speaking they are united under the same governor, or Statthalter, though each has a Landtag of its own. The area in square miles of both is 11,324; the population 924,518.

The principal part of the Tyrol is inhabited by a German-speaking people, but in the extreme south, Italian is spoken and the country is called Italian Tyrol.

As regards the early inhabitants of the country very little accurate information can as yet be given. By the Greeks and Romans, the inhabitants of Tyrol, together with those of Eastern Switzerland,

were designated Rhaeteans. Horace sings of "The Alpine Rhaeti, long unmatched in fight." So that the most ancient name by which we know Tyrol is Rhaetia.

The Romans having learned of the importance of the country as a thoroughfare between Italy and Germany set themselves seriously to the task of conquering Rhaetia. Their first attack was directed against Tridentum, the present Trent, which was taken B. C. 36.

After the Roman occupation came the Gothic in 493. The Goths were followed in 568 by the Lombards, whose Italian kingdom lasted more than two hundred years.

In the eighth century the whole of Rhaetia was merged in the great Empire of Charlemagne. There was still no "Tirol," and the country was at that time usually called "The Mountain Land" (das Land im Gebirge).

How, then, did the name Tyrol first come into use? It is derived from Castle Tyrol, near Meran, and we find that the Counts of Tyrol, one of the numerous families owning estates and titles in this "Mountain Land," are first noticed in archives of the year 1140 as occupying Castle Tyrol (Terriolis); and we further find that one by one the possessions of other noblemen melted away before these irresistible knights of Terriolis until, in 1240, Count Albert of Tyrol was in a position to style himself Prince Count (*ge fursteter Graf*) of Tyrol, which now comprehended much more than his own ancestral estate. This principality remained a fief of the German Empire until the time of Maximilian I, when it was incorporated among the possessions of the crown.

The last of Count Albert's successors as ruler of Tyrol was Margaretha Maultasche (pocket-mouthed Margaret), about whom so many strange stories

are told. In the year 1363 she took the important step of granting the Tyrol to Duke Rudolph IV of Austria, of the House of Hapsburg.

Henceforth the history and fortunes of the Tyrol are bound up in the life of Austria.

The Emperor Charles V, successor to Maximilian I, found his dominions so vast that he resigned his Austrian territory of the Tyrol to his brother, who afterwards became Emperor Ferdinand I. It was the latter who founded the Franciscan church in Innsbruck, with its world-renowned tomb in memory of his grandfather, Maximilian I. This work brought the best artists to Innsbruck and stimulated native art to such an extent that the place became a noted art centre.

In 1677 Leopold I, Emperor of Austria, founded the University of Innsbruck, which was named in honor of him. Innsbruck University is especially strong in the departments of theology and med-



A TYROLEAN ZELLER NATIONAL GLEE CLUB.



MARIA THERESA STREET,
INNSBRUCK.

icine. It is here that Prof Hurter, one of the greatest of Jesuit theologians, occupies a chair, and Prof. Ludwig Pastor, the great historian of the Popes of the Renaissance, comes every spring semestre to lecture. Before his translation to Rome, at the desire of our late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, Prof. Pastor was permanently associated with the work of Innsbruck University.

During the first years of its existence, Innsbruck University was noted for its strong moral life and sound Catholic spirit. Of the four faculties, one-half then were Jesuits and a few, Franciscans.

It will be remembered that Luther called the German universities of his time "great gates of hell!" and an old German proverb tells us:

Wer von Giesen kommt ohne Weib
Von Jena mit gesunden Leib
Von Helmstadt ohne Wunden
Von Leipzig ohne Schründen
Von Marburg ungefallen
Hat nicht g'studiert auf allen.

In 1765 the Empress Maria Theresa came to Innsbruck to celebrate the mar-

riage of her son Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany (afterwards the Emperor Leopold II), and Maria Ludovica, daughter of Charles III, King of Spain. The citizens erected on this occasion a temporary arch of triumph, which so pleased the Empress that some years afterwards she caused it to be reconstructed in stone and marble as it now stands, on the boundary line between Innsbruck and Wilten. The Archduke's wedding opened a long succession of entertainments, and Innsbruck was holding high holiday when all was brought to a sad ending by the sudden death of the Emperor Francis I (the husband of Maria Theresa) on his return from the Italian opera to the palace.

But the heroic period in the history of the Tyrol and its people is that which marks its struggle with Napoleon the First and his ally, Bavaria, and the central figure in this heroic struggle is unquestionably Andreas Hofer. It is known in Tyrolean history as the Patriotic War of 1809. There can be no



REV. DR. HURTER, S. J., OF INNSBRUCK
UNIVERSITY.

doubting the patriotism and bravery of
the Tyrolean people:

"Eagle, Tyroler Eagle,

Wherefore art thou so red?

The sunlight across me flashes

As I dart from my rocky bed.

The Ortler summit is glowing.

Therefore am I so red.

Eagle, Tyroler Eagle,

Wherefore art thou so red?

I have drunk of the flowing vintage

In the Etschland vineyard shed.

Rosy the rich wine flushes.

Therefore am I so red.

Eagle, Tyroler Eagle,

Wherefore art thou so red?

The life-blood across me dashes.

For the heart of the foe hath bled.

Dark flows the deadly current.

Therefore am I so red.

Eagle, Tyroler Eagle,

Wherefore art thou so red?

From the Alpine sunlight glowing.

From the wine of the vineyard shed.

From the blood of invaders flowing,

The Tyroler Eagle is red."

Andreas Hofer united in his character the two great national traits of the Tyrol: fidelity to God and to his sovereign. He was born in the Passeyer valley in 1765. His family kept the inn of Sandyland, near the Passeyer stream; hence his frequently being called in history the "Sandy landlord." He was living at this inn, following the calling of his fathers, when by the treaty of Pressburg the Tyrol was wrested from Austria and ceded to Bavaria, the ally of Napoleon. At this terrible news, Andreas made a vow never again to shave his beard. During the wars, his long beard falling on his breast gave him with the Italians the name of General Barbone.

The picture of Hofer seen at Innsbruck represents him as a type of that race from Passeyer reputed the handsomest and most vigorous in the Tyrol. An athletic, well-knit frame, broad shoulders, a round, highly colored countenance, black eyes, large, brilliant and penetrat-



PROF. LUDWIG PASTOR.

ing, a majestic beard—the whole breathing command, inspiring respect, and attracting confidence.

Indignant at the double-dealing of the Bavarian officials, exasperated at the persecution which menaced the treasure of the true faith, Andreas had but one thought—to liberate his country from the foreign yoke and restore it to his Emperor. With this end in view, he commenced a correspondence with Archduke John of Austria. On the 16th of January, 1809, he went to Vienna with other fellow countrymen and had several interviews with the prince, in which the plan of deliverance was definitely settled. When all was ready, Andreas returned to St. Leonard invested with full power as commander-in-chief of the national forces.

From that day Hofer's hostelry became the rendezvous of all who sighed for the deliverance of their native land. To all who could join the sacred cause Hofer opened out his views and his plans.

On the night of April 10th, the patriots were called to arms by great fires blazing on the heights; and on the 14th of April, at the head of four thousand, five hundred men, who had all confessed and communicated, the "Sandy landlord" bravely attacked the Bavarians and completely routed them. The next morning fifteen thousand peasants surrounded Innsbruck, carried the bridge and heights

by assault, entered the town, and, after a hand-to-hand fight, forced General Bisson, commandant of the French and Bavarian troops, to capitulate.

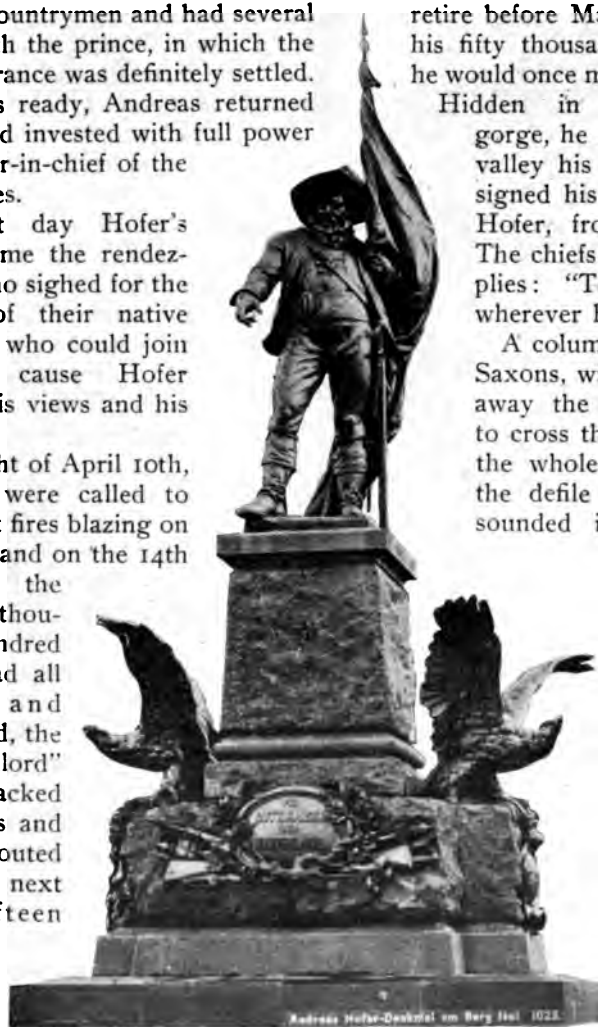
But a cruel trial awaited the generous champion of liberty and faith. On the 16th of July, Austria, vanquished at Wagram, was forced to the armistice of Znaim, and in that convention Tyrol was ignored. Hofer refused to believe his country had been abandoned to the vengeance of the conqueror. When he saw the Austrian army leave Innsbruck and retire before Marshal Lefebvre and his fifty thousand men, he swore he would once more conquer or die.

Hidden in an impenetrable gorge, he sent from valley to valley his call to arms. He signed his orders: "Andreas Hofer, from where I am." The chiefs addressed their replies: "To Andreas Hofer, wherever he is."

A column of four thousand Saxons, with orders to sweep away the insurgents, began to cross the gorge, but when the whole corps was inside the defile a sudden cry resounded in the mountains,

"No quarter!"

The signal is followed by a terrible crash; rocks, trunks of trees loosened by the Tyroleans and held together by ropes till the signal is given, are now set free, and an avalanche of blocks of porphyry, enormous pines, stones, and earth, falls on the Saxons and crushes them. From every open-



MONUMENT TO ANDREAS HOFER, ON BERG ISEL,
NEAR INNSBRUCK.



COSTUME OF A BRENNER VALLEY TYROLEAN GIRL.

ing start men, women, old people and children, to hurl themselves on the enemy with the cry, "Our God and our country!"

The enemy is routed and flies towards Innsbruck, closely pursued by Andreas Hofer, Speckbacher, his lieutenant, and the Capuchin, Haspinger, who, holding in one hand a crucifix and in the other his sword, seemed like one inspired.

This second victory gave Innsbruck once more to the patriot party, but again the peace of Vienna forced Austria to renounce the Tyrol. The Archduke John himself wrote to Hofer and ordered him to lay down his arms. The appeal was in vain. But his soldiers were discouraged. Speckbacher and the Capu-

chin took refuge in Vienna, and Hofer was obliged to disperse his handful of followers. A price was put on his head, and a wretch named Raffl betrayed his retreat. He was taken by some French soldiers and escorted as a prisoner to Mantua, tried by court-martial and shot. By his last wish, Andreas Hofer was buried in the garden of his friend and confessor, Manifesti. Later, his remains were borne to the Franciscan church—the Tyrolean Westminster Abbey—of Innsbruck, where a beautiful tomb of Tyrolean marble has been erected to his memory.

So much for the history and heroic side of the Tyrolese people.

Turn we now to consider for a moment the glory of Tyrol—the charming and picturesque city of Innsbruck which has indeed a most unique situation. There are but two cities in America that in situation resemble Innsbruck, and these are Monterey, in Mexico, and Salt Lake City, in Utah, but neither of the New World cities has a setting amidst a landscape of

such lofty grandeur and ideal beauty as the capital of the Tyrol.

The mountains, with their snow-capped peaks, stand at its very gates as helmeted sentinels, touched by the glory and mystery of the sky.

Innsbruck is simply the Innspons of the time of Caesar. It is to-day a city of about forty thousand inhabitants whose lives flow on as gently and peacefully as the silvery Inn that shares in its charms. Innsbruck, amid Alpine splendor, is a pearl of the dawn, a jewel upon the waning cheek of night, full of light and splendor. The people of Innsbruck are kindly, hospitable, courteous, uniting in their character in pleasing harmony

the strength of the North and the tenderness of the South.

They are essentially a music-loving people and are particularly fond of open-air concerts and the theatre. During the winter a great variety of plays and operas is produced at the theatre, and during the summer the so-called Peasant Plays, or popular dramas, are given at the Summer Theatre.

Among the plays which the writer once saw produced in Innsbruck was Shakespeare's *Macbeth*—of course played in German. Objection was taken to the hags, or witches, on the ground that they did not resemble the real witches of Shakespeare; whereupon a Tyrolean friend added that the Tyrolean women were so handsome that they could not be turned into witches.

It is quite true that the women of the Tyrol are very pretty, possessing an attractiveness all their own. They have very comely faces, beautiful eyes, and a manner coy, modest and alluring. In figure they are sometimes a little too bunched, though their features are generally full of harmony. Nearly every little town or village in the valleys of the Tyrol has its distinct costumes—some of them being especially picturesque and pretty.

Innsbruck is replete with monuments that speak of the past. The monuments of the Franciscan church known as the Hofkirche, and its very walls, conjure up a living past. We fancy we see the lovely Philippine Wesler, wife of Ferdinand I, brought from Ambras Castle to this her last resting place. Then, descending to the church again, we recall many actors in the local drama of the past three hundred years. Here the Archduke Leopold V kneels with the beau-

tiful Claudia of Medici to receive the marriage blessing, while beyond the frontier echo the thunders of the Thirty Years' War. Here kneels Queen Christina of Sweden, while ranks of the priests and nobles crowd to hear her devout confession of the Catholic faith, and all the bells of the town, with the roar of cannon, add to the general jubilation.

At the corner of Frederick Street is the Inn, "Goldener Adler" (Golden Eagle), the oldest local inn in Innsbruck. In the days when no other hotels existed here, this house was patronized by all the potentates and celebrities who passed through Innsbruck. Among its inmates have been Emperor Joseph II, Louis I, King of Bavaria, Andreas Hofer, Hen-



AN INNSBRUCK GIRL, FESTIVAL COSTUME.



A GROUP OF STATUES OF THE IRON KNIGHTS IN THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

rich Heine, Goethe, and many other famous men. The writer strolled in there one day hoping that with the aid of a little lager beer he might poetically catch something of the Goethe infection, but he came away with not even the "Sorrows of Werther."

The Tyrol is indeed full of charm and its people unique among the peoples of Europe. Poetry and romance have many an altar in its vales, and the tapers of faith and devotion light up each shrine by the wayside. In memory the writer treads again its hills and dells and breathes its buoyant air:

Just for one day to hear the happy song
Of River Inn that swiftly flows along!
Just for one day to feel my soul expand
Among the mountains of that distant land!
To climb the hills, to gaze far down the glen,
To breathe that buoyant air and live again.

To hear the bells, their cadence soft and clear!
Ethereal tones in boundless atmosphere!
To kneel once more within some woodland shrine
Where burns the Everlasting Light divine—

Light that may flicker in the storm-tossed
soul,
See! it burns brightly in that far Tyrol.

Just for one hour to see the Alpine glow
Tinge rosy red the pathless fields of snow!
To see it spread across the mountains' breast
From cliff to cliff, till on some lofty crest
It kindles one lone light of crimson ray,
And softly dies, this last, last fire of day!

To grasp a firm Tyrolean hand once more!
To hear the salutation as of yore,
"God greet thee!" Ah! if only for a day
Among those pictured hamlets I might stray,
And hear the joyous jodel as it flings
Its mellow tones to trembling zither strings!

It is a dream! Those awful mountains rise
In silver waves against the azure skies.
Supernal beauty that defies all bound,
To lose itself in mystic trumpet sound!
No fear of earth they feel, no touch of time:
They are what men would fain, but cannot
be—sublime!

In a long trance I shall arise and go,
For nought avails the sea's unending flow.
Over the crested waves the spirit dips,
The distance lessened by the swift winged
ships:
Fate draws me back with weird, magnetic
sway—
O to be there again for one sweet day!"

Told on a Jaunting-Car

By MOLLIE PATTERSON

THE first thing you must do when you come to Ireland is to have a ride on one of our celebrated jaunting-cars," my friend Dennis O'Halloran had said to me a year ago. We were shooting together in Scotland at the time, and I had replied that I would be delighted to see for myself that "magical contrivance"—as Lover calls it.

Now I had not only seen but was feeling it with a vengeance, and I must confess there did not seem to me to be anything very magical about it, as it bumped along the rough country road. Irish tastes must differ very widely from English ones, in the way of vehicles at any rate, I thought; but as it had to be put up with, I tried to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit; so, turning up the collar of my fur-lined great-coat, and wrapping the rug still more closely round my knees, I settled down to a ten-mile drive.

My train had been delayed, and on stepping out on the platform at the small market town of Ballyneen, I had looked round in vain for a trap from Craigdarraugh, Dennis' place, and so had to accept the only other available means of conveyance—Pat Mulvany's car—upon which I was now being jogged along.

The country looked bleak and bare enough, and I wondered how any one could call it the "Emerald Isle."

As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but a dreary expanse of cold, brown bog to be seen, save where, in the distance, I could just discern the outline of the mountains. "What a dismal place," I muttered to myself, as, turning a corner, a gust of wind and sleet blew in my face, and I heartily wished that I had postponed my visit to the "distressful country" till a sunnier time of the year.

Although still quite early in the day, it was exceptionally dark, and a driving mist obscured everything and chilled me to the bone. One could not well imagine a more desolate scene; there was not a house anywhere in sight, and I was thinking what an ideal place this would be for a party of moonlighters to attack an unsuspecting landlord, when a deep voice quite close to me, evidently speaking to some one, caused me to start not a little. I turned round quickly, to find, however, that it was only the jarvey talking to himself. At first I could not hear what he was saying, but presently the words, "poor Kathleen," accompanied by a deep sigh, caught my ear. I was tired of grumbling to myself about Ireland in general, and the state of the Ballyneen road in particular, and, although I had not spoken to the driver before, I now thought I might do worse than exchange a few words with him.

"How soon shall we be at Craigdarraugh?" I enquired abruptly.

"Eh? Yes, yer honor; what were you sayin', sir? Craigdarraugh is it? Oh, yes, it's only about six miles more now; but the road is a bit bad further on, an' I'll have to walk the mare, sir."

"Good heavens," I inwardly groaned, "how could any road be worse than this?" But I held my peace, and prided myself that I was bearing my misfortunes with a very good grace.

Mulvany had evidently been in a brown study when I spoke to him, and I thought his mention of "Kathleen" might have something to do with this.

"Who was the poor Kathleen you spoke of just now?" I asked him.

"Arrah, now, sir, an' was it thinkin' aloud I was? But I'll tell you her story if you like, sir, it's no secret."

The bad part of the road had come (it was a thousand times worse than before) and although I had to clutch to the side-rail of the car frantically, as we floundered along through the mud, I managed, in spite of his rich brogue, to understand Pat fairly well.

"Perhaps, yer honor," he began, "you noticed a ruined farmhouse standin' at the head of a boreen we passed just now?"

I assented.

"It was in that very house that Kathleen was born, an' there she spent the happiest girlhood any colleen* could wish for. Her mother had died when she was a baby, an' she was the pride an' joy of her ould father, Brien O'Donohue, who was as fine a man as iver walked, but as proud as proud could be. His girleen should marry none but a rich man, he said, an' so whin Kathleen, the craythur, fell in love wid Terence O'Neill, he would have nothin' to say to her, and spurned her from his door. The neighbors all thought it was only the pride an' the passion of him, an' that soon he would relent, an' have his daughter an' her husband back to live wid him; for ivry one knew that Terence, rest his sowl, niver had a thraneen to his name, an' that rather than see Kathleen want, he'd put his anger aside. But they didn't know ould Brien: not for the world would he go back on his word, an' nothin' would move him. 'No,' he said, 'she has chosen her bed, an' she must lie on it.' But ivry one could see that the sorrow was bringin' him to his grave, for he looked quite a different man; his proud ould head was bowed down, an' he soon began to use a stick to help him along.

"Although she was wild wid grief at first that her father wouldn't forgive her, Kathleen lived happily wid Terence; an' he was a good husband to her, the cray-

thur, an' worked his fingers to the bone to try an' give her the same comforts she had had at home. They say there's an exception to ivry rule, an' surely Terence was that exception to the rest of his family, for such a happy-go-lucky, devil-me-care set there niver was. That was partly what set ould O'Donohue against him, an' perhaps if he had known Terence himself, an' seen the fine, likely boy he was, all might ha' been different.

"But, as I was sayin', sir, Terence was the exception, an' he did work hard for Kathleen's sake, for faith he just worshipped her. They had a tidy bit of a cabin, an' although it was hard sometimes to make ends meet, they niver had a debt, and when the rint-collector came round wanst a month, they always had the money lyin' ready for him, which is more, sir, nor you could say for most of the people on the estate. There wasn't a happier pair in all the countryside, nor a finer-lookin, naythur. Kathleen, wid her tall, straight figure an' black hair, an' Irish-blue eyes, wid the O'Donohue pride flashin' in them, an' Terence, slim an' fair, wid a weak, good-natured mouth, an' laughin' eyes that looked as if they niver could be serious. Wherever they were seen together at a weddin' or patthern,* the people would be nudgin' each other an' sayin': 'There's Kathleen deelin'† from Knocknamurry farm beyant, wid her husband Terence, an' her father won't spake to her now, the ould naygur, because she wouldn't marry wid-out love, small blame to her.' But I'm thinkin', sir, if they had seen the broken down ould man Brien was, just bringin' himself to the grave wid sorrow an' pride, 'tis themselves would ha' had pity in their hearts for him.

"Well, as I was sayin', the only trouble the O'Neills had was the father's

* Originally a church festival, from "patron" (saint).

† Dark-haired.

* Girl.

anger, an' light-hearted Terence tried to make Kathleen forget all about it. 'Seein' we live in another part of the country, storeen,† he would say, 'you couldn't be seein' him often anyway, an' who knows but what we'll be hearin' some day soon that he forgives us.'

"An' then he would caress her, and declare the fault was his entirely, for if he hadn't fallen in love wid her, sure there would ha' been no throuble at all, at all. An' she would smile, wid the tears still on her eyelashes, an' tell him he was more nor all the world to her.

"Ay, sir, it's wonderful how foolish people are when they're young—an' in love; I've been through it all myself, but all I iver loved has lain in the churchyard in Ballinasloe, beyant, these twenty long years;" and Mulvany passed his rough coat sleeve over his eyes, and continued half-aloud, seeming quite to forget my presence, "Eh, Mary, but it's the weary long time since you left me agra,* an' I'm lonely for you, Mary, an' thinkin' long for you, that I am."

We jogged along in silence for several minutes, and then Pat seemed to rouse himself from a reverie, and resumed his story.

"Kathleen and Terence had been married about two years when a child was born to them; as fine a little gossoon† as iver I set eyes on, he was too. He had his mother's dark hair, an' his father's laughin' eyes, an' many's the time I've seen them, when I would be comin' home from my work, a sittin' together of a summer evenin', she wid the child on her knee, an' he a sittin' beside her, his face just beamin' wid pride an' pleasure. Sometimes he would get out his ould fiddle an' play the dear ould songs we all knew and loved: 'Roseen Dubh,' 'Eileen-a-roon,' 'Moddereen

Ruadh,' an' the like. Troth he was the great hand at playin' her intirely; an' when it would be the jigs he was at—faith, you'd think the divil was in your toe. Sorra a one in Munster could hould a candle to him, an' to see the O'Neills in them days was a sight for sore eyes.

"But even in all her happiness Kathleen niver give over a-worryin' herself about her father, an' she couldn't bear to think that the ould man would niver see her lovely boy. On his birthday she had sent him one of the baby's dark curls. Surely that would ha' moved the very stones, an' if O'Donohue had seen it, it might ha' moved him too, but the letther was sent back unopened, an' afther that, poor Kathleen knew it was no use thryin'.

"The time passed on, an' one day the news came that ould Brien had died, but Kathleen was half-comforted when she heard he forgave her at the last, an' died blessin' her an' her child.

"Things went well wid the O'Neills for about three years, an' they were as happy as could be together. But one day Terence came home wid the news that he had lost his place, an' through no fault of his. The man he worked for didn't need so many hands, by rayson of havin' taken a smaller farm, an' he and some others had been turned off. Terence thramped the county from end to end lookin' for work, but sure it was always the same answer he got.

"Well, he had been out of work about two months when the great pratie blight came. I needn't be tellin' you how they shtruggled on, the craythurs; it was the same wid thousands of others. The bits of things soon had to go, the goat an' the pig, an' then the tables an' chairs, till at last the 'House' or starvation stared them in the face. Poor Kathleen, she was glad it was the iever an' not the awful hunger that laid wee

† Little treasure.

* Love.

† Boy.

Brian to rest on the hillside, for there's nothin' awfuller, yer honor, in God's world than to see the ones you love just dyin' before your eyes, an' you not able to give them the bite an' sup would keep the life in them, though you could tear out your very heart for the craythurs.

* * * An' then, in the autumn of '46, when iverythin' seemed black an' hopeless, Terence got an offer of a berth in a vessel bound for New York from a gentleman who had heard of their disthress an' had spoken to the captain of the 'Adelaide' about them. He was to do odd carpenterin' jobs an' make himself generally useful. It would be aisy enough for a clever boy like himself to get on in a land where work could be got for the axin', an' in two years, or perhaps sooner, he could come back an' bring his wife out to the land of plenty, when he had made a home for her. It seemed the only chance of puttin' them on their feet again, an' at last Terence persuaded Kathleen to let him go, although she wouldn't listen to him at first at all. She'd had a quare dream, the craythur, an' said it was sure to bring ill luck. 'We'll stand or fall together, as God wills, achora,' she would say. But Terence thought it would be temptin' Providence not to be acceptin' such a good offer, an' he wasn't as brave or endurin' as Kathleen, small blame to him, so at last she giv in, an' he went off, full of hope, an' sure that he would be gettin' on grandly in Amerikay.

"The Lord only knows how Kathleen managed to make her way, but she got some way 'un' to do, an' lookin' forward to seein' Terence kep her up wonderful. She didn't mind waitin' in the room from him, for as he said he never was much of a scholar, an' what would he be doin' wid letter, when he couldn't read a word. An' when the time came round that he was to come back, he told *everythin' she had an' troth it was bith*

enough, too, an' thramped down to Cork to meet him.

"Och, wirrastrue, but this world is the quare place intirely, an' God's ways seem strange to us sometimes, but He knows best, sir.

"Well, yer honor, Kathleen was fairly bewildered when she got down to the big city, wid all the carts an' thraffic an' noise, for she had niver seen a larger town nor Ballyneen we're just afther leavin', an' it wasn't as big then as it is now. An' besides, sir, she hadn't much of the English, havin' always lived in the country. But she managed somehow to get down to the quay, for she knew it was there the big ships do be comin' in from the furrin' parts. I was down in Cork myself at that time, an' just by chance was loungin' round the pier, and saw it all. Well, yer honor, Kathleen went up to a sailor kind of man she seen standin' about, an' says to him: 'God save you, sir, an' is't yourself could be tellin' me when a ship called the 'Adelaide' is comin' back from Amerikay?' He stared at her for a minute like a fool. 'The 'Adelaide' is it?' he says at last. 'The 'Adelaide' that sailed near two years back? Why, my girl, she wint down in mid Atlantic an' divil a soul was saved off her at all.'

"She didn't understand him at first, not havin' much of the English as I was savin', an' then she clutched hold of his arm, an' turned white like a corp. 'Mother o' heaven,' she says at last, an' lookin' like a stricken craythur, 'it's makin' fun of me you are. It can't be true, oh, say it isn't true.' 'Musha, God help ye, poor soul,' says he kindly enough when he saw somethin' was the matter, but she didn't hear him, sir, for she tottered like an' would have fallen if he hadn't caught her.

"It did seem as if Kathleen had had more trouble in her twenty-four years than most folks in a lifetime; for she

was only twenty-four, sir, when that last shock came, an' giv her peace; it was more nor mortal woman was meant to bear, an' she broke down under it. Faith, it crazed her, the craythur; I'm not sayin', sir, that she wasn't like any other body about most things, but that last awful day on the pier just seemed wiped out of her mind intirely, an' she didn't remember a thing about it at all.

"She thought her Terence was still comin' home for her, an' so she took a place in Cork as nurse, so as to be there when he came.

"Ivery day, rain or shine, she'd go down to the quay to 'meet Terence;' an' ivery day she came back quite contented like to tell her misthress that he was late to-day, but he'd be sure to come to-morrow. An' when to-morrow came it was just the same ould story. Ivery one knew her an' smiled to see her goin' along the street, but not a sowl tried to tell her the truth, an' if they had, it wouldn't have made a ha'p'orth o' difference, for she wouldn't have believed a word of it. An' so the years went on, an' Kate grew ould an' gray, waitin' for her Terence.

"I had my car down in Cork about sixteen years back, an' one lovely mornin' in June I was drivin' post-haste down the street when I saw Kathleen comin' along wid the childher she took care of. She had been down at the quay as usual, I suppose. It was queer that it was the very same day she first had gone down there, a lovely young woman of twenty-four; that was twenty-eight years ago, an' although she was only fifty-two, she looked eighty. Her hair was snowy white, an' her face covered wid wrinkles, but her blue eyes were still the same, except that there was a queer kind of look in them, as if she was always expectin' somethin', an' sure that same was the truth, sir.

"Well, yer honor, all of a suddent a ball one of the childher had—Miss

Honor it was, who's stayin' at Craigdaragh at the present time—bounced away into the middle of the street, an' before Kathleen could hould her back, she was after it.

"I pulled up wid all my might, but I couldn't stop the mare, sir, she was goin' at such a pace; the child was almost undher the horse's feet, an' in a minuit it would have been too late, if Kathleen hadn't caught her and dragged her out of danger—only to be knocked down herself, though.

"We carried her insinsible to the nearest hospital an' the docthor said she couldn't live more nor an hour or so. I seen a soggarth* comin' along the street, an' bekoned to him to come wid me, an' we both went in together, for I thought if she came to at all, she would like to see an ould friend's face.

"After about a quarter of an hour she opened her eyes, an' looked bewildhered like at all the strange faces around her, an' then she saw me.

"'Pat, me boy,' she says, puttin' her hand to her side, 'it's the life that's thrampled out o' me intirely; it's done for me, Pat. But promise me one thing; go down an' meet Terence at the quay to-morrow (somethin' must ha' kep him the day, the craythur) an' tell him that I be waitin' for him over there.' Her voice was that weak now, I had to stoop down to hear her. 'Tell him not to be frettin' about me bein' lonely, for sure I'll have wee Brian wid me, but still I'd be glad if he'd come to me soon—soon.'

"She lay quite still, but she was still breathin'. All of a suddent she sat up in bed, an' opened her eyes quite wide, an' seemed to be lookin' right away beyant us, an' the walls of the ward. She looked quite a different craythur. 'What it is, Kathleen, woman?' says I, crossin' myself, for she looked that queer. For a minuit she took no notice, an' then she

* Priest.

spoke again, but quite clear. 'Pat, avic,† you needn't be throublin' yourself goin' down to the quay to-morrow at all, an' faith I'll not have to be waitin' for Terence, either, for sure there's himself comin' to meet me.'

"Wid that she giv a glad kind of cry an' stretched out her arms. The doctor an' nurses didn't know what she had been sayin' by rayson of it bein' the Irish we were spakin' together. She smiled as I'd seen her smilin' long ago, when she was first married an' iverythin' was happy wid her, an' for a minuit she looked young an' lovely again. 'Yes, acushla, acushla machree.‡ I'm comin' to ye, I'm comin'—aroon*—'

"She just giv a sigh an' fell back on the pillows; the soggarth giv her his blessin', an' then the nurse drew a sheet over her face. She was still smilin', an' you could hardly believe she was dead."

The soft wail of the crooning Irish voice ceased huskily, and we drove along in silence. The wind had died down, and the rain was over. The dreary bog-land had stopped abruptly.

To the right, looking over an undulating stretch of lovely green meadows one could just see the chimneys of Craighdarragh appearing over the trees of the park which surrounded it. On the left lay the little village of Cloughlougherty, its quaint, irregular streets running along at the base of a hill, on whose summit a little gray chapel was silhouetted clearly against the evening sky.

"There's where Kathleen rests," said my jarvey, pointing with his whip towards the straggling churchyard, which sloped down from the church to the village. "The squire's lady had her buried there beside her wee Brian."

"I should like to see her grave," I exclaimed, for the pathetic little story had touched me deeply; and, leaving the

car at the side of the road, we mounted the steep, winding path together.

It was inexpressibly sad, that crowded God's acre on the wind-swept hillside, many of the green mounds without a stone at all, and many, many more bearing the date of the black famine year.

The heavy clouds had lifted, and the sun shone out gloriously before setting. The windows of Craighdarragh blazed with color; the great mountains stood out blue and majestic against the rose and amber of the sky, and every rain-drop on the bushes, even the humid earth itself, caught and reflected the crimson glow.

I turned from the dazzling sight to the simple white cross at which my companion halted, and my eyes rested on the inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory
of

Kathleen O'Neill.

Born at Knocknamurry, Cloughlougherty.

14th August, 1824.

Died in Cork, 7th June, 1876."

"Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? and she answered: It is well."—II Kings, iv, 26.

It was six weeks later, and again a glorious sunset illuminated the fair Irish landscape as I stood beside Kathleen's grave with Honor Moore, the girl who had promised to become my wife. I saw her lips tremble, and read her thoughts in the speaking eyes raised to mine, in which two big tears had slowly welled up. "Yes, we owe our happiness to her," I whispered. "But for Kathleen you would not be here now, my darling." And as Honor with a half-sob knelt to lay the snowdrops from her belt on the grave, the Vesper bell, from the little chapel above, like a benediction, rang out clearly, sweetly on the still, evening air.

† My boy.

‡ Love of my heart.

* Dearest.

With Shogun and Samurai

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET



IT has been quite the fashion of late years, more especially since the Japanese and Chinese wars brought the men of Nippon into prominence, to dwell upon the sentimental side of Japan, that is, the superficial virtues which the Japanese possess or are supposed to possess by their admirers. Their courtesy, their artistic sense, their cheerful acceptance of everything ill, have been enlarged upon by those writers who, having read Lafcadio Hearne, or even, perhaps, the author of those two delicious idylls, "Mousee" and "My Japanese Wife," know all about Japan and the Japanese and "dearly love them."

Those who really know the people from close study and personal acquaintance know that they possess these exterior virtues, but see behind the polish and veneer of fine manners—the finest, perhaps, in all the world—the real Japanese—his character almost regal in its intensity of purpose, its devotion to ideals.

"Where else in the world," writes Sir Edwin Arnold, "does there exist such a conspiracy to be agreeable, such a wide-spread compact to render the difficult affairs of life so smooth and graceful as circumstances admit, such fair decrees of fine behavior fixed and accomplished for all, such universal restraint of the coarser impulses of speech or act, such pretty picturesqueness of daily existence, such lovely love of nature as the embellishment of that existence, such sincere delight in beautiful, artistic things, such frank enjoyment of the enjoyable, such tenderness to little children, such reverence for parents and old persons, such *wide-spread refinement of taste and*

habits, and such willingness to please and be pleased."

A casual observer has called them the "French of the Orient," but they are more polite than the French because their courtesy is not on the outside; it is from the heart out. Taught from earliest youth for centuries to consider the feelings of others, to revere his father, to love his mother, to respect humanity, the Japanese is courteous because he recognizes the entity of others. Artistic to the core, dwelling in a land of strong contrasts, of Fuji and of cherry-blossoms, of graceful iris and gnarled and stunted stone-pine, of fertile rice field and smoking volcano, of tropic loveliness and winter's cruel snow—the natural love for the beautiful has been nursed in the Japanese breast and fostered by all about him. A fatalist in creed, his smiling acceptance of everything partly due to the absence of nerves and the lack of high pressure in Japanese life, but more from the placid training of centuries that "cha sara sara"—the Japanese cheerfulness is inherent, unstudied. He never kicks against the pricks, because, "cui bono?" No matter what comes, with a tranquility sometimes rasping to American nerves, he says smilingly: "Shikata ga nai" (There's no help for it), and that is all. It is the same as the Mohammedan's "Kismet," save that Japanese vivacity gives it with a smile, while the stolid Turk shows but serenity.

Enjoying small pleasures from his extreme simplicity of nature, the Japanese is natural. As with Wordsworth's Peter Bell:

"A primrose by a river's bank
A simple primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Practical rather than imaginative, these people are naturally unselfish, and this trait takes the active forms of generosity and benevolence. There is little abject poverty in Japan, no pauperism, almost no excessive wealth. Even the rich man dines not on nightingales' tongues, and money is little thought of save as a convenience. This strange state of affairs has grown out of the old feudal system, abolished in 1868, when the last Shogun was pensioned, for in old Japan the merchant, or money-maker, was ranked below the soldier, the farmer, or the artisan. Strange distinction, think you? Not from the Japanese view-point, for the soldier upheld the honor of the country, the farmer tilled the soil in honest labor and enriched his beloved Japan, the artisan wrought with his hands the evolution of his brain, while the money-getter traded upon the tastes of others and wrought naught save for his own emolument.

That old feudal system of the Shogunate was one of the most remarkable in all history. Shogun was a title given in early times to the general commanding each of the four divisions of the empire, but, in 1192, Goritomo Minamoto, after the great battle of Dannoura, was created Seiitai Shogun (Barbarian-quelling Great General) and, ruling nominally under the Mikado, laid the foundations of the Japanese feudal system. The office of Shogun became hereditary in his family, and gradually the Shogun grew so independent of the Emperor as to rival the French Merovingians and the mayors of the palace.

A mere figurehead, the Mikado dwelt in his palace surrounded by every luxury, his person considered well-nigh too sacred to be exposed to the gaze of the "*hoi polloi*," yet the inherent Japanese *loyalty was so great that never in all the*

seven hundred years of the Bakufu, ruling cruelly and with unlimited power, do we hear the slightest breath of treachery upon the part of the real rulers of the empire. Where the Franks deposed monarchs or destroyed them with unpleasant attention to detail, the Japanese cared for them in luxury; all their mandates were issued in the name of the Mikado; otherwise popular spirit would have rebelled.

The Shogun was of the lordly Samurai class. Originally, the Samurai was a soldier who guarded the Mikado's palace, but the word gradually took on the broader significance of the whole military class. This included the Shogun, or generalissimo, the daimios, or territorial nobles, and their retainers, among whom were the privileged "two-sworded men." Every Samurai carried two swords; one with which to fight and one with which to kill himself in case of necessity—it being considered a disgrace to die by a common hand.

Wonderful are the relics left to remind us of the old Shoguns! Superb tombs in memory of different rulers of the Shogunate, especially that of Iyeyasu, the first Shogun, are magnificent monuments. Temples and shrines built by them, all in the most striking style of Japanese art, bear witness to their luxuriant and artistic tastes, lent to the beautifying of their country. The Samurai was a knight, the embodiment of all the best of chivalry and romance. Behind him were centuries of training in the laws of honor, obedience, duty, and self-sacrifice. The etiquette of self-immolation was his, the instinct of loyalty, the impulse of self-devotion, the spirit of unquestioning obedience to duty, the worship of the beauty of self-sacrifice for itself alone—all this shows in his *facé*, grave, self-contained and noble.

The story is told of a little Samurai boy whose father had been outlawed,

and in order to make good his escape, a retainer had brought a bloody head to the daimio, pretending that it was the errant lord.

"Is that really your respected father?" asked the prince of a Samurai boy, only seven years old. Instinctively realizing that if his father's escape were to be made good the deception must be complete, the little lad fell upon his knees before the severed head, and exclaiming, in tragic tones, "Alas, my beloved and most honorable father!" he killed himself with his little sword, expiring without a groan. The daimio was convinced, and the boy's fame is still sung in Japanese song and story.

Perhaps the most remarkable evidence of the spirit of the Samurai is shown in the dramatic events of 1871, when the daimios returned their lands to the Emperor. For generations these had been their holdings, homes beloved of their fathers and revered by their owners with all the fervor which the Japanese traits of filial affection and reverence would intensify; retainers devoted to them by years of loyal service, even incomes sufficient for all their wants—and the wants of these regal old relics of feudalism had not been scanty nor ill-supplied—all were flung at the feet of the Mikado in a memorial, which wonderful document reads:

"Since the Heavenly Ancestors established the foundations of the country, the imperial line has not failed for ten thousand ages. The Heaven and the Earth are the Emperor's. There is no man who is not his retainer. In ancient times the imperial wisdom ruled all, and there was prosperity under Heaven. In the Middle Ages the ropes of the net were relaxed, so that men, toying with the Great Strength and striving for power, crowded upon the Emperor and stole his land. *Thus it was that the Em-*

peror wore an empty and vain rank, and, the order of things being reversed, looked up to the Bakufu as the dispenser of joy and sorrow. During this time the Bakufu borrowed the name and authority of the Emperor and used the Imperial name as a blind. Now the great government has been newly restored and the Emperor himself undertakes the direction of affairs. This is, indeed, a rare and mighty event. We have the name of an imperial government; we have also the fact. Our first duty is to illustrate our faithfulness and prove our loyalty. The place where we live is the Emperor's land, and the food which we eat is grown by the Emperor's men. How can we make it our own? We now reverently offer up the list of our possessions and men. Let the imperial orders be issued for the altering and remodelling the territories of the various clans. Let the civil and penal codes and the military laws all proceed from the Emperor. Let all the affairs of the empire, great and small, be referred to him, and then will the empire be able to take its place beside the other nations of the world. This is now the most urgent duty of the Emperor, as it is that of his servants and children. Hence it is that we, daring to offer up our humble expressions of loyalty, upon which we pray that the brilliance of the heavenly sun may shine, with fear and reverence bow the head and do homage, ready to lay down our lives in proof of our faith."

The devotion of the Japanese of to-day is illustrated by a story told in the "Russo-Japanese War." Young Lieut. Matzudairu, a descendant of the first Shogun, Tokugawa Iyeyasu, was educated at the Peer's School and there selected as one of the close friends of the young Crown Prince. Upon his way to the front, in the early part of the war,

he composed two little verses which are symbolic of the Japanese spirit, and show, also, the artistic quality of their poetry:

"For my dear Lord I fain would offer up
Body and soul, though in the offering
Body and soul, like petals of a pluck'd flower,
Should fall and perish.

Dear to our hearts Yamato's cherry-bloom,
Dear in its bloom, dear, likewise, in its fall;
But oh! the weariness to wait till spring
Blow on the tree and make the petals fall!"

The Samurai women are even more remarkable than the men, possibly because, as a rule, one does not look to delicate femininity for unalterable courage and the other Samurai virtues. But these Japanese women are wonderful! Brought up to a sense of duty as stern as if they were Spartans, the Samurai feminine conscience is a veritable Anglo-Saxon affair, almost Calvinistic in its rigor. Once a Samurai woman believes a thing to be her duty, no matter how distasteful, how painful, even if it reaches the height of outraging her most feminine instincts, or of death itself, the most plausible arguments could not move her determination for its accomplishment. Should she fail in it, her one desire is by some signal act to atone for her mistake or misdeeds. A striking example of this trait is given by Miss Bacon in her charming book, "Japanese Girls and Women," one of the most comprehensive books upon the subject ever penned.

When the loyal daimios overthrew the Shogunate, and the Son of Heaven emerged from his palace to govern his own people, there had been in the minds of many a conflict of emotions. Such Samurai as were faithful to their overlords among the Shoguns's followers had been fighting against the Emperor, and were guilty of disloyalty to him. *Loyal to their daimios, they were dis-*

loyal to the Son of Heaven. Among others, two ladies had aided the Shogun in every way possible in the defense of Wakamatsu during the thrilling siege of that famous city, and had been banished with their families to a remote province. In 1877, eleven years after the fall of Wakamatsu, a rebellion broke out, and these two women petitioned the government to be allowed to go to the front as hospital nurses. No Japanese woman had ever gone to the front, but these two Samurai were permitted to go as atonement for their past disloyalty to the Emperor, and they proved able and efficient nurses, braving every danger with coolness and calm, one even going by night entirely alone far into the country, carrying in her long kimono sleeves food and dressing for some wounded soldiers.

This same spirit prevails to-day. It asserted itself in the Chinese-Japanese war and is even more manifest in the present bloody conflict. With smiling faces, women send their husbands, sons, fathers, brothers to death for the Emperor; they greet the death of all their hearts hold dear with as brave a front as the soldiers, who, crying "Banzai," rush to death 'neath Cossack swords.

One mother—as truly Spartan as she who told her son, departing to battle, to return "with his shield or on it"—a very old woman of Samurai rank, has an only son, a naval officer, away in the thickest of the fight. She says no word of her sorrow; no hint of her natural anxiety mars the peace of the household, but every morning she arises at four o'clock, bathes in ice water, and seeks the Shinto temple on the outskirts of the town long before daylight, praying for the preservation of her beloved son.

Another Samurai lady met the messenger who informed her of her son's honorable death in battle with the re-

mark: "Most honorable sir, it seems by your tidings that my son has been able to render to His Majesty, the Emperor, some slight service, which much rejoices me, his mother."

The nice reticence is shown not only in the great things but in the least detail, and perhaps this is one reason why the home life of the Samurai is so pleasant. As a young girl, perhaps the Samurai has been admitted into the house of some daimio as lady in waiting to the high-born lady, and this privilege is eagerly sought after for the training in etiquette it involves, although for real courtesy her home training should seem sufficient. The housemother never scolds. Never in her life has she been scolded, why should she be disagreeable to others? In her own home, as a tiny baby she hears but courteous words; even more, then, should she bestow courtesy upon all within her husband's home—that husband chosen for her by the wisdom and forethought of loving parents, and to whom her dearest wish is to render obedience, to anticipate his slightest desire. A true wife must render obedience and honor not only to her husband but to his old father and mother, and sometimes her life is a hard one. We hear a great deal about the difficulties which attend the Japanese wife, yet we are inclined to consider them exaggerated. Training stands for much, and to a sensitive soul, trained to the lodestar, Duty, the mere fact that duty is being well performed gives contentment. Pampered and spoiled as are our American wives the Samurai women are not. But the true wife and mother, Occidental and Oriental, is happy only when sacrificing selfish desires for her beloved, and for this the dainty Japanese has abundant opportunity. Sooner or later all must learn this lesson, and it is a debatable point which is the better

fitted for the sacrifices of wifehood and motherhood, the American girl, spoiled from babyhood, accustomed to attention, imperious, inexperienced in all household matters (the mother's boast being, "My daughter has never had a care in her life; she'll have to have them soon enough, and I want her youth to be perfectly happy!)"—or the carefully trained Japanese maiden, disciplined, accustomed to setting aside her own plans for those of others, cheerfully ready to do anything for those she loves. As a homekeeper, alert, economical, careful, she rules her servants with diligence, yet is always ready for some errand of mercy to those less fortunate than herself.

In feudal times the wife was the home guard in all times of the husband's absence. She guarded her master's possessions as carefully as if he were there in time of war, while peace found her employed in the most peaceful art of home-making.

The pleasures of the Samurai women are few, such as we count pleasures. They are all simple in the extreme. A friend comes, not to have a cup of tea, but for dozens of tiny cups filled with the delicious beverage; a bit of exquisite embroidery engages the slender, tapering fingers; it is cherry-bloom time, and there are the flowers from the garden to arrange, or, better still, the "most reverend and honorable husband" is most graciously to escort his family upon a pleasure boat to Mukojima to see the blossoms upon the side of Sumida. And as the gaily lighted boat drifts homeward in the twilight, what sweet peace rests on the heart of this gentle soul, happy in her very self-abnegation.

The same pleasant spirit is shown among the children. How charming are those dear little Samurai boys and girls! Born into a heritage of good manners, they are from their earliest infancy so

uniformly treated with courtesy that the merry, light-hearted little creatures are quite bewitching miniatures of their parents. A little Japanese boy of ten once saw an American child snatch an apple from a shop and run away with it, and the horror and astonishment of the Oriental were unbounded. Trained to morality for the preservation of his own self-respect, it was simply impossible that a boy could do such a thing, and for months afterward he would refer to the occasion with puzzled wonder.

At the great seige of Wakamatsu, where the Shogun made his last stand, a tiny girl was one of the beseiged, carrying cartridges to the men on the walls.

"Were you not afraid," she was afterwards asked.

"No, most honorable one," was the answer. "I had my sword," pointing to a tiny sword which she wore at her side. "Had I been captured, I should have killed myself."

It is pleasing to note that the Japanese

children well repay the devotion showered upon them by their parents, for filial respect and obedience are the chief Japanese virtues, and a Samurai youth, especially, will care for his aged father and mother with the utmost reverence.

Their loyalty and patriotism are unbounded, and it is inspiring to hear the little voices singing the National Hymn, beloved of Japanese since the eighth century, found in the Marivoshu:

* "Kimi ga vo wa
Chiyo ni yachujo ni
Sazari ishi narite
Koke no musu made."

Stirring words, sung by loyal lips through the long years of the Shogunate and typical of the devotion for "Tenshi Sama" (Son of Heaven), showing the true "Yamato Damashu"† felt by Nippon's loyal Samurai.

* May our Sovereign live for thousands and tens of thousands of years, until the tiny pebble becomes a moss-covered rock."

† Spirit of Japan.

To Rainbow Town

By Thomas Walsh

I pray thee, tell me who thou art,
Pale youth, whose eyes like pilgrim's yearn;
Thou tak'st the pathway to my heart,
Where none must tread who would return.

Sweet shepherdess, from lands afar
I seek the Rainbow village spire,
By trail of rose-leaf and of star,
With scrip of sorrow and desires.

Tell me, I pray, O pilgrim fair,
What Rainbow steeples I shall find
If I with selfsame scrip repair
Upon the path thou leav'st behind?

Sweet questioner, no rose nor thorn
Grows there but I have plucked its dart;
Thy path is through the vales of Morn
And leads thee straightway to my heart.

The Gratitude of Pere Louvard

By MARY E. MANNIX

From the French of Pere Bazin



TAKE it for granted that you are not acquainted with Pere Louvard. He is not a man who could ever be called sympathetic, or in any way attractive. Small, hollow-chested, and pallid, with a bristling beard, he is slightly intoxicated during the greater part of the week, and on Sundays entirely so.

If spoken to on the subject he would probably defend his convivial habits on the score of sorrow—and dust—for his wife died recently, and he depends upon the hemp-factory for his daily bread. From time immemorial the Louvards have worked at hemp; the oldest boy, aged fourteen, had just entered upon the same employment when his mother died; and the second girl had also begun the apprenticeship when the father fell ill, and for the first time in a life of fifty years or more was obliged to keep his bed. In order to supply the wants of the household it was necessary that both the older ones should continue at work, so a kind neighbor, such as is always found among the poor, offered to take care of the father while they were absent. This care and attention also extended into the night, for the children, tired, and obliged to go to work next day, could not lose their rest.

Pere Louvard grew steadily worse; it was almost impossible to hold him when he became delirious. The third night, during a moment of intelligence, the neighbor said to him:

"Pere Louvard, you have a terrible misery in your chest. It will be all right after a while, but your recovery may be slow, and—you ought to—"

She dared say no more, because she knew—every one in the Faubourg knew—that Pere Louvard was a "Socialist," and that any one who presumed to speak to him on certain subjects would be very brusquely answered. However, as she bent over the little stove, at a safe distance from the bed, she summoned courage to add:

"You ought to have a nurse—a Sister."

"A Sister! I! Ah, no, indeed! I would pitch her out of the door—your Sister! I know them—the Sisters! Yes, I have money for the Sisters! You know that—you have seen it! Eh!"

Growing more and more angry as he spoke, the old man finished with a string of oaths the like of which the neighbor, although well used to the language of the Faubourg, had never heard.

But he did not improve, and his need of a nurse and housekeeper was so evident that, when he had fallen asleep, the good woman lost no time in hastening to the other end of the Faubourg, where she was soon knocking at a friendly door, which was speedily opened to her.

The religious who answered to this appeal was a member of the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Working-man, a foundation comparatively new. They care for the poor only, and are forbidden to take anything for their services, even a glass of water.

This Sister went at once to the house of Pere Louvard, where she found the sick man in a state of unconsciousness. She was of medium height, comparatively young, pale and grave but with a pleasant smile on her mobile lips, which

it could readily be seen came from a kind heart. Her step was quick but noiseless, her hands well-shaped and naturally white, though considerably roughened by hard work performed daily in the service of the sick and infirm poor.

One only needed to see her cast a comprehensive glance about the disorderly room to know that she was accustomed to the habits of the place and able to accommodate herself to them.

One needed only to hear her say to the children, in a low, sweet voice: "Do not make any noise, my dears, your father is asleep,"—to know that she did not originally belong—to the Faubourg.

It was nearly a week before Louvard began to understand that a strange woman, silent and untiring, watched and waited upon him, night and day. When he gradually came to his senses, and recognized who she was, he was seized with a violent feeling of anger.

"How had she dared to come there?" he wondered.

Send her away? Indeed he should. But first he would tell her what he thought of her and her pretensions. He was not afraid to speak his mind to "them"—no, indeed! But, strangely enough, he was very weak, and continued to lie there for many hours, watching her sweep the room, prepare the meal, dress the children and send them to school, without a single word of remonstrance. But when, her household tasks completed, she approached the bed with a nourishing drink in her hand, smiling brightly as she inquired: "Well, you are feeling a great deal better, are you not, Pere Louvard?" she received in reply such a volley of curses as would have made a trooper recoil. But the Sister did not recoil. Only, while the swearing went on, she did not smile, *though her lips moved*. When it was

finished she smiled again, but spoke no word, which exasperated Louvard.

Meantime, spring was advancing fast. In the neighboring window the tulip bulbs were bursting forth into green. The sick man, slowly convalescing, realized that violent bursts of anger were fatiguing and not good for him, and was fain to content himself with grumbling at the Sister, while he endeavored to discover when, and what, and how much she ate.

He watched her with half-closed eyes, feigning sleep. And he soon learned that she neither ate with the children, nor took the smallest piece of bread from the cupboard, nor the tiniest sip of wine from the bottle. Every morning she brought food for herself in a basket, and sometimes she gave part of it to the little ones, who hung about her with adoring eyes. After all Louvard was human, and all this could not fail to make an impression. To be sure, he would have to pay her at last: but an ordinary nurse would have cost more, he felt certain, and the results would not have been so satisfactory. The room was in order, clean and inviting as it had never been before, even in the lifetime of his wife, who, poor woman, had been obliged to spend most of her waking hours among the hemp. The fire always burned brightly, the children had clean faces, their clothing no longer hung in rags about them, the boys' trousers had been repaired, the gowns of the little girls mended also. What a good manager she was—to be sure! And so quiet in every movement. Like all noisy men, Louvard liked quiet women. On the twenty-first day he sat up for a little while in the afternoon. A few days later, as he steadily gained strength, the Sister said to him one evening:

"Pere Louvard, I am going to leave you now. You will soon be as well as ever."

at so? I am sorry, but I shall
you to stay any longer, not being
do so. As to getting well—we
later. How much do I owe

ing, Pere Louvard."
t is that? Your days' work?"
never accept anything."

idea! Nothing for having kept
othing for the soup, nothing for
ding, nothing for having taken
me? That must not be. I can
nit it. Wait! I have ten francs

rose, and hobbled over to the
e of the defunct Madame Lou-
kind hand laid upon his shoul-
sured his feebleness.

ot bother, 'mon ami,'" said the
of voices, and the smile was
arming than ever, "I can not
ything. What I have done has
n for money. Good-bye, now,
ervoir.' If you should ever need
d for me again, and I shall be
come to you."

t nonsense, Sister! Here, here!"
she had already disappeared
the doorway—the black basket
rm.

at evening Pere Louvard was in
le humor. When his neighbor
towards nightfall, he cried out:
is a fine one—that Sister!"

t has she done, Pere Louvard?"
has gone away without being
he would not accept anything;
n who took better care of my
han my own wife—be it said
reproach—and who never tasted
my bread. Would you believe
no, I can not let it go at that.
ot do it. I tell you I must pay
ehow."

Pentecost came that year it
re Louvard an idea which he
acted upon. The feast itself

concerned him but little, but the unusual
abundance of flowers in the market put
a thought in his mind.

Being Sunday morning, he was not at
work, but he went out very early, re-
turning almost before any of his neigh-
bors were up with an immense bush of
daisies in a huge pot.

Sometime later he might have been
seen issuing from his dwelling, carrying
the flower-pot, the countless white and
yellow blossoms bristling around his
short neck like a halo, almost hiding it
in their profusion. Proudly he walked
through the Faubourg in his Sunday
best, followed by his admiring family,
also in holiday attire. As they passed
the door of his charitable neighbor she
looked out and smilingly inquired:

"What have you there, Pere Louvard,
and where are you going?"

He stopped, shifted the flower-pot to
his left hip for greater convenience, and
looking lovingly down at his treasure,
replied:

"I am going to the Sisters. I am tak-
ing this plant to that good Sister, whom
you know of. A fine idea, don't you
think so? I shall say to her: 'Sister,
you would not accept any money, but
all the same you must take something
from me.'"

"And if she will not?"

"I have thought of that, neighbor.
You do not know Pere Louvard. If she
will not have it, I shall put the thing on
the window-sill, and go away. But I
think she will take it."

He went on his road, staggering with
the heavy load, for he was still weak,
smiling and chuckling all the way, till
he reached the other end of the Fau-
bourg.

Next day I passed by the house of the
Sisters. The flower-pot was not on the
window-sill. I think it might, probably,
be found in the chapel, not far from the
tabernacle.

The First English Franciscans

By WILLIAM P. COYNE, M. A.

WITH fitting particularity of day and date, the Franciscan chronicler, Thomas Eccleston,⁽¹⁾ registers, the arrival at Dover on September 11th, 1224, of the seven saintly pioneers who, under the generalship of Angelo of Pisa, were destined to inaugurate the glorious career of the Franciscan Order in the British Isles. The date is worthy of attention. Four years previously, the Dominicans—*Fratres Prædicantes*—had landed in England and received a notable welcome. Eight years had elapsed since that memorable day to the year of 1216, when the learned Dominic and Francis the humble met and embraced each other in the streets of Rome. Two years more and St. Francis, after receiving the sacred Stigmata, was to go to his eternal reward. Innocent III, from whose hands Francis, no less than Dominic, received the "*sigillo a sua religione*," was soon to close a life of inestimable service to the Church over whose fortunes he was called by Providence to rule. He had, indeed, the happiness of seeing the rich promise of the harvest of souls which the two Orders of friars he had called into being were to garner in an age when faith and morals seemed "tottering to decay."⁽²⁾ One of the darkest periods of the Church had, in truth, reached its climax when the young Assisi merchant—who, leaving all

things had at the age of twenty-five taken Poverty for his bride—arrived in Rome and sought an audience with the Pontiff. In the central nave of the upper church at Assisi, the pencil of Giotto has depicted the meeting of the two greatest men in the Western Church of that age,—Francis and Innocent III. Francis had brought with him a few companions whom his fervent sanctity had attracted to the ruined shrine of Our Lady of the Angels at Portiuncula, near his native city, whither the saint had withdrawn, soul-sick of the vanities of the world. He placed before the Pope his desire for a papal confirmation of the rule which the companions of Portiuncula had already practiced in secret. In deference, we may presume, to the declaration of the Council of Lateran that it was not desirable to add any new Orders to those already existing, Innocent III at first rejected the saint's petition. Francis humbly withdrew, not, indeed, shaken in the strength of his vocation, but resigned until it should please God to manifest His will in favor of his nascent community. The time was not long delayed. The Pope at length, moved by the sincerity and sanctity of the young missionary, granted him a verbal approbation of his rule. Some years later, St. Francis drew up that rule in a more compendious form, and in this shape it was solemnly ratified by Honorius III in 1223. The world which St. Francis and his companions set out to reform was in sore need of reformation. For centuries buffeted by every hostile engine that malice could fashion, yet always triumphant, the Church seemed now threatened by the more insidious danger of corruption from within. Power and prosperity had brought their

(1) "*Monumenta Franciscana*." Vol. I.—Thomas de Eccleston de Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam.

(2) Innocent III saw in his dreams Sts. Francis and Dominic supporting the fallen Lateran: "Truly," said Innocent III of St. Francis, "here is that man, who by his work and teaching will sustain the Church of Christ." These particulars are taken from *the Life of St. Francis* by St. Bonaventure, who heard them from the Pope's nephew.

ant evils. The disastrous struggle between the two highest powers of the kingdom, which began in the eleventh century and reached its climax in the twelfth, had seemingly ended in favor of the papacy.

Papacy by the tragical downfall of the house of Hohenstaufen.(3) Innocent III had, a few years after his accession to the chair of Peter, won back the temporal power of the Church and strengthened its influence to a degree beyond Gregory VII's ideal theocracy. He had seen Peter of Aragon become his vassal and, in token of submission, lay down on the tomb of the apostles, where it replaced by the hands of the emperor himself. John Lackland, at the end of Europe, was obliged to renounce his from a papal legate after he had sworn fealty to the Holy See and committed himself to pay an annual tribute to the pope. The efforts of Innocent III to combat the ecclesiastical disorders which had crept into the medieval Church, if no less vigorous than what I have seen in all his political activity, did not result so rapidly. Nothing, perhaps, more clearly than the atmosphere of corruption which Innocent III so effectively combated, as the rapid growth of startling heresies, which found alike their origin in the secret of their contagion in the excesses of the clergy of the time. The extravagant excesses of Manichæism, propagated by the Albigenses, and the nominalism of such sects as the Cathars and the Poor Men of Lyons, but of a rebound from the carnal life of a considerable section of the Church in the thirteenth century. Aspects of the heresies of the age worthy of note. In the first place, the errors of Arius and Nestorius, which are no longer the outcome of physical subtlety and academic intellect. Nor, secondly, do they appear up amongst the educated, but in

the ranks of the lesser clergy and amongst the people. The heresies of the thirteenth century were, in a word, based, so far as they extended, on popular and living issues.(4) This was precisely their danger, and it was, as we shall presently see, by heading a movement of reform within the Church and based on the element of truth in the errors of his day, that St. Francis and his disciples met with such miraculous success. Ideas of reform, of a return to the poverty and loving-kindness preached in the Gospel, were in the air. A preacher had only to advocate austerity and simplicity of life, and lo! there came at his word, not the laity only, but crowds of the clergy. We read of a certain visionary named Pons, who, towards the end of the twelfth century, aroused all Perigord by his discourses on the beauty of poverty.(5) It needed but the genius and the devotion of one who, while remaining a true son of the Church could enlist her sanction and influence in directing the vague altruism of the time and shape these abortive attempts into a genuine movement of reform. In Francis of Assisi, that man was found. This "glorioso poverello di Dio," this "visionary," as many readers of his beautiful life are accustomed to think, was, of a verity, possessed of that true genius which consists in reading aright the signs of one's age. Always of course combined with his unparalleled sanctity, this was the secret, under Providence, of the success of an achievement which seems to a superficial observer so incommensurate with the means employed.

"On all sides men begin to love the sick, the poor, the sinful; even to long for sickness and poverty, as if in themselves they were virtuous. To rescue the

(4) Vide an interesting essay on the "Begunines and the Weaving Brothers" in Madame Darmesteter's "The End of the Middle Ages."

(5) Remeil des historiens de la France, Bouquet, tome xii, p. 550-551.

captive, to feed the hungry, to nurse the leper, as, unawares, St. Elizabeth of Hungary tended Christ in her Hungarian city—this is the new ideal of mankind. * * * The modern age has begun. The saints of the preceding years had been men of a more militant or monastic turn, dogmatic minds like Bernard of Clairvaux, Norbert, Thomas a'Becket. The era of charity and speculative thought begins when the twelfth century is drawing near the close." (6) Broadly speaking, these generalizations are well grounded. The best spirits of the three centuries preceding the thirteenth had been absorbed by monasticism or the Crusades—two noble ideals. With St. Francis of Assisi, religion was once more brought into touch with the joys and sorrows of real life; and every aspect of social and economic civilization was interfused with its spirit and beauty. (7) Oh, wondrous Church that, in every age, has inspired the highest ideals and fashioned them to the need of thy own mission and aim. With what seemingly imperfect means the ways of God are justified to man! What human ken could have anticipated that in one of the darkest crisis of her history the Church, which Innocent III in his affrighted dreams saw tottering to its fall, should be supported by the shoulders of two outwardly weak men.

It is time to return to Angelo of Pisa and his companions whom we have seen landing at Dover. They landed penniless. Their first convent was built at Canterbury, and another soon afterwards at Northampton. Food and shelter

came from the charitable. In London, Oxford, (8) Cambridge and Coventry Franciscan convents, destined to be famous, quickly sprang up. Converts came, too, in astonishing numbers when we consider the condition of England at that time, and the rigor of the primitive Franciscan rule, which these first missionaries strictly adhered to. Within thirty years from the date of the arrival of Angelo of Pisa and his companions in the country, there were twelve hundred and forty-two Franciscans in England, and forty-nine convents. His first English disciples, true to his teaching, had no other weapons than sanctity, Christian love and poverty. Yet what marvels the silent and secret influence of these virtues wrought in the midst of a world-loving people! The Franciscans would have no possessions. Their property was borrowed from the authorities of the towns in which they settled. At Cambridge, their chapel was erected in a single day by one carpenter. At Shrewsbury, when, owing to the liberality of the townsmen, the dormitory walls had been built of stone, the Minister of the Order had them removed and replaced with mud. To understand the effect that these evidences of self-denial were calculated to have, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the then condition of the Church in England. The monks, and particularly the Benedictines, it was who introduced and cultivated Christian civilization in England. In all the countries of Europe, says Montalembert, "it is this monk and that has been the mission, carried out by the monastic element, which the English believed in

(6) *The End of the Middle Ages*, by H. Pirenne, trans. by E. B. Rieu, p. 100. (7) *The End of the Middle Ages*, by H. Pirenne, trans. by E. B. Rieu, p. 100. (8) *The End of the Middle Ages*, by H. Pirenne, trans. by E. B. Rieu, p. 100.

St. Francis and his two friars finding shelter in the parish of St. Andrew (Angl. viii, p. 100).

Eng. Trans. by Rev. F. A. Nimmo, O.S.A. (Nimmo, O.S.A., trans. of mon-

ism as they had never believed in before. They were fully justified in their belief. The monks in England were not religious merely, but the backbone of a Church and nation. Each monastery became the centre of an industrial community. Towns sprang up in their wake. They called the villages cathedrals and parishes. "Far from confining themselves to prayer or manual labor," writes Montalembert of the early monks, "they cultivated and filled with enthusiasm all the knowledge and literature possessed by the world in their days. The distant places to which they had been at first led by a desire for solitude, changed rapidly and by the force of circumstances into villages, cities, towns or rural colonies, and served as centres, schools, libraries, workshops, and citadels to the scarcely civilized families, parties, and tribes. The monastic cathedrals and the industrial communities, towns which are the life of existence formed rapidly, and the feudal liberties soon dawned into life with them, the vital guarantees of which still exist, along with the very existence of the magistrates charged with their defence and maintenance." (10) The effect of the monks on agriculture is particularly noteworthy. As is well known, serfdom died out in England without any special legislation against it. It is too much to attribute its decline entirely in that country to the beneficence of the monks as landlords. "The monks," says a recent Protestant writer, "were best treated on the ecclesiastical estates, and on private property liberations were granted at the suggestion of the priesthood." As

we cannot afford to neglect the masterly exposition with which Dom Gasquet has treated this fine edition of Montalembert's *opus*."

See also, cit. Vol. IV, p. 308. Vide also "Saxons in England," Vol. II, pp. 100-101, and Pearson's "The Early and Middle Ages of England," ch. 36.

Gram's "History of Slavery," p. 88.

the result of this Christian action, we learn from Walter Map that in his time (twelfth century) the villeins were educating their ignoble offspring in the liberal arts. When the monks came to England agriculture, except in the rudest form, cannot be said to have existed. Vast districts were uncultivated and uninhabited, covered with forests or marshes. We must not forget that even in the reign of Henry III the population of England was only between a million and a half and two million—considerably less, that is to say, than half the population of London at the present day. It is not overstating the matter to say that half this population lived in the large towns, so that the rural population, properly so-called, must have been less than a million. It is obvious that the number of laborers of which that number would allow would be utterly disproportionate to the work of tilling a twentieth part of the soil. (12) As a matter of fact, the rural population was to a great extent centralized. If the reader will turn to a map of England and draw a line from Norfolk, through Reading, to Dorsetshire, he will have marked approximately the area of greatest density of population in the reign of Henry III. The effect of the rise of monasteries in remote districts may now be readily imagined. The monks transformed deserts and forests into, if not market-gardens, at least into fat pasturage and abundant harvest-grounds. (13) "Medehamstede (now Peterborough), Ely, Croyland, Thorney, Ramsey, were the first battle-fields of these conquerors of nature—these monks who made of themselves ploughmen, breeders, and keepers of stock, and who were the true fathers of English agriculture. Thanks to their tra-

(12) As a matter of fact, we learn that in the thirteenth century the populations of the towns and even the University students turned out periodically to till the ground and reap the harvest.

(13) cf. Lingard I, 267

ditions and example, England has become the first agricultural country in the world." (14) In Henry III's time, at the date of the coming of the friars, the monasteries in England might be counted by the hundred. In the fifty years preceding the accession of King John, more than two hundred had been built and endowed. But in the very success of monasticism in England, and in the lavish generosity which its institution drew from the Anglo-Saxon aristocracy, lurked secret evils which only required time to develop. Thus the enormous grants of land which were originally made to the monks from motives of genuine religious zeal and charity, came eventually to be motivated by different considerations. Monastic possessions were, the reader must remember, exempt from military service and taxes—a condition of things which led at once to abuses. Seduced by these exemptions, many nobles obtained, under the false plea of founding a monastery, vast grants of land on which they lived with their own vassals and, occasionally, some irregular monks who had been expelled from true cloisters. "They then," says Montalembert, "called themselves abbots, and lived, together with their wives and children, on the land extorted from the nation, with no care but that of their household and material interest." These pseudo-monasteries were a scandal even in the eighth century, when the famous Second Council of Cloveshove assembled, for we find that body censuring them as "houses which the tyranny of avarice, to the scandal of the Christian religion, retains in the hands of worldly persons, invested with them, not by divine ordinance, but by an invention of human presumption." (15) Another alarming result of the prevalence of these false

monasteries and one which had no little effect in preparing the way for the Norman invasion, was the diminution of the military resources of the country. "In the midst of the peace and security we enjoy," wrote the illustrious Bede, in 731, "many Northumbrians, some noble, some humble, put aside their arms, cut their hair, and hasten to enrol themselves in the monastic ranks, instead of exercising themselves in their military duties. The future will tell," he adds, with wonderful prevision, "what good will result from this." The future justified Bede's fears. The reader will now, perhaps, be prepared to hear that when Angelo of Pisa and his Friars Minor landed in England, the monastic system had from a variety of causes degenerated from its pristine vigor and influence. The splendid old Benedictine monasteries, such as Malmesbury, St. Albans, Glastonbury (16) still remained, it is true, to show what the true glory of English monasticism had been. Such institutions, in which the primitive rule of the Benedictines remained almost unimpaired, were, however, it is to be feared, the exceptions. "Optimi corruptio pessima." The type of monk most familiar to the Englishman of the thirteenth century was, contemporary history and literature leave us no option but to think, a selfish worldling.

The reule of seint Maure or of Seint Benoit,
By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,—
This ilke Monk leet olde thynges pace
And heeld after the newe world the space. (17)

We must, of course, remember that vice, then as now, was far more ostentatious than virtue, and that the undeniably large number of monks who still reflected honor on their religion by lives of saintly asceticism were likely to seek the cloister retreat, away from a turbu-

(16) The reader who does not know of it will thank me for calling his attention to Dom Gasquet's splendid monograph on this venerable abbey entitled: "The last Abbot of Glastonbury and his Companions."

(17) Chaucer Prologue l. l. 173-176.

(14) Montalembert, Vol. IV, p. 319.

(15) cf. Montalembert, Vol IV, p. 340 et seq.

lant and wicked world, and thus to be far less "en evidence" than the pleasure-hunting and richly-clad person whom Chaucer has immortalized. Be that as it may, the Englishman of the thirteenth century, and especially the townsman, had scant reverence for the average type of the monk with whom he was likely to come in contact. Nor were the secular clergy of the day,(18) who divided with the monk the responsibility for the religious well-being of the country, as reputable as their sacred vocation demanded. Here, too, it is evident allowance must be made for the extravagances of contemporary caricature and the persistence of discreditable types. But when all deductions are allowed for, it is impossible to overlook the fact that in England, as in Italy, France, and Spain,(19) the most serious moral disorders were prevalent amongst the clergy.

To this wealth and license, the Franciscan of the thirteenth century opposed a spirit of poverty and asceticism that, for men who were to live, not in cloisters but in the very heart of a sensuous world, strikes us as miraculous. It was miraculous. The friars made at once for the towns. The first Franciscans were, before all else, missionaries of the towns, which at the time I write of were growing into distinct importance. It was the age of the rise of mercantile communities everywhere. As in everything else, the modern spirit was invading commerce, and the free burgher and rich merchant were already the serious rivals of the barons. Again, the monks, as we have seen, were the possessors of vast estates, and their monasteries, like colleges or universities, diffused learning and education no less than habits of or-

der and economy among the tenants of the soil. The Franciscans, on the other hand, never became landowners. Theirs was essentially a social mission, and in the towns of England in the thirteenth century there was a wide field for their labors. They did not shrink from the task. The parochial system in the English towns had, at least as a spiritual agency, almost broken down, and consequently the moral condition of these communities was chaotic. Their material condition was hardly less wretched. Cheek by jowl with comparative wealth and ostentation, poverty and disease of a most appalling kind existed. Leprosy (some think the soldiers engaged in the Crusade brought it back from the East), now unknown in the British Isles, was then shockingly common in England. Outside the boundaries of each town and village, the hapless creatures stricken with this terrible malady were huddled together, outcasts and neglected. Banished from society, outlawed, a curse to themselves and an object of disgust to all—these "butt-ends of humanity" (to use a powerful phrase of Stevenson's)(20) simply rotted to the grave. St. Francis, as we know, was in an especial manner the apostle of the lepers.(21) His first English disciples

(20) "Letter to Dr. Hyde."

(21) An example taken from his life will illustrate the spirit in which St. Francis ministered to these unfortunates. In a certain hospital served by the Brothers was a leper so cross-grained and impatient that he was held to be possessed by the devil. He heaped blows and insults on those who came to wait on him, and perpetually blasphemed Christ and His Virgin Mother. The brethren would have borne the blows, but they could not tolerate the blasphemy: yet, before dismissing him, they sent to tell St. Francis, who came to see the wicked leper. "May God give thee peace, my dearest brother!" was his salutation. "What peace," asked the leper, "can I have from God, who has taken my peace from me and made me a mass of stinking corruption?" "Brother, be patient, God gives us diseases in this world for the salvation of our souls." "How can I be patient under pains which torture me day and night? Besides, your friars are unendurable, and do not take care of me as they ought," was the rejoinder.

(18) Lingard "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," Vol. I, p. 457 et seq. explains fully the organization of the parochial system in England, on which space does not permit me to touch.

(19) So far as Spain is concerned vide art. "Dominicans" in Arnold's *Catholic Dictionary*.

were in this respect worthy of their founder. Let me quote, apropos, the following fine eulogy of the early Franciscans, from one whose studies have made him admirably qualified to speak with authority on the subject. I refer to Dr. Jessop, the Protestant rector of Scarning, to whose fairness in dealing with Catholic questions every one must bear testimony. "To the poor, by the poor," he writes in his charming volume of essays entitled, "The Coming of the Friars:" "These masses, these dreadful masses, crawling, sweltering in the foul hovels in many a southern town, with never a roof to cover them, huddling in groups under a dry arch, alive with vermin; gibbering 'cretins' with the ghastly wens; lepers by the hundred, too shocking for mothers to gaze at, and therefore driven forth to curse and howl in the lazar-house outside the walls, there stretching out their bony hands to clutch the frightened almsgiver's dole, or, failing that, to pick up shreds of offal from the heaps of garbage—to these St. Francis came. More wonderful still!—to these outcasts came these other twelve, so utterly had their leader's sublime self-surrender communicated itself to his converts. 'We are come,' they said, 'to live among you and be your servants, and wash your sores and make your lot less hard than it is. We only want to do as Christ bids us do. We are beggars, too, and we, too, have not where to lay our heads.

St. Francis betook himself for a while to prayer, and, returning, said to him: "My son, since you are not satisfied with the others, I will wait on you myself." "And what can you do for me more than they?" "I will do whatever you wish." "Well, then, wash me from head to foot, for I smell so horribly I cannot bear myself." Forthwith a bath was heated, with many sweet-smelling herbs, a Brother poured out the water, and Francis bathed with it the noisome body. As his hands passed over the leprous limbs—so runs the legend—the incurable disease fled away before that loving touch, and the blaspheming *lips poured forth words of deepest penitence and adoring gratitude.*

Christ sent us to you. Yes; Christ the crucified, Whose we are and Whose you are. Be not wroth with us; we will help you if we can.' As they spoke, so they lived. They were less than the least, as St. Francis told them they must strive to be. Incredulous cynicism was put to silence. It was wonderful; it was inexplicable; it was disgusting; it was anything you please; but where there were outcasts, lepers, pariahs, there were these penniless Minorites, tending the miserable sufferers with a cheerful look, and not seldom with a merry laugh."

Is it any wonder that the Franciscans were everywhere welcomed? Here was a self-sacrifice calculated to win back respect and reverence for the Church in England. They were, indeed, a revelation in a self-seeking age—this divine pity and compassion, and this declaration of the brotherhood of men. In a crisis of English civilization these despised mendicant friars arose to meet the new difficulties by new means. "There are few grander pages in history," writes the Protestant historian, Pearson, "than the record of the privations and sufferings by which the Franciscans triumphed over public opinion in England. Taking no thought for the morrow, living on meagre pittance, often of the most repulsive food, huddled together that they might fight through the bitter winters by animal warmth, walking barefoot through deep snow, tried by all diseases which austerities can induce in weak frames, disliked, envied and annoyed by the established Orders, sustained through every difficulty by the faith whose inner life is the miraculous—these men retrieved two generations to the Church and renewed decayed learning." The enthusiasm with which the Franciscans were everywhere received, and the number of converts that rushed to join their Order, are striking evidences, if evidence were wanting, that religious England of that day was not altogether in the hopeless state of decay

rich it is occasionally stated to have

By the simple yet potent force of lives inspired by a noble ideal, early Franciscans restored some of the primitive fervor of the faith. In the dark era of the "soi-disant" reformation, they remained the evangelists of the English towns, and when the minions of the lustful tyrant, Henry , came to sack their possessions, they found no hidden treasures but churches in which they worshipped, libraries in which they read, and the houses in which they passed their

No loot for a cruel spoiler, in ! but treasures laid up "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor

which were the early English Franciscans—men of single-purpose and heroic

Circumstances, however, were destined to modify their methods, though not to corrupt their spirit. The necessities of their mission, indeed, even before the death of their leader forcing them to look for weapons which St. Francis himself had decided—the great weapons of knowledge and science. St. Francis was opposed to the earning of his age solely as breeding pride of intellect rather than Christian humility. "What have we to do

with species and genera?" asks a Kempis, and in the same spirit the saint of Assisi, on hearing of the fame of some great philosopher, exclaims: "How much happier he who makes himself barren for the love of God?" But new needs require altered methods, and thus the Order which began in poverty and almost enforced ignorance of worldly knowledge, became with amazing rapidity the great promotor of learning; and such men as Roger Bacon, Raymond Lully, and Father Crescentius, became the pioneers of physical and medical science. The conditions under which this remarkable transformation of the Franciscan idea was brought about are full of interest. But I must defer their consideration to a future date, content now if I have given the reader some conception of the revolution which the coming of the friars in the thirteenth century meant in the English social and religious life of that time. The considerations I have been urging are not such as are commonly obtruded in our historical text-books, but to those who feel with me that the present has its roots in the past, and that history is not a mere record of battles and dynasties, they will have, if I may say so, an interest at once genuine and abiding.

TANGLED THREADS

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

meadow or other the gnarled oaks, and majestic, remind one of the pure, giant intellects that tower above the world's mediocre crowd. Their feet on the ground, but their heads—ah! are heaven-kissed and star-crowned.

✱ ✱ ✱

child is the sweetest, loveliest thing on earth. On its pure soul ever lingers the benediction that has fallen from

God's white finger, and from its lips—two roses blown apart—many a bird-like, cheery message takes wings and flies into the empty cages of our hearts to give us a glimpse of that soft-hearted, gentle, brooding peace and happiness we all so ardently long for.

✱ ✱ ✱

Everywhere, we meet the cold, disappointed man who has lost hope and

given up so easily, whose name is a living stain on the world's bright escutcheon. Failure has touched him with her scorching wings, and the Past, Present and Future are enigmas, alike gloomy and uninteresting to him. He has simply missed the "get" of this great life.

✱ ✱ ✱

Pride eats into the heart like sulphuric acid, and there is no alkali strong enough to sooth the ugly wound.

✱ ✱ ✱

About that one word — mother — islanded peacefully in God's sweet sunlight, throbs the mightiest ocean of poetry, reflecting on its broad, open bosom the peace, the tranquillity of Hope's whitest and brightest stars.

✱ ✱ ✱

Jealousy is a cancer of the heart. It gnaws incessantly and saps away one's best energies. It involves the most vital organ, and its creeping tendrils spread quickly and never relax their firm hold, until cut loose by that dim-eyed messenger—death.

✱ ✱ ✱

Some fashionable married women keep a furnished room in their hearts for miserable pug-dogs, but to beautiful, blue-eyed, happy-hearted little children, the doors are forever closed. Verily, this puppy-love is assuming wonderful proportions these days.

✱ ✱ ✱

We hear a great deal these days of "The Simple Life." Pastor Wagner is the lion of the hour. But his ideas are not new. For ages, the humble cloistered nun and the cassocked priest have enthroned it in their own little heart's

kingdom. The simple life is being lived in every cloister and monastery throughout the world.

✱ ✱ ✱

Did you ever gaze into the heart of a white rose? One day, I did—and, therein, a poor little bee lay confined, so still, so cold. The rose gave up her gorgeous leaves and wove for that poor, inanimate thing a lovely shroud. The anxious little lover would never again fly to her outstretched arms and taste the honey on her scented lips; and the rose felt sad and, in her eyes, the dewy tears shone like diamonds. Truly, the price of Love is Pain.

✱ ✱ ✱

A winter morning! How beautiful the long, silent stretches of God's own white out-of-doors! There is a hint of modesty, of chastity on everything around, yet the heart of humanity throbs on, steeped in sin and shame.

✱ ✱ ✱

In this ambitious old world of ours, never forget that there are lonely hearts, through whose open windows a faint gleam of sunshine hardly ever enters. There are many lovely buds in those neglected gardens, but they never flower because the sun never shines there. Let each one of us, then, try to do our best to make the gardens of those lonely, barren lives more beautiful and pleasing in the open sight of God!

✱ ✱ ✱


Love builds for us the glowing mansions, and strong-limbed, thrifty Care dusts the many winding stairs.

✱ ✱ ✱

It is just as easy to laugh as it is to cry. The delicate, little facial muscles work both ways.

THE GARDEN BENCH

"Sermons in stone,—"

 ON my desk is a stone which I drove many miles one blistering August day to secure, and which traveled with me many other miles, until placed in the position it now occupies and which it will continue to occupy while I shall sit here. The careful hands that have charge of my Lares sometimes make changes among them; but the stone's place is sacred to it. It is a piece of limestone, triangular in shape, and where I found it, the long blue-grass was waving over the ruins of an old spring-house, without which the farmer's home in elder times was not complete.

There is no fairer land beneath the sun than those long blue-grass fields of Bourbon County, and in the rich history of Kentucky they hold a deep interest for the student. It was by their waterway, which now bears his name, that Daniel Boone traveled with the little company he had induced to follow his venturesome trail; and here he and his brave wife experienced the first of the many sorrows which they were fated to know in their new home, when their eldest son fell, wounded to the death by an Indian's arrow. Here in the wilderness, where the treacherous cane-brakes grew and the forest afforded shelter for the enemy, brute and human, the pioneers built their cabins, labored and died; but their names and their work live on, and are as much a part of that locality as its rich fields and ample water-courses, and while these are held by Christian civilization, those precurs-

ors of that civilization shall not be forgotten.

Years afterward, when the cabin had grown into the stately mansion, when the cane-brakes had given place to golden wheat and waving hemp fields, when, instead of one white man with his primitive tools, hundreds of the ebony-hued children of Ethiopia with modern contrivances cultivated the fertile land, a stranger entered the locality in the character of a teacher. He stopped with one of the planters, whose lasting friendship he soon won by his gentleness and cultivated mind, and that peculiar power which the person of genius unconsciously exercises and which the rudest feel, although they may refuse it acknowledgment. The brief school term over, the teacher was on the point of departing, when an incident happened changing forever his career. I doubt not such occurrences come to each and every life. They are the turning of the knob of Fortune's door, but only the attentive ear catches the sound, only the wise man has sense enough to pass under the portal. A neighbor wanted a chimney built, and as none of his servants were stone-masons the work was progressing slowly and unsatisfactorily. One morning as the teacher watched them, while the master fumed and fretted because of their ignorance, he said:

"Mr. —, what will you pay me to build that chimney for you?"

The planter laughed at the idea, but finding the young man in earnest he offered him fifty dollars. The teacher accepted the offer, and dismissing the negroes he set to work. He shaped the

stones, dressed their rough surface, which he then covered with delicately chiseled lines and fantastic carvings; then laid them with geometrical precision. The jambs were marvels of beauty and the hearthstone a worthy altar for the family affections. It took him some months to complete the work; but, notwithstanding the time that has passed since the last stone was set firmly in its bed of mortar—time whose crumbling finger has been aided by war, tempest and devastation—that chimney stands now as it stood the day that, the scaffold removed, Joel T. Hart looked on his first finished work in stone. Years later when Kentucky, grateful for the honor which his genius has bestowed upon her glorious name, bade him by the voice of her Legislature to bring to her from his obscure Italian studio his idealization of "Woman Triumphant," rightly called by European critics the masterpiece of American art, he traveled back to the Blue-grass lands of Bourbon, and, as he stood with his old friend gazing at the chimney he had built, he said:

"That marble statue which my countrymen now possess is the zenith of my fame, and yonder rock chimney is its nadir."

But between the nadir and the zenith what a world of poverty, hardships, toil, unappreciation, loneliness, discouragement, and deep, heart-breaking sorrow lay! His hand had found the chisel—yes! Fortune had unlatched the door for him, and then, as Fortune usually treats the children of Genius, she straightway deserted him. If ever you should travel through Bourbon, Clark and Fayette Counties, you may see along the white turnpikes, stone fences whose workmanship will command your admiration. They were built by Joel T. Hart.

Or it may be a chimney, standing gray and solid, and as you look closely at the stones you may find, among their carvings, the initials, "J. T. H." Or perhaps you will stumble on the ruins of a spring-house, and as you pick up one of the stones and find it covered with lines, fine, firm, unerringly true, you will not need to be told that it is the work of a man who afterwards became a world-famous sculptor.

"But why did he spend time in decorating chimneys and making artistic stone fences?" I hear some one ask. Wherever you find mechanical work done after a higher pattern of excellence than the nature of the work demands, you may be sure that something beyond the mechanical is thus expressing itself. The soul of Hart needed to express itself in immortal marble; denied this, it must vent itself in crude, unyielding stone. And the man who spent fifteen years in perfecting one statue, and who traveled over all of Southern Europe seeking fitting models for that statue, could not set a stone crooked in his fence nor slight his work on a chimney.

We have all aspirations—or at least the majority of us have—and for many, environment stands as harsh and strong around their lives as it did around the life of Hart. They seem to pass before me, those aspiring souls, and I see them turning fiercely from one opposing condition only to find themselves confronted by another as inexorable. It is to such I would say a few words: Stop fretting! It only weakens your powers. Instead of wasting your strength tugging at the chain, keep still until your husbanded powers are sufficient to break it by one determined effort. And while you wait, work! And I charge you to do your work as Joel T. Hart built his chimneys and stone fences!

Are you a farmer boy, with desire for a higher place in the world and the genius to fill it creditably if you only had the chance? Are you proving your fitness for it by now slighting your work in the corn-field, by carelessness in the performance of your duties to the community of which you are a member, by permitting discontent to sour your disposition and make those about you unhappy? On the contrary, you are deliberately destroying whatever ability you may have for the higher position. If you would prove to us that you are called to other and better things, let us see your furrow straighter than any one else's; let us be able to distinguish your part of the field by the finer growth of the corn and the freedom of the ground from weeds. Let us see you proving your superiority of character in your defense of the right in your small locality, and doing your share toward promoting the happiness of others. Let us see, while you are doing what your hands find to do with all your might, your quiet determination to hold the position to which the powers of your mind and soul call you, guiding you. Let us see this, and we shall be convinced that though the world were to set itself against you, it could not thwart your purpose. But the world never so sets itself. It is only the pessimist who says so. The world may not help us—why should it?—but it gives the right of way to the one who demands it. The forces of Nature herself cannot daunt the determined of soul.

Are you a woman, in whose heart discouragement has taken up her abode? Thrust her out! How can you, an immortal soul, yield tamely to the conditions that the blind workings of Circumstance have built around you? Break them down this day, if you have the strength, and make yourself free, as it was intended from the beginning of

things that you should be; if you have not the strength now, determine to possess it, and then wait calmly and silently. There is no force so resistless as that of quiet, silent determination. The one who blusters and talks of what he will do rarely accomplishes anything of note. The men and women who have won greatness in any field of endeavor have nearly always been quiet people, never talking of their intentions and rarely boasting of their achievements. They kept their thoughts to themselves until it was time to deliver them in words or actions; then, whether the world blamed or praised their results, they were indifferent, being occupied with new thoughts for future words or deeds.

* * * * *

In the garden are two young peach-trees, of the same variety and planted the same year; but one had the misfortune to be placed near a grape-vine, while the other was set in an open space. The latter is growing into a sturdy tree, symmetrical in shape, and the way it rises from the ground suggests strength and long years of usefulness. In the spring it was a cloud of roseate beauty, and now hard, green balls predict luscious fruit for September. Very different is the condition of its companion. The grape-vine, after the fashion of unpruned vines, whether vegetable or human, grew rapidly, and not having been trained to do without a support, reached out and twined itself around the tree. At first it looked pretty, but soon the vine became coarse and tenacious, wound itself like a serpent around the slender trunk, caught the unformed branches, and soon spread its large, thick leaves over the entire tree. The struggle of the tree has been long and painful. With every inch of its growth it has had to lift the weight of the cumbering vine, and while its sis-

ter stands straight and tall, it is bent and dwarfed, its branches twisted and shorn of their natural grace. Its effort to achieve the purpose of its existence is sad. Its blossoms were few and pale, and by searching for them I can find a few green peaches, but, screened as they are by the grape leaves, which deprive them of air and rain and sunshine, they give no promise of maturity.

In the larger garden of life how many, many promising trees are thus destroyed by human vines! It may be a man, whose promising career is ruined by a weak, parasitic wife; it may be a woman, who allows devotion to the objects of her affections to clasp her life like so many rank, oppressing vines, until it is deprived of the most ordinary pleasures of existence, besides being entirely thwarted in its development. It is high time that that sentimental bosh of the oak and the ivy were eliminated from the minds of men and women. In reality there is and can be nothing pretty in an oak swathed in vines, and when we think of that beautiful tree it is always of one standing in the freedom and grace of its own nature; and whoever loves such trees does not wonder that, in the childhood of religious sentiment, they were regarded as the fit dwelling-place for gods.

As for vines—I never could see any need for them, and regard it a waste of time and ground to cultivate them. They are the weaklings of nature and should be treated as such. In the vineyards you will not see the vines creeping along the ground or climbing up trees, producing inferior fruit, having expended all their vitality in growth; but you will find them plants of sturdy growth, low and erect, bearing on their few branches large bunches of juicy fruit. As the vintage-maker treats his vines, so should human vines be treated.

One of the first lessons a child should be taught is to stand erect, as befits a heaven-facing creature. Not only should his body be held erect but his mind and his soul. With the dawn of intelligence the staff of self-reliance should be placed in his hands and he should be made to depend upon himself. This sounds harsh, nay, cruel, for love always prompts us to offer our arm for the support of a dear one. But the time comes when the poor arm begins to fail, and when it falls, helpless to defend itself or the beloved one, there are two ruins where there should have been none.

Souls are not sent into this world vines; they are made such after getting here, especially if they happen to have garbed themselves in the form of the female. God never intended anyone to usurp His relationship to the soul. "Call no man your father," commanded Christ, and who tries to obey the injunction knows that its first fruit is dependence on self. "God helps those that help themselves," and "Trust in God and keep the powder dry," are the essence of wisdom.

Ask yourself if you are a vine. If truth compel the affirmative reply, and further shows you that not only are you a worthless member of society but a detriment to the natural development of the life upon which you have fastened your destructive growth, cut yourself away to begin a new, erect growth. It will be painful to do this, and you will make little progress toward individuality at first, for the habit of leaning is a hard one to overcome; but if you are in earnest, eventually you will succeed, and grow into what God intended you to be, instead of proving a deadening weight around the neck of the one who loves you best.

CURRENT COMMENT

Good Books

Providence Visitor

Not all the reverses of life can take away the delight of a good book; nor is there a better way of "making ourselves," once we have left school, and of acquiring education and refinement than by communing with the great minds who have written their thoughts for the good of those who live after them.

A good book is the very best of friends. We may converse with it and be sure that our confidence will never be betrayed. We may have it near us whenever we wish—a trait in which a book is unlike our other friends, who have all to be sought for and handled with care if we wish to retain their friendship. And, besides, in the matter of books we may choose our own companions, whereas in every-day life we are forced to make friends of those whom we meet whether or not they have similar tastes and characteristics as ourselves.

The man or woman, therefore, who desires to have good friends, who aims at more than mere mediocrity, who loves to live in the past as well as the present and to converse with the great minds who have enlightened the world, will secure and keep ever at hand those dearest of all friends—good books.

Faith and Non-Catholic Colleges

The Casket

We often see it offered as an excuse for Catholic young men going to non-Catholic colleges, that if their religion is worth anything they will not lose it. Such an argument was once presented to Henry Parr Liddon, when he was pleading that the religious character of Oxford should be maintained. "Is not this manifestly a confession," he was asked, "that religious truth needs a special protection for its existence?" To

which question he replied: "Speaking absolutely, we know that religious truth can take good care of itself, or rather that, in history, in the long run, God will take very good care of it because it is His Truth. But in the concrete and particular case of young men living together, tempted to every sort of moral mischief, and eager to get rid in their worst moments of the sanctions and control of religion, it is no disparagement to religious truth to say that it does need protection. * * * To treat Oxford undergraduates as in all respects men, appears to me the greatest possible mistake." The patrons of the other idea are, consciously or unconsciously, believers in "the survival of the fittest." If they see a Catholic young man make shipwreck of faith or morals in a non-Catholic university, they conclude that he was a wretched weakling who would have never done the Church credit anyhow. But what about his individual soul? Christ our Lord thought it worth saving at an infinite cost, and shall we look on its loss as a matter of small account?

Rum in the Army

The Casket

In the old days of naval warfare a double portion of rum was served to sailors going into action. Britain and the United States have given up this custom; Russia has retained it, while Japan never had it. This may go far to explain why Togo was able to annihilate Rojestvensky's fleet so quickly. The German Emperor seems to think so, and he is the keenest and shrewdest observer of such matters in the world to-day. Whatever the advantage of alcoholic stimulation to the men who fought with cutlasses and boarding-pikes, there can be none to those whose victory must depend on their ability to sight huge guns with

sufficient accuracy to destroy a ship several miles away. There are no grog rations in the American navy at all; and the regulations of the British Admiralty forbid either beer or spirits to be given to the men during battle. On board British, American and Japanese warships it is the fine old beverage beloved of hay-makers, oatmeal water, which is served to the men during an engagement. On land as well as on sea the Kaiser thinks the Russians have suffered from their drinking habits. Lord Lansdowne says the same, but we rely more upon the Kaiser's opinion, for he is a better judge and one who is friendly to Russia. Ten years ago Lord Wolseley proved that in sham fights the whiskey drinkers had less endurance than the beer drinkers, and the beer drinkers less endurance than the water drinkers. Kitchener's men, in "the man-eating Soudan," were able to cover thirty miles of sand, with empty water-bottles, under a blazing sun, because they were not allowed a single drop of grog during the campaign. If the victor of Khartoum had had his way, the same regulations would have been enforced in South Africa, and the Boers would have been beaten sooner. The Japanese troops are total abstainers; the Russians, we are told by friendly witnesses, are immoderate drinkers, both officers and men. The time is fast approaching when the drinking man will be told to stand aside in every occupation of life, with that most cutting of comments upon his inefficiency: "You're not up-to-date."

Catholic Wealth and Catholic Schools

Catholic Mirror

We cannot prevent a feeling somewhat allied to regret when we read of some new million-dollar gift to a non-Catholic university.

It is not permitted to us to be envious or covetous, yet it seems hard that all these benefactions are going the other way to fatten already enormous endow-

ment funds, while our Catholic institutions are struggling to keep their heads above water.

Things Catholic have been generally handicapped in whatsoever direction we may choose to look, yet the fetters are not the easier to be borne because they have been on so long.

All we want is a good square chance, with our right foot on the same tape with our opponents, and we'll be heard from in the race. This is by no means saying that we are not heard from now, but if we can make our present educational showing against such odds, what could we not do with well-endowed universities?

We have no word of complaint to speak against the generosity of our Catholic people. They have given and liberally, too, but it is to the individual Catholics of wealth that we must look for our endowment funds.

President Wilson, of Princeton, recently announced a gift of 336 acres of ground to the University, more than doubling its present holdings. A second benefactor presents a recitation hall to cost about \$300,000, while a third adds an additional \$100,000 to the annual income of the institution.

Is it any wonder that Princeton is such a charming place to look upon; that her atmosphere is so intellectual; her faculty so competent, her courses so manifold?

These are princely gifts, but may we not look for some such assistance from our own people to the educational cause?

Our colleges and universities are not exerting the influence they should because their hands are tied. The effort to keep abreast of the times consumes all their funds, and the rapid expansion and development which ought to be taking place is held in abeyance through lack of means necessary to push the work.

Our help must come from those who are superabundantly supplied with this world's goods.

Immigration**Monitor**

One million, in round numbers, was the total immigration from all countries to the United States for the past year. The problem which the figures suggest is to be taken up by the authorities at an early day. If these million went out on the land instead of herding for the most part, as they do, in the squalid quarters of big cities already suffering from a congestion of the very poor, the advent of the newcomers would involve no problem, industrial or otherwise. On the other hand, their coming would prove in every way advantageous alike to the country and themselves. This Republic is very far from any danger of over-population, even at the rate of a million immigrants a year, provided the influx properly distributes itself. Under prevailing economic conditions, however, the big cities of the country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, are already hopelessly overcrowded with the class to which the great mass of immigrants are inevitably destined to add.

Public Schools**Monitor**

According to The Churchman, "the best educational thought joins now with the ripest Christian judgment in recognizing that the public schools must be as absolutely separated from formal religious instruction as the State is from the Church, and this in the interest both of religion and education." We must presume that The Churchman regards itself as representing the "best educational thought" and "the ripest Christian judgment." For whom else is our modest contemporary authorized to speak so dogmatically on the subject? The same journal avers that "to say the public schools are Godless, is to bring an indictment against the whole American people." Not necessarily. It is, at worst, an indictment of four-fifths of the *people of America who own no religious*

affiliations whatever, together with that section of non-sectarian sectaries who, like The Churchman, appear to think that religious and moral training in the public school means a desecration of that sacred institution.

What Has Been Accomplished**Freeman's Journal**

Fifty years ago what is now our West African mission field did not contain a single vestige of Catholic Church or mission. It contains to-day the Vicariate of Dahomey, the Vicariate of the Gold Coast, the Vicariate of Benin, the Prefecture of the Upper Niger, and the Prefecture of the Ivory Coast. These districts count three Bishops, two Prefects Apostolic holding quasi-episcopal jurisdiction, one hundred and eighty priests, ninety religieuses, forty-seven chapels and churches, of which four have negro congregations of more than two thousand respectively, fifty-three colleges and schools, fifty-one orphanages and dispensaries, two leper homes and other minor institutions. It will be already understood that these Bishops, priests and sisters are all members of the African Mission Society, and that the missions of which they are in charge have been established by themselves and by their predecessors of the same society.

Out work in West Africa and in Egypt has been hitherto mainly supplied with priests and with material resources from certain bases of supply in France. These the recent anti-religious campaign in that country has practically destroyed, and the mission of seeking aid in Australia has been thus absolutely and urgently necessitated.

The New Cabinet Officer**New York Catholic News**

Charles J. Bonaparte, who has been lately appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Roosevelt, is the kind of a Catholic we like to see placed in high

public office. Mr. Bonaparte is not merely a nominal Catholic, as are some prominent officials who pretend to be representative Catholics. He is and always has been a thoroughly devoted son of the Church, who has not been afraid or ashamed to speak up for her whenever occasion offered. At the Catholic Congress in Baltimore a dozen or so years ago, he made a notable address on "Papal Independence," and not a year has passed since that numerous demands have not been made by Catholic bodies on his remarkable oratorical powers. Only a few months ago in Brooklyn he uttered before a large and representative audience an earnest plea for fair play for our Catholic Indians. In a word, Mr. Bonaparte is an ideal Catholic layman—cultured, fearless, honest and loyal to his Church and his country. Decidedly he is an acquisition to the President's Cabinet.

The Law of Finding

Ave Maria

In common law, finding is a qualified source of title to goods and chattels. Briefly, the law is that the finder has a clear title against all the world, excepting only the owner. The proprietor of a coach, of a railroad car or a ship has no right to demand property found on his premises. Such proprietors may make, in regard to lost articles, regulations which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public.

The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench more than a hundred years ago (when it was the supreme court of common law in England) as follows:

A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for the property, the finder demanded of the shopkeeper the *wallet and the money*. The latter re-

fused to deliver them upon the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held, as stated above, that, against all the world save the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. The finder has indeed been held to stand in the place of the owner. Thus A prevailed in an action against B, who found an article which A had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no especial rights in regard to articles lost, unless the rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. In the absence of special statute they have no power to keep an article against the finder, any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

A finder must, however, use every reasonable means to discover the owner of found goods before appropriating them to his own use. It has been decided that if the finder knows the owner or knows that he can discover him, he is guilty of larceny in keeping or appropriating to himself the articles found.

The Price of Peace

Church Progress

Preliminary steps towards the termination of the war in the far East have been taken in Washington, and the prospects for its conclusion seem quite favorable. It is to be sincerely hoped that no further complications may arise to delay a speedy settlement.

The time for peace is certainly at hand. It has been purchased at a painful and astonishing price. There is little of difference in this respect between the combatants. Each has sacrificed thousands upon thousands of lives, and laid burdens upon their countries which the present generation may be unable to remove.

Recent statistics, of course not official and hence merely conjectural, inform us that the cost in money is represented by an expenditure of over \$3,000,000,000, with the sacrifice of three hundred and

sixty-three thousand, six hundred and eighty lives. Of this sum \$1,750,000,000, is credited to Russia and the balance of \$1,250,000,000 to Japan.

The cause of humanity, therefore, demands a settlement. It is becoming her past history, if not in harmony with her present experiences, that this country should become the mediator in behalf of humanity. Removed as we are from the suspicions, jealousies, and alliances of European countries, each belligerent may feel assured that here settlement may be reached satisfactory to both.

A Common Sympathy

Standard and Times

There is something suggestive of a common sympathy in the news that both the atheists of France and the extreme Presbyterians of America the very same week made a movement to abolish the celebration of Christmas and Easter. The one class object to these holidays because they both originated with the Church; the other because they were established by men. So the extremes of Paganism and Puritanism meet in hatred of the old Catholic Church. Is it not another outward sign of her truth and sanctity to be detested by such enemies?

A Tribute to the Catholic Church

N. Y. Freeman's Journal

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's exclusion of Catholic colleges from the benefits of his ten-million-dollar gift for pensions for college professors is a tribute (though not intended as such) to the Catholic Church, which the New York Sun thus notes and emphasizes: -

"His theory seems to have been that colleges other than Roman Catholic and Jewish are secular institutions; and practically they may now be called secular. Sectarian influences may have entered into their foundation, but the theory that religion should be the basis of their instruction no longer prevails in them. In their faculties the preponder-

ating opinion is on the side of religious skepticism, as expressed in contemporary criticism of the historical validity of the scriptural basis of religion."

It is a high compliment to the Catholic colleges to be left out of count with such institutions.

Back to Rome

Church Progress

A press dispatch is responsible for the statement that since the promulgation of the Czar's ukase concerning liberty of worship and abolishing the religious disabilities of the Catholic and other religious Christian communities, twenty-six thousand persons are reported to have left the Russian Church for the Catholic Church in the governments of Siedlce and Lublin. The censor has ordered the Polish press not to make any reference to the subject. In a village of six hundred and eighty inhabitants, six hundred and seventy-eight have changed their faith.

The authorities of the Russian Church are taking stringent measures to prevent these desertions. One order in the Russian Church, called the Brotherhood of the Holy Virgin, has issued a violent manifesto, bitterly inveighing against Poles and Catholics.

Up-to-Date England

Standard and Times

Now, who will say that the English are slow? Here is a London firm turning out postal cards that can be made to talk and sing—perhaps whistle, sneeze and cough as well. How this contrivance works is thus described: "Instead of laboriously writing a message on a post-card, the sender may simply speak into his five-shilling talking machine, and take out a thin, gelatinous, adhesive disk containing the record. This can be fixed to an ordinary picture post-card without obliterating the picture. The card can then be sent through the post, and when placed on any ordinary gramophone will sing, play and recite, as the case may be."



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GUINEA-PIG

By Thomas Gibbons

WITHIN the last twelve months it is estimated by the proprietor of what is probably the largest guinea-pig farm in the world, that more than one hundred and fifty thousand of these little animals have been used for experimental purposes in colleges and medical schools alone, and that half as many more have been sold as pets.

This farm is situated within two miles of the University of Michigan. Its proprietor is Andrew F. Smith. As one reaches the highest of seven hills that surround it, he sees many red, barnlike buildings, with dozens of little windows in them, and beside each a tiny inclosure surrounded with wire netting.

As he walks down this hill, especially if it is early morning, his ears are puzzled by a strange, steady, purring noise. *As he draws nearer it grows louder.*

Sometimes, with a suddenness that is startling, there comes absolute quiet. In that interval, perhaps twenty thousand guinea-pigs are crouching absolutely motionless, without a sound. Then from one of the houses comes a twitter, which is taken up in another, until the whole sound is back again.

Ordinarily the proprietor of this great guinea-pig ranch takes pleasure in showing his pets. As he brings his visitor to one of the buildings he knocks on the door, and every tiny voice inside is quieted. Then he suddenly throws the door open. Along the walls of the building are scores of "bunks," with wire doors in front, and in each bunk are perhaps fifty or a hundred guinea-pigs. The sudden knock on the door has brought them to the front of the cages. Thousands of eager little eyes gleam out from the white, black, and tortoise-shell manes. There are thousands of shaggy heads as motionless as if

they were painted on canvas, and nothing but the soft breathing of the horde of animals is heard.

Then the proprietor whistles. At first it is a quavering note, low and musical, but grows in volume as countless twittering voices join in.

"That's my breakfast call—now watch 'em!" he says.

The mass of heads begins to move. Hundreds of bodies tumble over one another, and the purring, twittering voices of the little creatures rise until they drown out the master's whistle. As the man goes toward a number of big barrels, again silence reigns. At the barrels the man purposely loiters. Thousands of bright eyes gaze steadily through the wires at him. They are waiting patiently. Soon the fluffy little fellows seem to grow tired. A nervous twitter, marvellously like that of a bird, goes out from one little red mouth. Another takes it up, then another, and another, until the building is filled with the sounds.

"They're coaxing me now," says the proprietor.

As he scoops handfuls of oats into the cages, the pigs run up and push their

little noses into the grain. The manners of guinea-pigs are not at all like those of ordinary porkers, after which they are named. They take one grain, seldom more, at a time, and chew and chew, contemplatively, with a contented glow in their eyes. If it is a piece of carrot, they nibble at it daintily, and nibble all day long. Though they are gluttons, yet they eat so daintily that it is a pleasure to watch them.

That it takes human companionship to bring out the better side of the guinea-pig is shown by "Dicky" Flynn, Mr. Smith's assistant, a man eighty years old, whose love for his little charges has become a passion. He never goes to bed at night without taking with him several of his pets to keep him company. The fondness of Nifty, the bull-terrier, for the guinea-pigs is not much less. He was born and bred among them, and each morning goes the rounds among his friends, accompanied by the old man. The little animals watch for these two, and show the greatest affection for them. As they crowd up to the front of their cages, Nifty greets all that he can reach with a lick of his tongue. If a number of the



animals are placed on the floor or in a box while their pen is being cleansed, Nifty stands quietly, and the little fellows crowd about him, while every moment or two he will give each of them an affectionate lick, to let them know how much he cares for them.

There is a professor's wife at the University of Michigan who possesses a male guinea-pig which is so polite that it has won the name of Beau Brummel. Beau Brummel has a wife and a family of three children. Whenever his dinner is ready, his mistress goes to the big cage where her pets are confined and opens the door. The husband and father then hustles his family out, always leaving the cage last. The meal is usually placed in a dish, which is set upon a table, especially when the lady has company. But this guinea-pig never eats with his family. If a separate dish is placed before him he will dine, but otherwise he will not begin until he sees that the others have sufficient, if he has to wait an hour. This family of pets furnishes much amusement to visitors. They will climb all over their human friends in search of dainties, such as a crumb of cookie or a piece of sugar. They crawl up sleeves, and will even enter the pockets of the professor's trousers.

HOW THE RABBIT LOST HIS TAIL

By M. F. N. R.

Once upon a time, ever so many years ago, all the animals met to decide which had the most beautiful coat. Spotted or striped, rough or smooth, each thought his own the best and argued about it, quarrelling and disputing in a very silly fashion. No one could decide, for when they voted, every fellow voted for himself, and so they never could agree upon any one.

At last a tiny animal who lived upon the river's bank piped up: "You are all beautiful, but the finest of all is not here, *for the eel who dwells in the reeds by the*

deep pool has a coat as fine as silk, as soft as velvet, as golden as the sun."

"Go, bring the eel, that we may see his coat," cried the animals, and the rabbit volunteered to go for him. The rabbit had an idea in his naughty head. "My coat is not very beautiful," he thought. "The eel does not need a coat in the water, and I shall try to get it away from him." So, naughty Bunny skipped off through the bushes until he found sober Mr. Eel. He persuaded Mr. Eel to come along with him, and they had to travel two days and nights to reach the rendezvous.

The eel was as large as the rabbit and his coat certainly was beautiful. It shone in the sun like molten gold, and the rabbit waxed covetous. When night came, he built a fire and made supper and took such good care of the eel that he felt quite safe. Another day's travel, and again the rabbit prepared supper and fire, the eel resting himself, for he found land travel very tiresome. Warm with the day's tramp he threw aside his coat, but watched curiously as he saw the rabbit cut a paddle and begin to dig a path down to the river.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"This place is named 'the place where it rains fire,'" said Bunny, the crafty. "Sometimes coals of fire rain down here out of the sky."

The eel looked frightened, but the rabbit reassured him, saying:

"I will stay awake and warn you if it rains fire, and you can slip down this path I have cut and reach the river in safety."

•To this the eel agreed and, hanging his coat on a bush, he was soon asleep. But Bunny was awake, and so soon as the coals grew red-hot, he flung them into the air with his paddle, crying out:

"The rain of fire, the rain of fire!"

The eel lost not a moment. When the first coal touched him, he ran to the river as fast as he could go, hatless and coatless, and slipped into the cold waves,

hurrying back to his quiet home. His golden coat he never saw again, and till this day eels, big and little, have to swim about without any coats.

The rabbit was delighted with his ill-gotten gains, and, dressing himself up in the coat, hurried off to the meeting in the forest. It seemed to fit him well, and when he reached the other animals they greeted him pleasantly, exclaiming over the beauty of his coat.

But he was not to go unpunished for his theft and deceit, for the bear desiring to see the face under these fine clothes picked Bunny up and shook him till the stolen clothes fell off, and Bunny escaped from his grasp just as the fox sprang up and bit off his tail.

A LEGEND OF ST. DUNSTAN

By M. F. N. R.

In the isle of Glastonbury, in 924, was born of noble Herstan and Cynedryda, Dunstan, afterwards saint of the Church.

His birthplace was a holy spot. There King Arthur was buried, and legend said also that Joseph of Arimathea and St. Patrick were interred within these hallowed precincts. Called by the Britons Ynyswytryn, or "Glassy Island," the Romans called it Aralonia, the Saxons, Glaestingabyrig.

Harpers and rhymsters have sung of its beauties, that

"Island valley of Avilion,
Where falls nor hail, nor rain, nor any
snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard
lawns,
And bowery hollows, crowned with summer
sea."

In this vale of loveliness the young Dunstan was brought up by parents both pious and scholarly.

Ardent and full of imagination, his keen mind readily grasped all subjects. He worked in gold and silver, copper and iron; he read the divines of the

Church, poetry, the sciences, and, above all, Holy Scripture.

Studying more than was good for him, he fell into a violent fever which affected his brain. Ever he raved, and all his earthly learning fell away from him and he talked of naught but of the Holy Scriptures.

When he was at his worst, escaping one night from his nurse, he rushed from the house and sought the church. Wild and rainy was the night, and the darkness closed about him like a pall, but he reached the sacred portal only to find the door locked and barred. But nothing could deter him, and he wildly mounted a scaffolding by a most perilous ascent and, entering a window high in the belfry, made his way to the altar.

When morning broke there he was found sleeping in peace, his fever gone, his life preserved by a veritable miracle.

What wonder, then, that he dedicated that life to God, and becoming a priest, is known to us to-day as St. Dunstan of Canterbury.

THE STRATEGY OF RICHARD

By Edith Hume

"O dear!" murmured Dorothy from the midst of a pile of Christmas presents, "I do wish I had some Catholic relations."

"What is the matter now? Has some one been giving my little daughter a dissertation on the evils of idolatry?" asked her mother with a smile half sad, half amused as she took the woe-begone little face between her hands.

"I don't know what a dissertation is, but I do know Grandpa Dalton tells me it's disgracing Grandma's memory for us to be Catholics, and Grandma Bruce says it's enough to make her father rise in his grave to have a granddaughter of his leave the Presbyterian Church—and just look at this book Aunt Margaret has sent me." Here she held up for Mrs. Dalton's inspection, "Methodist Missionaries in China."

It might have been very interesting to the aunt in question, but it was certainly disappointing to a ten-year-old girl with mind intent on dolls, and who, if the truth must be told, went to sleep—stanch little Catholic though she was—over most stories of Catholic missionary labors, unless the scene lay among savages bloodthirsty enough to make matters exciting.

"Yes, it is hard," said Mrs. Dalton tenderly. "But you must try to be patient, little one. They all feel so sure that they are right and that we are wrong, and don't you know that your Mama was thirty before the light came to her? As for this," as she took up the book, "suppose you—"

Here she was interrupted by a stamp of the foot and an ejaculation not quite of approbation and joy from a boy in the corner. He had looked up a moment before with a teasing laugh and chanted something beginning, "Dear, doleful, dismal, Dorothy Dalton," but now his time of tribulation had come, and the expression of his face rivalled that of his sister.

"Well, Richard," said his mother, "what is delighting your soul? 'Ignorance and Superstition of the Dark Ages?'"

"No, worse. Just listen. 'The Mystery of the Jeweled Locket.' I thought it was a detective story. Instead of that it's the dullest thing I ever saw—all about Luther. I don't know what in the name of common sense made Cousin Latimer send this to me. I don't believe he could read it himself. See, it looks as though a name had been rubbed out before he wrote mine. I just know somebody gave it to him and he was glad to get rid of it. It looks as though it had hardly been opened, and I don't believe he got past the first chapter," he exclaimed triumphantly.

Then a cloud came over his face. "I did so want a pair of skates," he muttered in a tone of disgust.

"You're not any worse off than I am," said Dorothy. "I wanted a doll. Let's go up stairs and see how many of these books we have, anyhow."

"Now," said Richard, a moment later, as they returned, each with arms full, "just look! 'Bloody Mary and Her Reign,' 'Horrors of the Spanish Inquisition,' 'Missionary Child in Ceylon,' 'Ten Years in Siam, by a Missionary's Wife,' and ever so many more. We won't stand this any longer," and he retired to the window seat to brood over his wrongs.

"I used to write and thank them. Richard told me it wouldn't be a fib if I said 'For your good intention,' under my breath. But I'm not going to do it any more," declared Dorothy.

"O goodness! gracious!" exclaimed Richard suddenly, dropping all his books on the floor in his excitement, "Come here, Dorothy. I have the most magnificent idea!"

* * * * *

The following Christmas, consternation reigned in several Protestant households, for among the presents were found: "History of the Mass," "Faith of Our Fathers," "Lectures on the Holy Eucharist," etc., sent with "Love and best wishes from Richard and Dorothy."

Dorothy's eyes fairly sparkled as she wrapped them up, and said: "Maybe these will convert 'em, and maybe we will have some Catholic relations after all."

But skeptical Richard laughed, and he was not surprised when he heard by chance that the books had been consigned unread to the flames.

In spite of this, a boy and girl sent a glad hurrah! through the house when Christmas rolled around again, for Dorothy was hugging a doll labeled, "From Aunt Margaret," and Richard was cutting marvelous figures on the parlor carpet with skates marked, "From Cousin Latimer."

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

ROSARY MISCELLANY.

I.

THE custom of carrying the beads openly came natural to the faithful of the closing Middle Ages. The Rosary then, as now, was preeminently a Catholic prayer. It was natural, too, that the Creed was prefixed to the mysteries proper, and that the people professed their belief in the mysteries of the Redemption by publicly wearing its symbol. In 1477 Francisci tells us that many persons carried the beads on their arm, girdle, or about the neck. He complains that some gratified their vanity by procuring beads of precious stones and wearing them for ostentation. In 1500 the Venetian envoy in England testifies to this practice, especially among the women. A certain will of the fifteenth century provided that the beads be publicly worn in token of mourning.

II.

It may confidently be said that the Rosary was one of the commonest prayers in the Middle Ages. The Franciscan, Coelde, tells us that in the Rhine provinces, Westphalia and the Netherlands there were numberless people who daily said the Rosary, and many said it three times each week. In Denmark the same practice obtained. After his apostasy Petersen complained that the people went to church too frequently and said the beads without ceasing. "In the future," he said, "it is enough to

say one 'Pater' instead of the Rosary, for it has wrought no good among the people."

III.

It was the practice of St. Dominic to intertwine the Rosary in his sermons. He would explain a mystery and then recite with the people the corresponding decade. Later on, owing to the scarcity of priests, the person who recited the beads would himself propose the mystery without the assistance of the priest.

IV.

The Rosary, as we have it from St. Dominic, has inspired the faithful to arrange, with more or less approach to the original, similar lists of prayers. Thus in a German treatise on rosaries in general we find fifty-six species enumerated, similar in design and mechanical make-up to the Rosary strictly so-called. We find a rosary to St. Aloysius, several to Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. The Church has tolerated and even indulged many of these because they respond to various desires of the Christian heart. But lately the promiscuous multiplication of beads has been discountenanced. The Dominican Rosary is by far the most richly indulged of any, and for that and various intrinsic reasons ought to be preferred.

V.

The pictorial representation of beads goes back to the days of St. Dominic. In France a bead-string was found on the neck of a statue of one of the Mont-

forts. In Denmark and England many beads have been found on statues of nobles. There exists in southern France a picture of the thirteenth century in which we find six religious, one of whom is holding in his hand a Rosary. These facts prove not only the high favor entertained for this prayer, but also its antiquity.

VI.

Nearly all the saints who have lived since the time of St. Dominic have been devoted to the Rosary. Nor was this predilection for the beads confined to the spiritual family of St. Dominic. St. Ignatius Loyola daily said the Rosary and enjoined its daily recitation on the lay-brothers of his Order. St. Paul of the Cross was accustomed to lead his friends to a secluded chapel on a favorite mountain height and there sing the praises of Mary in her Rosary. St. Francis de Sales in the rule of life which he drew up for himself included the Rosary to be said kneeling. St. Camillus de Lellis was shocked to find a priest without a chaplet and cried out, "A priest without a Rosary?" The lately beatified Curé d'Ars always said his beads while going on sick calls, feeling certain that none of his sick would die before he reached them.

VII

Not only saints, but men of the world in high places and low have been faithful to the Rosary when other forms of prayer and pious practices were forgotten. We read that Napoleon one evening at the theatre was discovered saying his beads. Not to appear inconsistent perhaps, as his historian says—but also, mayhap, from humility, for all men retain some piety and virtue—he told off

his beads, hiding them under his cloak. Louis XIV, even on the days of his wildest orgies, could not forget nor neglect the advice of his mother, who had said that she would rather see him dead than omit saying his Rosary.

THE VISITATION—EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON BY ST. AMBROSE.

Here it is the superior who comes to the inferior; Mary to Elizabeth, Christ to John. The presence of Jesus and Mary is ever fraught with blessings. Elizabeth first heard the words, John first received the grace; she perceived through the operation of nature, he rejoiced by reason of a mystery; she knew the approach of Mary, he of the Saviour.

Mary remained with Elizabeth three months and returned to her own home. Nor was it wholly through charity that she prolonged her stay, but to accomplish the will of God. For if at Mary's first coming the infant leapt in Elizabeth's womb and the mother was filled with the Holy Ghost, to what a degree must this grace have increased in Mary's presence?

WHY SAY THE ROSARY?

Why do Catholics recite the Rosary? Why do they repeat "Hail Mary" fifty times or more every day? Can this repetition constitute an intellectual form of prayer, and has not Christ himself condemned "much speaking?" (1)

Our Lord certainly condemned vain prayers and every sort of hypocrisy. But much speaking or repetition is not

(1) St. Matt. vi, 7.

always vain. We learn from the New Testament that the angels in Heaven are ever saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy." (2) This is, indeed, repetition, and so is the "Hail Mary" of the Rosary, but neither of them is empty nor vain. Each time the cherubim say "Holy" (3) they acknowledge some new phase in the exhaustless beauty of the Infinite. So with every Angelic Salutation the Rosarian considers some point in the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ.

Those who object that the Rosary is vain repetition do not know its fundamental principle. Any Catholic, and surely any Rosarian, would tell them that the first thing requisite in the recitation of the beads is meditation, and that vocal prayers are employed to help fix the attention on the point under consideration. By means of the Rosary every Catholic, however unlettered he may be, is enabled to do that which to most men seems impossible—to meditate.

Thus the Rosary is not only a legitimate and intellectual devotion, but it is admittedly the highest form of devotion. "Benefits are daily accruing to Christendom through the Rosary," wrote Urban IV. (4) "The Rosary of Mary is a tree of life quickening the dead, healing the sick and strengthening the living," said Sixtus IV. (5)

Leo X. (6) the greatest patron of arts in the Renaissance, says of the Rosary that it was "instituted to save the world from imminent peril." "The Rosary is the glory of the Roman Church," are the words of Julius III. (7)

Attention need hardly be called to Leo XIII, of glorious memory, whose love for the Rosary was so great as to win for him the title of "Pope of the Holy Rosary." His famous bull, "Ubi Primum," is entirely devoted to this great devotion.

But churchmen have not been alone in extolling the Rosary. Kings, princes and leaders of the people are no less outspoken in its praise. Maximilian I, Frederick II, Blanche of Castile, Edward III of England, Louis XIII and Louis XIV of France, Mary Queen of Scots, and John Sobieski of Poland, all loved the Rosary and praised it highly.

Louis IX of France said: "God has given me, through the merits of His Mother's Rosary, this noble kingdom of France."

Examples might be multiplied, but these suffice to show that good men and great have ever regarded the Rosary, the "Psalter of Mary," as a most praiseworthy devotion, and a never-failing source of grace to those who practice it worthily.

INDULGENCES FOR JULY.

July 2—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin: Plenary indulgence for confession, communion, visit to Rosary chapel with prayers for the Pope's intentions. Those hindered on this day from complying with the conditions can gain the indulgence any day in the octave.

July 9—St. John of Gorcum, O. P., Martyr. Plenary indulgence on same conditions as July 2, except the extension during the octave.

(2) Apoc., iv, 8.

(3) Isais, vi, 3.

(4) Pope from 1261-1264.

(5) Pope from 1471-1484.

(6) Pope from 1513-1521.

(7) Pope from 1550-1555.

WITH THE EDITOR

The visit of our Lady to her cousin, St. Elizabeth, is commemorated in the second joyful mystery of the Rosary, and the feast of the Visitation is celebrated on July 2d.. Gladly did Mary accept the exalted honor and dignity and privilege of Divine Motherhood, and her overwhelming happiness found expression, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in that sublime and prophetic canticle: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Blessed, indeed, she is, and love for her increases as the years go by. Rosarians, particularly, should love and honor and imitate Mary Immaculate. —————

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of FATHER HENRY DENIFLE, the illustrious Dominican and sub-archivist of the Vatican. Father Denifle died suddenly of apoplexy in Munich.

In his death not only the Dominican Order, not only the Church, but the whole world of scholarship sustains a distinct loss. Father Denifle was in his sixty-second year, not a great age for a Tyrolese. Only a year ago his great work on Martin Luther appeared and dealt such a blow to Protestantism that it is still reeling from the effects of it. The great German theologians of the Lutheran Church, including Harnack, Seeberg and Haussleiter, fell into a panic at the awful but unanswerable expose of the great so-called reformer, for since the publication of Denifle's book the world can know Luther as he was. Unfortunately, only the first volume of this great work has appeared; the second was in preparation when the relentless

hand of Death struck the pen from the busy and able hand of the historian.

Father Denifle's works will live, and to generations yet unborn will his name stand for honesty, reliability and critical acumen. Like all truly great men, he was surpassingly humble; and in the hour of his passing, this and the forty-four years of life as a model religious stood him in better stead than all his achievements in the realm of letters.

Father Denifle, at the time of his death, was on his way to Cambridge University where the degree of Doctor of Letters was to be conferred upon him. His death was caused by apoplexy. He regained consciousness long enough to receive the benediction which the Pope sent to him and to adjust some of his affairs. He was a great and a good man and his loss is irreparable. The question now on the lips of all scholars is: Who will finish Luther?

In the August number of **THE ROSARY MAGAZINE** an appreciation of Father Denifle will be published which was written by one of his religious brethren who knew him well for a number of years.

From 1885 he published, with the illustrious Father Ehrle, S. J., the **Archives of the Literary and Ecclesiastical History of the Middle Ages**. On account of all these works—of such great scientific and historical importance and so helpful to students—he was honored with the Cross of the Legion of Honor of France, the Order of the Crown of Iron of the third class, Austria, and the illustrious Academies of Europe, such as those of Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Göttingen, Paris, had him as a member.

The Academy of Munster nominated him a doctor, and, as we have said above, he was about to receive from the Protestant University of Cambridge the degree of Doctorship when death overtook him. He rendered singular service to the Holy See during the twenty years of his term as sub-archivist, meriting as he did for himself the entire confidence of Leo XIII and Pius X. The studies alone of Father Denifle can give us a worthy appreciation of his singular merits, that added such lustre to a life that was irreprehensible and marked by surpassing humility.

The life of Father Denifle gives the lie to those who charge the friars with ignorance, laziness, egotism, uselessness.

In the historic Church of St. Mary of the Minerva in Rome, on the 19th of July, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem will be offered for the repose of the soul of Father Denifle. All the Roman Dominicans and the distinguished clergy of the Eternal City will be present.

On the day following his death the Holy Father offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of the soul of Father Denifle.

The appointment of Mr. Charles Bonaparte as Secretary of the Navy meets with the enthusiastic approval of the great majority of the American people. Mr. Roosevelt has given abundant evidence heretofore of fairness, uprightness and courage in his public and executive acts, and his selection of Mr. Bonaparte, the finished scholar and orator, the illustrious jurist and advocate, the honest and capable man of affairs, the Christian gentleman and the ideal citizen, will deepen the confidence of the people in the excellent judgment and fine discernment of our strenuous President. To Catholics, especially, is this appointment gratifying because Mr. Bonaparte is a Catholic, and one of whom his co-religionists are justly proud.

Notwithstanding the clearest constitu-

tional guarantees the fact remains, and in shame and sorrow be it said, that American Catholics have never received fair treatment in the matter of important public offices. No Catholic has ever occupied the Presidential chair, and no political party, as far as we are aware, has ever nominated a Catholic for the highest elective offices, national or state. But things are changing for the better; the era of bigotry and hate is fast passing away, and simple justice shall yet be done to all classes of American citizens.

The Champlain Summer School, at Cliff Haven, N. Y., will commence its fourteenth session on July 5th. The Catholic Summer School has long since passed out of the experimental stage and has become a permanent institution and an important factor in Catholic intellectual and social life. The formal approval of the enterprise by our late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, was most encouraging to its projectors, who met with countless difficulties at the outset of their work; and the endorsement and patronage of Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, the Reverend clergy and the general public has been most gratifying to all who have the best interests of the Catholic laity at heart.

Courses of lectures will be given as follows:

Three lectures by Prof. Francis X. Carmody, Department of Constitutional Law in the Brooklyn Law School of St. Lawrence University, N. Y. Subject, America's Work in the World's Progress. July 5-7.

Evening lecture recitals, by Miss Charrille Runals of New York City. Subject, America in Song and Story. Accompanist, Miss Marian C. Pole. July 5-7.

Five lectures by Rev. Jos. M. Woods, S. J., Woodstock College, Md. Subject, The Bollandists. July 10-14.

Two lectures by Rev. Valentine Kohl-

beck, O. S. B., Chicago, Ill. Subject, Bohemian Literature. July 10-11.

Two lectures by Prof. W. F. P. Stockley, Halifax, N. S., Canada. Subject, The Religious Spirit in Shakespeare. July 13-14.

Five lectures by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D. D., Philadelphia. Subject, The Vatican Council. July 17-21.

Two lectures by Prof. C. H. Schultz, Newman School, Hackensack, N. J. Subject, Cardinal Newman's Place in the Realm of Prose and Poetry. July 17-18.

Five lectures by Jean T. P. Des Garennes, A. M., LL. M., Washington D., C. Subject, A Comparative Study of French and English Comedy. July 24-28.

Evening lectures by Rev. J. P. Fagan, S. J., Loyola School, New York City. Subject, Forgotten Facts in the History of Education. July 24-28.

Lecture recitals by Camille W. Zeckwer, director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy. Subject, Ancient Music to Fourteenth Century; Folk Music. July 24-28.

Five lectures by Rev. John T. Creagh, D. D., J. U. D., LL. B., Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Subject, Religion and the State in America. July 31-Aug. 4.

Evening lectures by Miss Helena T. Goessmann, M. Ph., New York City. Subject, A Cozy Corner in Bookland: Some Facts and a Fiction in the Hall of Education. July 31-Aug. 4.

Lecture recitals by Camille W. Zeckwer, illustrating the Eternal Feminine in Music versus Sacred Music. July 31-Aug. 4.

Five lectures by Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L., diocese of Albany. Subject, Philosophy Among the Novelists. Aug. 7-11.

Evening lectures by Hon. Hugh Hastings, New York State Historian, Albany, N. Y. Subject, Battles with England in *New York State*. Aug. 7-11.

Lectures by Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P., New York City. Subject, Conditions in Palestine during the Public Ministry of Christ. Aug. 7-11.

Five lectures by Prof. J. C. Monaghan of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C. Subject, The Gain of Empire—Commercial and Industrial Asia, Europe, America, Africa and Australasia. Aug. 14-18.

Evening lectures by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., New York City. Subject, Biology. Aug. 14-18.

Five lectures by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. Subject, Some Steps in Physiological Psychology. Aug. 21-25.

An International Song Cycle by Miss Marie Narelle, dramatic soprano. Aug. 21-22-24-25.

Five lectures by Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. Subject, Some Catholic Ideals in the Light of Common Sense, Philosophy and Poetry. Aug. 28-Sept. 1.

Lectures by Rev. P. J. MacCorry, C. S. P., of New York City. Subject, The Gospel Narrative as Illustrated by Christian Art, with a large collection of the finest views. Aug. 28-29.

Three lectures by Mr. W. P. Oliver, Brooklyn, New York City. Subject, American Humorists. Sept. 1-4-5.

Two lectures by Rev. F. Pascal (Robinson), O. F. M., of Baltimore, Md. Subject, The True and False Interpreters of the Teaching of St. Francis of Assisi. July 10-21.

Conference on methods of advancing Catholic Educational Work in Parish Schools and Sunday Schools, under direction of Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P., of New York City. Aug. 28.

Program especially devoted to the advancement of Reading Circles, by Warren E. Mosher, A. M., of New York City.

The Schedule of Lectures also includes special Lectures for Teachers; A Class for Physical Culture and Dancing

for children, conducted by Miss Loretta Hawthorne Hayes of Waterbury, Conn.; and Lessons in Music on various popular instruments, by Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer, Director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy, etc.

The Summer Institute for Teachers, under direction of the Education Department of the State of New York, will be opened July 3d and will continue four weeks.

A varied program of athletic sports has been arranged by Mr. James E. Sullivan, who was the director of the World's Fair Athletic Exhibit at St. Louis, and is regarded to-day as the foremost exponent of amateur athletics and sports in America.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association will be held in New York on July 11th, 12th and 13th. The personnel of the promoters and officers of the Association and the high standing of those who will read papers and take part in the discussions make the success of this meeting a foregone conclusion. The paramount question in the life of to-day is, beyond doubt, education. Our educational work has received unusual attention during the recent commencement days, at the hands of non-Catholics in high places. This is well, and we have reason to hope that our labors for God and country shall yet receive full recognition.

BOOKS

Many new books lie upon our table testifying unmistakably to a great activity on the part of Catholic authors and publishers. That there might be a proportionate activity on the part of Catholic readers "is a consummation devoutly to be wished." There is much comfort in the conviction which is being steadily borne in upon us that Catholic readers are steadily increasing in numbers and enthusiasm. Every good Catholic book which comes from the press is a potent factor to the bringing about of that blessed time when Catholic authors will receive due recognition and pecuniary compensation which will make it worth the while to wield a Catholic pen, and which will forever end the days of slack allegiance which have become the chronic infliction to which Catholic writers seem hopelessly subjected.

PLAINCHANT AND SOLESMES. By Dom Paul Cagin, O. S. B., and Dom Andre Mocquereau, O. S. B. Burns & Oates and Benziger, 1905. Brochure, 8vo, pp. 70. 45c net.

This is a most interesting and opportune pamphlet in which the methods of the Benedictine monks of the Monastery

of Solesmes in restoring the true Gregorian chant are fully explained. The introduction is interesting and convincing, for in effect it is an apology for plain-song, and one made with all the enthusiasm of a devoted champion. Note this passage:

"How melodious the Latin language was in the early days of the Gregorian Chant, and how sweet was the sacred song that broke into bloom like a flower out of its smooth and flowing cadences, may be judged from what is recorded by the biographer of St. Gregory in words which are still not wholly inapplicable. After relating how enraptured the nations of the north were with the Gregorian melodies, he adds that the forced efforts of the Gauls and the Germans to give their intractable vocal organs the pliancy required by the soft sweetness of the Chant only resulted in the production of harsh, rough sounds like the rumbling and rattling 'of chariots rolling down a flight of stone steps.' It is precisely this dragging and thumping which comes from the English tendency to accentuate Latin like English,

dwelling heavily on accented syllables and failing to give distinct articulation to the rest so as to reduce the prominence of stress and impart smoothness and lightness and undulancy to the chant, that often mars the execution of Plainsong in England to-day."

And this one:

"There is, indeed, no need for a form of art so full of divine afflatus as is Plainsong to go cap in hand to any other school of musical instruction. If Mozart would have given all his finest creations for a short piece of the simplest, earliest Plainchant of the Mass; if a critic of such unerring and delicate taste as Walter Pater found in the Gregorian melodies the only fit exemplar for 'the city of the perfect'; if Richard Wagner borrowed the underlying ideas of some of his most wonderful passages from the ancient Catholic chants, there is no need for the Church to wait upon the musical genius of later times for the evolution of a perfect melodic outfit; but rather should she bid modern composers give heed to the rule laid down in his recent 'Motu Proprio' by the present Holy Father: 'The more closely a composition for church approaches in its movement, inspiration and savour, the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple.'"

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. Edinburg and London: Sands & Co., 1905. 12mo, pp. 256. \$1.10 net.

Interest in the life story of the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots will never cease as long as there throbs a human heart capable of cherishing love and pity. The life of this beautiful Queen was truly a checkered one, with lights and shadows chasing each other in quick succession across her horizon until finally the end came, and her magnificent head, which rather graced a diadem than

was graced by one, rolled off the block, and her soul passed to the judgment of a Judge Who is justice itself. There will ever be factions for and against the innocence of Elizabeth's comely sister, and ambitious youths in Greek-named debating societies will wax eloquent in affirming or denying that the execution of Mary Queen of Scots was justifiable. The volume under present consideration is founded on the journal of Doctor Bourgoing, Mary's physician, and upon some hitherto unpublished manuscript documents. The effect of all of these papers favors strongly the innocence of Mary and makes the reader feel that, after all, she was more sinned against than sinning. The volume deals in the main with the prison life of Mary, the last watch of her sad, unhappy life, from which the shadows are being more and more lifted.

NOTES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By The Most Rev. G. Bagshawe, D. D. London: Kegan Paul, Benziger Bros., New York, American Agents, 1905. 8vo, pp. 287. \$1.35 net.

These are excellent notes on Christian Doctrine, making a volume valuable especially to intelligent Catholic laymen who are not prepared for exhaustive theological treatises and who yet wish something fuller than is found in the ordinary catechism. We commend the volume unreservedly; it is accurate and will help the faithful wonderfully in giving a reason for the faith that is in them. In the preface, the Most Reverend Author says: "The following 'Notes on Christian Doctrine' are notes from which, about forty years ago, I gave lectures on Christian Doctrine to the students at Hammersmith Training College. I endeavored to put into a small compass as many theological truths, dogmatic and moral, as circumstances permitted. I have done my best, both then and in a recent revision, to make them exact and correct."

THE SENIOR LIEUTENANT'S WAGER AND OTHER STORIES. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. 12mo, pp. 256. \$1.25.

In the collection there are sixteen short stories, and good ones at that. Maurice Francis Egan is represented by "The Heart of Hearts." In it Mr. Egan is at his best. It is a positive pleasure to read Mr. Egan's writings; they are always so refreshingly wholesome, with such an utter absence of dilettantism. There is nothing garish, nothing loud, but everything as soft and refined and as pleasing, withal, as is the French gray finish now so much in vogue on our silverware. Moreover, every story written over the name of Mr. Egan has a message of worth and value to deliver.

Mary Bonesteel, Eleanor Donnelly, Margaret Jordan, Grace Keon and Madge Mannix are all represented in the volume, the latter by two cleverly done stories of impressionist character. We miss very much the name of Anne Elizabeth O'Hare, our gifted Cleveland authoress. No collection of short stories written by Catholic authors is complete without a contribution by Miss O'Hare.

GLENANAAR—A STORY OF IRISH LIFE.
By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan,
D. D. Longmans, Green & Co., 1905.

A new story by Father Sheehan but by no means a remarkable one. It is safe to say that it will receive more attention by reason of the fact that it was written by the author of "My New Curate" than from any intrinsic merit. The book is quite out of the vein we have learned to expect from Father Sheehan, and for the most successful treatment the subject-matter would require gifts which Father Sheehan does not possess. He has not sufficient dramatic power for the perfect handling of the stirring incidents which he has chosen—incidents of *Irish woes*, *Irish*

loyalty, courage and heroism. The limitations of our author appear most glaringly in the description of the night ride of Wm. Burke to Derrynane Abbey to secure the services of the great O'Connell in the defence of his brother, whose life is trembling in the balance. The whole chapter is tame; not even for a moment does it approach Geo. W. Cable's description of Mary's night ride in "Dr. Sevier." The latter fairly lifts the reader out of his chair, so exciting, so vivid is it all, and so keenly is he made to feel that the object of Mary's ride is dearer to him than life. But reading Father Sheehan's description of Wm. Burke's ride no such enthusiasm is awakened, and it would not require much of a struggle to mark the page and leave the rest of the ride for some other time. Perhaps the most realistic description in the book is that of the famine; this is ghastly, strong and unforgettable. We hope that our author will recognize his limitations and not attempt things which are impossible to him.

THE NEW CENTURY—CATHOLIC SERIES
—FIFTH READER. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905.

We heartily welcome the appearance of this Reader; it is a thing of perfection. The selections are beautiful and most judiciously made. Most of the illustrations are done in colors, making the book one of undeniable attractiveness. We all know from experience how the young scholar becomes attached to his school readers, and how deep and lasting is the impression made by them; each selection sinks into his young heart and plants there its germs for good or evil; every illustration is forever stamped upon his memory. Therefore is it of supreme importance that selections and illustrations be at once wholesome and faultless from an artistic point.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of THE ROSARY, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of THE ROSARY will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads, three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the "Hail, holy Queen" is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar C. C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries, may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in THE ROSARY.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

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No. 2



A MARBLE MASTERPIECE

The Tomb of St. Dominic

By MARIE DONEGAN WALSH



When the August days are with us once more and the year's cycle brings the double celebration of the feast of St. Dominic and the second anniversary of the election of our Holy Father Pius X, one's thoughts travel out beyond the heat and the busy, every-day modern turmoil, to an Old World Italian city—dreamy Bologna—where, amid the shadows of a grandly solemn church, the relics of the great Dominican founder lie in everlasting rest. Here the incense of memories lingers on the air—tenderest, hallowed memories, whose home is in the stillness of centuries' recollection.

Outside, in the "Piazza di San Domenico," two raised and canopied Gothic monuments erected to famous fourteenth century citizens whom learned Bologna delighted to honor, give a strangely medieval aspect to the square in conjunction with the massive, rugged strength of the church's unfinished facade. But St. Dominic's patrimony and possession of the place is instantly proclaimed by the soaring columns erected before the central and lateral entrances, over which, clear-cut against the sky, stand out the figures—on one, of Our Blessed Lady, on the other, the great Saint who was her most glorious knight and champion.

Restored at various periods throughout the centuries, little remains now of

the original early church and monastery, where St. Dominic lived

from 1219 till 1221, but the exterior form of the church and the grand old monastery cloister adjoining it—now a picture of deserted sadness—a neglected playground for the boys attending the college, into which the government has converted St. Dominic's last home. It is sad, indeed, to see the cloister, grim and unlovely in its desertion—one of those notes of saddest discrepancy offered by so many of Italy's most hallowed shrines. But although the grand old monastery of St. Dominic has been turned into secular uses, a small number of the Dominican fathers are allowed to remain in charge of the church and shrine, so that the tomb containing the hallowed ashes of the Dominican founder is still guarded and tended with loving devotion by his spiritual sons.

Yet this monastery of Bologna was once the most flourishing house of the Dominicans in the world! It was a house dearer to St. Dominic than his native Calaroga, or the Eternal City in which he was held in highest honor—the spot where the Saint ever found refuge from the cares and journeys of his apostolic life; the cloister where the first General Chapter of the Dominican Order was held, and the roof-tree to which St. Dominic, worn out by inces-

sant labor, returned to die when his mission was accomplished.

The strain of sadness, however, in all these recollections is but passing. The sceptre of St. Dominic's patrimony is not departed but only transferred into wider spheres of labor, far-reaching over continents and regions then unknown.

One's first impression on entering the church of "San Domenico" at Bologna, is a feeling of disappointment. Magnificent as is this temple in proportion and architecture, there is not at the first glance any indication of the treasure-sanctuary that lies within its walls.

Arch upon arch, chapel after chapel, graceful architecture of the purest Romanesque, altar-pieces of saint and martyr, choir-stalls of grandest workmanship, high altar of richest marbles—one realizes it all as a storehouse of Dominican memories, a sanctuary of tranquil devotion; still the central idea seems but incomplete and wanting. Then one comes, almost unexpectedly at last, to the wrought iron gates enclosing the Dominican "Holy of Holies" from the outer church.

Amid a harmony of colored marble walls, a wealth of frescoed decorations and a soft radiance of lamps, the tomb of St. Dominic—the wonder of the ages—bursts upon the eye like a vision of unearthly purity; a fair white lily raising its snowy calyx, spire-like, heavenwards, as if it had bloomed but yesterday from the pure ashes which lie beneath. It is an imprisoned symphony, a crystallized hymn of praise. There can be no suggestion of death and mourning here, but only the joy of sanctity triumphant, the deathless purity which has earned its eternal crown! The atmosphere of this chapel, whence the outer world seems but dim and distant, is calm and cool and purely spiritual; and above the brooding stillness of its marble rest, the grand vitality of the "Ignis Ardens" is present still.

On the death of St. Dominic in 1221,

the brethren buried their master and founder under the "Confession" in the center of the church; and forty-seven years after his death, in 1267, the great thirteenth century sculptor, Niccolo Pisano (Nicholas the Pisan), one of the greatest sculptors of the Middle Ages, was called upon to erect the monument which has remained throughout the ages as a pure model of sculptural art.

In a later century, when restorations of the church took place, a splendid side chapel was built, to which the sculptured sarcophagus containing the Saint's relics was transferred from its place under the Confession. The building of this chapel occupied forty-six years, and upon its completion a difficulty arose undreamed of at first by the good religious in their labor of love. The delicately sculptured workmanship of the bas-reliefs on the tomb appeared to poor advantage in the lofty spaces of the new and splendid chapel, so that the shrine, which before had seemed perfection, lacked height and magnificence to complete its proportions. Once more the aid of sculpture was invoked, and over the sarcophagus covered with glorious bas-reliefs arose a marble canopy rich in statues and traceries and graceful garlands, so light, so ethereal that it almost seems to float like cloud-mists over St. Dominic's tomb! No wonder that they called the sculptor after his masterpiece, and that posterity knew "Niccolo della Puglia" as "Nicholas of the Arch," for by this one work alone he built himself a place in the Temple of Fame!

From the thirteenth century down to the nineteenth, the works in the chapel and around the tomb of St. Dominic were continued at various intervals—the result of seven centuries' labor being the art-marvel we gaze upon to-day. Altogether this glorious tomb forms a pictured epitome of the life-work, miracles and history of St. Dominic and the Dominican Order; as also an illustration



PIAZZA AND CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIC, BOLOGNA.

of the mysteries of our religion, where each part of the design, even the smallest—from the apex of the canopy with its statue of the eternal Father, down to the sculptured altar with its bas-relief of the burial of St. Dominic—is wrought with infinite care! Each statue and decoration, each bas-relief, is in itself a separate work of art whose value would require weeks and months of study to appreciate!

This wealth of art amply repays a most careful examination, and the more one gazes, the more he wonders how a work of sculpture apparently so lavish can yet remain so purely, aesthetically, and severely beautiful. The whole architectural scheme of the monument is of incomparable grace and lightness, yet with sufficient solidity to save it from the slightest suggestion of over-decoration. With the lower portion of the shrine immediately above the altar (the work of *Niccolo Pisano*) begin the

splendid bas-reliefs telling the story of St. Dominic, from his mother's vision before his birth to his apotheosis in heaven; while above, on a larger scale of sculpture, the representations of the active spiritual life of the Saint—his miracles—are graphically depicted.

There is no need of key or explanation, standing before *Niccolo's* matchless frieze, where every figure in its marble language, mute yet eloquent, tells the story of the champion of the faith. Art critics have it that "*Nicholas the Pisan*"—that pioneer of the sculptured triumphs of the Renaissance—took his idea for these bas-reliefs from the warlike sculptured "*sarcophaghi*" of Rome and ancient Greece. But in this, his representation of the spiritual achievements of the hero of sanctity, the Christian sculptor never lost sight of his exalted ideal, emphasizing even with the strength of his figures their purely spiritual significance.

On the left is the sculptured story of St. Dominic's great Roman miracle, so celebrated in fresco and painting even down to the present day—the raising to life of young Prince Napoleon Orsini, a scion of the princely Roman house of the Orisini. This one small piece of sculpture contains within itself the essence of art's perfection, for it is life and motion embodied into stone! As was so often the case in medieval sculpture and painting, two actions are represented in the same picture—the raising of the boy to life and his restoration to his mother. One seems to share the eager interest of the sculptured crowd of spectators of St. Dominic's miracle, looking from the calm face of the praying Saint, as he bends over the form of the beautiful dead boy, to the perfect bliss and gratitude pictured on the face of the mother whose child is given back from death! One can almost hear the plaintive neighing of the riderless horse over his young master's prostrate body, and feel the dead weight of the corpse which the attendants lift with difficulty to the Saint's feet. In the background is the figure of an old woman, sceptical over a miracle (as was the way of the world in the thirteenth century even as it is in the twentieth), who apparently discusses with some doubt the result of the Saint's prayers, to be sternly rebuked for her incredulity by the husband or son at her side!

Not second in interest and beauty to this masterpiece is the companion bas-relief, representing another of St. Dominic's miracles. According to the ancient medieval custom, the religious treatises which the Saint used in his preaching, together with the heretical works of the Albigenses, were submitted, in presence of a judge, to be cast into a fire, and whichever remained unscathed by the flames were declared to contain the true doctrine as opposed to the false. The variety of type and expression on the *faces is marvellous*. In the midst of a

group of monks and Albigenses, St. Dominic is represented standing by the fire; around and above him the monks are praying, eager and anxious! Like the first disciples, their faith is weak, but there is power and majesty in every line of the intrepid figure of the Saint, and the "Deo Gratias" from those fervent Dominican lips is almost audible as his books emerge whole and scatheless from the devouring flames, while no trace of those of the Albigenses remains. There is no violence of passion or resentment on the nobly-carved figures of the chiefs of the Albigenses; only the hopeless resignation of defeat on an elderly face on the right, expostulation on that of his younger companion, while a figure in the foreground seems to repeat the centuries-old cry of defeat: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" wrung from the reluctant hearts who have pitted their puny human knowledge against the revelation of God.

In high relief from the rest is a statue of the Divine Mother and Child, presiding like a gracious vision over the pictured scene, while at the corners of the sarcophagus stand statues of the four great Doctors of the Church from whom St. Dominic took his doctrine. Around the four sides of the tomb, the bas-reliefs are continued, following in sequence the life of St. Dominic and the works of the Order; among them that tenderly human miracle of the angels bringing bread to the starving monks of San Sisto; the mysterious dream of Pope Innocent beholding St. Dominic supporting the Lateral; the historic picture of the approbation of the Dominican Rule by Honorius III, and various other Dominican episodes. With these end the works of Niccolo Pisano, the upper portion of the monument being completed in the fifteenth century. In this later sculpture the gradual yet steady evolution from thirteenth to fifteenth century appears. There is in it more perfect grace

in the modelling, a greater richness of design, but no less of spirituality. It was only left to the later Renaissance to unlock the door to the perfection of classic art-forms; but in that opening the breath of the spirit of art—pure and untrammelled—escaped, and became lost to posterity! Like “Faust,” the art of the Renaissance sold its soul for the form of perennial youth and beauty, and in the waning of its glory, just before its decadence, the “golden age” became like some beautiful dead form—peerless, indeed, and clad in a wealth of gorgeous raiment, but from which the spirit has irrevocably departed.

From the story of his life-work, the sculptors of the tomb of St. Dominic worked their way slowly upwards with grand idealism, picturing first, a gathering of the heroes of sanctity, of the Testament, Old and New; then the exemplar and mainspring of their sanctity, Our Saviour and Redeemer; and, finally, the source of all sanctity, God the eternal Father! Solemn and majestic in their attitudes, the statues of eight saints and martyrs (each one a gem of art) look down from their lofty pinnacles on St. Dominic's tomb. In the centre, the two saints Bologna claims for her own—the first great “Friar-Preacher,” bearing the white lily of stainless purity, and Bologna's proto-martyr and Bishop, St. Petronius, with a model of the grand cathedral church which bears his name. Beside him stands the friend and contemporary of St. Dominic, St. Francis of Assisi, then the special patrons of Bologna, Sts. Florian, Vitale, Agricola and St. John the Baptist. Above these splendid figures, on the higher angles of the pyramidal tomb, are represented four figures of prophets, closing, as it were, the purely earthly part of the sculptured design. For in the *pinnacle of this masterpiece of ideal-*

ism, we dwell no longer in the promise but in the fulfillment!

Under the garlands of sculptured fruit and flowers, supported by angelic hands, and between angels who bend the knee in adoration, the figure of our thorn-crowned Saviour rises from the tomb—the supreme atonement for sin, the eternal triumph over death.

At the summit of the monument there is no more sculptured wealth of ornament; the goal of its aspiration has been reached. Only one figure stands out alone, supreme and all-pervading, with hand outstretched majestically in benediction. And before it the creature and its fair creation stand silent alike in the brooding presence of the eternal Father! Only a faith all-perfect could have conceived this ideal; an art all-sovereign only could have carried it out! Might not the sublime faith embodied in the monument of this sculptor of the Middle Ages be a lesson to posterity, which in its materialism would emphasize unduly the merit of the creature. Faultlessly spiritual as is the “Arca di San Domenico” in its devotion to his memory, it is no mere apotheosis of saint and confessor, but a marble “Te Deum” sung to the glory of God; a sculptured embodiment of the verse: “He shall be glorified in his saints.” Like the guardians of the hallowed spot, kneeling there throughout the centuries, two sculptured angels bearing candelabra flank either side of the glorious altar-tomb. Even here, where all is perfect, the eyes linger lovingly on these youthful forms of purity and grace, in whose execution two master sculptors showed their rival strength. The hand which left its mark for all time on the art of the world contributed also to this splendid creation. For here came Michelangelo, the giant of an artistic age, the greatest mind of his time, to lay a meed of appreciation, complete as genius alone is capable of, at the feet of his predeces-

sor's masterpiece, St. Dominic's most glorious shrine.

Loving hands throughout the centuries had wrought so skilfully upon it that the "Arca di San Domenico" became like a sculptured miracle above the tomb of one who in life had been so truly a miracle of holiness! Even to Michelangelo—the lord of the brush and the chisel—the fair marble canopy seemed worthy of its dedication. Yet Fame (to him ever kindly) had left a niche to be filled, in this—art's noblest tribute to sanctity! As the great sculptor gazed on its soul-satisfying beauty, an inspiration came to him—poet, solitary, dreamer, yet still the man of relentless strength and power, into whose soul the iron of life was to enter bitterly. But not for him here were the terrible images of death and judgment Michelangelo was afterwards destined to make his own. The master's eyes were weary of marble and fresco-embodied pain and strife and suffering. A gentler mood was upon him, evoked by the memories of the Saint, around whose last resting-place breathes an atmosphere of perpetually-restful peace; and Michelangelo showed his many-sided power again by a conception so gentle that one wonders how the cyclopean touch could have lent itself even momentarily to such grace and lightness. Both angel figures are creations of highest art. Ineffably beautiful and winning in its childish

purity is Niccolo di Puglia's angel on the right; but, strange to say, the eye instinctively returns from it to dwell on the more rough-hewn yet faultless outlines of Michelangelo's tiny masterpiece—the angel on the left. Purely Greek is the classic profile; perfect the pose and turn of the throat, while the closely-curling hair, defining the shape of the head only accentuates its perfection of form. This very rarity of type, as applied to ecclesiastical art, proclaims the sculptor's originality in departing from the usual tradition of the angel in art. The intense virility of his style is plainly visible under the sweetness of the angel-form; and even that slight aspect of the unfinished sketch—the despair of a sovereign intellect to achieve its ideal—so characteristic of Michelangelo's every work, is not wanting here—a quality most apparent when one contrasts it with the companion angel.

Yet even the individuality of Michelangelo merged itself into its surroundings to complete the harmony of this Dominican shrine, where all is grace and beauty incomparable. From the noble dome whence floods of light stream with a steady radiance on the tomb, to the walls where St. Dominic's life-story is repeated in painting by successive generations of Bologna's greatest artists, the surroundings form a fitting resting place of saints, a home of wordless prayer.



A DETAIL OF THE TOMB OF ST. DOMINIC.

Yet as you softly close the iron gates behind you, reverentially as you would leave a presence-chamber, the last backward glance is not for the glowing paintings, the mosaic harmony of glittering marbles. They are forgotten—invisible! The marble flower of purity blossoming in their midst has dwarfed its

surroundings into nothingness, as the life of which it is but the symbol surpassed its fellows in holiness and beauty, and the white light of the torch kindled by the Saint of nine hundred years ago still sheds its radiance down the centuries, to touch us to-day with a living hand.

Father Denifle, O. P.

By A DOMINICAN FATHER

FATHER HENRY SUSO DENIFLE, O. P., died at Munich on the morning of the tenth of June.

In his death the Dominican Order loses a celebrated and valuable member, and the Church a staunch and able defender. He had reached Munich en route to Cambridge, where he was to have received the degree of Doctor of Letters from that University, and was visiting an intimate friend when a stroke of apoplexy deprived him of consciousness. In this condition he lingered for five days, but finally succumbed, having previously regained consciousness for a short time, sufficient for his attendants to administer the last sacraments and to communicate the special blessing which His Holiness Pius X sent to him.

Father Denifle was born at Imst, a small village of the Tyrol, in the Upper Engadine, on the 16th of January, 1844. His father was a schoolmaster, who was, besides, thoroughly acquainted with music and singing; and these accomplishments he early taught his son Joseph, for that was Father Denifle's baptismal name. From early youth, the boy showed special inclinations for music and literature. He was wont to tell with pleasure how as a boy he knew how to play the flageolet, and how he obtained a free place in the School of Cantors of the Cathedral of Bressanone, where he had the very welcome opportunity of attending the gym-

nasium of that city, which was then conducted by the Canons Regular of Neustift. He also learned to play the organ, and throughout his life he always showed an uncommon intelligence and a refined taste in the matters of the fine arts in general and of music in particular, though this was by no means always manifest to one who had only a slight acquaintance with him. He continually pondered over his studies, and this made him at times totally insensible of his surroundings. His brusque manners were the result of the intense application to the work which he had in hand.

His vocation to the Dominican Order was determined through the reading of the conferences of Lacordaire, and in the year 1861, he entered the novitiate at Gratz, in Austria, where on the 5th of October, 1862, he made his simple profession, followed three years later by his solemn profession. His philosophical and theological studies were made in the Convent of Gratz, in the College of St. Thomas Aquinas at Rome, and at St. Maximin, near Marseilles, where he received his Lectorate in Theology in 1870. He was at once sent to teach theology in the Convent of Gratz, where he devoted himself also to preaching, and soon distinguished himself.

In 1872 he was invited to preach the Lenten sermons in the Cathedral of Gratz. He chose for the subject of his conferences, "The Catholic Church and

the End of Mankind," showing in a masterly manner in his six weekly conferences, the great good which society owes to the Church founded by Christ. These conferences were published that same year, and constitute the first printed volume of the young professor. It was soon followed by others of such importance and of such value as to secure for the author one of the highest places among the scholars in theological and historical sciences, not only of his own time but of all times. Some of his works have been only partially completed; because in the course of the composition of one work, the idea of another which seemed to him still more important would sometimes strike him, and his ardent and energetic genius, together with all his care and study, would be turned in a new direction. A passionate lover, as he was, of the truth, and of scientific research, especially in the wide fields of history, of theology and of philosophy, his ardent desire was at once to give to the public the results of his new discoveries, in the hope of being able later on to finish what he had left incomplete, meanwhile contenting himself with having pointed out to others roads either unknown or but little frequented.

His first publications after the conferences of 1872, were called forth by the sententious interpretations which the Protestants of Germany sought to attach to the mystics of the Middle Ages. They strove to consider them the precursors of Luther, not excepting even the great Tauler, an illustrious ornament of the Dominican Order.

Father Denifle then published his studies on the history of German Mysticism of the Middle Ages under the following titles: 1875—"Der Gottesfreund im Oberland und Nikolaus von Basel." 1877—"Das Buch von Geistlicher Armuth." 1879—"Tauler's Bekehrung." 1880—"Heinrich Seuse's Deutsche Schriften." 1875-1885—Various ex-

tended dissertations in the "Historisch-politische Blätter," of Munich.

In 1880 Father Denifle was called to Rome as companion of the Master General of the Order, Father Larroca.

He had meanwhile become familiar with study in archives and had learned to appraise at their true value the inexhaustible treasures which they contain. This led to his nomination as sub-archivist of the Holy See in 1883, and shortly after he began another series of historico-paleographical works of the highest importance. Thus we have from his pen in 1885, the first volume of "Die Universitäten des Mittelalters bis 1400;" in 1886, "Die Papstlichen Registerbände des 13. Jahrhunderts;" again in 1886, for the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII, "Specimina Paleographica Regestorum Romanorum Pontificum;" in 1890, and following years, "Chartularium Universitatis Parisiensis" (4 vol.), and "Auctarium Chartularii" (2 vol.) in collaboration with Professor Chatelain.

His studies in the last named monumental work suggested the idea of, and likewise furnished ample material for, a French work which he was enabled to publish between 1897 and 1899 under the title: "La Désolation des Eglises, Monastères, Hôpitaux en France, Pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans" (2 vol.), a work replete with most interesting particulars and new discoveries, and which was justly praised by competent critics.

Father Denifle, in his studies, did not forget the souls who are striving after Christian perfection. To them he rendered a signal service with his book: "Das Geistliche Leben, Blumenlese aus Deutschen Mystikern." It was published for the first time in 1873, and in 1904 was issued in a fifth edition. It contains, under the three headings of "Purgative," "Illuminative" and "Unitive" life, whatever was most beautiful in the writings of the German mystics of the fourteenth century on these subjects.

Of an altogether different character,

both in substance and in form, is the last work of Father Denifle. Its title is "Luther und Lutherthum," the first volume of which was published towards the end of the year 1903, and in less than two months the edition was completely exhausted. It stirred up against the author a perfect storm of violent criticism from Protestant theologians and ministers of Germany, so little flattering, though true, was the portrait of the unfortunate apostate and "Reformer."

Before publishing the second volume the author wished to reply to the criticisms of his principal adversaries, Professors Seeberg and Harnack, which he did in a brochure of eighty-nine pages. Then he compiled a supplementary volume which is now in press, and was about to return to the completion of the principal work when the hand of God beckoned him to his eternal rest. Like a true scholar, bent only on arriving at the truth, he sought competent and just criticism of his work. After publishing a book, he would wait to see what the literary and scientific journals had to say concerning it, in the hope that he might get a valuable suggestion, or that something might be pointed out that needed correction.

Between the years 1885 and 1900, Father Denifle published, in collaboration with his friend, Father Ehrle, S. J., "Archive of Literature and Church History of the Middle Ages."

Here we have given but a summary sketch of the literary activity of this great Dominican whose loss we now bitterly deplore. Little wonder that he should have received from all parts the highest attestations of esteem and admiration. He was elected a member of the most illustrious scientific Academies of Europe, namely of Vienna, Berlin, Prague, Gottingen, and of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres of Paris. From the Emperor of Austria, besides decorations reserved to those who have *distinguished themselves* in

science or art, he held the Order of the Iron Crown, and from the French government the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Some years ago he received the Doctorate from the Academy of Munster, in Westphalia, and from the University of Cracow, and was about to receive the same distinction from the University of Cambridge, in England, when death overtook him.

All these titles and decorations do not appear on the front pages of his books, and only those who followed his career know of them. As mere titles they did not concern him in the least; he prized them, however, as recognition of his labors. Before leaving Rome he warned the writer of this sketch to say nothing of the honor which Cambridge was about to confer on him. As sub-archivist of the Holy See for more than twenty years he rendered invaluable service to the students who came to the Vatican archives, generously putting his experience, his learning and his time at their disposition. Moreover, he enjoyed the especial confidence and esteem of Leo XIII and Pius X. Only at the earnest request of the latter did he allow his book on Luther to be translated into Italian.

With all the preoccupations of his literary and other work, he was always ready and willing to attend to the spiritual care of those who asked for him at the confessional. Whole families of the highest rank and distinction were under his spiritual direction. With all he was simplicity itself, and, as if nature had provided a counterbalance for the strain of his more serious work, at time of recreation he would be amused and entertained by the tritest tale or simplest jest.

Father Denifle gave Catholic historical science an impetus which will not be easily spent. He has marked out the way for many, and many are following in his footsteps. We hope that some of these may undertake to complete his unfinished works.

Memories of Connemara

A MOUNTAIN LAND OF BEAUTY AND GRIEF

By MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO



LOOK round—there is a rich brown and purple carpet, with fantastic designs and groupings in the gleaming yellow bog asphodel, undulating away towards a chaos of gray stone ridges and ledges that lose themselves in bold hills sweeping skyward to mountain peaks poised thousands of feet in air, on whose broad sides, flecked with rocks and heather, the sailing clouds make moving masses of light and shade, fawn color and blue, purple and violet.

Again the changeful panorama of the moory road, which you see winding away and away in the distance, like a white ribbon thrown over the black bogs, presents a broad lake shimmering like gold in the sun and cinctured with ranges of glossy woodland. You are greeted by the hearty and generous voice of falling water, and through the arching sylvan glories of oak and birch, poplar and sycamore, you catch the inspiring flash of a white cataract.

Hark to the bird music! Here, on one of those lichened boulders by the plashing wavelets, might that hoary bard, Allan Dale, sit and sing to the fair Lady of the Lake:

"Merry it is in the good greenwood

When the mavis and merle are singing.

When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds
are in cry,

And the hunter's horn is ringing."

Arbutus, rhododendron and azalea make wealth of color in fairy nook and dingle. Modest as the eyes of Irish *maiden*, the bluebell looks out from its

home amid the fern. And all the voices of nature call in delicious and irresistible harmony of welcome, until one throws himself on the mossy sward among the primroses and buttercups and daisies to let all worldly cares flit past like the white clouds floating up yonder in the blue.

But look out—they are not all white clouds in this region. Better seek cover, natural or artificial, for here comes a dark and ominous one, surging up over the seaward hills and shouldered onwards by the fresh breeze from the Atlantic. In a very short time the great nimbus has reached the zenith, and down comes the west-of-Ireland rain! It roars on the dripping trees and strikes the lake like the shot from myriad Gatling guns, ripping it all into jumping splashes. But, if it is a regular summer "lumpy" rain-cloud, it has gone almost as soon as it has come, and is already dragging its dripping skirts over the distant hills. The sun is shining again and the birds are singing.

For we are in Connemara, land of the tear and the smile. Cuan-na-mara, "the bays of the sea"—and plenty there are of them on this jagged western coast, where the zigzag breakers seethe over the black reefs nigh the time-bleached monasteries of St. MacDara and St. Fechin. The place has become a favorite retreat, a grand natural sanctuary, for congestion-afflicted humanity. Hundreds of tourists, chiefly English and American, pour through these mountain passes every year, with as much zest for health and recreation and diversion as



LAKE BALLYNAHINCH, CONNEMARA —OLD HOME OF THE MARTINS IN THE DISTANCE.

of old had the O'Flaherty clansmen for vengeance and spoil, when they swooped down upon the Sassenach tribes of Galway "and from the robber rent the prey." Here meet "primitive conditions," as represented by the peasant in his white flannel "bawneen," or sleeved waistcoat, with his womankind in blue cloaks and red petticoats, and "progress," as dubiously imaged by the worn-out pilgrim from cockneydom, with his monocle and checkered tweeds. And the Irish sky blesses or bans all, according to its deliciously varying moods, and the rain falleth upon the just and the unjust.

There is a vibrant, pulsating sense of freedom in the air. It is of this part of the west that Thomas Davis, the nationalist poet of Ireland, wrote:

"There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry—
Sing oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea."

Connemara is an irregularly shaped country lying between the fresh water and the brine, and the mountains make it ocularly one of magnificent distances, whose extent, when explored, depends largely on the weather. But from where stood the north gate of Galway city to lone and lofty Rinvyle—where Mil the Firbolg built his fort over two thousand years ago, looking out towards Inishboffin and Inishark and America—is full fifty miles. Over that north gate of Galway was once the carven prayer: "From ye ferocious O'Flaherties, good Lord deliver us." For the O'Flaherties were lords of Connemara and a strong branch of the ruling native race of Connacht, and small love had they for the English colony that owned and garrisoned the strong walled city at the southern gateway of their territory, where the swift stream from Lough Corrib, literally paved with salmon, rushes into the bay;

and as little love had the Galweygians for them. North of the Clan O'Flaherty lived the Clan O'Malley, a race of warlike mariners, powerful on sea. Sometimes the two clans fought each other; sometimes they united and cooperated; sometimes their chief people intermarried. Grana O'Malley, the sea queen of Elizabethan times, married the chief O'Flaherty, Donal the Fighter, who had castles at Ballynahinch, where the gathered waters of a great mountain basin rush to the sea, and at Bunowen, on a neighboring ocean promontory. They had three sons, one of whom, Murrough, intrigued with Queen Elizabeth's governor of Connacht against his mother, whereupon the fiery chieftainess, in her saffron kirtle and scarlet mantle, wreaked prompt punishment on her unfilial offspring; according to an English account she "fell out of all charity with Murrough, and having manned her navy of galleys, she landed at Ballynahinch, where he dwelt, burned the town, destroyed his people's cattle and goods, and killed three or four of his men who resisted." Grana was the kind of Irish mother who strictly enforced the fourth commandment. This picturesque corsair queen, who fought English, Spaniards and Algerians on the high seas and plied what she called her "trade of maintenance" on merchantmen sailing in these western waters, lived for a time in the castle of Aughnanure, whose fine ruins still exist beside Lough Corrib. But her chief residence was Cragga Castle, in Clare Island, away out in her favorite element.

Westward from the tall and time-rusted keep of Aughnanure is a sprinkling of lakes, among them Lough Shindilla, made noted by the late Colonel William Lynam in his famous story depicting the methods of proselytisers, "*jumpers*" and "*soupers*" in the once

determined but ludicrous and abortive attempt to spread Protestantism in Ireland, and especially in Connemara. Besides Lough Shindilla stood the smoky cabin of "Mick McQuaid," prince of Irish fakirs, and there also was the public house of "the Widow Brannigan." In looking up from the rippling wavelets one almost expects to see lanky "Terry Geraghty," hypocritical "Kit Culkin" and other amusing creations of Lynam, arch-exponent of proselytising humbug.

O'Flaherty, Martin, Henry, Manchester—these names are mile-stones in the story of Connemara.

Near the city of Galway, on the southern border of Connemara, dwelt at the close of the seventeenth century Lawyer Richard Martin, nicknamed, from his sharp, cunning and unscrupulous practices, Nimble Dick. He was a greedy legal vulture whose pliant wings were ready for every changing wind. At the beginning of the war of the Revolution he supported King James, and at its close successful treachery gained him, although a Catholic, the favor of King William. When the lightning of confiscation struck the O'Flaherty estates it made the fortune of Nimble Dick. Title deeds to a pathless and apparently barren district of rocky highlands were readily purchaseable from disgusted alien grantees. Informations of treason and rebellion were easily laid against native proprietors, involving seizure of their property in favor of the sly informer. Small purchase money was needed to buy from the Cromwellian and Williamite governments wild tracts regarded as practically worthless. So Nimble Dick Martin, "with great care, pains and industry," as he himself complacently relates, became owner under English law of that vast tract of country, extending mile upon mile and misty mountain beyond mountain, valleys where the cattle

grazed and heights where the red deer ran and streams where the salmon leaped. He petitioned to be allowed to erect all these estates into a manor, urging as a ground for this request his desire to improve the property by encouraging dealers and handicraftsmen of every kind to settle upon it, and a patent for this was granted July 5, 1698, ratifying, moreover, his title to all his previous acquisitions. He became lord of over one hundred and ninety-two thousand statute acres. As for the O'Flaherties, they had been woefully thinned out by want and war. Colonel Edmund, captured in a wretched condition where a cloud of hovering birds attracted his pursuers, had been shot in Galway by the Cromwellians. Brian, son of a young chief who stormed Galway, was an exile in Louvain. Roderick, the historian, died poor and desolate and was buried under the clay floor of his humble cabin. There was left but Emon Laidir, or the Strong, who bravely opposed Nimble Dick and sometimes cut his way single-handed through the retainers of the invader. But the parchment of the lawyer proved superior to the valor of the stout highland chieftain, and Nimble Dick held the field, entering upon the period of a century and a half during which his dynasty held sway over Connemara. He was pious, too, in his plundering, and bore on his coat of arms a calvary cross in thanksgiving for an alleged victory won over the O'Flaherties, with the motto, "Auxilium meum a Domine."

Nimble Dick was succeeded by his son, Captain Anthony, who was in turn succeeded by his son Robert, one of the most choleric and bellicose squires of his time. Robert Martin, who married a daughter of Lord Trimleston, wove for himself a lurid record in days when the ready rapier lurked under periwigged punctilios of honor like the sharp claws

under the velvety fur of a tiger. One day in 1735, as he was walking in a Galway street, he was spat upon from the upper window of a coffee-house. He immediately rushed up-stairs and found two British officers of grenadiers, from whom he demanded satisfaction. One of them promptly apologized, declaring that the affair was the merest accident, but the irate Martin insisted that it was an insult only to be wiped out in blood. Both officers being unarmed, the one who admitted himself to blame departed for his sword, promising to return, whereupon a quarrel ensued between the second officer and Martin, who lunged at him furiously through the frame of a chair with which the unfortunate man endeavored to defend himself, and ended by leaving him dead on the floor, pierced with many wounds. For this killing Martin was tried in Dublin before a Galway jury and acquitted. In St. Nicholas' church, Galway, is a pathetic monument of the tragedy, a small mural slab inscribed: "Near this place lies the body of Henry Jolly, Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the Hon. General James Dormer's Regiment of Foot."

When Prince Charles Edward raised his standard in Scotland, Robert Martin set out to join him, but he turned back on timely information of the Stuart's defeat at Culloden. Then, in alarm lest his estates might be forfeited, he became a member of the Established Church, to which his posterity remained attached. But, under religion of State or Pope, he was the same restless and pugnacious Bob Martin. On one occasion he happened to send his servant, a Roman Catholic named Darby Brennan, from his mansion at Dalgan to Galway with some firearms to be repaired. Under the laws prohibiting Catholics from carrying arms Darby was arrested and locked up, whereupon Darby's irate master brought suit successfully for the value of the



ASSLEAGH, CONNEMARA.

arms against Colonel Stratford Eyre, the over-zealous military governor of Galway. Not content with this, Bob Martin followed Governor Eyre to London, waited for and cudgeled him outside a house where he was visiting, then compelled him to fight with swords before a crowd of astonished cockneys and left him bleeding on the pavement with a thrust in the groin.

To this fiery and aggressive prince of Connemara, who died full of years, claret and sword gashes in 1792, succeeded a squire of the same mould in his son, the celebrated Richard, or Dick, Martin, who entered vivaciously upon some forty of the most strenuous years ever known to man in the multifarious character of traveler, warrior, lawyer, duellist, sport, statesman, humanitarian—and debtor! Dick Martin, by precept and example, especially the latter, was a most active *exponent of the articles of the Galway*

Code of Honor, the chief Irish guide for due correctness and decorum in hostile meetings of gentlemen on the turf, showing how a man might be “winged” or killed in keeping with the best principles of genteel politeness. Many and notable were his duels. In recalling them, amidst the beeches and sycamores of Ballynahinch, which was Colonel Martin’s chief residence, one almost hears the crack, crack, of the pistols, followed by the thud of the body falling on the sward, and sees the smoke wreaths float over the coppice.

Dick Martin, who was by profession a counsellor-at-law, traveled in Europe and America, and spent much time in Jamaica with his relative and fellow counsellor, young James D’Exeter Jordan, whom eventually he fatally shot in a duel, which encounter Jordan had insisted on when his comrade rebuked him for unfilial conduct towards his mother.

tragedy, leaving a friend's blood on a skillful pistol hand, was ever a painful memory to Martin. Once in a friend's dining-room he was observed holding a carving-knife as if it were a life, as he remarked in sad self-complacency:

"O, I could not have missed him. Jordan, I could not have missed

among his duels was one—"the Mayo against the Galway cock," as Fitzgerald put it—wherein he was wounded by the eccentric "Fighting Fitzgerald" Mayo, a fire-eater of European fame, who was hanged for alleged murder in

Martin was elected colonel of the Mayo Volunteers, a corps of the great national military organization which was ostensibly formed to resist expected French invasion but utilized to exact

England the repeal of various oppressive laws that had worked ruin to trade. Colonel Martin's brother

was suspected his patriotism and denied him from his post, but he somehow managed to clear himself and was reinstated. Their suspicions proved correct when, as member of parliament for Mayo, he joined the saleable politicians who helped to carry the legislative Union between England and Ireland. With others of this unpopular crowd he was chased one night, when leaving the Irish parliament house, by a Dublin mob, when, being at bay, he drew a pistol and threatened that if they came any nearer he would "shoot every mother's babe of Mayo as dead as that paving-stone," saying one as he spoke. For voting against his country's parliament Martin forfeited the lucrative office of commissioner of lands. Several of his fellow western Irish politicians got titles for similar reasons, which titles their descendants inherit, such as Marquis of Sligo, Lord Annesley, Lord Clanmorris, etc.

Colonel Martin had a seat in the united parliament at Westminster. His election results were occasionally murky with

the smoke of gunpowder. Asked on the eve of a general election who were the likely candidates for Galway, he replied:

"There are three of us. Daly, I think, is safe; the other two are Kirwan and myself."

"And which of you two will be the other successful candidate?"

"Why, the survivor, of course."

In one grand particular Colonel Martin was away ahead of his time: he was probably the first to start the worthy humanitarian crusade against cruelty to animals. The surprised British House of Lords shouted insult and derision at Lord Erskine when, in 1811, he ventured to gently plead the cause of dumb brutes. The British House of Commons would have treated Martin in the same manner when he introduced his bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals but for wholesome regard for his duelling reputation.

"Dick Martin's act," as the humanitarian statute was known, was passed in 1822—"a memorable date in the history of humane legislation," remarks John G. Shortall, president of the Illinois Humane Society (himself an Irishman), "on account of the valuable precedent which it created." On June 24, 1824, Colonel Martin and a few other benevolent individuals met in London and formed the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Forty years later the movement spread to America. In 1866 Henry Bergh formed the New York Humane Society; those of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania were established in 1868, that of Illinois in 1869, and now there are few states in the Union in which helpless animals are not legislatively protected from cruelty—all of which may be traced to the earnest initial effort of benevolent Richard Martin of Connemara.

Looking out over the sparkling waters of Ballynahinch lake, one is pointed out "Dick Martin's prison," an old castle in

which he used to incarcerate local breakers of his humanitarian law. He was also the terror of brutal cockney cabbies and costermongers.

Martin made the first attempt to open up Connemara. Hitherto there was but one main road leading through it, that which led to his own house at Ballynahinch, of which he is said to have boasted to George IV that he had an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles' length. "Dick Martin's gate-house" is still pointed out Claremont, near Oughterard. With the assistance of Alexander Nimmo, an eminent engineer who built the hotel and bridge of Maam and threw well-made roads across the black bogs, he opened up the northeastern gateway of his territory leading between the two large lakes and by the old abbey of Cong. The Ballynahinch road was continued to Clifden, on the coast—a railroad runs there now—where, in 1815, John D'Arcy built the first house, to be followed within twenty years by three hundred others and a pier, making it suddenly an important grain port and the capital of Connemara. Rich veins of marble, black, green and pink, were opened on the Martin estate. Things began to look promising.

Lavish was the hospitality dispensed at Ballynahinch Castle, as the Martin homestead was called—although, save for the mahogany stalls for the horses, made of rich driftwood, the place was not in proportion to the vast estate of nigh two hundred thousand acres. But the fine and fishful lake system near by—Loughs Inagh, Derryclare, Glendalough and Ballynahinch, shields of silver connected by strings of pearls with the Twelve Pins and other mountains towering around, alive with fowlers' attractions of fur and feather—brought streams of visitors and increased the wine and other bills. Bailiffs armed with writs began to hover on the borders. The *Martins were generous and popular with*

their tenantry, and daring would be the minion of the law who plunged into those wilds to serve an unwelcome legal document on Dick Martin. But when the latter ceased to be member of parliament, which office gave him certain immunity from arrest, the end came. Like many another unfortunate debtor he had to fly the kingdom. Far from Connemara and alone among strangers, the lawyer, politician, duellist and friend of dumb animals, having crossed the channel to escape a debtor's cell in the Marshalsea, died January 6, 1834, at Boulogne.

Thomas Barnewall Martin, son and heir of the above, succeeded, and did what he could to improve and save the mortgage-laden estate; but he was struck down by fever in the performance of his magisterial duties during the great famine and died, leaving an only child, his daughter Mary, popularly known as "the Princess of Connemara."

Light and life of the old house at Ballynahinch was Mary Letitia Martin. High-minded, intellectual, charitable, patriotic, amiable, she was left, one lone woman, to bear on her graceful head the accumulated sins of her ancestors. The country people loved her. Scions of distinguished families sought her hand. She might have married into wealth and splendor, removed the shadow of ruin from the estate, driven the bailiffs from the door. But, independently following the dictates of her heart, she married a gentleman of small means, a near relative, Mr. Arthur Gonne Bell, of Brook Lodge, Mayo, who on the day of his marriage assumed, by royal license dated September 15, 1847, the name of his bride. They had not much to start on—a small balance left over after paying the interest on many mortgages. It was a most doleful time in Ireland to get married. The land was in darkest mourning. The death angels of starvation and typhus had spread their black wings. Terribly was the visitation felt in Conne-



KYLEMORE PASS, CONNEMARA.

mara. In some districts there whole families died of want or fever in their poor cabins, and, there being none to give them Christian burial, the mud walls were thrown in on them, and their homes became their tombs! In order to consolidate the incumbrances on the estate at a lower rate of interest, the newly married pair united in borrowing large sums of money from the Law Life Assurance Company of London, to whom the mortgages were transferred. When the time came to pay the instalments due upon the mortgages there was no money forthcoming; the tenants, perishing of hunger, were unable to pay rents. Then the vast Martin property went into the Encumbered Estates Court and was sold off, the Assurance company buying it at a price (£180,000, or \$900,000) immeasurably below its real value. The sum realized was inadequate to liquidate the heavy liabilities; having, on the im-

pulse of honorable self-sacrifice, relinquished her own legal rights in favor of her father's creditors, the daughter and heir, last, best and noblest of her race, found herself without an acre, without a single sod of the vast estates of her ancestors.

She retired to Fontaine l'Eveque, in Belgium, and boldly commenced the battle of life. The path she chose was the briary one of literature, for which, over and beyond the accomplishments of her education and position, she had good natural talents. She was a good Greek and Latin scholar. Her knowledge of French enabled her to contribute to French periodicals. She wrote "Canvassing" and a work in three volumes called "St. Etienne." So, for a time, she supported herself with her pen. But her income was pitifully small, and to find a more ample field for her abilities she determined to go to America. Some

friends of the family helped her, but so poorly that she was able to take passage only on a sailing vessel. A sad and miserable voyage was that for a young lady reared in every comfort and luxury. In her rude, stuffy, squalid surroundings, tossed about on the rough sea, her sufferings were great. She fell deathly ill. Without medical attendance, without a nurse, without any necessary aid or attention in that wretched den and dangerous hour, with her thoughts longingly back among those mountains and lakes and at this old house among the trees where she played as a child, she became, prematurely, a mother. She died when the ship entered port, and a foreign grave received the remains of the poor "Princess of Connemara."

Thus, under the black vortex of the long-gathering cloud of family misfortune, passed away the last of the memorable Martins of Connemara. Her memory sadly breathes around the old homestead beside the lake and haunts the lone and lovely bowers that bloom for her and hers no more.

Some dull years went by, when sudden fell a Danaean shower in Connemara, a little north of the old seat of the Martins. As Loch Katrine's "burnish'd sheet of living gold" burst on the enraptured gaze of the wandering Knight of Snowdown, so did the charms and possibilities of Kylemore lake, serene and beautiful amid the royal purple of its guardian mountains, appeal to Mitchell Henry, "the Cotton Lord of Manchester."

"And, 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
*Chime, when the groves were still and
mute!*'"

Member of an aristocratic family of the Isle of Wight and lord of a great and prosperous industry that spread out from Manchester and Belfast to Calcutta and New Orleans, Mitchell Henry had refined tastes and ample means of gratifying them. He bought thirteen thousand acres of land and erected thereon the magnificent castle of Kylemore, commenced in 1864 and finished in 1871, after an expenditure, it is said, of \$2,500,000 on it and the grounds adjoining. The chief material used in the stately many-turreted building was an enduring quality of granite obtained from the immediate vicinity, with limestone facings. To it led splendid fairyland avenues, past glowing banks of rhododendrons and between hedges twelve feet high blushing with fuchsias. Fine stables were built, and conservatories whose orchids and tropical plants were famous. And, in swift obedience to kindly and trained culture, blooming gardens burst from the soil, luxuriant and resplendent with shrubs and flowers, with stately palms and rare ferns. The salmon and trout in the lake and river were preserved, with the result of making the place famous for some of the best fishing in Ireland.

Kindly, humane and philanthropic, Mitchell Henry entered sympathetically into the social and national life of the people about him. He fostered the tenantry, he re-peopled some of the evicted farms, he gave employment to an army of laborers. He even took up national politics, was elected member of parliament, and was for six years one of the leading Home Rulers in the House of Commons. His wife, a good and charitable woman, daughter of George Vaughan of Quilby House, County Devon, also endeared herself to the peasantry. A graceful local monument to her exists in the handsome chapel that gleams whitely amid dark sylvan surroundings on the shore of the lake.

For two or three months each year Mitchell Henry sought rest and recreation amid the beauties of Kylemore. At length came the land war, and he found himself opposed to the views and tactics of most of his parliamentary colleagues. And there came a sudden, crushing calamity that forever to him robbed the noble place of all happiness and pleasure—the drowning of his young daughter in the lough of Kylemore, under the windows, so to speak, of the castle! Then he, too, passed sadly out of the life of Connemara and of Ireland. He quitted politics. He died some years ago, and the fine castle and estate he had created like a magician among those lake and mountain solitudes were offered for sale.

Many were the longing patrician eyes, including even those of English royalty, that were laid on Kylemore. Some enthusiastic Irish loyalists proposed to buy the place by subscription and present it to King Edward for an Irish residence, but the expensive project was promptly ignored by pinchbeck government officialdom. At length came an American golden key to reopen the stately modern castle. In these days it is not a far cry from Cincinnati to Connemara, and from the former place came the shekels that have restored brilliant life and activity to the towers gleaming beside the lake. The deal was closed two years ago, when, for the bargain price of \$315,000, Kylemore changed owners, becoming the property of the young Duke of Manchester, whose duchess was Miss Helena Zimmerman, daughter of a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati. The affluence of Papa Zimmerman considerably secured the pair a fitting ducal residence, and cordial invitations were sent out to British royalty and aristocracy. But although quite recently British royalty, on a visit to Ireland, came quite close to the place, it stopped hard and short only a few miles away, at Ashford, near *historic Cong, putting up at the mansion*

of a wealthy retired brewer, and disappointment and heart-burning reigned again at ill-starred Kylemore.

So the old order changeth. But let it change and pass and repass; small concern can one feel for the whims, follies and ambitions of "society," high or low, while exploring those impressive solitudes, where the leafy sanctuaries of nature solemnly rustle and blue lakes glow loneliness under purple mountains.

The sunset burns in the west, and the long, dreamy Irish twilight descends over the purpling waste of "every haunted mountain and streamy vale below." The beauty of the evening falls on the face of the lakes and steals into the music of the waters. There is a parting glow on the peaks of the Twelve Pins, and the moon is raising her white shoulder over Mountcashel. Long and shamefully neglected though it has been by the London company into whose possession fell the vast estates of the lost race, there is yet a magic and pathetic glory about the place that enables one to feel and realize the home yearning of the Connemara exile, as sung by John K. Casey:

"On Corrib's cheeks the moonlight sleeps,
The curragh skims full lightly;
O'er Clifden's slopes our mountain girls
Now wander singing blithely;
And I must bear this strife and din,
While memory strives to borrow
One look of love, one sparkling glance
Of the hills of Connemara.
O soft-faced hills!
O brown-tipped hills—
Brave hills of Connemara!

"God's dearest blessing dwell with them;
God bless the race they foster;
If Ireland's sons were all as true,
We never would have lost her.
God prosper all my burning hopes,
The hopes to crown to-morrow.
When the streams will sing my welcome back
To the hills of Connemara,—
My native hills,
My childhood's hills,
The hills of Connemara!"

The French Stage

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph. D.

THE national tastes of the English and French differ in nothing more widely than in the character of the dramas enacted in their theatres. This is in a special manner true of tragedy, but not so marked in comedy.

As a critic has pointed out, the dissimilarity is so great that a native of either country, however candid or liberal, must have studied with some attention the literature of the other to enable him not merely to relish but even to endure the tragedies of the neighboring realm. A Parisian critic, says the same writer, would be shocked at the representation of Hamlet "au naturel;" and the most patient spectator in the Drury Lane audience would incur some risk of dislocating his jaws with yawning during the representation of a "chef-d'oeuvre" of Racine or Corneille.

Nor is this to be wondered at, for the great tragedies of Shakespeare and Corneille and Racine had birth in different centuries, or at least in different ages in England and France, and truly reflect the life, spirit and genius of these two peoples, so widely different in taste, during the two periods in history—that of Elizabeth and that of Louis XIV. Everybody knows what the manners and morals of the age of Elizabeth were, as everybody knows how France and its people were subject to two sceptres during the long reign of "Le Grand Monarque"—the sceptre of Royalty and the sceptre of Taste.

In the study of the evolution of the drama, especially in its beginnings, it will be well to remember the two great influences that were ever at work moulding and fashioning and directing the *dramatic instincts and tastes* of the people of early modern Europe—the influ-

ence and traditions of the Greek and Roman stage, and that of the loosely constructed but popular Morality Play of the Middle Ages.

Perhaps the first country in Europe to develop a national drama was Spain, and it may be said that the Spanish stage has been influenced more by the Morality Play than even that of England, while the French stage, on the contrary, ever held to Greek models, and, as a consequence, the French theatre as represented by Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, its great dramatists, is the least national of the three.

Yet, despite this fact, in no other country in the world is the drama cultivated and the stage patronized as in France to-day. Of course when I say France I mean Paris, for the beautiful city on the Seine is a centralization of the life-thought of France—in politics, literature and art.

The absolute Louis XIV, who dazzled France and really prepared the torches of the French Revolution, could say in verity, "L'état c'est moi;" but Paris of to-day can as truthfully say, "La France c'est moi."

Outside of Paris, among the sixteen universities of France not one has a European reputation—nay, perhaps not even a national reputation; and who has ever heard of a poet of Brittany or Provence being made a member of the French Academy?

It is quite true that when Botrel, the Breton Bard, and Mistral the Provençal Minstrel, visit Paris they are hospitably entertained—perhaps lionized, but—and here's the rub—they are not made one of the literary council of France nor canonized by academic legislation. The same may be said of the French stage. Outside of Paris there are in France



GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

neither dramatists nor actors of any great note. Paris swallows up all.

Must, then, the French painter hie him to the Louvre, the French actor to the Comédie Française, and the French poet seek the sylvan shade of the French Academy—founded by a quartette of grammarians in the days of Richelieu—ere he may hope to bind the bays of triumph around his brow? It would seem so, for such is the tyranny of French centralization and precedent.

And yet the most glorious names on the bead-roll of French literature belong to the provinces of France: Corneille was born at Rouen, Victor Hugo at Besançon, Pascal at Clermont, Ferdinand Alphonse Daudet at Nîmes, Lamartine at Macon, Bossuet at Dijon, Chateaubriand at St. Malo, Balzac at Tours.

It is true that many of these finally fixed their abode at Paris and were canonized by the *French Academy*, but only

after they had become veritable Parisians. Distribution of genius like distribution of wealth is, in my opinion, good for the general welfare of a country.

It is worth noting that Molière, who is the glory of the French stage, was, like Shakespeare, both actor and playwright, and won his first successes in the provinces. As a writer of comedies, especially the comedy of manners, Molière stands perhaps without a rival among the great dramatists of the world.

France, however, it will be conceded, has no dramatist who will compare with Shakespeare in tragedy. Certainly neither Corneille nor Racine is in the lists with him. There are no such studies of human life and character within the pages of Racine as in Shakespeare. Take, for instance, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, and you have a trilogy of tragedies unequalled in the whole world of dramatic literature.

And how universal is not the Bard of Avon! During my sojourn last year in Europe, I saw "Macbeth" played at Oxford in English; "Hamlet" at Paris in French; "Macbeth" in Flemish at Antwerp; "Lear" in German at Bonn; "Macbeth" in German at Innsbruck, and "Hamlet" in Italian at Rome.

Shakespeare is great because he is human, and when he creates a Hamlet in Denmark, a Lear in Britain, and a Caesar in Rome, he gives his characters such truth of setting that they are as indigenous as the air which they feed upon.

The Parisians are essentially a theatrical people; their very talk and their tastes are theatrical. Again, take the theatres of Paris: in what other city of Europe or America will you find such a goodly number of beautiful structures, of which perhaps the most magnificent is the Opera House. Then there is the Comedie Francaise, which corresponds to the Globe Theatre in London; the new Theatre de la Renaissance, the Gaité; the Theatre Historique which used to be the Lyric, and which in 1800 became the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt—and the Vaudeville.

Speaking of the Opera House, its grand staircase, as Hamerton remarks, almost overpowers one by its splendour; it is full of dazzling light; it conveys a *strong sense of height, space and open-*

ness; it comes on the sight as a burst of brilliant and triumphant music on the ear.

Prolific, indeed, is the French playwright of to-day. During the first half of the nineteenth century the classical theatre of Corneille and Racine became gradually superseded or supplanted in Paris by the romantic theatre. Victor Hugo, the greatest of French romanticists, dealt a death blow to Aristotle's three unities in the preface to his "Cromwell," published in 1827, which was followed by the publication of his two lyrical dramas, "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas." About the same time appeared Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton."

The last half of the nineteenth century opened brilliantly for the French stage with the comedy of manners dominant. The names of three dramatists share in the work of this period: Alexandre Dumas fils, Emil Augier, and Victorien Sardou. But in the hands of these three clever play-

wrights the French stage, unfortunately, became *erotic*—so much so that now a French play is a synonym for something vile, immoral.

The "piece a theese" has indeed become the vogue in the Paris theatres, but if its purpose be to reform the evils of society, it has, I fear, borne little fruit—nay, it has only quickened the poison of



COQUELIN THE ELDER,
AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC.



The following information is provided for your reference:

1. The first two columns of the table show the number of students who took each exam.

2. The third column shows the mean score for each exam.

3. The fourth column shows the standard deviation for each exam.

4. The fifth column shows the range of scores for each exam.

5. The sixth column shows the percentage of students who passed each exam.

6. The seventh column shows the percentage of students who failed each exam.

7. The eighth column shows the percentage of students who were absent from each exam.

8. The ninth column shows the percentage of students who were late for each exam.

9. The tenth column shows the percentage of students who were present for each exam.

10. The eleventh column shows the percentage of students who were excused from each exam.

11. The twelfth column shows the percentage of students who were suspended from each exam.

12. The thirteenth column shows the percentage of students who were expelled from each exam.

13. The fourteenth column shows the percentage of students who were reinstated from each exam.

14. The fifteenth column shows the percentage of students who were readmitted from each exam.

15. The sixteenth column shows the percentage of students who were graduated from each exam.



At the end of the evening, the audience was invited to vote for the best play of the evening. The winner was "La Danza del Cane" (The Dance of the Dog) by F. S. Danneberg. The runner-up was "La Danza del Cane" (The Dance of the Dog) by F. S. Danneberg. The runner-up was "La Danza del Cane" (The Dance of the Dog) by F. S. Danneberg.

nition of the stage with the Parisians something of recent origin. In a work on dramatic art published in 1772, De Calivaha, one of the dramatists of that day, says:

"A new piece is advertised; all Paris flies there; the curtain rises, the actors appear, the friends of the author applaud, the enemies of his person or his talent hawk or blow their noses. They go to supper; those of the guests who could not be present in the theatre ask about the success of the novelty. 'Tis pitiable' or 'tis delicious,' says a 'marveilleux' who in his life never judged anything but by contagion. From the end of the table a pretty woman confirms his judgment, only adding that the hair of the actress was very badly dressed."

One thing the spectator in a Paris theatre is never called upon to do and that is applaud. The salaried applauders called the "claque" will do this. They always sit in the front row of the pit immediately behind the orchestra chairs. The head of the "claque" is called "the contractor for success." The chief of the "claque" feels his importance, as may be gathered from the following letter addressed by one of these functionaries to the tragedienne Rachel on hearing that the great French actress was dissatisfied with the applause she had received on the second performance of a successful piece: "Mademoiselle:—I cannot remain under the obloquy of a reproach from lips such as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what really took place: At the first representation

I led the attack in person no less than thirty-three times! We had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and had two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause that the occupants of the stalls were scandalized and cried out: 'Turn them out!' My men were positively overcome with fatigue, and intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening. * * * In such a situation as that which I have just depicted, I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal; and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties which environ me.

"I am, Mademoiselle," etc.

The French stage certainly has glorious traditions. If the English stage has had its Kean, its Macready, its Mrs. Siddons, and its Helen Faucit, if the American stage has had its Booth, its Barrett, its Charlotte Cushman, and its Mary Anderson, the French stage has had its Lekain, its Talma, its Rachel, and its Bernhardt.

The French stage is unquestionably an artistic stage, but unfortunately it shares in the demoralization of the France of to-day. No person could or would question the gifts of a Coquelin the elder, a Mounet-Sully, a Sarah Bernhardt, a Rejane, or a Madame Second-Weber, though he might regret that the French drama of to-day, as interpreted by them, has fallen in such evil ways and evil days.

The Leper

By Robert Cox Stump

Poor ghastly sufferer, an outcast driven
Forth from the walks of men, and all denied
That makes life dear, hath naught to thee been given?
Yea! Though the bonds of human love are riven,
Christ loveth thee as martyr crucified,
And granteth thee, with anguish multiplied,
Patents of new nobility in Heaven.

The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

X.



AFTERNOON tea was in progress in the drawing-room at Haskell Manor as Philip Everdeen descended the stairs. He and Pierre had arrived two hours previously and had been shown at once to their rooms, where Pierre commenced to unpack, occasionally giving vent to some delighted comment at his surroundings.

"Mais, c'est magnifique!" he said, looking out on the beautiful park where, nestling among the trees, was a handsome Gothic chapel.

The Haskell family were Catholics, and Lord Haskell had built this beautiful private chapel on his estate. The manor-house was in keeping with the wealth of its occupants, and Pierre made no secret of his enjoyment at living in such a splendid environment.

"He is more of an aristocrat than I am," wrote Philip to his uncle. "I am glad our manner of life at Canterbury is more simple than the life here, for I fear Pierre would become insufferable if he were always surrounded by so much wealth."

Lord Haskell had received Philip at the door, giving him a warm greeting; and after showing him up-stairs, had departed, mentioning that tea would be served in the drawing-room at five o'clock, when Lady Haskell would be glad to see him. After much talking and gesticulating Pierre finally had his master attired to suit him, and saw Philip depart with pardonable pride.

"It iz Messaire Pheelip who iz ze beau gentilhomme, n'est ce pas?" thought the devoted valet. "Zare iz none like him," and he commenced

whistling a French ditty under his breath.

A buzz of voices greeted Philip's ear as he entered the drawing-room. Lady Haskell advanced with the utmost cordiality and emprossement. This tall, fine-looking man, with his air of high breeding, combined with an innate spirituality of expression rare in one so young, was undoubtedly a welcome addition to her house party. She even dreamed before his advent of throwing him a great deal with Lady Blanche Howe, a devout Catholic and a member of one of the oldest Catholic families in England; and now he was here, and she was introducing him to her guests, of whom Lady Blanche, a lovely fair-haired girl was one.

"Mr. Philip Everdeen, Miss Natalie Blackwood," she said, leading the young man up to a deep bay window, where a young girl sat talking to the Honorable Charles May, the eldest son of the house.

"Ah! you are friends already," she added, as Philip and Natalie greeted each other with marked cordiality. Just then Julian Blackwood advanced, and there were more greetings, which covered up a surprise that was almost embarrassment on Philip's part; for this young man, along with his knowledge of the world, had a certain simplicity and directness of character that prevented his adopting the blasé way of many of his compeers.

As to Natalie Blackwood, she was half conscious of some quicker heart beats than usual, and of an interest and pleasure that she had not felt on meeting the other men present, many of whom she already knew.

Philip drew up a chair and sat down near Natalie, and the conversation be-

came general. It was not until after the ladies had retired to dress for dinner, and Lord Haskell had carried him off to the smoking-room, that he had time to realize how much pleasure the meeting had given him. When dinner was announced, two hours later, his hostess requested him to escort Lady Blanche; and during the course of a really interesting conversation with her, he had time to observe Natalie, who was seated opposite to him. Once he caught her looking at him with a curious, almost searching gaze; but when their eyes met, hers were instantly withdrawn, and she seemed to avoid catching his eye for the rest of the meal. Lady Blanche had spent the winter in Rome and had much to tell, and much to ask about Philip's Egyptian sojourn. He could not but be interested in his conversation with the young girl, who was as intelligent and good as she was beautiful.

"Have you seen the chapel, Mr. Everdeen?" she said, and on his replying that he had not, she continued: "It is a gem; the Haskells have done everything that art and wealth and good taste can do to make it beautiful. There will be Mass at seven to-morrow," she added. "No matter how late they are up, or how many pressing duties they have, our hosts never fail to hear Mass daily."

"It is ideal," said Philip, to whom the subject was thoroughly congenial, "and how different from the usual English spirit. One could almost fancy that the Reformation had never swept over England. Do you ever wonder, Lady Blanche," he added, "what it would all have been like if Henry VIII had been a different man?"

"Yes," said the young girl, "I have thought of that. The history of the three isles would not have been what it is, and even America would have been influenced by it."

"It seems such a tremendous responsibility," he said, "to think what one

man has done for so many millions of men and women in wresting them from the Church."

"He has had the most far-reaching influence of any man in history," said Lady Blanche—"greater than Alexander or Caesar. I doubt if the Church will ever entirely recover from it."

She arose as she spoke, the signal having been given for the ladies to withdraw. Later, when the gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, Philip found the opportunity to talk to Natalie alone. They renewed their Egyptian reminiscences, and Natalie narrated, with her usual charming grace, her doings at home and abroad since they had all separated in London. About one subject only the young girl was silent; her visits to Father Basil and her week at the convent at Hammersmith. Some instinct made her decide it would be better to hold back the knowledge of this from Philip until her own mind was made up.

He, on his own part, told her about Pierre, his fidelity, his originality, and the measure of freedom he enjoyed. "He is a sort of untaught child of nature," said Philip. "What would be almost impudence in some valets, in him is part of his character, and too simple to give offense. Sometimes I have to check him; but with all his talking, he has the fine quality of never carrying tales or speaking evil of others."

"Surely a good trait," said Natalie, and she remembered long afterwards, when the finding of his master depended entirely on Pierre, what Philip had said of the boy's loyalty, patience and ready wit—qualities that, in the months to come, when all tidings of Philip were lost to the world, were remembered with comfort and cheer by Natalie and General Hales alike.

Grim war, however, seemed far removed from the scene when, the next morning, Philip crossed the park and entered the magnificent chapel named in

honor of St. Augustine. Here, indeed, was a scene that seemed like the gate of heaven. The deep chancel that faced the east had long lancet windows filled in with rich stained glass. The high altar of marble and onyx had a beautiful reredos, enclosing carved figures of saints, apostles, and prophets, all gathered around, and yet subordinate to, the central figure, which represented the Crucifixion. The interior of the church was of stone, with beautiful frescoes of the stations of the cross embedded at intervals in the stone wall, the latter standing out to the depth of half a foot around each station, forming a sort of frame to the painting. The chapel was built with two small transepts, in one of which was the altar to the Blessed Virgin, in the other the Blessed Sacrament. In the chapel of the Virgin, over the altar, was a painting of the Christ Child, an exquisite little figure with arms outstretched, the golden halo around His head, while behind Him, her arms and drapery seeming to protect without touching Him, stood the Blessed Mother, divine sweetness and maternity in her whole aspect. Over the altar of the Sacrament was a fresco of St. Stanislaus Kostka receiving the Blessed Sacrament from angels. The stained glass windows in the nave were unusually rich in color and design, depicting the Annunciation, the Nativity, the baptism in the river Jordan, the giving of the keys to St. Peter, and the landing of St. Augustine in England.

Philip had arrived early, and only a few villagers were as yet present; so he knelt down, drinking in the glory and beauty around him. Here was indeed a worthy offering to the Lord of all. The poorest church was just as much His, thought Philip, yet he rejoiced that the Haskells had given Him of their best. It is the best that the Crucified Christ demands, according to the measure *that each one has received*.

There was a soft rustle of skirts, the tread of feet, and such of the household as meant to be present entered. Philip saw first his host and hostess, with their son and younger children, enter the front pews; behind them knelt Lady Blanche, her proud, patrician head bent reverently over her clasped hands. The other guests quietly took seats, when Philip felt, rather than saw, Natalie Blackwood bend her knee for a moment before entering the pew with Lady Blanche. He experienced a rush of overpowering feeling. Never before, perhaps, had he acknowledged to himself, as he did now, what she was to him. He bowed his head as the priest, a white-haired old man, entered the sanctuary and the solemn service began.

"Ah! my God," prayed Philip, "I offer to Thee this Divine Sacrifice for her conversion. Shed the light of Thy saving truth upon her, I beseech Thee."

"Quid Retribuam," said the priest. "What shall we render to the Lord?" Ourselves and our lives; our actions and thoughts. All that we hold most dear is too little to give Him Who said from the rood of the cross, "I thirst."

Not mere physical dryness called forth that cry; it was the longing of the Divine Heart for the souls that knew Him not.

Kneeling in the clear morning light to receive the Sacrament, Philip prayed, as perhaps never before, that this one who had become so dear might receive the light of divine truth and have courage to embrace it. So intense was his desire that when the Mass was over and they came out in the early sunshine, more than one noticed how pale he was, though no comment was made upon it.

XI.

Paul Morgan had not attended Father Basil's Lenten lectures without being profoundly impressed. That some of the difficulties in his mind separating An-

glicanism from the Church had vanished since listening to the priest, was true; but there still remained the "ignus fatuus" of a divided Church composed of three Catholic branches, and as long as that idea still had such a hold on him, he felt that to make any definite move was impossible. He had not yet felt the call to separate himself from the Church to whose work he was devoted heart and soul. There remained, also, in his mind the old love for Madeleine Sargent. Was she satisfied, he wondered? Had her mind reached out to the claim of a universal, world-wide, and united Catholic Church, or would his conversion, if ever it took place, shock her? He felt the worldliness of allowing such thoughts to harass him, and that his decision, whatever it finally resulted in, must be single in purpose and free from any human influence that was mixed up with love.

He was sitting in his rooms about five o'clock one afternoon, an open book before him. It had been a long and fatiguing day, during which he had worked harder than was necessary; and coming home, cold and wearied, he had been glad of the cup of tea and book that were awaiting him. The short rest before going out again to an evening meeting of his boys' club seemed very grateful, and he found himself hoping half absently that no other call would come before eight o'clock. As if in answer to his thoughts, there came a tap on his door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said Mrs. Brownell.

Paul laid down his book, and arose.

"Show him up, please," he answered, and walked to the door in time to greet a tall, soldierly-looking man, of a fine though not strictly handsome aspect.

"Wynville," said the clergyman cordially, holding out his hand, which the other grasped and shook warmly. *The older man saw at once that some great*

mental agitation or trouble had brought the younger one to his door.

"Sit down and have a cup of tea," he said, and he proceeded to take a fresh cup out of his cupboard, busying himself the while Captain Wynville bent toward the fire, shivering slightly, though the day was not cold.

Paul Morgan and Gerald Wynville were distant cousins, and had been friends since they were at Eton together, where Gerald had been Paul's devoted fag. The clergyman readily divined that the young army officer had fallen upon some dark hour and had come to him in his need. He waited until the tea was disposed of, talking meanwhile on some trivial matters; then, having removed the tea things, he drew his chair near the fire, and said:

"Well, Wynville, something has gone wrong. What is it, and how can I help you?"

The Captain raised a haggard face to the handsome, kindly one opposite.

"Everything is wrong," he answered; "but I shall have to explain first, Morgan, that for two years I have been an engaged man, or as good as engaged. My fiancée wished it kept a secret; and now that I am able to marry and take care of her, she has thrown me over, because, so she openly says, I am poor, and poverty has no attractions for her."

Paul Morgan's eyes glowed, and under his breath he uttered the one word, "Base!"

"Perhaps so," answered the Captain, catching the word: "but when you have loved a woman for nearly three years, Morgan, and have lived and worked only for her, it comes hard in the end to be met this way."

"Yes," answered the clergyman, "but, nevertheless, Wynville, you are to be congratulated. In the long run you will rejoice that you found out her real character before it was too late. A woman who puts wealth and luxury before unselfish love is not worth regretting."

"I may get to that in time," said the younger man; "but not now, Morgan. It is only an hour or two since I left her."

"What is her name?" asked the clergyman.

The Captain stirred the hot coals with a poker; then the name came out with an effort.

"Anita Sargent."

"Miss Sargent!" said Paul, in amaze. "Why, I know her, Wynville! We met in Egypt, where I joined her uncle's party for some time. I can scarcely believe it of her." To himself he said that Mrs. Stoker evidently had some foundation for her marked dislike for the young girl.

"No one would dream she was so worldly," answered the Captain. "I was totally unprepared for her dismissal of me; yet, when we talked it over, I saw plainly she was not to be moved, and that her decision was final."

They were sitting now almost in darkness save for the light made by the fire. Long the two sat there and talked, the elder man gradually comforting the sore heart of the younger and more untried one, until at length the clock on the neighboring Catholic church struck seven, and the Captain arose.

"I must be back at my barracks at eight," he said; "if war is really declared, I hope my regiment will be ordered in the field, and that there will be work for me still to do."

"Work and a useful career lie before you, I am sure, Wynville," answered the clergyman. "Come to me again, and as often as you can—and take courage."

"I trust I shall bear it like a man," was the answer, "though my life with all its hopes, is altered. The world is a different place from what it was this morning, Morgan."

The clergyman wrung his friend's hand.

"God bless you, Wynville," he said. "*Some blessing you do not dream of,*

something worthy of you, will come when you least expect it."

For the first time the Captain smiled—a smile that revealed the charm of his strong, dark face.

"Your mind runs far, Morgan," he said—"Good-night."

Left alone, Paul Morgan sat down again by the fire. Past scenes rose up before him as he looked in the glowing embers.

"Twin sisters!" he thought, "and yet it seems impossible. The one so unworldly and holy, the other so thoroughly heartless and selfish. Well, thank God, Wynville has escaped her."

He lit his lamp and rang for his evening meal, which was quickly despatched. Eight o'clock found him at his boys' club, where he spent over an hour absorbed in the work that claimed all his attention. Half-past nine o'clock came, and with it the departure of the boys. He was putting out the lights when his Superior entered the room.

"A few words with you, Morgan," he said, and Paul obediently followed him to his private study. Although members of a Brotherhood, the Vicar and his subordinates did not live in community. Lack of funds had not yet permitted them to have a suitable building, hence the Superior had a bedroom and study in the Parish House next the church, while Paul and his confreres lived in lodgings near by.

"I have important work for you, Morgan," said the elder man as he closed his study door; and he proceeded to tell Paul that he was to be sent to Cape Town to reconnoitre the ground, with the idea of founding a branch of their Order in South Africa. "I only heard from the Father Superior this morning," he said. "It was undecided at first whom to send; but Father Jones has fixed on you."

"How soon do I start?" asked Paul, to whom the proposed trip was full of attraction.

"I am not yet able to say," was the answer. "These rumors of war have made the Father Superior a little undecided whether to send you now or later."

A few more words passed between them, and then Paul went home.

For the next two weeks he held himself in almost daily readiness for the expected orders; but it was, in fact, several months before the matter was finally decided, and the order came to him to prepare to embark.

XII.

Anita Sargent had not come out of her interview with Gerald Wynville without some feeling of shame.

After receiving his letter in Egypt she had put off answering it, and then their sudden return home, so much sooner than she had expected, had made a personal interview necessary. The Captain, wholly unprepared for the nature of his reception, had been at first both bewildered and stunned; then, as the truth gradually came home to him, he had behaved with a dignity and courage that, while it made it easier for Anita, filled her with some faint twinges of self-disgust. She had promised that afternoon to go to the Anglican convent on — Street to see her sister. Glancing at a clock after the door closed on Wynville, she saw it wanted half an hour of the time when her sister would be free and expecting her. Anything was better than to stay at home and think, so summoning her maid, they were soon driving toward the Sisterhood in a hansom.

Madeleine Sargent, who was the elder twin, had always been devoted to her sister, and welcomed her with an affection that partook of an almost protecting and motherly quality; but Anita had spoken truly when she said that she had never returned the intimacy that the elder one desired. Hence, during *the hour spent at the convent she talked*

chiefly about her Egyptian trip, and about the improvement in their father's health since his return from the Continent. Had she unfolded to her sister the crisis through which she was passing, her whole subsequent life might have been different. It happened that that night there was to be a fancy dress ball to which she and Natalie were going; and Anita had already chosen the role of Cleopatra.

When she was dressed, her appearance was so strikingly beautiful that Natalie's admiration was open and generous. Little she knew how well Anita's present disposition was suited to the role of the fair and fickle Cleopatra.

Of her quasi-engagement and final dismissal of Wynville, her family knew nothing. Naturally secretive, she had guarded the whole matter well. Anita's thoughts, as she drove to the ball, were dark and bitter as well as utterly selfish. No remorse for the injury she had done to the man she had held in tow so long, and then dismissed, troubled her. There were other men to choose from, she thought, and so it was; for one of the strange problems of human destiny is that women of her type are often the most loved. The scene that night was a brilliant one, and Anita was the gayest of the gay; but it did not escape the penetration of her cousin Julian that something unusual had occurred. Julian himself had taken the part of Charles Stuart, while Natalie was looking particularly handsome as Joan of Arc. Dressed in white from head to foot, with a light shield of steel, and grasping her standard, on which was embroidered the lilies of France, Natalie was a striking figure among the many beautiful women present.

Anita looked at her with envy as one free from any inward turmoil, little knowing that her cousin's mind was nearly as disturbed as her own, though for different reasons. Anita had seen Natalie at the convent at Hammersmith,

but was ignorant of her disturbance of belief. Her own presence there during Holy Week, was due to her having an intimate friend among the older pupils—an English girl who lived near them in Devonshire, and who had pressed Anita to attend one of the Ten-ebrae services—an invitation which Anita had accepted chiefly to please her friend, though, also, because she liked the impressive ritual of the Church.

And now, by a curious fatality, the opportunity to plunge yet deeper into untruth and self-deception came to Anita the very night of her breaking with Gerald Wynville.

Among the guests present at the ball was the Duc de St. André, a handsome boy of about twenty-three, the offspring of a marriage between a French father, of noble blood but impoverished fortune, and an American mother worth many millions. The Blackwoods had met him in Paris, and had been attracted by his light-hearted gaiety and the innate chivalry and refinement that distinguished him. The young Duc had fallen desperately in love with Anita Sargent, and had come to London with the avowed purpose of winning her if he could.

Attired as a noble of the time of the Grand Monarque, he paid assiduous court to her, although at first she received his attentions with a coldness that only inflamed his ardor. Until that night Anita had not thought seriously of him. Now, however, for the first time the idea came to her—why not accept the Duc? Anita had heard of his chateau, and of its splendid furnishing, made by the American Duchesse.

Before the ball was over that night her mind was made up, and at parting she gave the Duc a pressing invitation to come to see her the next day, sending him home wild with joy. In less than a week he had proposed and been accepted, and the engagement was announced. The Duc's wealth and high lineage, as well as his own attractive personality,

could not fail to make him an acceptable parti to the Blackwoods. The dowager Lady Blackwood was delighted, though she openly lamented that it was Anita and not her favorite Natalie.

The Duc urged a speedy marriage and proposed liberal settlements. There remained only the question of religion, and about this the Duc, a Catholic, in spite of being head over ears in love, showed remarkable firmness, proving his sound religious training. To his surprise—for he had expected opposition—Anita manifested a willingness to hear the other side and receive instruction. Delighted beyond measure, St. André arranged an interview between her and his confessor, Father Becar. The priest, with his wide experience and keen insight, found the girl a puzzle. He half doubted her sincerity; but as Anita finally professed herself fully convinced, he could not refuse to receive her into the Church, though in their final interview he gave her a solemn warning that she must be sure of herself before taking the step. Advice which Anita listened to with an impenetrable look in her wonderful eyes which baffled the priest; but as a demure, "Yes, Father, I am fully convinced," was her only answer, he could not do otherwise than make final arrangements for her reception. The wedding took place the end of June at the Catholic church on her uncle's estate in Devonshire.

The Duc and his bride departed for France, and five months later the social world of London and Paris was thrown into a flutter by the announcement in the papers that the Duchesse de St. André had left her husband, and had gone to South Africa as a volunteer nurse.

XIII.

It was the autumn following Philip's visit to Derbyshire. General Hales sat in his study one afternoon in deep thought. Like all retired army officers

he was following the fast-developing situation in South Africa with keen interest and with a growing desire that his nephew should have some part in it. If Philip was to enter at Woolwich next year, well and good; but in the meantime, if he could go to Africa the experience he would gain would be invaluable. To buy a commission in the army was impossible under the new regulations. The General thought with a sigh of how easily his own military career had commenced. For Philip to go as a private citizen would not bring him within the lines; what else, then, was there?

Suddenly a thought came to the old veteran. "I have it," he exclaimed aloud, "the boy shall go as a war correspondent. I will go up to London tomorrow and see what influence will do. He has just the ability to make a splendid record that way; and if it is offered to him, I don't believe he will refuse."

For the General to decide was to act with military precision; accordingly, on the morrow he left on an early train for London, accompanied by his valet. These trips were of frequent occurrence and caused no surprise to Philip, who knew that his uncle was fond of an occasional visit to the Army and Navy Club. The General was gone a week and returned in excellent spirits. He had been successful almost beyond his expectations. A prominent morning paper was in need of an energetic war correspondent to go out with a regiment that was to leave in two weeks, and the editor, a man of position and influence, who was personally acquainted with General Hales, lent a favorable ear to the elder man's proposal, only stipulating that Philip must come to London and see him before the matter was closed.

To London, therefore, Philip went, very much surprised, and at the same time delighted at the offer his uncle had lost no time in laying before him. Needless to say that the journey was *successful*. *The editor was charmed with*

the handsome young man, who speedily gave him satisfactory proof of his ability and attainments. The matter was soon concluded, and busy as the editor was, he found time to congratulate himself on the series of brilliant articles from the seat of war that he would soon be able to publish. The next morning's edition of the paper contained an announcement of Philip's engagement as correspondent and the date of his departure for South Africa.

"We feel pleased," the article read, "to have secured the services of Mr. Everdeen, nephew of the distinguished Indian officer, General Hales. We do not doubt that Mr. Everdeen will soon make a name for himself in the editorial world, and justify our choice of him."

Numerous were the friends of Philip and his uncle who were soon in possession of the news, and it was not long before letters and telegrams came pouring in from friends and relations alike.

"Every one seems to have a word to say on the subject," exclaimed Philip, after reading through the tenth letter received in one day. "I begin to think it will require more than I am capable of to live up to such standards as the public seems to require."

"Nonsense," said his uncle, "of course you can do it, Phil. I only wish I were going too," and the General, who was on horseback, ready to start on his afternoon canter, rode off proudly, the while he uttered a fervent wish that he could indeed ride in front of his own regiment again; for this brave old soldier and courteous gentleman was a warrior born, who would have liked better to continue in action to the end than to spend his last years in retirement.

For the next ten days all was bustle and activity at the General's house, and the only person who did not join heartily in the preparations was Pierre. He openly lamented the departure of his master, and that he must be left behind.

"Take me with you, Messaire Pheelip," he said. "See, I will follow you. I will protect you with my life. When the bullets come flying through the air, it is I, Pierre, who will throw myself in front of you and save you. 'Viola!'"

At which dramatic picture Philip would laugh until Pierre shrugged his shoulders, though well he knew his young master's real affection for him. Philip explained as well as he could to his devoted body-servant, that the battle field was not the place for an officer or any one in the service of his country to be accompanied by a valet; so Pierre was obliged to acquiesce, though he was not silenced.

"When you are lost, Monsieur," he said, "when we hear no more of you, and know not, 'Ah Ciel!' whether you are alive or whether we must say for you the holy Mass, then poor Pierre will look for you. I will penetrate that land of barbarians and search for you until I can restore you to 'l' Oncle chér.'"

"I verily believe he would do it," said Philip to the General. "He is dog-like in his devotion. I shall almost expect to wake up in Africa some day and find him standing by me." A prophecy that was in the end verified.

It was Sir Arthur Blackwood who had read aloud at the breakfast table the notice of Philip's appointment. Natalie turned a shade paler, and the hand that held the sugar-tongs shook; but any notice that might have been taken of her was happily covered by Leonard, who was home on a two days' leave.

"Hurrah," he said. "What good news! I only wish I were not going two steamers ahead of him."

"General Hales is crazy to get him in the army," said Julian, "and I suppose has brought this about as the next best thing."

"I sympathize with my old comrade," said Sir Arthur. "Every retired officer must be *anxious and proud to send some*

one near and dear to him to fight the battles he can only look upon from afar."

The opinion was pretty freely expressed, both in London and elsewhere, that it was the beginning of a career for Philip. But not many knew that a few days before his departure, the young man, in the true spirit of a knight of old, went to the Brompton Oratory and made a three days' retreat. He confessed and received the Sacrament the morning of the day he was to sail, and as he knelt before the altar in the early morning light, thoughts of Natalie came to him. Fervently he prayed that the faith might ere long be hers. He hardly dared admit to himself how deeply he wished it, or how the thought of her had become a part of all other thoughts and dreams of his future. He remembered, as he alighted from the cab at the door of the Oratorian Fathers, that it was a year since the time he had seen Father Basil in Rome, and now he was to meet him again. And it had come about not as a specially arranged interview, but as an incident in plans that had been already formed. He knew he was now far from the desire to be a priest; still it was with no feeling of false shame that the young man met the priest that evening and had a long talk with him. It was with the same frankness as of old that Philip spoke of himself and Natalie, and his hopes that if she became a Catholic he might win her. The priest, who had already had several interviews with her, thought he saw a happy end to present uncertainty; but he kept his own counsel, only giving affectionate advice, and cordial approval of the present step.

The few days calm and quiet in the Oratory passed all too quickly, and the time came when Philip once more said good-bye to England. He arrived at Cape Town the last week in October, four weeks after Leonard Blackwood had landed, and only a few days before the siege of Ladysmith began.

XIV.

Before leaving England for Africa, Paul Morgan paid several visits to Mrs. Beaumont, who had rallied and who was somewhat better.

"It is only a respite," she said, in answer to the clergyman's kind enquiry. "I shall never really get well."

On the first visit he found her happy in the reconciliation with her daughter—a happiness in which the son and younger daughter shared. Entire harmony seemed restored, and Sister Mary Fidelis was allowed by her Superior to spend as much time with her mother as possible. So Paul Morgan was hardly surprised when, on making his last visit, two days before he was to sail, Mrs. Beaumont told him hesitatingly, and almost as if she feared the vials of his wrath would be let loose, that she and her younger children had decided to follow the example of the older one and become Catholics.

To her amazement the young clergyman expressed neither surprise nor anger.

"It will make you a united family," he said, "and if you are convinced, I am quite sure it is the best thing you can do."

Emboldened by this remark, Mrs. Beaumont asked him to be present at their reception the next day, and, half in surprise at himself, he consented.

Coming down-stairs half an hour after this conversation, he met Sister Mary Fidelis and stopped to speak to her.

"Your mother seems very happy," he said; "what will be others' loss, seems to be distinctly her gain."

The Sister's beautiful face flushed ever so little, and her eyes were moist.

"I am very happy about it," she said, and then, half timidly, she added:

"And you, sir—you do not seem angry or bitter. May we not hope you will *be with us some day.*"

Was that whither he was tending, the man thought. Was he under the spell of Father Basil's eloquence, or was some secret, spiritual force at work within him, leading him from darkness to light? Who could say?

"It is a long road that has no turning," he answered, and with this the Sister had to be content.

He was present the next morning when the mother, son and daughter were received into the Church, Mrs. Beaumont having recovered sufficiently to be taken out. Almost Paul Morgan could have envied the calm certainty with which the priest took their profession and finished the ceremony, ending up by saying Mass. Was this the sure road to eternal life, or were other roads as good or better? In the vestibule of the church he said good-bye to the little quartette; moved by some impulse Sister Mary Fidelis followed him to the door.

"Adieu, sir," she said, "and God bless you. I can never forget that it was you who searched for me and brought about the reunion with my mother."

"If I have served you in any way," he answered, "I am thankful. I have a long voyage before me, and an uncertain future, so I trust you will pray for me."

"As long as I live," she said, "and I will ask others to pray." She held out her hand as she spoke, and met his in a warm, friendly clasp. The next moment he was gone, and saying farewell to her mother, the Sister hurried back to the convent, where a multitude of duties awaited her.

Paul Morgan was hastening back to his rooms that afternoon, having concluded all arrangements for sailing the next day, when in making his way through the crowd at Charing Cross he heard his name called, and looking up he saw Mrs. Stoker nodding and beckoning to him from her carriage.

"Jump in," she said, holding open the door. "Yes, I know you are going to Africa to-morrow morning and have a

thousand and one things to do, but you must let me have the one thousand and second part of your time before you go."

They had not met since parting on the steamer at Naples at the conclusion of their Egyptian trip, so Paul Morgan was amused at the freedom with which he was spoken to; but he had rather liked the shrewd, kindly, if somewhat eccentric woman, so he met her half-way.

"It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you," he said. "Have you been in London since we parted in Italy?"

"Only for about a month," she answered. "My nephew Ambrose and I travelled on the Continent after leaving you until his time—which had been extended—was up, and he had to rejoin his ship, which has now been ordered to take some of the Irish troops to Africa. No doubt you will come across Ambrose in Cape Town as he sails to-morrow."

"Every one seems journeying in that direction," said the clergyman. "There appears to be work there for all."

Mrs. Stoker changed her position and looked at Paul with what seemed to him a curious, searching gaze.

"Have you seen the Duchesse de St. André since you returned to England?" was her rather abrupt question.

"You mean our travelling companion, Miss Sargent?" answered the clergyman, in a tone that scarcely concealed his surprise. "Yes, I have seen her several times," he continued, as Mrs. Stoker inclined her head in reply to his question, "but only for a few moments at a time. Now, I believe, she is in Africa. I heard there was some difference between her and her husband, and that she left him rather unexpectedly, going to the seat of war as a volunteer nurse."

"Yes, she is in South Africa," said Mrs. Stoker, "and that makes me sorry to know you are going there too."

"What does she mean?" thought the amazed listener. "This is eccentricity with a vengeance." *Aloud he answered:*

"I am hardly likely to meet the Duchesse as I believe she has gone to the front, and my duties are in Cape Town."

"Mr. Morgan," said Mrs. Stoker, fixing her keen, gray eyes on him, "no doubt you think me a very queer old woman, but I see that you are blind to the facts, and I think it my duty to warn you. As Miss Sargent, the Duchesse was madly in love with you, and I believe she is still."

The blood rushed to Paul Morgan's face.

"You are very kind," he answered coldly, "but I certainly never saw anything in the Duchesse's manner to make me think that she bestowed even the remotest thought on me. Our acquaintance was confined to the merest commonplaces, and even were it not so, I happen to know personally that your surmise is altogether a mistake."

"I knew I would certainly surprise and probably offend you, Mr. Morgan," said the little old lady who, having once taken an idea into her head was not easily turned from it, "but I was willing to take the risk. If you will wait long enough you will find that that woman is both dangerous and deep."

"I heartily agree with you in that," said Paul, and then, anxious to be rid of a subject that was both absurd and thoroughly distasteful to him, he changed the conversation.

That she had seriously annoyed and distressed him, Mrs. Stoker knew perfectly well; but a lifelong habit of saying exactly what she wanted to say had not failed her in the present case. Besides, she was genuinely attached to the young clergyman, and having, as she thought, divined that Anita was attracted to him, knowing also her real character, which she had carefully studied while they were in Egypt, she had made up her mind to warn Paul at her first opportunity.

She had met Anita and the Duc in Paris after their marriage, had renewed her acquaintance, and had made friends

with the dowager Duchesse. Her shrewd old eyes had seen, amidst all the luxury that surrounded them, that one thing was lacking, and that was love on the part of the bride for her husband. She had seen, too, the Duc's absolute devotion, and had pitied him.

Having accomplished her object with Paul, she changed the conversation, relating some of her own and her nephew's experiences during their foreign travel. With all her peculiarities she was an amusing talker, and her listener could not be other than entertained. They were bowling along toward his lodgings, whither Mrs. Stoker had insisted upon driving him, when she changed the conversation again, and inquired if he had seen any of the Blackwoods.

"Not lately," he had answered.

"I suppose you know," she continued, "that Leonard Blackwood is shut up in Ladysmith with his regiment, unless he is dead or starving; that Julian has just been accorded a most flattering testimonial from the Royal Geographical Society for a paper of his on Egypt; and that Natalie is about to become a Roman Catholic."

"I have been so engrossed with work," he said, "that these things have escaped me."

"I always thought that that handsome Everdeen had some influence over Natalie," remarked the old lady. "A fine girl, and one who deserves something better than to become a Papist. Her grandmother told me she has refused some of the best men in London society; one of them, Lord Lamblay, was inconsolable over her refusal."

"Indeed," said Paul Morgan. He was beginning to feel distinctly bored.

"Natalie is like her grandmother," continued Mrs. Stoker, no ways cast down by his want of interest. "Susan Blackwood and I were old friends at school. A strong will, and a tendency to hold all the reins of government in *her own hands and yield to no one*, were

among her chief characteristics. It just escaped her, however, that some one among her descendants might take after her, and Natalie is that one. All the rest are more or less under Susan's thumb, and none more so than her clerical son."

"If that is the case," said Paul, "why does she allow him to go to such extremes in ritual. I should judge it would not be acceptable to Lady Blackwood, who was brought up among the Low Churchmen."

"Oh! she likes it," was the answer; "it brings distinction, and makes him a marked man, and much talked about. Then, too, in spite of her Low Church environment as a child, there was always a strong vein of efflorescence in Susan Blackwood that made her take readily to her son's taste for lights and music and incense. I told her the last time we met that she only stopped short of the Pope."

"Good old man," said Paul Morgan involuntarily, "she might go farther and fare worse." He was trying hard not to allow the irritability he felt to show in his manner; why had he run up against this talkative old lady!

The carriage rolled out of the main thoroughfare and into the street where Paul Morgan's lodgings were, and he breathed an inward sigh of relief.

"Natalie seems to have an active champion in you," pursued his unconscious tormentor, "though I know you are not in love with her."

"Good heavens, no," he said, and then, as the driver drew up at his own door, he held out his hand ere alighting.

"My dear Mrs. Stoker, a thousand thanks for bringing me this long drive home," he said. "If I meet Mr. Ewing in Africa shall I give him any message?"

"Tell him to take care and not get coast fever," answered the old lady; "and you, too, Mr. Morgan—you can't be too careful. A dose of quinine early in the morning is a great preventive."

He raised his hat and thanked her, with a smile. The smile deepened into a laugh as the carriage drove away.

"She is even more peculiar on her native heath than she was in Egypt," he thought. "As to all that about the Duchesse de St. André, it's absurd. She seems to have spent her time on the trip in imagining we were all in love with each other." He hurried up-stairs and dismissed the matter from his mind. There were last visits to make that evening, and other and more engrossing topics for thought than his meeting with an eccentric elderly lady.

At six the next morning the great steamer moved out of her dock and set her bow toward the far-off African shore. Amid the crowd on deck before starting Paul Morgan caught a glimpse of Father Basil, who had come to say good-bye

to some confreres who were going on the African mission.

The priest's clear blue eyes met his for a moment with what seemed to Paul Morgan a glance of recognition. The young clergyman remained on deck musing on Father Basil's strong, attractive face, and hearing again the clear, insistent voice, as he had heard it in the Lenten lectures. He seemed at peace. So was Sister Mary Fidelis, and so were a multitude of others who had suffered and gained a faith that, from their own testimony, was above measure and above price. Would that faith ever be his? Paul Morgan was too tremendously in earnest to have hesitated had he been convinced; but around him still clung the "ignus fatuus" of a divided Catholic Church.

(To be continued.)

PAROCHIAL AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

COMPARED IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW YORK NORMAL COLLEGE JUNE EXAMINATIONS

By H. F. L.

THE New York Herald of June 18th contains some statistics of the June examinations at the Normal College which are exceedingly interesting as affording a basis, imperfect though it is, for comparison of the two systems of elementary education adopted in our parochial and public schools. The figures published relate only to the girls' schools; if a similar statement concerning the boys' schools has been printed we have not seen it. The superintendent of the parish schools, speaking of these examinations in his annual report, says: "It is a source of regret that, at present, we have no means of acquiring complete statistics as to the number of children participat-

ing in these examinations, and the success obtained." This is indeed a matter for regret, but one which we think can be easily remedied. What more is necessary than to require the schools to keep a record of the pupils whom they recommend for these examinations, and of the result? Judging, however, from the incomplete statistics at hand, the conviction for which we have so long contended has been confirmed, namely, that, notwithstanding the drawbacks against which our Catholic schools labor, they need not shrink from a comparison with the public schools. These drawbacks are obvious.

In the first place we have, comparatively, a vastly greater number of the

children of the poor, and fewer of the well-to-do class in the parochial than in the public schools. The consequence is that only a very small percentage of our children can afford to remain at school till they graduate. They must become bread-winners and help support the family. The public schools are not thus depleted of their advanced pupils. There is nothing to prevent them from remaining for the full course. It were preposterous, therefore, to expect as many graduates, in proportion to their numbers, in the parish, as in the public schools.

In the next place, we Catholics lack that all-important element of material progress—funds. We can afford to spend, proportionately, only a fraction of the enormous sum at the disposition of the public school authorities. The parochial schools of the arch-diocese of New York educate fifty-five thousand, six hundred and twenty-nine children at a total cost of about five hundred thousand dollars per annum, as we learn from the report of the Catholic School Board—about nine dollars for each pupil. The public schools cost the taxpayers of Greater New York a little over sixteen million dollars a year for "instruction and supervision" (salaries) alone. The "grand total" for school purposes during the last year (vide Maxwell's report) was twenty-seven million, eight hundred and forty-eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty-three dollars and sixteen cents. The average cost per capita is given as thirty-four dollars and forty-seven cents. To expect equal results from such unequal conditions would seem a little unreasonable. And yet we contend that our parish schools not only compare favorably with the costly state establishments but actually surpass them, even along the lines of purely secular education. Now, if it be admitted—and it is a truism which *none but the dolt or the infidel will deny*

—that religion is the first factor to be considered in the formation of a good citizen, then is the parochial school system infinitely preferable to that fostered by the state, from which all religious instruction is rigorously excluded. We might easily show that this view, once almost exclusively Catholic, is now adopted by thinking men of every denomination; but we must not be led away from our present purpose.

The Herald prefaces its statistics by saying that "six hundred and sixteen graduates of the public schools out of a thousand who took the entrance examinations of the Normal College" were successful. This statement is incorrect and misleading. The "six hundred and sixteen successful graduates of the public schools" include one hundred and sixty-seven pupils from the nineteen parochial schools represented, and sixty-three "independent candidates." Moreover, we have it on very good authority that the number of those "who took the entrance examinations of Normal College" was considerably more than "a thousand," thus making still further inroads on the percentage of successful candidates for promotion. Now, if we deduct the number of parochial school graduates, together with the "independent candidates," and also the graduates from the "Training School"—which, under the immediate supervision of Prof. Hunter, may be said to be in a class by itself—we have left three hundred and fifteen successful candidates to be apportioned amongst the forty-two public schools named in the Herald, as against one hundred and sixty-seven from the nineteen parish schools. In other words, the parish schools had an average of over eight and one-half successful candidates for advancement, and the public schools only seven and one-half.

Of these successful candidates, seven out of the forty-two public schools had only one each; whereas only two out of

the nineteen parish schools had so low a record.

Nearly half of the public schools—twenty out of forty-two—presented, each, less than five successful aspirants; whereas only four of the nineteen parochial schools made so poor a showing.

It would be interesting to know just how many of the public school applicants failed to pass the College examinations. We have no exact data on this matter, but from the figures published it would seem that the percentage was very large. Nor have we any means of knowing how many failures were recorded from the parochial schools. Did we possess this knowledge, we would have a better test of the comparative success of the two systems; yet from the facts within our knowledge we are justified in concluding that a vast majority of the unsuccessful candidates and a much greater percentage of failures came from the public schools. In this belief we are fortified by the records of some of our own schools. For instance, fifteen grad-

uates of St. Vincent Ferrer's school presented themselves for the High School and College examinations, and all passed except one; two of the boys, who were thought to be not quite up to the standard, took the examinations as "independent candidates," and both were successful.

The Herald says that "the parochial schools stood high in comparison with the records of the last few years." Had our patronizing reporter said that they compared, more than favorably with the pet institutions of the state, he would have told only the simple truth. Still, notwithstanding this showing, there are certain timid Catholics—either weak-kneed or weak-minded—who are unwilling to claim that the work done in our parish schools is of as high a grade as that of the public schools. This opinion was entertained quite extensively some time ago, but now it is held by none except those who are either ignorant of the facts or interested in suppressing them.

DOCTOR MURAT

By J. L. O'C.

THE sombre mantle of night is gently lowered over the little town of Avon, and as darkness comes on a light drizzle of rain, aided by the dismal glimmer of the street lamps, lends to the scene an aspect not unlike the proverbial old-fashioned London fog.

The main street is deserted save for the retreating figure of a policeman, who soon takes shelter in an inviting doorway, over which hangs a small oval sign, inscribed: "F. W. Murat, M. D., Physician and Surgeon."

To-night, within his cozy little office, the popular young doctor is comfortably

seated in an old armchair which has been drawn up close to the genial fireplace. The blazing logs cast a cheerful, ruddy glow about the room that seems to have a strange effect upon the doctor, for, as he leans forward to knock the ashes from the end of his cigar, he continues to stare vacantly at the glowing grate as if his imagination were hard at work fashioning familiar pictures of the past out of the playful flames.

Yes, the doctor is secretly communing with the spirits of the past. It is not entirely a pleasant retrospection, however, for an occasional shadow flits across his face as all unconsciously he blows the pale blue rings off into space.

"No, they must never know," he muses, and then, as a fresh pained expression darkens his countenance, he continues, "No, as Doctor Murat, she must never know, for it would be wrong, very wrong, and as for the other—well—"

Truth is, Doctor Murat is in love; the charming daughter of Judge Donovan being the object of his silent devotion

The friendship that sprang up between them three years before has of late developed into a love so strong, so passionate that, try as he will, the doctor cannot silence it.

Though perfectly aware that the love he bears her is reciprocated with an ardor no less emotional than his own, still he is equally conscious that, if he is to act honorably, he must ever forego an avowal of that love. A bitter thought this, and one that is responsible for many sad reveries just such as this in which the doctor is now so profoundly lost.

The door opens and closes suddenly, and a newspaper falls in upon the floor.

"Why, on earth, didn't the young rascal stop in and get warm?" cries the doctor as he stoops to pick up the printed sheet, for it is the "Devonshire Evening Call" that the newsboy has just left.

He shuts the door tightly, resumes his old place near the fire and begins to scan the head-lines in a rather half-hearted manner, when suddenly his eye falls on the following:

NOTICE!

The sum of five hundred dollars will be paid to any one furnishing us with such information as will lead to the knowledge of the whereabouts of Frank R. White who, in 1892, resided at 206 Beaver Street, London.

London Bureau of Information,
Brummel Building.

The doctor rises slowly without taking his eyes from the notice, holds it so that the light strikes it full and then lets it fall straight into the fire. With one hand resting on the back of the chair, he stands there watching the eager flames devour the shrivelling leaves and, when the last charred remnant has crumbled away into dust, he glances at his watch and murmurs:

"I have just forty-five minutes to drive over to Devonshire and catch that nine o'clock express. I will go to-night and have this matter cleared up at once."

Ten minutes later the doctor, wrapped in his big rain coat, was seated in a light surrey driving through the drizzling wet on his way to Devonshire.

* * * * *

There was the usual happy look on Judge Donovan's face as he entered the doctor's office some three weeks later.

"Good morning, Judge," said Doctor Murat in his hearty manner.

"Mornin'," replied the judge, removing his hat and brushing his hand across the heavy shock of gray that still adorned his massive brow.

"By Jove," continued the doctor, greeting the judge with a warm hand-clasp, "but this is fortunate—your dropping in just as you did, I mean, for I was just thinking of you and wondering whether or not I would find you occupied this morning."

"Well, you see I am at leisure," smiled the judge, "and at your service."

"Sit down," said the doctor, pointing to a chair, and then, after a slight pause, he went on: "Judge, I have a story for you, one that will explain my sudden departure three weeks ago and one that may surprise you somewhat before I am done."

Judge Donovan, who was ever ready for a story, was soon seated lazily in a large armchair near the window, with one of the doctor's favorite Havanas

d placidly in the corner of his , when the narration began. was back in the fall of ninety-two," ctor was saying, "and at that time attending S— L— College. On in night a wallet, containing about ollars was stolen from one of my ates. The next day a search was and the missing wallet was found bottom of my wardrobe. I tried o prove my innocence, but the evi- was too strong against me. y, exasperated and enraged at the ating audacity of those who had ed my room, I cursed the care- is of him who had lost the money tterly deplored the lack of justice college generally. r all this, evidences of my guilt d only to increase as the day ed on. Toward evening the humil- torture of it all became unbear-

urcely knowing what I was about, nly the feeling of escape to spur , I hastily packed a small suit-case ept away from the college I had

Instead of going home—for my s were both dead and I had not urage to face my stern uncle who :ting as my guardian at the time— : South, fully determined never to the place that had caused me so disgrace and misery.

e foolish fear of being followed, ted me to change my name, which nk R. White, to F. W. Murat. at winter I received employment ity hospital, and it was there that became interested in medicine. In pring I was working my way gh medical school, and three years : graduated with honors.

ter two years of practical work at ospital I came here to dear old

The incidents of the last five are already known to you. Well, weeks ago, I saw a notice in the mshire Evening Call" which l a large reward for information

concerning Frank White. For obvious reasons, I felt a strong desire to answer that notice in person, so I left Avon that very night and arrived in London the following day. After I had established my identity, which, let me say in passing, was no easy matter, I learned that my dear uncle was dying and wished to see me at once. I reached his bedside just in time to close his eyes and extend to him that consolation that only a relative can give to a man who is dying among strangers.

"During my brief stay in London I learned that the character of Frank White had been vindicated by the dying confession of an under class-fellow who met with a fatal accident while returning to college after the Christmas holidays. I also learned that I was to inherit all my uncle's riches, a bit of news that pricked my conscience sorely after the manner in which I had acted.

"And now, Judge," he continued, drawing in a deep breath and bracing himself for what was to follow, "I come to the most serious part of this tiresome tale. For the past three years I have wished vainly to ask you for your daughter's hand; still, as Doctor Murat with his questionable past I felt that it would hardly be the most honorable thing to do. But now, as simple Frank White again, I feel that I am free to make such a request."

"My lad," began the old judge as he laid one hand on Frank's shoulder, seemingly to emphasize his remarks, "It will be the proudest day of my life when I can call you my son. Go in and win her, lad, and may God bless you both."

To-day, in the little town of Avon, a new name graces the sign in front of the doctor's office, but in the center of the town is a magnificent public library which bears the following inscription: "The Murat Library, A. D. 1903." It is all that remains to tell of the short-lived but happy career of the once famous Doctor Murat.

St. Eustace

By THOMAS M. CROTTY, O. P., S. T. L.

FAR back in the history of the Christian Era, there lived a man born of wealthy parents but outside of the pale of Christ's Church. He was brave and generous, and possessed many virtues rarely to be found in a man who had not the blessing of being baptized. His name was Eustace. His story is preserved in the Office of the Church. There we may read of his life as a pagan soldier, as a Christian, and as a martyr. All cannot read the Divine Office and few are willing to read the life of this saint of the second century. It was for these, and for the honor of the saint, that the artist employed his skill to paint the likeness of a man dressed after the fashion of a Roman soldier, with a stag—between whose antlers is a figure of the Crucifixion—by his side. This picture fills up one of the lancet windows of stained-glass which adorn with varied tints the small chapel of our Blessed Lady in the Church of the Dominican Fathers, New-bridge.

Our saint was descended from a rich and powerful family. He had been brought up in the midst of ease and wealth. Having arrived at that time of life when he was called upon to choose a profession, he at once determined to follow the Roman Eagle as a soldier, and to devote his life to the service of the Roman Emperor. In this calling he gained for himself, in a short time, great renown. Among his superiors in the army he was famed for his military skill and brilliant triumphs. As an officer of a Legion he was looked up to as a father by the soldiers, who loved him for his kindness towards them and respected him for his justice. Almighty God, Who is not an "acceptor person-

arum," saw how good this pagan was, and was so pleased with his many good works that He sent His angel to him that he might be instructed in the true faith and be brought into the road that leads to heaven; and as Saul, the persecutor of the Christians, was blessed with a visitation from God, so, too, this Roman soldier was granted a like favor. One day, in company with his fellow officers, he was hunting in the Sabine Hills, and soon they came on a troop of beautiful stags, amongst which was a white one surpassing the rest in size and beauty. This did Eustace single out as his special prey. He dashed onwards his steed and, fearless of danger, crossed rapid streams and passed many hills to come upon the stag. In his eagerness to gain the prize he had outstripped his companions, and, all alone, he rushed on until he arrived at the spot where the village of Guadagnola now stands. There the stag suddenly stood still; turning towards his pursuer, it was immediately surrounded by a heavenly light, and between its magnificent branching horns appeared an image of the Crucifixion. Filled with astonishment, Eustace reined in his charger; and then a voice cried out to him: "Why do you follow Me? Lo! I have taken this form to speak to you. I am Christ, Whom you serve without knowing. Your charity and good deeds towards the poor have stood before Me and have made Me follow you with My mercy. The just man, dear to me on account of his works, must not serve devils and false gods who cannot give life or reward."

These words struck Eustace with terror and confusion, and having dismounted, he could not turn away his eyes from the wonderful vision before

him. Although he heard the words spoken, yet he was not able to understand their meaning. At length he regained his presence of mind, and asked: "What voice is this? Who speaks to me? Tell me Who Thou art that I may know Thee."

Again the voice in answer to his question says: "I am Jesus Christ, Who created heaven and earth out of nothing, Who threw all matter into shape, and made the light spring from the chaos of darkness. I am He Who created the moon and the stars, and caused the day and night; Who created man from the slime of the earth, and for his redemption appeared in human flesh, was crucified and rose the third day from the dead. Go to the city, and seek the chief pastor of the Christians and be baptized."

These words were no sooner spoken than Eustace fell on his knees to adore that God Who had thus wonderfully manifested His divine will to him. He then returned homewards and hastened to his wife to recount the wonderful events just related. She, too, was enlightened, and thereupon resolved to become a Christian. Anacletus was at that time Pope, and to shelter himself from the dreadful persecutions he retired to the Catacombs of Saint Priscilla, in the Via Salara. Thither these two souls, specially directed by Almighty God, betook themselves, taking with them their two children, the elder of whom was but five years old. In disguise they went their way, passed the Salarian gate and arrived at the entrance to the Catacombs. They made themselves known to the Holy Pontiff, who received them into the Church and poured on their heads the saving waters of baptism. The name of Eustace's wife was Theopista. Agapius and Theopiston were the names of his children. This family had now tasted the happiness that belongs to true followers of Jesus. In course of time they found how sweet was the yoke of Christ, and the pleasures that they once

believed the most complete and perfect they now despised, and gave their whole hearts and souls to the looking after the "one thing necessary."

As gold in the furnace is proved, so was the faith of these people. A virulent pestilence deprived Eustace in a short time of all his cattle, his servants and domestics. He, with his wife and children, withdrew from his home to avoid the disease and death. In their absence all his wealth had been plundered by robbers, and when they returned to their home they found themselves reduced almost to beggary. This was a severe blow, but they knew that it was an affliction sent to them by God, and they determined to bear it patiently for His sake. By going far away they might live unknown, and would work and toil for their support in a strange land; so they resolved to set out for Egypt. Having arrived at Ostia, they found a ship ready to sail to that country. They had no money, but the captain, moved by their condition, and secretly entertaining wicked intentions towards Theopista, who was extremely beautiful, offered them a free passage. As soon as they had arrived at an African port, the captain demanded payment from Eustace; and on being told that he possessed no money he, with his sons, Agapius and Theopiston, was compelled to leave the vessel, whilst the beautiful and faithful Theopista was detained on board as a slave. Heartbroken with grief at the separation from his wife, yet trusting in God, he and his sons travelled towards the interior of this land, where greater trials awaited him. He found it necessary to cross a river in order to pursue his journey, and believing it unwise to take both his children at once, left one on the bank and placed the other on his shoulders, whom he carried safely to the opposite side. In his journey across, an enormous lion seized his second son, and Eustace, re-entering the river to secure him, left the other boy seated on the

bank; but he had not advanced far when this boy's cries drew his father's attention. On turning around, he saw a wolf dragging his son away, and so, struck with sorrow at these misfortunes, he was incapable of rendering even the least assistance to his captured children. After some time, which he spent in begging God's help and grace in these severe trials, he quitted the scene of such bitter sorrows, and we next hear of him as a laborer on a farm called Bardysa, where he passed his days unknown, in labor, prayer and solitude. For a period of some months he was left in the enjoyment of quiet and rest, disturbed only by the thought of his many sad losses.

The Emperor Trajan, fearing the combined armies of the Persian and other nations, collected a mighty army, and a leader the most skilled was looked for. The name of Eustace was everywhere spoken of in the army as a brave and gallant soldier. Immense rewards were offered to the person who should be so lucky as to find him and to bring him to Rome. Two veterans set out for Egypt and succeeded in finding Eustace in the garb of a laborer. After many entreaties they prevailed on Eustace, who returned to fight once more for the Roman Empire. At the end of the campaign, in which the Romans freed themselves from the attacks of their enemies, a portion of the army was in great danger, and were it not for the bravery of two young soldiers who encouraged their companions in the strife to continue until the arrival of the main body of the army, there might have been a victory for the enemy. Eustace, who was the general of the campaign, saw how well and bravely these two young men had fought, and, after the battle, raised them to high rank in the army. He became much attached to them and his attachment was reciprocated. In *their mutual confidences* it appeared that

one of these young soldiers was, in his early childhood, carried away by a lion and saved from death by some shepherds; the other related how a wolf had taken him from the bank of a river, and how a ploughman had helped to rescue him. At length they found that they were brothers, and children of the general who so much favored them. Great was their joy, and with heartfelt thanks they prayed to God and adored Him Who had shown them such mercy. Soon after this, the Emperor Adrian (Trajan was at this time dead) sent a messenger to Eustace to inform him of a triumph that was to honor him and his army in return for their glorious victory. He prepared, together with his sons, to receive the honors to be bestowed on him. Before the appointed day, a poor woman earnestly sought for permission to be brought into the presence of Eustace. She received the favor and from the story of her life it was discovered that she was the wife of Eustace. With joy she recounted how she had been preserved by her constancy and fidelity from the wickedness of the captain who detained her on board his vessel as a slave. After so many troubles and so much bitter suffering the family of Eustace were once more united, never again to be separated.

The day of the triumphal procession has come, and Eustace, the great general, with his family is there. The Temple of Jupiter is marked out as the place for the sacrifice. Eustace refuses to enter. A cry from the immense crowd sounds the death-knell for the Christians, and the air resounds with the words: "Death to the Christians." Instant death was the sentence of Adrian, who discovered that his general and family were followers of Christ.

"You may command me," said Eustace, "to lead your legions against the enemies of the empire, but never will

I offer sacrifice to any other god than to the one great and powerful God Who created all things. He alone is worthy of sacrifice; all other gods are but demons who deceive men."

In the same manner did the wife and children of Eustace answer the Emperor. Immediately they were hurried away to the Coliseum, where they were put to death by being placed in an immense bronze ball where they might be consumed by a slow fire. After three days,

their bodies were taken out in presence of the Emperor; no trace of fire could be noticed; a beautiful odor came from them, and the four appeared to be in a sweet sleep. These bodies were stolen by the Christians, who carried them to the spot where, years before, they had received the holy sacrament of baptism. Thus, in the year of our Lord 120, St. Eustace ended his days by a glorious death as a soldier, not of the world but of Christ.

Unfaithful

Edith R. Wilson

The Dawn is clad in radiant mist
Of opal and of amethyst,
With glint of gold, to mark her tryst
With Him, her sun-crowned Love:—
He standeth where the lilies feed,
White-footed on the dewy mead,—
She presseth forward with love's speed.—
The blue sky bends above.

The garish day is decked with flowers,
And through the honied, golden hours,
Dallies in fragrant, jasmine bowers,
Where hidden waters flow.
She turneth from her Love's embrace,—
"Must I look up to greet His face,
Who see Him mirrored in His grace
In the cool wave below?"

Wan, wan, beneath the moon's pale beam,
Night standeth by death's sullen stream,
And, like one waking from a dream,
Starts back with shrinking feet:—
"Woe, woe, my sun-crowned Love is fled!
My day is done, my course is sped!
The death dews gather round my head
Where once His kiss lay sweet!"

That Boy Gérald

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cathbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

XV.

A CONSULTATION.

DURING all that Monday, as well as all the day before, our young Preparatorian had been revolving his scheme in his mind.

He kept his own counsel until, as we have seen, the secret was becoming too painful a burden. He had sought relief by confiding in his singing companion, Master Blatchford Darce, and that young gentleman had promised to help him heart and soul.

The plan's success, as we have stated, depended on the secrecy with which it was carried out, yet this very secrecy seemed to be fatal to his scheme.

What made Gerald tell Mr. Laffington that he could not attend on the Tuesday? During the last hour of class that day he had hit upon a brilliant idea. He would consult his great friend, Mr. Watson. He was a very great man in Gerald's estimation. Great in body, as we know; great in boyish and delightful enthusiasm, and Gerald was sure he would be great in expedients. Yes, Mr. Watson was the man to help him out of his difficulty.

Albury knew very well that he could not see him at his office on Monday afternoon, after the singing lesson. It would be too late then. With a delicacy creditable to Gerald he refrained from going to his friend's residence. He thought that would look too much as if he wanted to be invited there again.

On Tuesday afternoon he took the down-town car and was soon in the midst of the tall office buildings. He entered

one of them and walked into the elevator cage.

"What floor?" asked the elevator man.

"Don't know, I'm sure. I want Mr. Watson's office."

"Which Watson? the lawyer or the insurance agent?"

"The lawyer."

"Eighth floor."

The elevator was an old-fashioned, slow one, and Gerald thought it was an interminable time in reaching the floor he wanted.

"Eight!" said the king of Ups and Downs, but Gerald did not move. He had forgotten where to get off.

"Look here, you young fellow. You don't come that on me. I am not here to be fooled."

"No?" said Gerald, innocently, "what a pity."

"Get out of here! There's Watson's office."

"Thanks, mister," said Gerald, as he made a jump for the landing at the same moment that the ill-natured man made an attempt to seize him by the coat collar. The man slammed the cage door to, and began to ascend, in the meantime shaking his fist at the boy, who in return made a decidedly ugly face at the ill-natured servant. All of which goes to show that during that day, at least, Gerald had occasional lapses with regard to that "awful goodness" resolution.

"What can I do for you, young gentleman," said an elderly looking clerk, as Gerald entered the outer office.

"I want to see Mr. Watson, please."

"I am very sorry. He is out just at present. Can I do instead?"

"No, thank you. I want to see him. He is my friend."

The last sentence had a note of triumph in it which the clerk did not fail to notice, and which caused the other clerks to look up and smile good naturedly at the diminutive client.

"Mr. Watson will return at a quarter after four. It is four o'clock now. Do you care to wait?"

"If you please, sir," said the boy politely. His manners were quite different from what they were two minutes before with the elevator man. Environment has a great influence on a boy's manners. If you treat him as a little gentleman, he is likely to act as such, and viceversa.

"Kindly step this way," and Gerald was shown into a little antechamber between the clerks' office and Mr. Watson's consulting room.

The boy sank down in an easy Morris chair. The green burlap wainscoting was soothing to his eyes, and the red-stained plaster above it gave the room a cosy appearance.

Gerald Albury was not conscious of being unusually tired. It is true that he ran around the big yard of the college twenty times, on a "dare," during the lunch recess. It is also true that instead of resting after that feat of speed and endurance, he went straight to the horizontal bars, and "chinned" the bar by the strength of his arm muscles nine or ten times. During the quarter of an hour recess between the afternoon classes he had not ceased for a moment to practice something in the gymnasium.

Yet it cannot be said with certainty that all this was the cause of what happened. If chief clerks will put boys into Morris chairs, and in rooms with soft, soothing colors on the walls, the boys cannot be blamed for anything that may overtake them. If everything in that special room was so perfectly quiet, and so comfortable that Gerald could hear the ticking of the clock in the

next room, and if the great leather chair was so easy, the boy is scarcely to be blamed for what took place.

James Watson, Esq., attorney-at-law, came in and found his young friend fast asleep. The boy's cap had fallen to the floor, his books had slipped from his lap. His legs were stretched out straight in front and one hand drooped gracefully over the arm of the great chair.

"Hello! Gerrie, boy! Wake up. This is a nice thing to be doing in broad daylight."

The boy mumbled something, and sank back into slumber.

"Come, wake up, Gerrie! Do you want to see me?"

The lawyer took him by the hand, and raised him to his feet. Gerald rubbed his eyes with both fists, and yawned.

"Guess I fell asleep, sir."

"You need not guess, Gerrie. There is not the slightest shadow of a doubt about it. He was actually snoring, wasn't he Simpson?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Watson. I—I don't know what made me go to sleep."

"I do. Being tired, and a good easy chair. But come to my private room, my boy. I am glad to see you. How are you getting along?"

The big man threw his arm around the boy's shoulder, and walked him into his private consulting room.

"Now, great punisher of apple thieves, what can I do for you? You are not in trouble at St. Mark's, are you?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Why, then, am I honored with this visit?"

"You said I might come to you when I was in trouble."

"Yes, but you said just now there was no trouble."

"I am not in trouble which is trouble, but—I don't know how to put it. I am troubled; that's it."

"Upon my word! a great distinction? Well, what is it all about?"

Gerald paused, as if to gain courage, and perhaps to arrange his ideas. In the latter he was not particularly successful. The sharp legal expert watched him closely and became unusually interested. He did not fail to notice the quiver of the eyelids, but he also saw the firm set of the lips. As he watched, the "boy" came uppermost in him. In imagination he dropped off thirty-five or forty years of his life, and entered into the feelings and the difficulties of the bright lad before him. Half suspecting that behind it all there was something of a tragedy, he said sympathetically:

"What are you in trouble about, Gerrie? Tell me everything, and then I can help you."

"I knew you would talk that way, Mr. Watson."

"All right. That's good. Go on."

"Papa told me the other night that I had been guilty of respect—eh!—no, that isn't all—there was another word. I can't remember it."

"Self-respect?"

"No, sir."

"Respectability? That could not be the word. You would not be guilty of that, would you, Gerrie?" said the lawyer, with a merry, mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"No, sir," answered the boy, ingenuously, at which Mr. Watson laughed heartily.

"That isn't the word. Oh, dear!"

"Now, boy, away with grieving and sighing. Such things do not help! We will catch the vagrant thing in time. I have it! It was disrespect?"

"No, sir."

"Was it—let—me—see! It was not self-respect, respectability, disrespect. I say Gerald! was it human respect?"

"That's it! That's the word, sir."

"Phew!" said Mr. Watson, pretending to mop the perspiration from his brow. "Please give me something easier next time, will you? But, go on, I am *all attention*."

"Papa said, on Saturday night, that I had been guilty of human respect, and it had caused me to act like Dr. Tolmin, who turned his mother out of doors because he had a party, and she got sick and nearly died, and she brought him some yellow flowers with a long name, and nearly kissed a policeman, and oh! lots of things."

Gerald's tongue was loosened now. Mr. Watson, perfectly nonplussed for the moment, looked at the boy in amused amazement. He knew little of what it was all about, knowing nothing, of course, of the story of the Widow Tolmin.

"Stop! stop! Gerrie. This is worse than hunting the snark! What does it all mean?"

"Papa says I was like the doctor who did all these things."

"But, my lad, you have not—you could not possibly turn your mother out of doors, and it is certainly the very height of improbability that she made an attempt to kiss a policeman. If it is not too much trouble, would you try—ever so little—to be a little plainer."

"Pa read a beautiful story to me all about a doctor."

"Yes, I understand that, now."

"And he had human respects."

"Eh! what! oh! oh! proceed."

"And when pa had finished the story, which made me feel awful mad, pa said I had the same things."

"What things?"

"The respects."

"Now I begin to see. Now light begins to break in. Your father told you that you had the fault of being governed by human respect. Now I see. Give me an instance."

"Two weeks ago I was told I was to sing a duet at the concert last Saturday."

"Yes; but how on earth could you sing a duet?"

"I mean that Blatchford Darce and I were to sing together."

"All right."

"And Mr. Laffington dropped me—us."

"Whose fault? Yours or Darce's?"

"I did not go to practice when he told me."

"Your fault, then, decidedly. You must not blame him in the least. But go on; your system of developing a story is as interesting as novel."

"When he told me I was to sing, I invited mamma and papa, and Blanche and Will to the concert."

"That was very kind, but—"

"When he dropped me, I—I—didn't tell them, and they all went on Saturday and were disappointed."

Then the lawyer saw the situation, including the vexation of the ladies, and all the attendant circumstances. He also saw the little fellow's awkward position, and all his sympathies were aroused.

"My! but, Gerrie! that was wrong, indeed! Why did you not tell them beforehand and save them all the annoyance they must have suffered?"

"I had the respects, sir."

Do what he would, Gerald could rarely get the name of that vice correctly.

"You had too much human respect, you mean?"

"Yes."

"That was very wrong, wasn't it, Gerald?"

"Yes, Mr. Watson, and I want you to help me."

"How can I help you, my boy? I certainly will if I can. Do you want me to go to your parents and tell them how sorry you feel?"

"No, sir. I apologized myself. Pa told me to. But Mr. Laffington is now practicing me on 'Please Give Me a Penny, Sir,' and I know 'The Larboard Watch,' and I can sing 'Chamouni' and oh! lots of others."

"Well?"

"I want to sing them all at home now, sir!"

"Capital! I am sure your father and

mother would be delighted. May I come, too?"

"Of course," said Gerald, with a shade of reproach in his voice, at which his big friend laughed quite heartily, but understood.

"I want to sing, Mr. Watson, for mamma and papa because they were disappointed before—but, I don't want them to know anything about it—and Martha can't do it, nor Blanche, nor Willie, because they won't be let, and I don't know how to do it at all." There was a tone of dismay in the youngster's voice.

"Now, this is serious, Mr. Gregory the Great; not that I understand more than one-seventh of what you have just now said, but it must be serious because you look so very much so yourself."

"Yes, sir."

"Now let us take the thing piecemeal. You want to sing for your parents. All right. I understand that. The reason of your desire is because they were disappointed when they went to St. Mark's concert, and you had not been man enough to tell them that you would not be allowed to appear. I understand that. But how you are going to sing to them without them knowing it, is a poser! Ah! you can sing to them while they are asleep!"

Gerald burst out laughing.

"You don't understand, Mr. Watson."

"That is within the bounds of the strictest truth. I do not understand."

"I want to do it in secret."

"How on earth—" began the lawyer.

"Oh! I don't mean that. I want it to be a surprise! That's what I mean."

"Oh! ah! I am much relieved. Once more I begin to see the light, but I beg of you not to spring any more linguistic Chinese puzzles on me. They are too wearing."

"No, sir."

"What do you mean that Martha—who is she? The cook? Very good. And Blanche and your brother? You

say they cannot get it up. You and your musical chum are to get up the surprise, are you not?"

"That's easy—our part is, sir; but it has to be done by to-morrow week—Wednesday night of next week, because Thursday is my holiday and I—"

"Stop! stop! wait a minute. Why must the surprise concert come off on that particular night?"

"Cause, sir, Wednesday is the only night in the week when mamma receives, and it has to take place before the next monthly concert at St. Mark's, otherwise it's no good."

"Now you are lucid. But what have the cook and Blanche to do with it? With a couple more experiences like this I shall consider myself an equal and rival of Sherlock Holmes!"

The big, joking man saw a passing shadow of worry come over the boy's handsome face. He was instantly all sympathy again.

"It's all right, Gerrie, boy. Don't worry. We are getting along splendidly; but how does the cook or Blanche come into your plans. They appear at present merely 'deus ex machina' in the drama."

"I don't know what that is, sir, but Martha could not invite any one without being allowed to do so by mamma or papa, and then they would find out everything."

"Exactly! Don't you know, my boy, that servants do not invite guests? Do you expect Martha to invite the policeman on the beat?"

Gerald giggled. Mr. Watson waited patiently.

"Oh, no! he! he! he!—it's a drawing room concert. Policemen don't come in there, do they?"

"Not generally. Well? "

"I want to invite some of the ladies who were at the concert on Saturday and talked to mamma and praised my voice to her, and also those gentlemen *who spoke to papa about me*. I want

them to come to our house, because it was on account of my human respect in not keeping papa and mamma away, that their talk made the disappointment all the bigger."

"I see. What else?"

"Then, sir, when the time comes for me to sing, I want to—that is—if you will help me—I want to make a speech and tell them—everybody—I got the human respects, and that I'm awful sorry I hurt mamma and papa, and Blanche and Willie—and that's all."

It took a minute or two for the lawyer to piece together this rambling, and certainly incoherent speech, but when he succeeded and grasped the intention and the real generosity of purpose of the boy in his attempt to repair a fault—well, the man of law was remarkably affected for one of his age and learning.

He looked so long into the handsome face of the boy sitting in front of him that Gerald began to be uneasy. He squirmed in his seat in true boy fashion, and tried to twist his fingers out of all shape. He even blushed. The lawyer continued to stare at the boy, although he did not appear to see him, but through him and beyond. Just then he had eyes that see not, and ears that did not hear, nevertheless his mind was very actively thinking of many things.

"You are not angry with me, are you, Mr. Watson?"

"Angry!" he said, 'arousing himself from the train of thought, "angry! why, laddie, I think your plan is simply grand! gorgeous! brilliant! scrumptious! oh! I have no words! Of course I am not angry, but I am going to help you. I will get your little speech ready for you. We must try to find out who are going to be invited. We must try, also, not to let papa and mamma know. Hush! aha! silence! walk on tiptoe, eh! all that sort of thing. It's all like a comic opera. Oh! we'll have lots of fun. It will be glorious, eh? All right, Gerrie. Good-bye, now. Do you know that this

is one of my busy days, and that you have taken just fifty-five minutes of my time. Good-bye, now."

XVI.

THE TWO CRONIES.

Gerald left the lawyer's office in a state bordering on ecstasy. He had scarcely got outside the door when he remembered the episode with the elevator man. He ran back to his friend.

"Oh! Mr. Watson, I am afraid of the elevator man. I checked him coming up, and he tried to grab me by the collar, but I was too quick for him. He'll catch me now, sure."

Mr. Watson, who was once very much of a boy himself, gave a ringing laugh. He understood the situation completely.

"So! so! Be sure, young man, your sins will find you out. Mr. Simpson will you kindly see this young scapegrace safely off the premises. That man in the cage has been as ugly as a bear with a sore head for the last week. He will lose his job if he does not change."

"Certainly I will, sir," said the clerk, and he smiled pleasantly on Gerald. He was a refined, pleasant-faced man, and Gerald "took" to him at once.

"You remind me much, oh! so much," said he, as they descended slowly, "of my only boy. He was just your age when he died."

"Is that so," said Gerald very sympathetically.

"Yes, you are very much like him, and we miss him—my wife and I—we miss him so much. Life is not the same without him."

"What did he die of?" asked the boy in a low tone.

"Of pneumonia, and he was sick only three days."

"What was his name, Mr.—Mr. Simpson?"

"Sidney."

"Well, I am going to pray for the repose of the soul of Sidney Simpson every day."

"Thank you sincerely. That will be a great comfort to his mother," and the clerk thought young Gerald Albury a perfect little angel.

He might have changed his opinion had he seen him, ten minutes later, following a street sprinkler and deliberately walking every now and then into the spray. By the time he reached home his clothes were drenched from the waist down.

"Hello! central. Give me forty-one-seven-three, main. Hello! is that Judge Albury. Yes. This is Jimmie Watson. Quite well, thank you. Say, Judge, I met with the strangest experience this afternoon! Always meeting them am I? Well, this one was unique. Before I forget it, will you please invite me to your wife's Wednesday reception next week? What's that? I want no invitation—always welcome? Thanks very much. But I am particularly anxious to be invited this time. Why? Oh! that's too long a story. Besides, it's a great secret. Come over on your way home and I will tell you all about it. That youngster actually took up an hour of my time this afternoon, and this is my busy day—big case in court to-morrow. What youngster? Gerald, of course. Do you think there is another boy in the city who could make me do that, busy as I am! Foolish am I? Well, I don't know. The boy is worth it all—aye, and more too. Good-bye! Say, hello, hello, hello! say. How did the Smith case go? Got ten years did he? Poor chap! It will break his mother's heart. Good-bye."

Whirrr—click.

The reader might imagine from the above that Mr. Watson was, at once, about to betray the confidence reposed in him by his young friend. It will be remembered that he had not promised absolutely. He had said to Gerald 'we must try not to let papa and mamma

know,' but he saw then, and more clearly later, that absolute secrecy was impossible. If the boy's plan was to be carried out, at least one of his parents must know all about it. Gerald, however, need not be told which one was in the secret, but it was clear to Mr. Watson that some one in the family must be informed if the scheme was to be brought to a successful issue.

"What has Gerald been bothering you about now?" asked Judge Albury, as soon as he was comfortably seated in Mr. Watson's consulting room. "If he comes here without an invitation again, I shall positively forbid him coming at all."

"You will do nothing of the sort, an ye love me."

"But I cannot permit a boy of mine to come bothering a busy man, especially in business hours."

"Tut-tut, man! If you were aware of half the pleasure his bright face gives me, you would know that such an injunction from the court would be a far greater punishment to me than to him."

"Upon my word, Watson, you are a strange man—you are a perfect boy, still."

"And hope, please God, to be one until I die of old age. It is the bright innocence of boyhood that keeps the world from going altogether to the bows. Heavens! Judge, is not your work on the criminal bench a confirmation of what I say! Do you think that if that poor fellow to whom you gave ten years this afternoon had kept more of a boy's heart and a boy's innocence, he would now be where he is? Bright, pure boyhood is the solacing flower in our world's grime and crime, and his innocent laugh is the honey of the flower. A boy's hearty laugh—like your Gerald's—is always a positive tonic to me. But while I rhapsodize I keep *you from your dinner*. Let me a tale *unfold*."

The attorney-at-law, in a few brief, concise sentences told the plan which had taken the inexperienced boy nearly an hour to unfold. The Judge listened without interrupting. When the story was finished he was well pleased at the evidences of his son's attempt to overcome his fault, and his effort at reparation.

"Besides singing for us, do you mean to say the boy intends to offer a public apology?"

"Exactly; and I have received the supreme honor of being commissioned to write the little speech. I must get out my old school rhetoric and look up the parts of a good speech. Let's see: what are they? Introduction, announcement of subject, proofs, answering supposed objections, and the peroration."

"Now, James, you are not going to prepare anything like that for Gerald. It would be too long, and such a technically perfect speech from one so young would appear ridiculous."

The trouble with Judge Albury was that he took life too seriously. He had no saving grace of humor. He took literally everything told him, with the consequence that life was a very serious thing with him, perhaps far more serious than it was ever intended to be. His position of judge demanded much of him. He was, in consequence, deprived of a great deal of the rational recreation which is found in intimate intercourse with men. Judge Albury deemed it would not be becoming for him, except on the rarest occasions, to attend public banquets. For the same reason balls and the theatre were relinquished. Every one knew of Judge Albury's public spirit. For the amelioration of the condition of the poor, for better civic government, for sweet charity, he was indefatigable. But all this was for him work and not relaxation, and in consequence of his seldom or ever unbending he was beginning to take a very sombre view of life.

Watson delighted in teasing him. He laughed heartily over the last remark about the proposed speech.

"Yes, I am. I am thinking of making a translation of Cicero's 'Pro Lege Manilia,' and adapting it to suit the occasion."

"But the boy could never learn all that!"

"Judge! you dear old goose"—these two were very familiar in private—"if I did not know you from the time we sat together on the benches at St. Mark's, I would say that you were a perfect—a perfect what?—goose!—not even that; a mere gosling. Don't worry about the young orator. I'll fix up a speech all right for Gerald. Can you invite those people whom the youngster wishes to be invited?"

"He is beginning early in life, certainly, to have his own invitation list. Who are they?"

"There you go again! Blaming that boy, when he has the very finest of intentions about those to-be-invited personages."

The Judge smiled.

"Who are they? Would not my wife's choice do?"

"No. This is the plan of Prince Charming. He knew that his mother and you were both spoken to by several persons who praised his voice, and anticipated pleasure from hearing it."

"Yes, several gentlemen spoke to me about Gerald's power of song, and congratulated me. They told me they had come on purpose to hear him."

"Something similar happened to your wife, from the ladies?"

"Yes, she told me afterwards."

"Exactly. Then you know between you whom to invite."

"But why does he want these very people?"

"Because they, as well as his parents, were disappointed by his failure to appear, and because they were the unconscious cause of added vexation to you

and his mother. Do you not see the boy's fine spirit in wanting them to be there when he makes fuller reparation? I believe the youngster is making an almost heroic effort to overcome all human respect."

"I certainly brought home to him, last Saturday night, its evil effects, but I do think, James, that you imagine this boy of mine will soon be sprouting wings on his shoulders."

"Not much, Judge Albury," said Watson, emphatically, adding enthusiastically, "but I not only think, but I know that he is a real, true, live, good, American boy, as fine as found anywhere, with unlimited possibilities for good in him, and I say to you, his father, that it is my prayer every night and morning that no untoward circumstances may mar the making or thwart his bright career, but that he may grow up, not a molly-coddle, nor even become an unearthly and unapproachable sort of an ideal, but rather that he may develop into a manly, whole-souled Catholic young man of principle. We want them—we want them badly, in statesmanship, in law, medicine—everywhere. They are to be the future salt of the earth—or the body politic—and let me tell you, Judge, without such men of solid principles—who dare to stand up for the right for right's sake—without these, I say, God help us all! for we are drifting far from the sound principles, the honesty, the integrity of our forefathers."

It was not often that Mr. Watson spoke so freely, and never except to his most intimate friends. Judge Albury was more touched by his friend's interest in his son than he had been by anything in many a day, although the immobility of his countenance gave no indication by which his friend could discover this.

"Here is a safe and true friend for my boy as he grows up," were the unspoken thoughts of the jurist.

Mr. Watson, not being able to read his thoughts, was a little piqued that his enthusiasm had met with no response. He began again:

"Yes, sir, we want more men of principle in the various walks of life. Why should religion be excluded from every branch of commercial and professional activity? Look at our press, for instance. It is an undeniably great power—the thinking machine, practically, for the nation, and yet in the secular press, consciously or unconsciously, God is the 'ancien regime' as much as ever He was in the French revolution. Proof? Loads of it. Let any great catastrophe occur—any great wreck, fire, or shipwreck, and then read the editorial comments. Any quantity of gush about our control of the natural forces, and how Nature likes to play with us and show us how small and impotent we are in comparison with her. Is there ever a word about God, or an overruling Providence? Never a word! The Japanese are more publicly religious than we are. Yes, sir, we want young men well grounded, and not afraid to work out their religious and ethical principles in every-day life. Then there will be hope for the professions, for commerce, the social life and for the working man too. Judge Albury, if I read your boy aright—and I think I do—he is going to be just one of these men by and bye for whom the world is now clamoring."

"I am delighted to hear you say so."

"You will further the lad's plans concerning the concert?"

"I certainly shall. I will consult with my wife this evening. Gerald is not to know that I am aware of his designs?"

"No, no. That would upset the whole kettle of fish. If you let him know as much as a syllable, I will order you to instant execution."

Thus Master Gerald Gregory Albury's plans were in a fair way of materializing. *All that week he was in high spirits. Occasionally, during the recess the college*

porter called him to the telephone—of which he felt immensely proud. Mr. Watson informed him of the progress of events. On the Friday before the all-important Wednesday, the lawyer called him up.

"Everything is going splendidly, Gerrie?"

"That's fine, Mr. Watson."

"I secured the names of all the people you wanted, and they have all been invited."

"How did you find them out, sir?"

"Oh! never mind that. I have a way of my own."

"You didn't let pa into the secret?"

"Now, Gerrie, that's a nice question to ask your best friend!"

"Oh! excuse me—I—"

"Look here, Gerrie, how many songs have you beside the duet?"

"Three or four, sir, and I am practicing 'As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams.'"

"Capital! Isn't that too hard for you?"

"No, sir. I can get it all right. Mr. Laffington says I am a *Bella Donna*."

Gerald heard the hearty laugh of the lawyer at the other end of the line.

"All right, Gerald. Keep up the good work. Take care of yourself; do not catch cold. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir. Oh! say, Mr. Watson. Have you got my speech ready yet?"

"Dear me! I had quite forgotten that important affair. I tell you what to do. Come over to my house on Monday afternoon to tea, and I will practice you then."

"At what time, sir?"

"Let us say six o'clock. Will that suit the convenience of your royal highness?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you. Good-bye."

Something happened on that Monday afternoon which unfortunately upset their plans. It was in this wise.

Gerald was ambitious, but not in the musical line. His bird-like notes of the

sweetest quality came naturally to him and almost without effort, to the intense delight of his music teacher, who recognized his remarkably accurate ear. The boy was without affectation in his singing. He sang naturally and well, with an entire absence of vulgar quavering. He sang simply because the teacher told him to sing, much in the same spirit as he would work out a problem in fractions at the blackboard if the task were set him. His mother had often told him that he ought to be very thankful for such a voice, but in some way Gerald looked upon the gift as a matter of course, although he was very fond of singing.

He took a different view of things with regard to baseball. He had a pronounced ambition to become a good pitcher, and in order to attain this result he made persistent effort. Either in connection with this, or as a separate ambition, he was very desirous of becoming an expert gymnast. The yard prefect at St. Mark's often wondered at his untiring activity. He would rush from one exercise to another in breathless haste, as if begrudging the loss of a minute. The recesses, the noon hour, and as long as he was permitted to remain after class hours in the evening, were periods of intense activity. He certainly often tired himself out. Well, had he not to sit still—or was supposed to do so—for five or six hours a day in the classrooms?

At the close of the school day on the Monday set apart for the rehearsal of the speech, Gerald was in high glee, and his good spirits found expression in increased activity in the gymnasium. He could already accomplish nearly everything he had seen the seniors perform. Many of the students of the upper classes began to regard him as a coming phenomenon.

"I know one thing you cannot do, Albury," said a big, good-natured sen-

ior who had coached him in many a difficult feat.

"What is it?" asked Gerald eagerly, out of breath from his work on the vaulting horse.

"You cannot make the giant swing on the horizontal bar."

"What's it like?"

"Did you not see Smithers do it just now?"

"Naw! I don't know Smithers. What is it?"

"Come over to the bar and I'll show you."

The giant swing is generally considered quite a difficult feat, even for a good college athlete. It is done by holding the bar with the hands and swinging the body, stretched at its full length, several times around the pole. It is a feat which requires considerable muscular effort, and not every boy can accomplish it. The coach, an expert, showed Gerald what was to be done, and the best way to do it.

Albury's ambition was fired. If he could only do that! Of course he was desirous of trying it at once.

"Better wait awhile, and take a rest first. It is a hard thing to do."

"No, no. I am not tired. Let me try."

He was lifted up by the big fellow, and he clutched the bar. He was then given a little impetus, and was told to increase it until he could swing himself over and over.

Now Gerald was more tired than he knew. He succeeded, however, in swinging himself completely around once, amid the applause of those present. This applause was to him as the smell of powder to the old war-horse. He continued to swing and succeeded in going around the second time, and tried the third. This last effort was too much of a strain on his muscles, which gave way at the critical moment, that is, when he was almost perpendicularly above

the bar, head downward. With a shriek he fell, first to the bar, and then to the floor below.

One arm was beneath him and one leg was doubled up. He was motionless and apparently lifeless. A thrill of horror shot through all who had witnessed the fall. A moment later, the big boy who had suggested the attempt raised poor Gerald. He was unconscious, and his left arm hung down as if broken.

The college physician was summoned. Gerald was carried to the parlor. When, after a long time, he recovered consciousness he found that he had received a fracture of the small bone of his left arm, and a very severe sprain of the muscles of his left leg.

He was taken home by the boy who had prompted the daring deed. The senior made profuse apologies for his

share in the catastrophe. Mr. Laffington had thought to telephone to the Albury residence before the carriage arrived, and thus Mrs. Albury was saved a sudden shock.

Mr. Watson, on his way home, happened to be passing, and seeing that some one was being carried into the house, crossed the street and ran up the front steps. When Gerald was laid upon the lounge in the hall, and the lawyer had learned the extent of his young friend's injuries, he said to the boy:

"The best laid plans of men and mice
Aft gang alee."

"Ouch!" said Gerald as he tried to move. He put his finger to his lips, as a sign to Mr. Watson to keep their secret.

(To be continued.)

True Poverty

By Honora McDonough

True poverty, I take to be,
Withholding nothing, Lord, from Thee
That Thy dear love requires of me
In time or in eternity.

Lord, unto me in love reveal
What I should give in woe or weal;
To Thee and Thine O make me leal,
And all that's mine Thine image seal.

Lovest thou, my soul, created things
More than their Maker? Give them wings,
And nearer thou to Him shalt be,
Who in His love made them and thee.

True poverty is love's delight,
Giving of self its inward might;
How rich it maketh, none can say
Save Christ the Lord, Who will repay.



EN ROUTE TO THE "MEET."

The Roman Campagna

By F. W. PARSONS

ARTISTS, poets and true lovers of the picturesque, will soon wend their way from Rome for the Campagna, and seek inspiration amidst the ruins of the Empire. Picturesque and interesting the Campagna surely is; and when this solitary wilderness is invaded by merry riders of the Roman Fox Hunt Club, or traversed by peasants, on foot, in wine cart or other quaint vehicle, the foreground of a picture is formed, which nature completes with vast stretches of plain, broken here and there by remains of ancient aqueducts and the ruined tombs of a mighty race now gone forever, while the horizon ends in a range of mountains bathed in marvellous atmospheric effects of amethystine blue, violet and pink.

What a contrast to Rome itself! Almost all natural beauty has vanished from the Eternal City except what lingers in the gardens of the Borghese

Villa (now owned by the State), and in the grounds of villas, private or governmental, such as the Villa Mattei, of Baron von Hoffmann, the Villa Medici, now the French school of music, archaeology and art, and the Villa of the Sovereign Order of the Knights of Malta, upon the Aventine hill.

Artists have expressed deep and lasting regret for the loss of those picturesque views which formerly greeted visitors at almost every turn in the windings of the Tiber, and that famous one, especially, of the Castle Sant' Angelo. The Italian government has been unjustly censured for constructing stone quays which have forever destroyed the sloping, natural beauty of the banks of the Tiber. Modern progress in sanitary engineering would have forced any government, Papal or monarchical, to establish similar barriers against inundation. Even with the protection which these quays

afford, after long continued rains I have seen the Pantheon surrounded by water and approached by boats, and the little circular building, erroneously styled the "Temple of Vesta," in the midst of a lake, fed by the Tiber's waters. Attention to modern sanitation has reduced the average annual death-rate of Rome below that of any other large European city, with one exception.

Artists and botanists now seek in vain for that "incomparable and strangely unique flora of the Coliseum" which formerly merited for it the title, "a gar-

wrote, and of the flowery carpet which so greatly enhanced their lonely solemnity, are now a series of bare, featureless walls standing in a gravelly waste." Although there is a certain nobility of proportion in what remains of this grand old structure, yet much of its beauty has been lost, though doubtless archaeological interest in it has been increased through this "improvement."

In the Rome of to-day, the spirit of modernity (something quite distinct from progress), bids fair to justify the prophecy attributed to Prof. Rudolpho

Lanciani, that "if they keep on, eventually, nothing will be left of the Rome of the past but the Coliseum and St. Peter's." The mania for change has, for centuries, been a characteristic of the Romans, and they have been far more ruthless in the destruction of their own city than have invading barbarians or hostile foes. Almost all that remained of classic Roman architecture was destroyed or torn away by the great masters of the Renaissance, and Michael Angelo himself was the most noted



ON THE CAMPAGNA.

landed ring." It has been claimed by some that the wealth of verdure that once adorned this noble ruin, dear to every Christian heart, was affecting its stability. Signor Rossa certainly displayed a zeal that was not tempered by discretion when he removed this luxuriant and beautiful vegetation, destroying a considerable portion of the structure in the uprooting of shrubs and trees.

Hare justly complained that "the Baths of Caracalla, stripped of all their verdure and shrubs, and deprived alike of the tufted foliage amid which Shelly

vandal of them all. All that was beautiful and most characteristic of medieval Rome was covered up or defaced by so-called "renovations," or "restorations," of the later Renaissance, a movement that, in architecture and art, finally spent itself in decadent forms of more than doubtful appropriateness and taste.

The varied beauties of the Roman Campagna are now happily beyond the likelihood of any material mutilation. Of course, the character and topography of this vast, undulating plain have changed many times in the lapse of cen-

turies that witnessed the beginnings of nine Romes before the father of Romulus and his shepherd companions left their native hills to migrate to the banks of the Tiber. This great Agro Romano, once covered with trees, traversed by water-courses, and dotted, here and there, with cities, has been the scene of fierce conflicts in the struggle for power and supremacy, pre-historic, pagan, medieval and Papal. There are features, however, that have not changed, and that remain unchangeable: the brilliancy of the light, the serene beauty of the sky, and those wonderful atmospheric effects that baffle alike the pen of the writer and the brush of the painter.

Of the rest, the French historian, Ampere, has written: "The admirable mountains that encircle the Roman Campagna present almost the same spectacle that they offered thirty centuries ago; they are, doubtless, less wooded, above all, those of the Sabine, which belong to the calcareous chain of the Apennines nearly everywhere despoiled of its primitive vegetation; but otherwise, they are what they were and always will be, marvellous in line, in bulk and in color, forming, at the north and at the east, an immense amphitheater, the vast seats of which are the highest summits, rising gradually one above the other, and at the foot of which extends the arena (to-day silent and gloomy) which has resounded with the noise of so many combats, whilst Rome, yet in its place, forms the scene where has been represented the *greatest drama of humanity.*"

A matchless view of this "arena" can be obtained from the summit of Monte Cavo. The excursion can be made from Rome in a day, taking an early morning train from Rome to Albano, and thence making the ascent on foot, or the train can be left at Castel Gandolfo, and, after following the road to Albano



TEST IN HORSEMANSHIP AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL

a certain distance, a good mountain climber can make his way up the pathless and rugged mountain side. On the summit of Monte Cavo stands an old Passionist monastery, now suppressed, and used in warm weather as a cheap lodging house for pedestrians who arrive there too late to descend by daylight. From the old bellry the dome of St.



WINE CART.



OX CART.

Peter's, fifteen miles or more distant, can be plainly seen on a clear day. Endless, indeed, are the varieties of beauty of the intervening country, "in outline, in grouping and, above all, in color." Ancient towers and ruined tombs abound, and many miles of this solemnly impressive wilderness are spanned by countless arches of ancient aqueducts. Between the aqueducts lie modern roads, sometimes following the general course of ancient Roman highways and, occasionally, some, as the Via Tiburtina, are still paved with blocks of black lava, laid two thousand years ago.

greatest altitude in Monte Cavo. From there the chain descends with a moderate slope, extending finally to the plain in a line long drawn out and finally lost near the seacoast.

It is significant of the unchanging character of the Campagna that the impressions of Charles Dickens, recorded after a walk from Rome to Albano along the old Appian way, read as but of yesterday: "For twelve miles," he says, "we climbed over an unbroken succession of mounds and heaps and hills of ruin. Tombs and temples, overthrown and prostrate; small fragments of columns,



VIA APPIA—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA, A FAVORITE SPOT FOR THE "MEET."

This vast plain presents a most brilliant spectacle in the early springtime, when the wild flowers are in bloom, or under the crimson and gold of late autumn. Travelers who have no inclination for mountainous ascents can pass out of Rome by the Porta San Giovanni and view the Campagna as it stretches out for eleven miles in a slightly undulating plain, unbroken by any tree, but varied somewhat by ruined tombs and ancient aqueducts. Then there arises that line of blue hills, nobly proportioned, that, leaving the Sabine country, ascend in *diverse graceful forms*, attaining their

friezes, pediments; great blocks of granite and marble; mouldering arches, grass-grown and decayed—ruins enough to build a spacious city from lay strewn about us. Sometimes loose walls, built up from these fragments by the shepherds, came across our path; sometimes a ditch, between two mounds of broken stones, obstructed our progress; sometimes the fragments themselves, rolling from beneath our feet, made it a toilsome matter to advance; but it was always ruin. Now we tracked a piece of the old road above the ground; now traced it underneath a grassy covering

as if that were its grave, but all the way was ruin. In the distance, ruined aqueducts went stalking on their giant course along the plain, and every breath of wind that swept towards us stirred early flowers and grasses springing up spontaneously on miles of ruin. The unseen larks above us, who alone disturbed the awful silence, had their nests in ruin;



TEMPTING FATE AT TOR DI QUINTO.

and the fierce herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, who now and then scowled upon us from their sleeping nooks, were housed in ruin. The aspect of the desolate Campagna in one direction, where it was most level, reminded me of an American prairie; but what is the solitude of a region where men have

never dwelt to that of a desert where a mighty race have left their footprints in the earth from which they have vanished; where the resting places of their dead have fallen like their dead; and the broken hour-glass of time is but a heap of idle dust! Returning by the road at sunset, and looking from the distance on the course we had taken in the morn-

ing, I almost felt as if the sun would never rise again, but look its last that night upon a ruined world."

Looking, again, across these wide stretches of the Campagna, from above the Porta Maggiore or Porta San Paolo, the extreme limit of the horizon is filled in with a low chain of mountains, varied in outline, soft and beautiful in color. In autumn their changing tints range from sapphire blue to that incomparable amethystine and mystic haze for which the uplands of Italy are famous. Winter casts a mantle of snow upon their summits, which reappear, later, brilliant with the luxuriant green of early springtime.

I have used the term Campagna in a restricted sense, limiting our field of observation to that plain around Rome which is watered by the Tiber and the Arno, and hemmed in by the Alban and Sabine mountains, the hills above Ronciglione and the seacoast. A glorious view

of this stretch of country can be obtained from the highest exterior gallery of the cupola, or dome, of St. Peter's. From there, also, the Mediterranean can easily be seen on a clear day.

More personal and real than our memories of great Roman men and women, famous in the "brave days of old," is the



A FLYING HIGH LEAP.

human interest attaching to the catacombs of the Campagna. It was because of Roman respect for the burial places of their dead, always outside the city, that the early Christians frequented the catacombs, and in days of persecution worshiped there when even domestic basilicas of individual Christian patricians, like that noble lady, St. Cecilia, no longer afforded adequate protection.

The Roman Collegio Cultorum Martyrum was created to keep alive the memories of the early Christian Church and to honor all places associated with the lives and death of those who sealed with their blood the testimony of Jesus. That famous authority on Christian archaeology, Prof. Horace Marruchi, has for years been president of this Collegio, or association, and visitors to Rome can become members by the payment of a small subscription which entitles them to attend all conferences or reunions in the catacombs throughout the Roman season — that is, from November to March. These conferences are delivered in French or Italian, and when held in the morning they are preceded by Mass. Perhaps *nothing in or about Rome is*

more thrilling than Mass celebrated in the catacombs amidst surroundings practically the same as they were during the great persecutions, or in the century that followed them. Most of the bodies of the martyrs have been removed from their resting places in the catacombs. The removal commenced in the eighth century, and was undertaken through fear of their desecration by hostile invaders of Rome. But enough re-

mains of the memorials of the past to recall the daily life of the people of the first centuries of the Christian Era. Truly, "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," and Christian blood flowed freely in those glorious days.

At the close of the nineteenth century a solemn commemoration was made of all martyrs of the Faith, particularly



TAKING A STONE FENCE.

those of the century then ending. A procession was formed at the catacombs of St. Domatilla. Students of the Propaganda and of all national colleges in Rome participated. Thus, in the line of procession were representatives of about all the nations of Europe, of many states of North and South America, also Greeks, Armenians and students of the Greco-Ruthenian rite, those in Holy Orders wearing their picturesque oriental vestments. This memorable pageant wended its way through the catacombs and out again upon the Campagna, the Cardinal Vicar of Rome bringing up the rear. The last rays of the setting sun illumined the swarthy faces of the Orientals and gave a new gleam to the bright, alert countenances of young men from the United States; the tapers flickered with an uncertain light while the Cardinal Vicar gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament from a temporary altar erected in the open.

The striking contrast between the ashes of a dead past and the cheerful

gaiety of the living present constitutes a very notable characteristic of the city by the Tiber. Representatives of all nations are drawn to Rome by many and varied reasons, diplomatic, political, social, religious, for study and research, as well as through climatic considerations—for here, indeed, is the best winter climate in Italy. Every one naturally seeks occupation and amusement congenial to his tastes, and Rome certainly affords large opportunity for a variety of both. For fully half a century, under both the old and new governmental regime, the bi-weekly meets of the Roman Fox Hunt Club have been kept up. Each successive season has brought to Rome from all nations large numbers of men and women devoted to the chase.

Some may not regard with favor or approval the sport of fox-hunting; but no one who has witnessed a spirited chase on the Campagna can fail to admire the splendid feats of daring horsemanship which it involves. No artificial



READY FOR THE HUNT.



A FAIR RIDER IN THE CHASE.

obstacles or hurdles are here set up; but broken tombs, ruined temples, the ruggedness of the country, with its streams and ditches, afford the severest test that skilled equestrianism can desire.

Occasionally a rider is thrown and is picked up bleeding from the ground, with a broken limb, perhaps. Generally, however, the hounds are followed by men and women who sit too firmly in the saddle to be unhorsed. Accidents are generally the result of bad weather, a wet and sinking ground making flying leaps difficult and dangerous.

The "meet" presents a brilliant sight just before the hounds are "thrown off." Hundreds ride out from Rome on horseback, in carriages of all kinds and descriptions, in automobiles and on bicycles, to view the start and—where possible—the finish of a hunt. The royal livery was a familiar sight at a chase during the reign of the late King Umberto; but the present King is not so much given to this as to other forms of sport.

The hunts attract many of the Roman nobility and other Italians of wealth and leisure, and foreign ambassadors find in them relaxation from the cares and anx-

ieties of state—not in these days very burdensome. Military men in large numbers follow the hounds, and they delight in feats of horsemanship which their training at Tor di Quinto, the Italian military school of horsemanship, well qualifies them to execute. Almost every season there are a few intrepid and skillful riders of the gentler sex, mostly Italian, English or American.

One of the most interesting and remarkable sights which the Campagna affords is the practice work of the military school at Tor di Quinto. The annual course of equestrianism commences early in January and terminates in March. About thirty-five young officers generally follow the course at one time, and the final examinations are the occasion of a great exhibition, which is witnessed by higher officials of all branches of the service, by military attachés of foreign embassies, and usually by the King himself. Cavalry maneuvers and difficult evolutions of various sorts are executed with wonderful skill and precision. Notable features are mounted leaps over high walls and the descent of very steep and precipitous slopes—a feat of skill and daring for which the Italian cavalry has

become justly famous. These remarkable performances are patronized by hundreds of ladies of Roman society and the foreign colony, and the whole scene, on a favorable day, is brilliant and exciting in the extreme.

Military ballooning has for some years been actively carried on in the environs of Rome, and some very valuable photographs of the excavations in the Roman Forum have been made from high altitudes. On June 16th, 1904, an aeronautic society was organized in Rome to promote scientific research and aerial navigation. The new society was inaugurated by the "Queen Mother," Margherita of Savoy, and has been placed under the royal patronage. The first ascensions were made under the direction of military men, and they will probably superintend the labors of the society until members in civil life acquire the necessary experience and skill in handling balloons.

Beyond doubt the most brilliant and popular event on the Campagna is the great annual "Derby" race, run for a prize of nearly five thousand dollars, given by the King, and open to all thoroughbred, three-year-old colts foaled in

Italy. Besides the aristocracy, richly and gaily attired in bright and beautiful colors, thousands of peasants, with all their natural gaiety, and prosperous shopkeepers drive out in quaint turnouts, carts, and such vehicles as they can command. The picturesque native costumes of the peasantry are fast disappearing in Italian cities and communities which are largely frequented by foreigners, and are being superseded by cheap, factory-made goods and the all-pervading ready-made garment. Only on state occasions, like Easter Sunday and the Roman Derby-day, will the peasantry don their homespun and air their treasured relics of a life of simplicity, now forever passed away.

The Roman "Derby Day" recalls the days of the Empire, when the Roman populace was called to witness spectacles of a very different character; when the turbulent mob, content with "bread and the games," found keen delight in the dying agonies of martyred Christians.

Sharp, indeed, are the contrasts between the past and the present, and nowhere are these contrasts more pronounced than in Rome, the Eternal City, the City of the Seven Hills.



TRANSPORTING STONE.

The Irish Martyrs

By ROSALEEN O'NEIL

THE hearts of Irish Catholics were filled with joy when a few months ago His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, to whom the task of holding the preliminary diocesan Court had been entrusted by his brother Bishops of the Irish Church, announced that the cause of the Irish who suffered for the faith from the time of Henry VIII of England down to 1691, had passed the first stage and was about to be submitted to the Roman tribunal.

It may naturally be asked why there had been such a long delay in taking the necessary steps for the canonization of those servants of God. It was not for want of a just appreciation of their merits. But there were serious difficulties in the way. Few, I dare say, if any, ever seriously doubted that they were put to death for the faith; but that fact could not for a time be so clearly proved as not to leave the shadow of a doubt that they had not suffered for political reasons. The Roman tribunals are very exacting as regards the nature of the evidence submitted to them. It must be proved to their satisfaction that those for whom the Church's highest honor—the palm of martyrdom—is claimed, have suffered for the faith. To suffer death for one's country is a glorious thing. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" (It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country), says the poet; but it is not martyrdom in the sense understood by the Church. To be such one must undergo death, or sufferings which would naturally result in death, for the faith of Christ or for some virtue which Christ taught. Now the heretics maintained that the martyrs were put to death not because they were Catholics, but because they were rebels to the state. And as, until comparatively recent times, the official documents bearing on their trials

were as so many sealed books, it was impossible to conclusively refute their lying statements. Since, however, access has been had to those documents, all doubts however slight as to the cause of martyrdom have vanished. It is quite clear that refusal to deny the spiritual supremacy of the Pope was the cause of the persecution which led to the deprivation of civil rights, imprisonment, transportation across the seas, torture, and in many cases the death of thousands of Irish men and women.

Henry VIII had rejected the Pope's authority and established an independent Church in England for some time before he attempted to do the same in Ireland.

In 1537 an act was passed by the Irish Parliament declaring him supreme head of the Church in Ireland; and another act was passed in the same year punishing with the penalties of high treason those who refused to take the oath of supremacy. The following are some of the clauses of those acts:

"The King, his heirs and successors, kings of England and lords of Ireland, shall be accepted and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the whole Church of Ireland.

"Any one who, by writing, preaching, teaching, or by any other act, shall maintain the authority and jurisdiction of the Bishops of Rome, or their aiders, shall for every such offence incur the penalties of *praemunire*.*

"Any one commanded to take the said oath (the oath of the King's supremacy), obstinately refusing to do so, shall suffer the pains of death and other penalties in cases of high treason."

* *Praemunire* was a writ calling on a person to answer for contempt with which he was charged. If he failed to do so he lost all civil rights, and could be slain by any one with impunity.

Henry's agents on the Continent boasted that by these acts the Irish nation had renounced the spiritual supremacy of Rome. How false this statement was will appear from the following facts:

"There were in parliament," writes Cardinal Moran in his "History of the Catholic Archbishops of Dublin Since the Reformation," "two spiritual proctors from every diocese; it was their special province 'upon such things of learning as should happen in controversy,' to declare what was the doctrine agreeable to truth and to the teaching of the Church; and from time immemorial they enjoyed the right that nothing contrary to their decision should be enacted in parliament."

This body had without a dissentient voice opposed the act of supremacy. On account of their opposition an order was made under the great seal of England declaring that they should be allowed no vote in parliament; and that their assent should nowise be requisite for any act of the legislature. To quote again the same writer: "The voice of the spiritual pastors being thus hushed, and many of the Irish chieftains having retired in disgust from the parliament, the act of supremacy was passed. * * * Whatever may be deemed the civil result of the act, surely no impartial observer will affirm that such an enactment of an English parliament in Ireland, carried by despotism, can be in any way referred to the representatives of the Irish nation."

Immediately after the passing of the acts the persecution was begun in right earnest. The King's deputy set out from the capital "on a martial course, a victorious circuit round about the whole kingdom." "At Waterford," he says, "we kept sessions, where were put to execution four felons, accompanied with another thief, a friar, whom we commanded to be hanged in his habit, and so to remain upon the gallows for *a mirror to all his brethren to live truly.*"

(State Papers, Henry VIII). It may be said without fear of contradiction that in no other country was ever such a fierce and prolonged persecution waged against the Catholic Church. An elaborate system of legislation, over and above what we have already mentioned, was devised and added to in succeeding reigns, having for its object the total extirpation of the faith in Ireland."

To mention only a few of the penal enactments. It was decreed:

"1. No one henceforth shall send his children or relations beyond the seas for education. Those who are abroad must return within a year, under penalty of the confiscation of their property.

"2. All Papist religious and priests shall forthwith depart from the Kingdom, under penalty of being put to death.

"3. No Papist shall dare to exercise the office of schoolmaster in the Kingdom.

"4. Whosoever shall harbor a priest, in town or country, shall forfeit his property to the Crown.

"5. Every one shall be present at our rites, ceremonies, etc., on Sundays and festivals."

And bravely, thank God, did the people resist all the attempts made to force them to abjure the faith. At the very commencement of the so-called Reformation the renegade Brown, Archbishop of Dublin, who was an Englishman and a creature of the King's, was forced to confess that "the common people of this isle are more zealous in their blindness than the saints and martyrs were in truth at the beginning of the Gospel." Their refusal to obey iniquitous laws brought upon them a persecution unrivalled for its diabolical ferocity.

Writing of it, the Four Masters make the following startling statement: "Although great was the persecution of the Roman Emperors against the Church, it is not so probable that so great a persecution as this ever came upon the world; so that it is impossible to tell or

narrate its description unless it should be told by one who saw it."

O'Sullivan Beare gives a vivid description of the state to which the island was reduced in 1589: "All alarm from the Irish chieftains having ceased," he writes, "the persecution was renewed with all its horrors; a royal order was promulgated that all should renounce the Catholic faith, yield up the priests, receive from the heretical ministers the morality and tenets of the Gospel, and assist at their ceremonies on Sundays and holidays; threats and penalties, and force were to be employed to enforce compliance. * * * The natives everywhere refused to be contaminated by the preaching and rites of the heretics. * * * Every effort of the Queen (Elizabeth) and her emissaries was hence directed to despoil the Irish Catholics of their property and exterminate them."

Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh, a contemporary writer, gives a terrible account of the diabolical cruelty exercised by the English soldiery in the province of Munster, of which he was a native: "Unheard of cruelties," he writes, "were committed on the inhabitants of Munster. Great companies of these natives, men, women and children, were often forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire; and if any of them attempted to escape from the flames, they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion to these monsters of men to take up infants on the points of their spears and whirl them about in their agony, excusing their cruelty by saying that if they were suffered to live they would become Popish rebels. Many of the women, too, were found hanging on trees with their children at their breasts, strangled with their mothers' hair."

It is sad to think that the poet Spenser, who came to Ireland in the train of Lord Gray, allied himself with the persecutors, so far, at least, as to glory in

their deeds of blood and suggest means for the extirpation of the people. In cold blood he suggested, be it recorded to his eternal shame, the employment of numerous bands of troops "to tread down all that standeth before them, and lay on the ground all the stiff-necked people of that land;" and to insure success, he recommended that the war should be carried on in winter, "for then," he says, "the trees are bare and naked, which used to both clothe and house the kerne; the ground is cold and wet, which used to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter, to blow through his naked sides and legs; the kine are barren and without milk, which useth to be his only food, neither if they kill them will they yield him flesh, nor if he keep them will they give him food; besides, being all with calf, they will, through much chasing and driving, cast all their calves and lose their milk, which should relieve him next summer." (State of Ireland, page 161, Dublin Edition, 1809). He had already experience of the success of a like plan. He continues: "The end will be very short, although there should none of them fall by the sword. * * * The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exemplified in these late wars in Munster. * * * Out of every corner of the woods and glens they (the people) came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them * * * and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there long withal, so that in a short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly left void of man and beast."

An eye-witness (Mooney) of those scenes of misery says that so general was the devastation of the whole island, that

"in most parts you would travel forty miles without meeting any human creature or even an animal, except birds and wild beasts." Hallam said that the sufferings of our country "had never been surpassed," not even by those of the Jews in their destruction by Titus.

Only on the last day shall it be made known how many thousands died for the faith in Ireland between 1539, when the first of the martyrs suffered, down to 1691, when the profession of the Catholic faith was for the last time punished by death in that country.

The acts of three hundred and forty-four have been fully investigated by the Dublin Commission, and sent on, as I have already said, to Rome.

One Irishman, the Venerable Father John Travers, O. S. A., had suffered for the faith in England in 1535. His name and that of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, are not found in the Irish list, as their causes had already been introduced with other martyrs who suffered in England. The names of Archbishop Creagh and James Dowdall, who also died in that country, are likewise omitted, as their cause has been commenced there.

The list of martyrs is, as we have seen, a long one. It comprises Archbishops, Bishops, secular Priests, Augustinians, Carmelites, Cistercians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, one Premonstratensian, and fifty-six lay men and women. Readers of THE ROSARY will be glad to learn that the children of St. Dominic hold an honorable place in this glorious bead-roll. The names of one hundred and thirteen, of whom three were Sisters of the Third Order, are inscribed upon it.

Various were the forms of death inflicted upon the martyrs. That of Dr. Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, the first on the list, recalls the worst days of Nero and Domitian. The martyr was a distinguished rhetorician and canonist. For four years he taught

philosophy in Louvain, and later on canon law in Rheims. In 1580 he was appointed to the metropolitan see of Cashel by Gregory XIII. "He was thrown into a dark and loathsome prison in 1583, and kept there bound in chains till the Holy Thursday of the following year. After spurning the offers of ecclesiastical preferment in case he should subscribe the oath of supremacy, he was bound to the trunk of a large tree, with his hands and body chained; his legs were then forced into long boots (reaching above the knees) which were filled with salt, butter, oil, turpentine and pitch; and thus encased, his limbs were stretched on an iron gate under which a fire was kindled, causing a terrible and cruel agony. For an hour he was subjected to this torture; as the pitch, oil and other materials boiled, not only did the skin fall off, but the flesh itself melted away; the muscles, veins and arteries were gradually contracted, and when the boots were pulled off, particles of the broiled flesh being torn off with them, not a small portion of the bones was left quite bare, presenting a horrid spectacle which no words can describe. Still the holy martyr, having his mind fixed on God and holy things, never uttered a word of complaint." (O'Sullivan, page 124). He was again thrown into a dark and loathsome prison, and after an interval of a few days he was, says Stanishurst, a Dublin citizen who was probably an eye-witness, or at least could learn from eye-witnesses, "hurried to a field not far from Dublin Castle at break of day lest the citizens should crowd to witness such cruelty, and there they hanged the innocent man from the gallows with a halter roughly made of twigs that his sufferings might be all the greater." At early dawn on Friday, the sixth of May, 1584, being in the sixty-fifth year of his age, he gave up his soul to God. His mangled remains were buried in the old churchyard of St. Kevin.

Six years earlier, Dr. Patrick O'Hely, O. S. F., Bishop of Mayo, and his chaplain, Father Con. O'Rourke, O. S. F., suffered cruel deaths for the faith. They were arrested soon after landing at Dingle, in the County Kerry, and brought to Kilmallock, County Limerick, where, after a mock trial before Drury, the President of Munster, having refused to take the oath of supremacy, they were subjected to frightful torture. They were first scourged, then placed on the rack; sharp points and needles were thrust between the nails and the flesh, their fingers were cut off, their arms and feet beaten with hammers, and their thigh-bones broken. Drury again offered them rich benefices and positions of honor if they would take the oath of supremacy. But they only spurned his offers. He then ordered them to be put to death. They were hanged with the girdles which they wore as part of their religious habit, on the twenty-second of August, 1578.

It is worthy of note that immediately before he was executed the holy Bishop warned Drury that within a few days he should appear before the judgment seat of God. And so it came to pass. He was seized by a disease which baffled the skill of physicians. He cried aloud in his agony when dying that he was tormented by all the pains of hell. God's justice fell also visibly on some of the other judges who pronounced sentence against the Catholics.

In the following year Ireland gave a witness to the inviolability of the seal of confession.

Father John O'Dowd, O. S. F., belonged to the Convent of Elphin, County Sligo. He had heard the confessions of some prisoners who were accused of conspiring against Queen Elizabeth. Being asked by the soldiers to reveal what he had heard in the confessional, he refused. He was then put to a cruel death. The soldiers knotted a cord round his head, and putting a piece of wood through it,

slowly twisted it so tight that his eyes burst from their sockets. His skull was then broken and his brain crushed. All the time he was praying to God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. He died in 1579. "I have seen and examined ocular witnesses of this fact, who were then serving in that body of English soldiers," writes the famous Father L. Wadding, O. S. F.

Another of the martyrs, Terence Albert O'Brien, O. P., Bishop of Emly, was in the city of Limerick when it was besieged by Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law. He was offered a bribe of forty thousand gold crowns and a pass to any place he pleased if he would quit the city and cease to urge the citizens to resistance—all of which he refused, preferring to give his help to the Catholic people. When the city was taken he was put in chains and executed in the market-place, in the year 1651. Ireton, his judge, to whom he had foretold the swift vengeance of God, was soon after stricken by the plague, and died exclaiming that the murder of the Bishop was the cause of his death.

Amongst the laymen who suffered for the faith was John O'Connor. He was seized by the Cromwellian soldiers and publicly hanged in Tralee because he would not abjure his religion.

Space will not allow me to give more instances of the martyrs' triumphs. I hope in a future article to give an account of the martyrdom of some of the children of St. Dominic.

From what I have written it will be seen how fierce and diabolical on the one side was the conduct of the persecutors, and how strenuous and glorious on the other was the struggle made by the children of St. Patrick for liberty of conscience. Irish Catholics and their descendants all the world over have great reason to be proud of the men and women who have handed down to them, pure and unsullied, the heritage of the faith. The Church in Ireland shines to-

day with brighter lustre than at any other period of its history. It has come forth from the ordeal of blood and fire not only scatheless, but more vigorous than ever. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." The persecution that swept away every vestige of Catholicity in other lands only served to make our forefathers, if possible, more devoted children of the Church. Let us, then, in the words of Scripture, "praise men of renown, and our fathers in their

generation. * * * Good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance, and their seed hath stood in the covenants. * * * Let the people shew forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise." (Eccl. xlv, 14c.)

NOTE—There are three hundred and forty-four names on the list I have before me. But I believe others were subsequently added. Later on I hope to have the complete list and to be able to give the names of all the martyrs.

Tuesdays With Friends

The Boy From New York

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THERE were some yellow leaves on the group of beeches at the corner of the lawn; but the locusts were as green as the box hedge,—only a different green. The Lady of the House was busy with a huge glass pitcher of lemonade which the Student and the Boy from New York had demanded in place of tea.

"The yellow leaves!" said the Judge, with a sigh, "I hate to see them;—they mean that the freshness and bloom of the summer are passing, and, symbolically, that for men of my age the time is coming when no man can work. When the scent of the locust blossoms goes, then I feel that the youth of summer is past!"

"I hate the yellow leaves—" began the Boy from New York.

The Judge turned a severe face towards him. The Judge belonged to that school which never asked the Boy from New York or any other boy for an opinion on any subject; and even the Boy from New York was for the moment frozen into silence.

"What were you saying, Madam?" *continued the Judge, addressing the*

Lady of the House with elaborate courtesy. The Lady of the House was, by the way, saying nothing.

"Oh!" said the Lady of the House, trying to find something to say, "I love the yellow leaves. It seems natural that there should be yellow leaves in August, as there should be red leaves in October, and red fires and open books and pleasant hearthside hours."

"I hate the yellow leaves," burst forth the Boy from New York, determined to hold his own now that the Judge's eye was not on him, "because they remind me that vacation is passing,—and work must begin!"

"You evidently hate your books," said the Judge, looking over the Boy's head, "and you do not realize that you have opportunities denied to millions of your fellow citizens, who, while they no doubt are as clever as you, can not go to college."

"I'd cheerfully give up my opportunities," said the Boy from New York, reddening, and then, under his breath, to the Student, "what is he preaching at me for?"

"You don't mean that," said the Judge, "or if you do, you are a very worthless person, sir."

"Oh, my dear Judge!" interrupted the Lady of the House. "Don't be so very stern! Of course the Boy does not mean it. All boys talk that way,—it does not mean anything."

"It is an example of modern flippancy," said the Judge. "The world has a right to expect great things from a young man who is taken care of and educated for twenty-one years of his life. He has had so far no more to do with the realities of life than the green burs on that chestnut tree."

"That's all he knows," whispered the Boy from New York to the Student.

"Your modern boy has nothing to do but to develop. God and the world have a right to expect something from him, You're a Catholic, sir!"

"Of course," answered the Boy from New York, reddening again under his sunburn. "What do you take me for?"

"Do you realize that you must not only set a good example, but that you must bring all your force to bear for the defence of truth?"

"You are asking too much of a boy of twenty, are you not, Judge?" asked the Student. "It is not until one grows older that one realizes one's responsibilities."

"Our first duty is to teach youth to realize them," said the Judge. "Life is a struggle, and no human being ought to be allowed to live in a fool's paradise—that state of mind in which he sees neither duties nor responsibilities about him. To be the son of a rich man is to be handicapped in the race for good. The rich father to-day—"

"I say, Judge," broke in the Boy from New York, "you mustn't say that,—father is all right, if he is rich. You can preach to me all you like, but I don't like to hear dad preached at behind his back!"

The Judge was, for the moment, disconcerted.

"I am not personal," he continued, with a look of apology to the hostess.

"Oh, be personal!" said the Boy from New York, "I don't mind it—just tell me what you think I ought to do. Father thinks I'm the real thing, and lets me alone; but I know I'm not."

The Judge looked embarrassed, and filled the pause by sipping a glass of lemonade.

"Well," he answered, at length, "the end of life is not amusement,—the end of work is not to supply luxuries. You young people seem to think that amusement should be the regular occupation of life. Don't you?"

"You're about right,—fun, after all, makes life worth living."

"But there must come pain and sorrow and sacrifice. They must come."

"Yes," sighed the Lady of the House, "they must come; and we must accept them."

"Even to you?" the Boy from New York asked, with sudden interest. "You always seem so bright and cheerful."

"Even to me!" the Lady of the House answered, with a little laugh. "Death and sorrow and sacrifice."

"And to you?"

The Boy from New York turned to the Student.

"Yes," answered the Student, thinking of his father, who was ill far away.

"I'd better look out then!" said the Boy from New York. "But how shall I be ready for these things?" he asked the Lady of the House, not noticing the Judge, who was about to speak. The Lady of the House looked upward. And the Boy from New York crossed over to the table and took her hand, as if she were his mother.

"Eloquence," said the Student to the Judge, "is vain; the great appeal, after all, is to the mother."

"Yes," said the Judge, reverently, "the Mother!"

Syria and Palestine

By REV. M. A. QUIRK



LEAVING Cairo, which, as I have described it, has become largely modernized, and passing out of Egypt through Port Said, which is entirely modern—being the outgrowth of the Suez canal—one night's travel on the steamer El Kahira took us back into the past; when we looked out upon Jaffa in the morning, the twentieth century had been left behind and we were lying to before the ancient Joppe, where, it is said, Noah built the Ark. It looks it. Aside from the railroad which leads to Jerusalem, few changes or additions have been made in this ancient town since the days of Simon the Tanner, whose house, where St. Peter lodged, looks as if it had been untouched since the days of the Prince of the Apostles. Nearly all the tourists left the boat at Jaffa for Jerusalem; but Father O'Reilly and the writer (who had arranged a tour "personally conducted," not by Cook or Clark, but by ourselves), returned to the boat after a very interesting day in Jaffa. We had figured out that by reversing the usual trip made by tourists we might visit Beirut, Baalbec and Damascus, returning overland to Jerusalem in time for Holy Week two weeks later. We made the trip not without some hardship, but satisfactorily to ourselves and at a reasonable cost. The steamer El Kahira (the Cairo), one of the best we met with in the East, is a mixture of the Orient and the Occident. Owned in Egypt, it is manned by Bedouins, its dining-room and salon staff are Italians and its captain is an Irishman, Maurice McMahon of Liverpool. We *had the pleasure of sailing several times*

with Capt. McMahon and found him to be a bright, intelligent and whole-souled gentleman.

On landing at Beirut we had a whole day in which to visit that interesting city before starting for Baalbec and Damascus. The site of this city of over one hundred thousand people is among the finest on the Mediterranean, but, here as all too frequently elsewhere, man has nearly ruined nature's gift. While only a handful of the population are Christians, Beirut has three of the finest Christian institutions in the world. St. Joseph's Jesuit University is an immense institution and is doing great work in Biblical study, oriental languages and medicine; the Sisters of Charity have a very large academy and hospital, while the American Protestant College has a fine group of buildings and is doing good work for sacred and natural sciences. The two institutions for boys have each about one thousand students, most of them Mohammedans, who, strange to say, are little affected by the Christian influences around them.

The journey by rail from Beirut to Baalbec and Damascus can scarcely be excelled, unless it be in an automobile between the same cities over a road which is perfect. The first part of the journey as the road winds up and through the hills of Syria gives the travellers glimpses of the mountains of Lebanon to the north, Mounts Hermon and Tabor to the south, while the Mediterranean, which quickly disappears as we leave the city, reappears so frequently and unexpectedly as we rise above it that we seem to make no progress at all. The first day's journey is so tortuous and

difficult that an all-day ride is required to penetrate seventy-five miles into the interior. The hillsides of Syria are terraced by the natives into small plots of ground, which are kept from being washed away into the valleys by stone walls whose superficial area is frequently greater than the plot which they retain. Often these gardens are so narrow that only one animal can be used to plough them. From such hillsides have these people literally wrested a bare living for centuries unnumbered.

One incident of that day's journey will never be forgotten. At a small station we noticed an unusually large crowd. We noticed, also, that they were all in tears. Mothers and fathers were bidding good-bye to sons; big, stalwart, uncouth looking fellows were embracing each other with all the display and twice the sincerity of schoolgirls parting. We

learned that a company of the village youth had been drafted by the Sultan's agents and was being sent into the army of Turkey. The few weeks just past had not given us a very favorable impression of the inhabitants of these Eastern countries, but here was the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and our hearts went out in sympathy to our Syrian brethren in their sorrow.

Baalbec, our first stop after leaving Beirut, is one of the world's greatest mysteries. Here in a small village, which apparently was never much of a town, is an immense pagan temple, built out of place, and out of time, because paganism was dead or dying about the Mediterranean when it was erected. Constantine, indeed, himself recently converted to Christianity, stopped work upon it before it was completed, and the



LANDING PLACE, JAFFA.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, DAMASCUS.

spots where the tools of the carvers struck their last blows can be easily distinguished on the unfinished frieze, entablature and cornice.

In immensity, the temple, or temples, rather, have no rival except at Karnak, and even Karnak is in some ways surpassed. Three stones in the building are the largest ever quarried. They are sixty-five feet long and over twelve feet square. One, still in the quarry, is sixty-nine feet long, fifteen feet and ten inches high, and thirteen feet, ten inches wide. It weighs nine hundred and fifteen tons. Besides these monsters, there are several red granite columns twenty feet in circumference and over forty feet high which were quarried at Assouan, Egypt, *six hundred miles up the Nile,*

brought down to the coast and along it to Beirut or some place in that vicinity, and then transported **overland** across the snow-capped Lebanon mountains. Here again arise the questions: How did they do it and why? The temple at Baalbec also excels Karnak in carving. But this can be easily explained, since Baalbec was erected later and after the Greeks had taught the world the art of carving; and naturally the pupils outdid their masters. So we find at Baalbec ceilings, cornices and friezes surpassing any in Greece. A magnificent doorway whose keystone had fallen several feet roused the admiration and pity of Kaiser Wilhelm when he visited Baalbec. He had the doorway restored and

arranged for restorations, now in progress, in all parts of the ruins.

Constantine built a great basilica in the very center of the temple of Jupiter. The Moors destroyed it, and turned the whole area into a fortress, which is now also a ruin. The greatest ruin, to my mind, at Baalbec is the ruin of the human race. Here, as at Karnak, humanity seems to have sunk the lowest. Around the foundations of Baalbec are hovels filthy beyond description. Among them we saw a flour-mill. The millstones, managed by a man, were turned by water from a little stream as clear as crystal. The flour, as it poured out on the earthen floor, was gathered into a heap by the man's wife, whose only utensils were her bare feet! It was another case of

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

From Baalbec to Damascus is only a few hours' run. We had time before sundown to ascend the adjacent hills and enjoy the view of the oldest city now existing in the world. It is on the dividing line between the desert and the caravan and the railroad, steamboat and modern civilization. The natives of the desert—which stretches out eastward and southward, from Damascus to Arabia, India and Persia—bring their produce to Damascus to exchange for their few necessities. But this centuries-old custom will soon be a thing of the past. A railroad is even now building between Damascus and Mecca and the time is not far distant when Damascus will begin to take on modern airs. At present, this city of two hundred and fifty thousand people is without gas,



DAMASCUS.



MOUNT TABOR.

electric light, fire protection, telephones or telegraph; yes, without bookstore or newspaper. Nevertheless, it is a great city. Its bazaars are among the finest in the world. Its inlaid work and mosaic are hard to equal. Its metal workers, many of them mere children, inlay gold and silver on backgrounds of copper or brass in designs that are very beautiful. The pictures they work out in metal have a perspective which it would seem impossible to produce in flat metal. With tools the most primitive, they produce results than any artisan might envy.

A stranger place than Damascus for two Irish-Americans to spend St. Patrick's Day could scarcely be found; yet there, where St. Patrick and, in fact, all *Christian saints are unknown*, where

green ribbon could not be had, and where no compatriot as far as we knew was anywhere within reach, we spent March 17th, 1904. Even the church calendar did not recognize Ireland's patron, and amid the many feasts chronicled of Latin, Greek, Armenian, Maronite, Kopt, schismatics of various kinds, Jews and Mahommedans, which make up a calendar fearful and wonderful to decipher, poor St. Patrick was omitted from them all. Computation of time in those countries requires great ingenuity. Every creed and nationality has a system of its own, so that an ordinary business transaction may be a very complicated affair. If a town clock has two faces, they tell different times. When it is noon for a Christian, it is six o'clock for a Mohammedan, whose time

counts from sunrise to sunset. Some clocks have no minute-hands, thereby expressing the prevailing sentiment that hours count but little and minutes not at all.

Finding that we could not spare the time to travel overland from Damascus to Nazareth, and also that the trip would scarcely repay us, we returned to Beirut by rail, sailed down the coast once more with our friend Capt. McMahon, and arrived at Caifa before nightfall, saw Akka (Acre), famed for the Crusaders, and then climbed Mt. Carmei and spent the night with the monks of the Carmelite Order. The spot where the Prophet Elias lived, and where it is said a religious community has resided, is now occupied by their monastery. The promontory rises high above the sea, and the

immense building attracts the traveller's eye many miles out upon the Mediterranean. We said Mass next morning upon the altar in the grotto of Elias, and set out for Nazareth, twenty-four miles to the east, over a fine carriage road through a fine rolling country. From the time we reached Nazareth till we bade farewell to the Holy Land we were under the care of the good Franciscan Fathers, who have a general control of the Holy Land. Our intercourse with them is one of the most pleasant memories of our trip. They cared for us everywhere, and each of them is a perfect cyclopedia of information about the holy places in Palestine. At all the principal points they have erected hospices which more than supply the lack of hotel accommodation, and whose comforts



BEIRUT AND HARBOR.



SEPHORIS (DIOCAESAREA), PALESTINE.

take the edge from many a weary day's travel over roads almost impassible. In Palestine there are now a few excellent roads, but the pilgrim who wishes to visit the most sacred places must frequently abandon them for the rocky hill-sides where loose stones, huge boulders, and narrow, slippery beds of mountain streams are the principal features. There is a fair carriage road from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee, but as we wished to visit Cana and the Mount of Beatitudes going and Mt. Tabor returning, we could not use a single mile of it.

At sight of Nazareth, where "the Word was made flesh," we instinctively lifted our hats. The city is beautifully situated amid the hills of Galilee, and its only reproach is the filth of its streets. *But its present filthy condition cannot*

take away its attraction for the Christian who knows that here for nearly all His life our blessed Saviour lived. The children of Nazareth are remarkably beautiful, and when you see the boys playing marbles or spinning tops, or the girls carrying water from the well on their heads, in fancy your mind goes back to the time when the boy Saviour played on these very same streets and His holy Mother brought water from that same well. When I took a picture of the well and the women about it, who had filled their jars and paused to chat, I knew that I was photographing the spot where the Blessed Virgin and the boy Christ often stood, as the well at Nazareth is the only one from which the water for the whole town has been supplied for the past two thousand years and more.

spent our first afternoon in the Land visiting the noted spots in about Nazareth, from the place of Annunciation to the burial place of Joseph. Whether all of these holy places are authentic or not mattered little. We know as well as we know that Columbus discovered America or that his name is on the map that He, from whom we came and through Whom we hope for salvation, spent many years here, and His conviction was enough to impel us and the few hours allowed us here to pay deepest reverence.

The morning after our arrival at Nazareth we said Mass on the spot where the Angel Gabriel is supposed to have announced to Mary the fact that she had been chosen to become the mother of our Redeemer. Immediately afterward we started our horses for the Sea of Tiberias, or Galilee. The place where the Lord's first miracle was performed, where He turned water into wine, is marked by a church which is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers. The marriage at Cana was the occasion of the miracle commemorated by an inscription, say-

"What God has joined together no man separate," an injunction which is observed no better in Galilee than in America among certain classes. The site of the miracle itself is marked by a Latin verse, which was translated into English by Richard Crashaw, I think. I recall now only the famous line: "The conscious water saw its God and hid," referring to the changing of water into wine.

From Cana we rode to the Mountain of Beatitudes, where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount. And oh! what a glorious sight it was! We arrived there at noon. The day was faultless.

We left our horses half-way up and walked the rest of the way, and finally reached the summit, on the ruins of an ancient church. The Sea of Tiberias,

Capharnaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, the country of the Gerasens, and the place where our Lord multiplied the loaves and fishes, were all before us. On this sacred spot we read the Sermon on the Mount as we never read it before. One thing bothered us, the expression, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," etc. Now, there are no lilies on the mountain, or, in fact, in Palestine, but everywhere there are beautiful red tulips, and I am sure that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of them.

In two hours from the Mount of Beatitudes we were at Tiberias, or the Sea of Galilee. Our blessed Lord spent much of His time around the Sea of Galilee. Here He stilled the waters; here He walked on the water; here occurred the miraculous draught of fishes; here He chose a number of His apostles. We set sail on the Sea of Galilee for Capharnaum. The day was fine, and calm were the waters. From Tiberias to Capharnaum is a sail of about one hour, or a row of about two hours. The wind was dead against us, and when we neared Capharnaum the waves were so bad that the rowers could not land. Like the apostles, we had the storm, but no Master to still the waves. Next morning at six we set out from the Franciscan hospice at Tiberias for Mount Tabor and back to Nazareth. Since leaving Spain it never rained until we left Tiberias. In Egypt it never rains. In upper Egypt it has not even sprinkled during the last four thousand years. To protect us from the storm, I had a Franciscan's cloak and Father O'Reilly a Bedouin's mantle, a veritable coat of many colors. We saw the Mountain of the Transfiguration under difficulties, but the skies had cleared somewhat and we saw the sacred spots fairly well. We arrived at Mt. Tabor at noon and at Nazareth about four o'clock.

A Sardinian Vendetta

(Founded on Fact)

By E. C. VANSITTART

MANY a village in Southern Italy still glories in the medieval customs and so-called "rights" which survive to the present day; they are jealously guarded, handed down from generation to generation, with roots too deeply imbedded to be loosened by any of the concessions made in other respects to the march of civilization.

Vendetta, the right of vengeance for the shedding of blood, is acknowledged and carried on in spite of the law and of the police. Murder is frequent among these hot-headed sons of the South; a dispute, a trifling altercation, constantly ends in a knife being swiftly drawn and plunged into an adversary's heart. Justice is lax and too often biased; extenuating circumstances are pleaded (if the murderer is brought into court), such as undue provocation, self-defence, a wrong to be righted, and he is acquitted, or, at the worst, condemned to a few months or a year or two of imprisonment. Often there are no witnesses; those who could testify remain silent or deny cognisance of the facts; thus the crime cannot be "proven," though guilt may be evident and no doubt existing as to the identity of the criminal, but between moral certainty and legal evidence there lies a mighty gulf!

To remedy this there has arisen another stern, inexorable code of justice which the Sardinians keep in their own hands; the relatives of the victim reserve to themselves the right of avenging the deed by making the murderer pay for his crime with his own life. His family and friends protect and guard him carefully; months, even years, may pass, but sooner or later he, in his turn, is

doomed to fall by the hand of a kinsman of the man whose life he took. It is the "right of blood" undisputed—a legitimate retribution according to the Sardinian's code of morals. There is no escape for the guilty man. He knows it, for he lives with a sword hanging over his head which is bound to fall one day. Generally the avenger is the nearest male relative of the murdered man, but should he have left neither father nor brother, the act of retribution falls to his uncle, cousin, or whoever survives of the same blood. Thus, in small villages where most of the inhabitants are connected with each other, the whole population is divided into two factions; enmity reigns between them, extending to the women and children of the opposing parties.

Some years ago there took place a touching incident in connection with such a case, of which the following is a faithful account:

Two priests were going the round of the island holding mission services, and having been warned of the habits of the people, they took the duty of forgiveness as their special theme.

In a certain village they were told of an old man whose only son, the hope and support of the family, had been killed a few years previously in a fit of jealousy by a young man of his own age. Since then bitter enmity consumed the two families, and thirst for revenge. Many friends had tried to act as peace-makers between them and to induce the old man to forgive the murderer, who had committed the crime under strong provocation in a moment of uncontrollable fury, but in vain. Giovanni, the father of the victim, only lived and

breathed in the hope of seeing Gavino, the murderer, stretched lifeless at his feet before he himself went down in the grave. Fully informed of this long and cruel hatred, the mission priests determined to try to do something towards ending it, and went with this intention to *Giovanni's house. They found the old man sitting in an armchair beside his hearth; he received them most courteously, offering them wine and cakes, expressing his satisfaction at the honor of their visit—of which he deemed himself unworthy—and repeatedly thanking them for coming. But when the elder of the two gently ventured to urge the necessity of Christian forgiveness, the old man suddenly rose to his feet, and, laying his hand upon his heart, cried, with flaming eyes: "The life of my life, the blood of my blood was shed, and watered the earth; this blood, my blood, yet smokes and cries for vengeance."

The priests, alarmed at his excitement and the change in his face, hearing his terrible words deemed it wiser not to press the matter further then and left the house, praying God to grant him peace.

Meanwhile, the mission services began and were regularly attended by all the villagers. Giovanni, surrounded by his relations, was never missing from his place, while at the other end of the church Gavino, attended by his faction, was invariably present.

One day the preacher, taking for his discourse the Parable of the Prodigal Son, explained how our Lord in this simile sought to show the fatherly and infinite love of God towards sinners. So impressed were the hearers with the preacher's fervent words that they wept and beat their breasts, imploring the forgiveness of their sins.

Then the priest, seeing the universal emotion, took down the Crucifix hanging on the wall and laid it upon the ground at the feet of the altar, saying:

"Let him who has forgiven his enemies draw near and kiss the wound in the side of this symbol of Christ and hope for pardon from his worst sin; but he who has not forgiven freely—let him not dare to approach the image of the merciful Redeemer Who died upon the cross for His enemies. That divine blood was shed in love, but to him who loves not and forgives not, it will be the blood of awful justice."

To an emotional and deeply religious people such as the Sardinians, these words and the sight of the Crucifix were as spurs driving them to kiss the symbol of the divine wound and to pour out their hearts in love. Those who had no enemies or who had put hatred out of their souls, crowded round the Crucifix and, throwing themselves on their knees, kissed and wept.

Giovanni, looking on the figure of Christ crucified, felt his heart break with love and pain; he stood like a man lost in a maze, shaken with longing to throw himself at the Saviour's feet. His eyes wandered from Gavino, his son's murderer, to the cross and back again; he sighed and moaned, rocking himself to and fro, till at last, no longer able to withstand the pity and longing which had melted the hatred in his heart, clenching his hands he cried out, with a great sob: "Gavino, come here."

The young man at the sound of his voice turned deadly pale and trembled like a leaf, but Giovanni continuing to call him, he approached. Then the venerable old man, opening his arms wide, threw them round his neck and pressed him to his breast, exclaiming in a cry wrung from the depth of his soul: "I forgive you, Gavino!" At these words the flood of pain and remorse surging through the young man's heart was so great that he fell senseless into Giovanni's arms.

At this sight a loud cry went up from all present; on all sides, 'mid tears and sobs, resounded the words: "Forgive,

forgive," as the members of the opposing factions ran towards each other and, mingling their tears, fell into each others' arms with such exclamations as: "Forgive me, it is I who am to blame." "Forgive me, give me your hand; give me the kiss of peace." Women followed suit with each other, and the whole church became a scene of universal reconciliation. The missionaries were at first overwhelmed at the sight, and on recovering from their surprise tried to quiet the excitement of the people.

When the fervor had calmed down, and each one in turn had knelt beside

the image of the Crucified, abjuring all enmity and malice, Giovanni, holding Gavino by the hand, stood up, and turning to those present, said in solemn tones: "Hear me, my friends! I take you all to witness that henceforth Gavino shall be to me in the place of Antioco, my son, and shall marry my only daughter." Whereupon tears burst out afresh on all sides. Nor were these idle words, for ere the missionaries left the village they performed the marriage rite, sealing peace in bonds of love, a fitting climax to this instance of how, "To err is human, to forgive divine."

Handwriting and Forgery

By JAMES I. ENNIS, LL. B.

I.



IT is a curious fact that, amongst the millions of human beings that inhabit this world of ours, it rarely happens that two people look exactly alike. It is true that there have been numerous instances of twins resembling each other so nearly as to mystify their friends and even their closest relatives; and there have been many cases recorded of persons having doubles who so closely resembled them as to cause interesting complications; but to the expert physiognomist, these resemblances are more fancied than real, as the resemblance is heightened in almost every instance by artificial aids, such as dress, the arrangement of the hair or beard. In the case of twins, it not infrequently happens that they dress exactly alike, are necessarily much together, and consequently imitate *each others' peculiarities and mannerisms.* In the case of celebrated men hav-

ing doubles, generally the double prides himself upon the resemblance, and consequently apes the great man's style of dress, his gait, and his little personal peculiarities.

To the casual observer, the imprint of one person's thumb upon a piece of paper looks exactly like that of another thumb of the same size. But, as a matter of fact, the claim is made—and has never been successfully refuted—that no two thumbs have exactly the same configuration. The Bertillon system of identification is based on the fact that the measurements of no two people have ever been found to exactly agree. Expert thief-catchers, detectives and secret service men can readily pick out the criminal they have run down, even though he be carefully disguised and surrounded by people very closely resembling him, but the Bertillon system of measurements makes their judgment a certainty. So, in all cases of "perfect doubles" it is difficult if not impossible

to deceive the expert. To the ordinary man, in like manner, it is almost impossible for him to distinguish between a diamond and a good paste imitation, but to the lapidary the proposition is simplicity itself. A good horseman can detect the faults of a horse which an ordinary man would call perfect. A painter can readily distinguish the spurious copy from the original. An expert on money easily separates the counterfeit from the genuine bills, and so on through the whole field of human endeavor and experience. The point is, that things that seem exactly alike to the unskilled may not be so in fact, but appear so only to the untrained observer.

And now we come to the subject of handwriting and its corollary—forgery. It might seem to be an assumption not founded upon fact to state that no two people write exactly alike, but the statement may be made broader still by asserting that no man writes twice exactly the same. To many this statement will seem preposterous and absurd, but it is nevertheless true. In a recent murder case in New York—a case celebrated all over the world—the guilt of one of the defendants depended largely on the genuineness of certain checks for large amounts. The most widely known experts on handwriting in the country testified for and against the genuineness of the checks, but upon one basic principle they were united, and that was that whenever two signatures correspond exactly, one of them must be a forgery. In other words, if two signatures are so alike that one laid upon the other will coincide with it in every particular, one of them must of necessity be a forgery. So the conclusion is inevitable that a man cannot write his own name twice exactly alike, and with stronger reason *two people can not write alike*. But it

sometimes happens that one person can imitate another's name so skillfully as to deceive the most expert judge of handwriting. When a person so gifted misdirects his talents and commits forgery he becomes a dangerous criminal indeed, especially if he be as conversant with the methods of modern banks as he is skillful with the pen.

Forgery is a crime against which the banker must be constantly on guard, and the utmost vigilance and care are exercised to prevent the forger from defrauding the bank. The new bank customer must be introduced to the bank by reliable men of known probity. It will, perhaps, be a matter of surprise to many to learn that in many of our largest commercial banks a stranger will not be allowed to open an account, even by depositing a large amount of currency, unless he be introduced by some patron of the bank or some person of known integrity willing to vouch for his good standing and honorable reputation. The reason for this policy is manifest. No bank wishes to number amongst its customers people who might prove to be counterfeiters, confidence men or forgers. While the first deposit of a stranger might be currency, subsequent deposits might be made up wholly of checks, stolen or forged. The criminally inclined depositor might open an account with five thousand dollars in currency and leave that amount on deposit for a week or more without making any withdrawals, then deposit six or seven thousand dollars in checks on other banks, forged either as to the signature or the endorsement. Then he might issue checks to the amount of say ten thousand dollars, which would leave an apparent balance of one or two thousand dollars—and quietly slip away. His profits would be the difference between his cash deposits and the withdrawals.

which in the instance just cited would be five thousand dollars.

As to what constitutes a forgery, there is a misconception in the minds of the public. Webster defines forgery as "The crime of fraudulently making or altering a writing or signature purporting to be made by another; the false making or material alteration or an addition to a written instrument for the purpose of deceit or fraud." The statutes of most of the states conform pretty closely in general tenor to this definition. But in the minds of the public a forgery is a close simulation or counterfeit of one person's signature by another. While this latter may be a forgery, it does not necessarily follow that it must be. In order to constitute a forgery the element of fraud must be present. The mere copying of another's signature is not a forgery; but if, in addition to copying the signature to a bank check, a person should endeavor to draw money on the check at the bank, or negotiate it to an innocent purchaser, or pass it to a third person and induce him to negotiate it, any one of these acts would constitute a forgery.

But it is with the professional forger that the public is most interested. As has been stated before, the first care of the banker is to prevent the forger, or rather forgers, as they generally operate in gangs, from gaining an entrance into his institution as depositors. But he must also guard against paying checks fraudulently drawn, purporting to be signed by customers of his bank and presented either over the counter at the paying teller's window or through the clearing-house. If the forged check be presented at the paying teller's window, there is a much greater risk to the gang, or at *least to the member of the gang presenting the check, than there is if the check*

be sent through the clearing-house. But in order to send the check through the clearing-house it is necessary for the gang to use some other bank as a depository; but for the reasons above stated it is not often that the gang is enabled to establish the relationship of a depositor. Unskilled operators do sometimes forge checks for small amounts and pass them off on storekeepers, saloon keepers, hotel men and small merchants. But the character of these checks is promptly discovered when presented through the clearing-house and they are returned to the various depositors, causing loss to none except the persons foolish enough to cash checks for strangers. The risk of detection and apprehension in presenting the forged check at the payer's window is great, as the payer knows instantly and instinctively whether it is genuine or forged. Even if the forgery be perfect, apparently, there is a sort of sixth sense developed in the paying teller from long experience and natural aptitude which warns him that something is wrong. Touching a button, he warns the attendant policeman to be on guard while he questions the person presenting the check. He probably asks him if he be acquainted with any person in the bank or in the vicinity. If he receives a negative answer, he may properly refuse to pay, or, pursuing his investigation further, may telephone the person whose name is forged and ask him if he issued such a check. The result is obvious. The criminal is apprehended and convicted, and the incident, so far as the bank is concerned, is closed. But not infrequently the check presented is made payable to bearer. Even then, if it be made for an amount exceeding one or two hundred dollars, the teller will very properly refuse to pay without an identification. More dangerous to the bank is

the case where a genuine check is presented bearing the real signature of its drawer but with a forged endorsement of its payer and a forged endorsement of the drawer guaranteeing the genuineness of the payer's identity. In that case the teller is indeed wide-awake if he detects the forgery and apprehends the criminals. This game was worked by the letter-box forgers who operated in the large cities some ten years ago. Their method of operations was as follows: By pro-

curing a key which fitted the mail-boxes at street corners, they were enabled to open the boxes and abstract the letters. Those containing checks were destroyed. The checks were endorsed, and the endorsement was guaranteed by the makers of the checks, forged of course. They were then presented at the banks on which they were drawn. The operations of the gang were quite successful until they were stopped by a paying teller of a Chicago bank.

Crowned Immaculate

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

Sweet Mother of the Babe of Bethlehem,
 What sanctities thy tranquil brow adorn!
 Immaculate! Of Jesse's royal stem,
 Sinless, yet unto earthly travail born.
 The angel message found thee set apart
 In simple duties, waiting good or ill,
 God's lightest whisper echoing in thy heart,
 Thine every thought attuned to His will,
 In Bethlehem town the white December snows,
 Thy soul still whiter, crowned thee fairest queen;
 The May month joys of lily and of rose,
 For many years a coronal have been,
 But oh! unstained by sin, untouched by hate,
 Thou art in Heaven crowned Immaculate!

The Temples

By Thomas Walsh

That Solomon, the Wise King, might behold,
 The autumn hills raised high their brows of gold;
 Cried he, as boasting from his wars he trod,—
 "My shrine shall shame ye in the eyes of God!"

But scarce his lips had framed the haughty word
 When from the heights the winds' great voice was heard;
 The bannered forests roared and from their place
Swept the dead leaves in scorn against his face.

THE GARDEN BENCH



H, how glad I am to have escaped!"

The Girl sank into a chair, breathing quickly, her pretty brow disfigured by a frown.

"What happened?" we asked anxiously, for our Girl is usually calm and rather slow in her movements. There was nothing to frighten her in her walk to the post-office, since the owner of a pair of geese had moved, with his autocratic fowl, to the country, and the Brown boy had sold his goat.

"Did—did a race-horse break away from the trainer and take after you?" we next questioned, recalling such an experience.

"Worse than that!" she replied, with a sharp edge on her tones. "I was assailed by Mrs. Grievance-Against-The-World."

"Well, dear, she can't help it. She doesn't know any better. Why won't you remember that all selfishness has its root in ignorance!"

"You're wholly wrong there," began the Girl, and when she speaks in that determined voice, we have learned to let her talk to the end of her string. "She knows better; she is a woman of good birth and education, and prides herself on her culture. This very morning, in the midst of her complaining, she stopped long enough to say: 'I know I ought to be ashamed of myself to pour out my miseries on you, but I feel that I must talk to you; you have such an amount of understanding sympathy.'"

"There was a tribute to your higher nature," we suggested; "moreover, if it relieved her, you ought not to regret it.

Child, we were put here to be of service to one another."

"Your theory is all right, honey—as a theory," observed the Girl; "but I object to its personal application from this particular person on this particular morning. Now I am going to regard St. Paul as a dead-letter, for the time being; so you need not quote his thirteenth chapter to the Corinthians when I begin to relate some of Mrs. Grievance-Against-The-World's private history. She didn't tell it to me, so I'm revealing no secret. I learned it from her face, her speech, the atmosphere of her home, and the general impression of concealed irritability which her family, taken collectively, leaves upon my mind. They live at the four points of the compass."

"Can people really help that? Ought you not to take into consideration the facts of difference of temperaments, divergence of views, separateness of interests?" asked the third listener of the Girl's recital.

"I do take all that into consideration, and yet I maintain that such facts are not, and can never be, an excuse for a divided household," she replied firmly. "Are the people who dwell together in convents, monasteries, and boarding-houses of one temperament? do they hold the same views? have they the same interests? By no means; yet the atmosphere of those places is pleasant, because each is required by the unwritten law of society to restrain any antagonistic tendency and exercise only harmonious qualities. But the laws of society are tabooed in the majority of homes, and the words we would blush to say to the

stranger, we unhesitatingly speak to those we love best.

"In Mrs. Grievance-Against-The-World's home, the members of the family seem to strive to be cantankerous with one another. The children had the example set them early by their mother and father, especially the former, who strove to excuse herself on the ground of difference of temperament between her and her husband. Knowing that it is not good form for brothers and sisters to be disagreeable among themselves, she tried to palliate their conduct by attributing it to their inherited temperament and prenatal influences.

"Why can't she see that by such statements she announces how weak is the will of herself and family! If they were persons of character they would recognize their difficulties, and then begin to correct them by placing the same restraint upon themselves in the home that they must exercise in the business world and society. It is easy to secure a peaceful atmosphere in the home or elsewhere, and one determined will can bring about the change. If that will be possessed by one in authority, so much the better. All that is necessary is to recognize the rights of others. If Mrs. Grievance-Against-The-World would only use her will to harmonize the temperaments of her family, and pour out an unexacting love on them, she would have fewer troubles, and I could walk to the post-office and back without laving my day spoiled in the beginning."

"Aren't you as weak and foolish as that woman? Why let her troubles bother you?"

"The question is, rather, why should that woman empty her mental accumulation of worry, bitterness, discouragement, selfishness—caused, I dare say, by her own irritable temper—upon me?" asked the Girl. "I have cares, duties, and sacred obligations which must daily be met, and the meeting of which calls for all my resources. *This morning things*

seemed piled up unusually high against me, and it was only by the exercise of prayerful purpose that I got the strength to face them with quiet courage. I required every iota of spiritual strength I possess for this day, and I must needs have this dissipated and my time squandered by one who has no claim upon the sympathy of others—for she deliberately makes her own unhappiness, and not I nor an angel from Heaven could help her to a place of higher thought. If I had met a hurt dog, I should gladly have given it time and sympathy, knowing that I should have benefited it, and when we benefit 'even the least of these' we are doing Christ's work. But that woman! Now I shall have to go to my room and begin my day all over again, and when I go to the post-office to-morrow, I shall have to walk three squares out of my way to avoid her!"

* * * * *

"Really one can't blame the Girl," observed the third listener. "Such persons as Mrs. Grievance-Against-The-World are thorns in the flesh of all their serious-minded acquaintances, and it is this sort of people that she and her kind select for victims. If any good were accomplished the victims might make the sacrifice of time and energy willingly, but trying to help them is like carrying water in a sieve. All the words of encouragement that one might speak to such persons from now to the end of their lives are practically wasted. What they want is the sympathy that sits down and weeps with them, tells them that there was never one so afflicted on earth, and questions the justice of God when such innocent persons are thus sorely afflicted with an untemperamental husband and prenatally influenced children!"

What we cannot understand, is the want of proper pride in such persons. Every effect must have its cause, and there is an ever-increasing number of people who positively refuse to make God the cause of all the misfortunes

that come into life. Beginning with themselves, they can clearly trace back the present evil conditions in their own lives to some wrong thought or act in the past; and as evil, like good, either increases or diminishes, they understand why a thing perhaps slight in the beginning has brought in the end such an accumulation of woes.

When one is thus unerringly just and unmerciful in judging one's self, one is not going to seek for palliating circumstances for the interpretation of the cause of the misery in the lives of others. The law works the same way for all. One may admit that he wrought his own misery, if he be open; or refrain from alluding to it, if he be proud. Not every one can stand up before the world and say: "Behold my misfortunes, which are the fruit of the seed I sowed!" Many, coming to the understanding of the unerring working of the law, remain silent, enduring the consequences of their doings with patience, while striving with undaunted will so to act now that their future may be free from such woe.

Every time you uncloset your lips in complaint, dear reader, you accuse yourself. If you have an untemperamental husband, you tell us that you did not exercise good judgment in making your choice of a life-partner, or you permitted passion to blind judgment. We should have far more respect for you if we saw you striving to harmonize your congenial temperaments, or at least keeping silent about your foolishness. If we see you, dear sir, pointing to the chains that bind you to unpleasant environments, we know that you forged them yourself, and were we ever so desirous, we cannot honestly join with you in your railings against God or destiny, nor your questioning as to why God should thus order your life, because we have learned from our own lives that "We are our own Fates; our deeds are our own doomsmen," and you must not expect *us to deal more leniently with you.*

All the prophets, poets, seers, up to the time of Christ, Christ Himself, and all the prophets, poets, seers since His day, have affirmed in various languages that as a man thinketh in his heart, so he is. If you show us inharmonious, unhappy, sinful conditions, we, instead of beholding in them the blindly-given blows of Fate or the unjustly administered punishment of God, see your own inharmonious, unhappy, sinful thoughts actualized, and while we pity you—for often what is reaped in knowledge was sown in ignorance—still we cannot blame God nor man; and we know that neither God nor man can help you while you persist in your present course of action. But if you will turn around, look your troubles in the face, recognize them to your own soul as the legitimate offspring of your past thoughts and actions, and then resolutely vow to cast these effects out of your life by a new and higher line of thought—O my friend! if you will do this, then you will find God and man and the very forces of nature speeding to your assistance.

Do this to-day! Say to yourself: "Never again shall I bewail my lot to the ear of friend or stranger! My pride will prevent me from thus proclaiming my past folly, and I shall strive to forget it. If I can destroy the wrong conditions that I have built around my life, I will do so; if not, I will take my life out of these conditions. I can do this by right thinking, backed by a determined will."

Do not postpone! Begin to-day! It is the noblest work to which you can bend your soul—this bringing to earth of the Kingdom of Heaven.

* * * * *

While not particularly observant of persons generally, I was instantly attracted by the woman, and I doubt if I shall soon forget the impression she made on me. It was at a public reception where "Fair women and brave men" were decidedly in evidence. Among the crowd I beheld a woman of ample pro-

ons. Her costume I do not recall the impression it left on memory is something incongruous), all my attention being absorbed by a display of ornaments that would not have deeded a barbarian queen. Twisted round her neck and hanging over her neck was a rope of jewels; jewels in her ears, in her hair, in the lace of her gown, on her hands—in short wherever there was place for a ring or there it was. Of course it was a privilege to wear all these gems, and no one, enter no objection against the exercise of that privilege; what I object to was the explanation given for exhibition by one of two men sitting behind me.

as she no sense!—to make a jewel-how-window of herself!" said one. All women would do likewise if they had the means and were not afraid of condemnation of Dame Fashion," said his companion. "She simply illustrates woman's natural love of jewelry, and in her case is more powerful than anything what people will say."

I hear that so often—"Woman's natural love of jewelry!" Love of jewelry is no more "natural" with woman than with man. When we see a man with a ring in his nose, rings in his ears, bracelets on his arms and ankles, and strings of uncut gems hanging from his neck, we know that the race to which he belongs has still its weary struggle toward civilization to make; we know that we shall not find such ornamentation on his women folk. As civilization progresses, he casts off his decorations of gold and silver and precious stones, until we find them reduced to a watch-chain, a seal ring and a diamond shirt-stud. As man began to learn the foolishness of such things and threw them aside, woman picked them up;—and less she always admired them on the person of her lord and master, and only at being at length permitted to wear them may account for her having

so long entertained a passion for them, a passion which, you perceive, is not "natural" but acquired.

We cannot fail to note that, as woman progresses intellectually and reaches out into the world of affairs, she, too, comes to see the artistic value of plain attire and drops her superfluous ornamentation. The business woman, the professional woman, the journalistic, the literary and artistic woman, never startles an assembly by a barbaric display of ornaments, and we generally find her stock of jewelry reduced to that of the man who dresses in good taste. And women in general wear fewer ornaments when they dress in good taste.

But why, it may be asked, is woman's possession of precious stones so fabulous, as was recently shown by an eastern magazine? Usually jewelry is man's gift to woman. Forbidden by his acquired good taste and the stern dictates of civilization to bedeck himself after the fashion of his barbarous grand-sire, he indulges the remnant of his ancestral taste for it by lavishing it upon woman. It rests, therefore, with woman utterly to destroy this heritage from a past period of degradation by declining such gifts. If her father or husband wish to express his love in costly gifts, let her ask that the money expended in a bauble be given to her; then, with it let her go to her husband's factory or mine, where are jewels of priceless worth for her to purchase. Let her bring back life to the consumptive girl by sending her West; let her restore energy and courage to the broken-spirited father by purchasing for him a little cottage in the country, where he and his children may have their share of God's fresh air and sunshine; let her give another Marconi or Emerson to her country by taking the bright, ambitious boy from the treadmill of toil and affording him, through education, an opportunity to develop his genius.

O woman! who can do so much, how very little you are doing!

CURRENT COMMENT

Catholic Investments in Catholic Education

The Pilot

When Catholics read of John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$10,000,000 to the general education board of New York State; of the \$3,660,000 announced in gifts to Harvard at the commencement attended recently by President Roosevelt; and of the still earlier gift, this season, of three hundred and thirty-six acres of ground to Princeton University, with a \$300,000 hall to the same institution, and an addition of \$100,000 to its annual income, the first sensation is of discouragement. Though we are at least one-third of the professing Christians of the country, we are in much smaller proportion to the total population, and proportionately, our millionaires,—to say nothing of our multi-millionaires—are few and far between.

Yet, when we realize that, for conscience' sake, the Catholic people of the country are educating more than a million children in our Catholic public schools, at a saving of about \$20,000,000 a year to the general tax-payers, our courage and self-respect revive. Here is an investment from the dollars of the wage-earners surpassing the gifts of Rockefeller and the friends of Harvard and Princeton combined: and from the standpoint of religious and patriotic sacrifice, it means vastly more to humanity. Rockefeller can be conscious of no personal deprivation in his gift of \$10,000,000, for his fortune has grown within the past twenty-five years to \$300,000,000, and his donation is, after all, a small return to the people out of whose necessities he has made his fortune.

We have no Carnegie to give another \$10,000,000 for teachers' pensions; but we have our Religious Orders whose *members give their services lifelong,*

asking but food and raiment and shelter. If the worth of the work of these cultivated men and women were estimated, even on the basis of the modest maintenance of the great army of secular teachers, it would far surpass this pension fund.

When it comes to the higher education and the wealthier Catholics, we have but to look at the detailed report of the rector of the Catholic University of America, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, to see that these, as a rule, are in the mind of the Church and helpful to all her interests. The University has within a year got firmly on its feet again after the staggering blow of the Waggonman failure; and there is hope that much if not all that was lost thereby may be eventually recovered. Here it would be ungrateful not to mention the non-Catholics who contributed to Cardinal Gibbons' private fund—headed with \$11,000 from himself,—among them John Pierpont Morgan, \$10,000; Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, \$2500; Senators George P. Wetmore of Rhode Island, Winthrop M. Crane of Massachusetts, John F. Dryden of New Jersey, and the Vice-President of the United States, Charles W. Fairbanks, each of whom contributed \$1000.

A review of the commencements of our colleges and academies this season shows a gratifying increase in foundations of scholarships, medals, etc. Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan has herself founded a seminary for the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York; and a year ago, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Connor of San Francisco endowed Trinity College at Washington with an art gallery worth \$50,000. * * *

Despite the still unprovided need, which has drawn out from the Rev.

N. J. McKinnon, S. J., of New York, an urgent plea, endorsed by Archbishop Farley, to clergy and laity for an increase in secondary schools for Catholic youth, the heart of the bulk of our people is sound on the education question; and in this is our vitality and certainty of the future.

Current Literature

The Providence Visitor

Of important significance in the lists of books which are offered for sale by the different publishing houses of the country is the surplus of unorthodox works that are held out at tempting prices to the prospective buyer, and the absence of books which have been written by great scientists to offset the evil done to the world at large by speculations regarding the origin and destiny of the world, the immortality of man, and the imputability of human actions. The writings of such men as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Kant, Fichte and Hegel are exposed first and last by persistent agents in their rounds through the country; and these agents open their eyes in astonishment if asked for a volume of Mivart or Argyle.

One of two reasons, or perhaps both, may be responsible for this deluge of intellectual poison. It may be that the publishers purposely aim to disseminate false doctrine and for that cause prepare the volumes in neat bindings for a small cost. Doubtless many publishers have no other end in view except, of course, that of making money. We know that only a few years ago one of the leading publishing houses of the country refused to print an impartial history of Catholic dogma in a great encyclopedia until forced to do so when the public declined to buy the work.

The other reason for the wide-spread publication of dangerous books may be that there is a demand for them on the part of the public. Unfortunately, when we consider the sale lists we learn that

popular demand is not only a possible reason, but the real cause of the printing of bad books.

There is a disposition in many people of believing anything against the convictions of men in general. These people have cultivated the habit of arraying themselves "against the government" under all circumstances. To hear them talk one would imagine that there were no "ideas" in the world until they vouchsafed to inflict their existence upon it. Whatever is immoral, that supplies them with material to argue against the settled beliefs of their friends and acquaintances, that makes them imagine their contemporaries regard them in the light of superior beings because they differ in opinion from everybody else, they seize upon as if they had fallen upon a treasure. They wade through the pages of worthless tracts until they have learned the definitions of a few terms, never heard of before, with which they straightway enrich their own volubility. And armed with these deadly weapons, they consider themselves the real deliverers of the human race.

Let us cry a halt to these deluded victims of their own conceit. Why not tell them—the man who is able, that he has forgot more about philosophy than these people ever knew, and the man who is not equal to the task, that he prefers to accept the opinions of those who understand what they are talking about when they discuss the great problems of life?

Dishonesty and Anarchy

Inter-Ocean

All the lies which professional anarchists tell about the cruelty of rich men in acquiring their riches—all the lies which they circulate about oppression of the poor by the government—have proved futile in this country. They have been futile because they have been lies, or malignant perversions of small and unimportant truths. But when pillars

of society are exposed as brittle to the core—when men whom the people have widely trusted with their fortunes and the future of their families, and have believed in as models of probity and honor, are found to be but whited sepulchres,—then anarchy really gains converts, and the institutions of civilization are menaced.

The revelations in the Equitable scandal are making more anarchists to-day than all the anarchist speeches made and literature published in this country in twenty years. They have brought fear and hate into tens of thousands of respectable households. They have so shattered confidence in human honesty and decency that tens of thousands of men are driven to the delusion that everything that is, is wrong. And that is the beginning of anarchy.

Catholics in Non-Catholic Boarding-Schools

London Tablet

At the recent conference of Catholic headmasters, held at Stonyhurst, June 7, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

The members of the Conference of Catholic colleges, assembled in their annual meeting at Stonyhurst, beg respectfully to call the serious attention of their lordships, the Bishops of England, to the great increase in the number of Catholics attending non-Catholic secondary schools, and suggest that their lordships alone can awake the Catholic body to the grave injury to the Church in this country which is likely to result if this course be allowed unchecked.

The resolution was duly forwarded to His Grace, the Archbishop, who has sent the following reply:

"To the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ward, President of the Conference of Catholic Colleges:

"My Dear President:—I have received with much concern the resolution of your conference, bringing to the

notice of the Bishops the fact that there is a growing tendency among some Catholics to place their boys in non-Catholic boarding-schools. I will bring the resolution to the notice of the Bishops at the earliest opportunity; but as we shall not meet for some time, and the matter is so serious, it is well that I should at once express my own view, knowing that it will be shared by all my colleagues.

"Those who act in the way you deplore must be doing so in ignorance or forgetfulness of the fundamental principles of Catholic teaching and tradition, which they are violating. The responsibility for the education of children is a parental one, and the most important part of that education is the cultivation of the moral and religious faculties. When parents find themselves unable to give at home the training which their children need, and are obliged to commit them to the care of others, who will take their parental place, they may so commit them only to those who can undertake this religious and moral education in all its bearings. In other words, if a boy is to be removed during his most impressionable years from the Catholic influence of the Catholic home, he has a right—a right no parent can deny or justly refuse—to be placed where that same Catholic influence shall still prevail. A non-Catholic school is certainly not a centre of such influence, or in any sense a suitable home for a Catholic boy. Those who forget this parental duty are inflicting upon their children a grievous wrong.

"But their own children are not the only sufferers, for such parents, by their influence and by their example, are creating a precedent which others will surely follow, quieting their conscience, not by any reasoning, but simply by the fashion which has been set.

"Lastly, a fatal blow is being struck by those of whom you speak at the whole

work of Catholic education in this country. For long years we have been struggling to provide Catholic schools from end to end of England for the children of the poor, many of whom have made heroic sacrifices for the Catholic education of little ones. What will be the result upon the public opinion of our people if it be known that those who have every advantage of this world set at naught the fundamental principles for which so many have fought and denied themselves, and this with none of the excuse that others might have to put forth?

"I trust that all Catholics will steadily withstand the tendency to which you have called the attention of the Bishops, and prevent a most dangerous practice and a false public opinion from gaining any strength among us.

"Believe me, my dear president, your devoted servant in Jesus Christ,

"X. FRANCIS,

"Archbishop of Westminster."

Reading

The Republic

It is not necessary that many books be read. The most experienced teachers discourage the reading of too many books. Unless your reading develops your powers of thought it is a waste of precious time. St. Thomas Aquinas made it a practice to read for a while and then, covering his head with his cowl, he would reflect. After that he continued his reading.

The effect of this practice was to make him one of the most acute and accurate thinkers that has appeared in the world's history.

Hastily devouring vast quantities of mental food leads to a form of dyspepsia. There are those who read widely but not well. They attain the possession of many facts, but they do not collate them nor see the links that connect them.

Only those minds that o'ertop the world like a Colossus can bear the burden of much miscellaneous reading. It

is said that Lord Rosebery is the best-read man in England, that his reading extends through whole libraries. Gladstone was an omnivorous reader. So was the Earl of Beaconsfield.

The man who has been educated on the rubbish of the Sunday magazine section, with its vacuity, flippancy, and sensationalism, cannot be very strong intellectually.

The reader who follows carefully the weekly journal that is Catholic, sane, well written, illuminatively ethical, is in a much better position than the man who takes a morning plunge into the daily paper.

Only the other day, a well-known clergyman told us that he finds difficulty in arousing his parishioners to the value of the Catholic press. Yet those same people wonder why they are so weak in argument when the Catholic Faith is attacked, and why they are at a loss how to proceed when they are referred to as the "mere Irish."

Defective Education

The Ave Maria

Not so many years ago, it was a general belief, at least among non-Catholics, that education would free the country from crime; and upholders of the little red schoolhouse confidently looked forward to a new Utopia where the greatest perfection would reign. It was this chimerical notion which led to the banishment of religion from the public schools. Its necessity was denied. Experience has abundantly proved meantime that education as a factor in suppressing crime, and in uplifting criminals or those criminally inclined, has been a dismal failure. It has been found, moreover, that education, by contributing to the adroitness of the evil-doer and helping him to carry out his intentions, has actually served as a stimulus to crimes from which our country, half a century ago, was comparatively free. Not only has the number of hardened

criminals increased, but college graduates are now included among the most ardent defenders of every public abuse.

It was no surprise, therefore, to learn that Prof. James, of Harvard, a noted psychologist, has abandoned the hopes once so fondly cherished. In a recent lecture at the University of Chicago, he said: "Fifty years ago schools were supposed to free us from crimes and unhappiness. We do not indulge in those sanguine hopes now. The intellect is a servant of the passions, and sometimes education only serves to make men more adroit in carrying out evil intentions. This is shown to be true on every hand." We have often remarked that a change of policy and practice in regard to popular education is only a question of time. It is a satisfaction to feel that when the school question does come up for settlement, it will be settled right. Men like Prof. James have done much to spread the conviction that the only kind of education calculated to purify morals and to restrain evil passions is that of the heart and soul.

As Others See Us

The New World

Not long ago The New World heard a young man who claimed to be a Catholic, severely arraigning the Church because, he declared, she always sided with the rich and against every effort made by the people to free themselves.

In this country, he asserted, she is following the same course. Inquiry developed the fact that he had been attending Socialist meetings—hence his new interpretation of history.

Nowadays, one may find others like him—young men who go out to hear Haggerty, Dugan, Debs & Company. A writer in Everybody's Magazine, however, sees things a little more justly. He says:

"I am not a Roman Catholic, but I venture the assertion, without fear of

successful contradiction, that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Church in the land into which a poor, ragged, friendless man may go and feel that he is welcome. So far as outward appearances go, all are on the same plane in this Church, whether prince or pauper. This is one reason why this great Church has such a hold on the masses of the people, for it has always stood for the people against her oppressors."

Lecky, the Rationalist, says pretty much the same thing, and so do Maitland, Milman, Buckle, Green, Guizot and a dozen more. It is queer one has to quote the natural enemies of the Church against people who claim to belong to her household. It is a fact, however, that some fair minds outside can see more good in her than can be seen by conceited flapwickers within.

Where Are the Foreign Grafters

Catholic Union and Times

It is just a trifle surprising that one scarce ever sees the name of a foreigner among those who are accused of corruption in affairs municipal. The patriotic American appears to stand alone and supreme as a grafter.

The Philadelphia Press commenting on the subject, says:

"In considering the political condition of Philadelphia, with its great preponderance of native population, it does not appear that much of the blame for it can be put upon the foreigners. The bootleggers and grafters, the respectable corporation managers who do not scruple to corrupt the municipal legislature to attain their ends, are nearly all 'native and to the manner born.'"

It may be because our foreign brothers have not learned our peculiar civilizing methods along governmental lines. Ere they do become cognizant of the wiles of the corruptionist let us hope the grafters will all be doing time behind prison bars.



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

A LEGEND OF THE CROSS

By M. F. N. R.

Cosrhoes, King of the Persians, was a great and mighty lord and his kingdom extended far and wide; but the lust of conquest was in his breast, and he came even unto Jerusalem, carrying away that piece of the true Cross left there by St. Helena.

Pride entered into him and he desired to be worshipped by all men as a God; so he built a high tower of gold and silver set with wondrous gems, and within he placed images of the sun and stars; he made slender water-courses to imitate rain, and in the deep cavern beneath he kept horses drawing mighty chariots, that men might think it thundered.

Permitting his son to rule the kingdom in his stead, he shut himself within the tower, the Cross of our Lord beside him, and demanded that all men should worship him as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The Christian Emperor, Heraclius, heard of these wicked doings and with a vast army he came to the River Danube to war against Cosrhoes for the recovery of the Holy Cross.

After the manner of the day, it was agreed that the two Princes should fight in single combat for the possession of the holy relic and that the victor should be the ruler of the land. If any man interfered in the combat, his arms and legs should be chopped off and his body thrown into the river.

Heraclius, having confessed himself and received the Blessed Sacrament, praying devoutly, went to the combat with a stout heart, and having fought long and bitterly he at last overcame the son of Cosrhoes, who fell dead, and immediately the whole Persian army believed and were baptized.

No one desired to acquaint Cosrhoes with the news, because he was a cruel man and easily angered, so Heraclius said:

"I am in no ways afraid of this wicked and presumptuous man, and I shall ascend into his evil tower and bring him to justice," so, entering the tower, he found Cosrhoes seated upon his golden throne.

"Who art thou?" he demanded of Heraclius.

"I am Heraclius, who by the help of the one true God has slain your son and

conquered your kingdom. Inasmuch as you have honored the Cross of Christ after your own fashion, your life will be spared, and your kingdom you may retain provided only that you receive baptism. If not, then prepare to die by the sword."

"Know, oh, boastful one," cried Cosrhoes in great indignation, "that I will never be baptized." So Heraclius slew him, but because he had been of royal birth and because he had preserved the true Cross, he gave him decent burial. The son of Cosrhoes, a child of ten years, Heraclius baptized and gave the kingdom of his father. Destroying the tower, he divided among his soldiers the silver and gold, but the gems he presented to such churches as had been destroyed or injured by the tyrant.

Then Heraclius returned to the Holy City, bearing with him the relic of the true Cross. In magnificent attire of purple and gold, mounted upon a white charger all caparisoned in rich array, he sought to enter that gate of the city through which Our Lord had passed, but the stones of the gate rose up and closed themselves together like a wall and he could not enter. And lo! there appeared in the sky the angel of the Lord and the sign of the cross in flaming light.

"Heraclius!" he spoke in low, reprov- ing tones. "Is it meet that thou shouldst enter in all the panoply of regal state and pomp, where passed thy Lord seated upon an humble ass?"

Then did the Emperor weep aloud; and alighting from his steed, he flung off his robes, and barefoot, stripped to his shirt, he bore the Cross of Christ upon his shoulders like the meanest servant, to enter the gate. And immediately the gate was opened to him by invisible hands, and bearing the Cross, from which there came a delicate odor which *refreshed all with its sweetness*, Heraclius

entered, and a voice said: "Not to the great nor to kings, but the meek and lowly and humble of heart comes the Lord Christ."

And thus was the blessed Cross restored to the Holy City and by it were done many miracles: the lame walked, lepers were cleansed and the blind received their sight.

PETER THE MISER

By M. F. N. R.

There was once, many years ago, a miser named Peter, very rich but so stingy that he scarce would give a crust of bread to the beggar at the door. Everybody knew this and so when two beggars stood together one day, one laughed to the other, saying:

"I wager that you cannot get an alms out of Stingy Peter."

"I'll take your wager," said the other and he stationed himself at Peter's door.

Before long Peter returned, and the beggar began to whine out his story, plucking the rich man by the sleeve and urging him so that Peter told him:

"Begone!"

"Never will I leave you until I obtain a bit of bread," he answered. At that moment a servant passed through carrying a tray of bread, and Peter, furious, snatched a loaf and threw it at the beggar, striking him in the face.

"Thank you," cried the beggar, running off with the bread, delighted to have won his wager.

That night Peter slept and dreamed that he was led to the judgment seat of God. At one side was a host of angels, silvery white and beautiful; at the other a troop of devils, black and terrible. And the angels sought eagerly to see if there was any good in Peter's life, while the devils stood eagerly waiting to bear him to hell.

And one angel said to another: "Have we no part nor lot in this man?" and the other replied: "Verily, we have studied long the book of judgment, and we find in all his life no generous deed, save that once he gave a loaf of bread to one of God's poor, but that unwillingly, and with no kind word to turn his gift to gold."

"Take thou the loaf and see which tips the scale, the good or bad," was the command; and so the angel did, and lo! the bread weighed down the scale so that it barely balanced, yet still the evil of the man's life weighed heavy. Then the Angel of Judgment spoke in grave, sad tones, and his look went through Peter like a knife.

"Go, add to this loaf more alms, thou stingy soul, for if thou dost not, be very sure that these black demons shall some day lead thee to the depths of their black pit."

Waking, trembling and afraid, Peter said that the vision was of God, and from that time on he became a changed man, humble, pitiful and generous, giving in alms all he possessed, and at the last selling himself that he might give the price to rescue a poor slave for the love of Christ.

HOW ARTHUR WENT TO THE RACES

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

Baby Arthur had the measles. His dear little face, usually so pink and white and dimpled, was so speckled that his father teasingly called him a "little flea-bitten roan." His sunny temper was speckled, too, but the speckles on that were black as ink and the whole family was desperate. Three years old, Arthur was usually such a jolly chap that you had to smile just to look at him, but the poor little fellow was very uncomfortable. *His skin smarted, his eyes burned,*

he was hot and feverish, and had to be all covered up in bed while his brother Tom was out enjoying himself. So he felt very much injured that he couldn't go out and no one could please him. Mother had sung him every song she could think of. Aunt May had cut lovely pictures out of the magazines, sister had played with him by the hour; but he was tired of all these things and all the family were tired of trying to find something new.

Then Tom came in, all fresh and bright from his fun in the beautiful, bright out-doors, and ten-year-old Tom was Arthur's idol.

"What's the matter, Bub?" Tom's voice was cheery, and his round, freckled face seemed to shed rays of sunshine all around the darkened room. "Nothing to do? Poor little chap! Let's see, I know a jolly play. You hold on a minute and I'll fix you fine as a fiddle." Out he went and came back in a minute with his mother's big Japan tray.

"Here you are," he cried, one hand in his pocket rattling something which sounded quite exciting. "Now, then! Turn your tray upside down. See that groove around the edge? That's a race track and these are the horses." He pulled a handful of marbles out of his pocket where they had kept company with string, nails, pencils, bits of iron, and many other interesting things. "Now, start your horses around the track. Get up, horses!" The marbles rolled around the edge of the tray and Arthur squealed with delight.

"I bet on the red one—there he's catching up—no, the white's ahead! Hurrah for Snowball! Now, Midnight's ahead. Now, then, boy, how's that for something to play with?"

Little Arthur was delighted and played all afternoon with the new toy, thinking he had the nicest big brother in all the world.

THINGS THAT LITTLE FOLKS DO

By M. F. N. R.

Antoinette is four years old, and every morning, as soon as breakfast is over, she puts away her slippers and night-clothes, and then she dusts all the "low down things," in the library—that is, the chair-rounds, window-sills, the children's chairs, their toy-chest, and everything she can reach.

Paul is only two years old, but he always brings father's slippers and puts away his boots when he comes home tired.

Pepita is five, but she picks nosegays of violets and pansies from the lovely garden of her Spanish home, and sells them to the travellers who come there to see the wonderful churches and castles of her sunny Spain.

Anita is twelve, and she makes doilies of beautiful drawn-work—taught by the nuns in the school which she attends, and which nestles at the foot of the Mexican hills.

Guisseppi is ten, and every day he drives the old donkey to the market, where are sold the cabbages and artichokes which grow in his father's Italian garden.

Jean Marie is a little French lad in fair Brittany, and he brings fresh fish from the shore every day—fish which his father has caught by night—to good Madame Bourblaise at the inn where lodge the American and English artists.

Henri is Swiss, nine years old, and he lives at beautiful Chamonix, in the shadow of Mont Blanc. He keeps his herd of mountain goats nibbling the grass in safe places, and often Colotte, his little sister of seven, goes with him to the pasture and gathers blue gentian, snowy edelweiss, and woods from which her father carves beautiful things.

Ah Win, dear little Chinese boy, eight years old, paddles on his wooden shoes

around the rice fields, helping his father keep the birds from the rice.

Cherry Blossom, black-eyed Japanese maiden of six, plucks an iris from the radiant fields of Horikiri and, putting fresh, damp sand in the woven straw basket upon the wall, places in it her flower, and makes the room of her quaint home fragrant and sweet.

THE STORY OF CONRAD

By M. F. N. R.

Conrad was a German noble who lived in a beautiful castle in Thuringia, and his great amusement was hunting. One day while chasing a fine deer, the animal took refuge in a heap of brushwood and would not come out. The Thuringian lord grew angry, and cried to his attendants:

"Go, knaves, and fire that brush to drive that creature out!"

"But, my lord—" said one of the men, fearing the fire might spread; but Conrad would not listen, and insisted upon the fire being kindled. The wind was very strong and blew in the direction of some ripe corn-fields, which took fire, and from them the fire spread into the neighboring meadows, destroying all in its path. Conrad had rushed on to the hunt, thinking little of the evil which his carelessness had wrought, and it was some time before the magistrates were able to put out the flames. A peasant, gathering wood in the vicinity, was charged with the starting of the fire and was condemned to death. Conrad's servant, hearing of the affair in the village, related it to his master, who, shocked at his carelessness, rushed to prevent the execution. The innocent man was saved, but Conrad was required to pay the full value of all that had been destroyed. To do this he had to sell his property, and give up even his wife's

dowry, which made them both penniless.

It was fortunate for Conrad that his wife was one attuned to holiness and piety for, instead of complaining of her lot, she said to him:

"See, my dear Lord, now we have the way of learning that God is the only good. He has taken all from us but Himself; let us, then, turn to Him. Permit me to relieve you of any anxiety about myself by retiring to the convent of the Poor Clares, that I may there pray for your welfare."

Much affected, Conrad bade his wife farewell, went upon a long pilgrimage, and assumed the habit of St. Francis under the guidance of some holy hermits. From then until he died he led a life of penance and prayer, sleeping upon the ground, with a stone for a pillow, eating only bread and raw herbs. He dwelt for thirty-six years in solitude, growing so in holiness that people came for miles to seek his advice and benediction. The last years of his life were spent in a tiny hermitage in Pizzoni, Sicily, and his death was attended by angel bands who bore his soul to heaven.

WHEN MOTHER'S ILL

By Charles Hanson Towne

Things all go wrong when mother's ill!
The house seems strange and sad and still.
I come from school at three o'clock,
Rush in the door without a knock,
And Jane stands in the hallway still
And says, "Hush! Bob, your mother's ill!"

It seems so odd indeed to me
That mother dear should ever be
As ill as I have sometimes been—
Dear me! it almost seems a sin!
I need her so the whole day long,
And when she's ill things are so wrong!

When mother's ill, although the day
Is fine, I do not care to play;
And when Jane says it's time to dine,
At table I just peek and pine.
And I'm more glad than I can tell
When mother once again is well!



CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

ROSARY MISCELLANY.

I.



ALL Rosarians no doubt feel a thrill of joy in witnessing or taking part in the monthly Rosary processions. These public demonstrations of affection speak eloquently of the efficacy of the best loved of devotions to Mary. Gelenius, the historian of Cologne, tells us that, when in 1474 the Emperor Charles besieged the city, the inhabitants flocked to the prior of the Dominican convent, Father Springer, seeking advice. He, after two days of prayer and consideration, preached a sermon in which he asked all to join the Rosary Confraternity after they had made a public procession through the streets of the city. Pointing to an image of the Rosary Queen, he assured them that there protection was surely to be found. And so it proved. Emperor Frederic III, in thanksgiving for his victory over Charles, begged to be enrolled in the Confraternity. September 8th was set aside for his solemn attestation of Mary's help. The great procession was composed of more than eighty barons, all the dukes of Germany, the royal family, scores of Bishops and Archbishops, and the papal legate, Alexander. After Mass was celebrated by the legate, the Emperor and his consort, Eleanora, and all the nobles, in turn, registered their names in the Confraternity record. From that day Rosary processions in Germany were of common occurrence.

II.

Art has always loved to represent the Blessed Virgin and her Rosary. In Pomerania a chalice veil was preserved until within a hundred years ago, on which was embroidered an image of

Mary surrounded by the Rosary. The Protestants refused to surrender this work of art at the time of the Reformation, and clung to it until it disappeared late in the eighteenth century.

III.

Michael Francisci, a Dominican professor at Cologne, informs us that the membership of the Confraternity in that city was increased by fifty thousand names in one year. After five years the number was more than five hundred thousand. Germany, to-day, is again showing splendid fidelity to Mary. At Dusseldorf alone, the Confraternity register contains upwards of forty thousand names. This is surely encouraging and consoling after the long war waged on the Church in that country.

IV.

About nine hours' walk from Milan, in the rolling country between Lake Como and Lake Lugano, stands the famous "Holy Hill of Varese," one of the most frequented shrines of Italy. On a hill stand five beautiful chapels, each of which is surrounded by marble colonnades high enough for a mounted rider to pass through. These chapels contain representations of the mysteries of the Rosary, made of variously colored clay and baked like tile. This colossal Rosary in stone was done by the Capuchin, John Baptist da Monza of the family of Aguggiari, and tradition credits it to the generosity of the Borromeo family.

In his infamous "Table Talk," Luther recounts a legend of a Carthusian who had one day neglected to say his beads. Falling into the hands of banditti, he was about to be killed. In this sore plight he took refuge in the Rosary, and was protected from the fury of the highwaymen by a comely woman who mys-

teriously appeared. The arch-heretic cited the story solely to ridicule the Church and her practices. But his satanic malice and coarse humor could not destroy the German people's deep devotion to the Rosary Queen.

THE ASSUMPTION.

From a sermon by St. John Damascene:

"Eve, who consented to the suggestion of the serpent, was punished by disease and death. Mary, who gave ear to the word of God, was filled with the Holy Ghost, and at the spiritual salutation of an archangel, although she knew not man, conceived the Son of God * * * and consecrated herself to God—how could death conquer her? Could hell receive her? Could corruption destroy that body which had sheltered Life itself? For her is prepared a way, smooth and easy, to the gates of Heaven."

THE FIRST ROSARIAN.

On August 4th the Church celebrates the feast of St. Dominic, the first Rosarian. This should be a day of special devotion, not only to every Dominican and friend of the Order, but to every client of Mary as well, for it is the feast day of the Saint to whom God's Mother revealed the Rosary.

It is difficult for us now to appreciate the position of heretics in the Middle Ages. The Albigenses, for instance, who flourished in Southern France during the first part of the thirteenth century, worked for the destruction of the Church and the subversion of civil government, even as the anarchists of our own day. To reconcile men who have been sons of the Church, but whom passion or prejudice has separated from Christian unity, is always a most difficult matter. The Albigenses knew Catholic doctrine, but persisted in their heresy partly through pride, partly through sensuality and a *mistaken patriotism*. *It was in the midst*

of his fatiguing and disheartening labors among these wretched people that St. Dominic received from Heaven's Queen the powerful weapon which brought him victory. Many were converted, and the heresy was eventually entirely extirpated. And may it not have been through the Rosary that St. Dominic received the inspiration to plan and the grace to accomplish the foundation of the Order of Friars Preachers?

The victories of the Rosary are familiar to every Rosarian. That of Lepanto—when the Turks were vanquished and driven from Europe—is, doubtless, the most striking and glorious.

But passing over these greater things, what Rosarian, what Catholic is there who can not achieve many victories of the Rosary in his own life? How often have not Mary's beads comforted us in sorrow, strengthened us in weakness, counseled us in perplexity and filled our hearts with holy joy; raising us out of ourselves, above the trials and discouragements of life, into the sunshine of God's peace and love?

Would it be too much to ask every Rosarian to receive Holy Communion once during this month in thanksgiving for that gift which St. Dominic and his sons have spread throughout Christendom—the Holy Rosary.

INDULGENCES FOR AUGUST.

August 4—Feast of St. Dominic: Plenary indulgence for all the faithful on the usual conditions of confession, communion and prayers for the Pope's intention in Rosary chapel.

August 6—First Sunday of the month: Plenary indulgence; confession, communion, prayers for the Pope and attendance at Rosary procession.

August 15—Assumption: Plenary indulgence; conditions as on August 4th.

August 30—Feast of St. Rose of Lima: Plenary indulgence as on August 4th.

WITH THE EDITOR

The special glory of August is the beautiful feast of our Lady's Assumption, one of the greatest feasts which the Church celebrates in honor of Mary Immaculate. Assuredly her lifting up, the assumption into heaven of her pure and stainless soul and body, was a worthy climax to her blessed earthly life, a fitting crown of all the "great things" which God had done for her. Although the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is not a defined dogma of the Church, it is universally accepted and believed by Catholics. The doctrine of the Assumption is founded in strongest reason and is supported by the uniform and constant tradition of the Church. That Mary, the sinless one—preserved by anticipation of Christ's infinite merits, immaculate even in her conception, and who alone was found worthy to become God's Mother—should suffer the consequences of death, is repugnant at once to reason and to every Catholic instinct. Clients of Mary, and Rosarians especially, should honor their Queen in her glorious Assumption, and beg of her, their sweet and powerful advocate, all graces and particularly those of purity and hatred of sin. _____

Elsewhere in this number we publish the reply of His Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster, to the resolutions of the Conference of Catholic Colleges submitted to him by the president of that body. There is matter for serious thought both in the resolutions themselves and in the Archbishop's response. The dangers alluded to are undeniably present in America, and are no less grave and alarming here than in England. It is, unfortunately, a fact that many Catholic parents send their children to non-Catholic boarding-schools and colleges,

believing that in so doing they are not only not wronging them but really furthering their best interests. But these parents are pitifully short-sighted, and their logic is as weak as their faith. They contend—and this in the face of the most abundant and conclusive proof to the contrary—that such schools are more efficient than Catholic schools. They contend further, and persistently, that non-Catholic colleges, with honorable name and worthy record—such as Yale or Harvard—invest their graduates with certain qualities of distinction and superiority that no Catholic college whatever can possibly confer, and that the diploma of such institutions is a ready passport into the realms of earthly success. But even if this were true—which it is not—the fact should not be forgotten that there are more important and higher things in this world than mere temporal achievement and success; and it should be remembered, further, and never for a moment lost sight of, that God's Kingdom should first be sought, and that the possession of the whole world profiteth a man nothing if he suffer the loss of his immortal soul. And yet there are Catholic parents who, turning a deaf ear to the Church and her authority, deliberately jeopardize the faith of their sons and daughters, or sell their priceless birthright for a mess of pottage! Terrible, indeed, shall be their arraignment and judgment when called before the bar of Eternal Justice to render an account of their stewardship, and to answer for the souls committed to their charge. _____

The frequency and the character of "accidents" nowadays in our navy, in the operation of railways, steamship lines and corporate and private business

enterprises, make it clearly evident to even the casual observer that human life to-day is lightly regarded, and appraised, in certain quarters, at a value disgracefully cheap. We read almost daily of some appalling catastrophe—the burning or sinking of an excursion boat, the blowing up of a man-of-war by the explosion of a defective boiler, the burning of a theatre or hotel, the wreck of a mine by exploding gas, the demolition of a flying express train. Investigations more or less “rigid” are regularly instituted after these frightful disasters with a view to discovering their exact causes, fixing the responsibility and punishing the offenders. But in the vast majority of cases the responsibility remains unfixed and no punishment is meted out to the guilty. It is true that accidents will happen in spite of the greatest care and keenest foresight; but it is true also that most of the catastrophes that shock the country and the world from time to time are avoidable. The fact is that the greed of employers and the negligence of the employed are largely responsible for the present conditions of things. Until employers appreciate their duty and obligation to those in their service; until employees learn their duty to those for whom they labor; until men generally learn practically the lessons of unselfishness and Christian charity, misfortune and suffering and untimely death shall be the portion of many.

On the fourth of this month we celebrate the feast of the great St. Dominic, Founder of the Order of Preachers, the Order of Truth. St. Dominic it was who received from Heaven's Queen the Rosary, and made it known to the world. With good reason, therefore, may Mary's clients, and Rosarians especially, welcome the feast day of this servant of God, illustrious alike for his sanctity, learning and wisdom. The predominant virtues of St. Dominic were

charity and humility; these were the source, the foundation of his greatness—and without them no man can be truly great, truly Christ-like. Let Rosarians, Tertiaries, and all Christians, indeed, strive earnestly to acquire, and labor seriously to cultivate the virtues that shone so brilliantly in the soul of St. Dominic; and, like him, let them imitate and love the Rosary Queen and conform themselves to the image and the likeness of the Master.

Apologetic and half-hearted Catholics everywhere can learn a useful and impressive lesson in Christian etiquette from the Catholic King of Spain, now travelling in Europe. Entering Notre Dame recently, in company with President Loubet, he reverently took holy water, made the Sign of the Cross, kissed the ring of the Cardinal, whom he happened to meet, and otherwise conformed to correct Catholic usage. These were small things in themselves; and the King's conduct on that occasion, in presence of infidels and scoffers, is noteworthy only in so far as it affords a gratifying contrast to the attitude of not a few Catholics in humbler station, who seem at times to be positively ashamed of their faith and always indifferent as to its manifestation. The Catholic who would deny or conceal his faith for temporal gain, or through motives of shame or expediency, is worthy only of pity or contempt.

At a time when the acceptance by public officials of substantial gifts from great corporations is so common, this from the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy, declining tendered favors, is decidedly refreshing and hopeful, and richly deserving of applause:

“My declining to avail myself of the free passes sent me was not intended in any wise as a reflection either on the railroads, whose officers tendered me this courtesy, or on other public officials

whose opinions on this subject may differ from mine. I recognize fully that many highly estimable and altogether upright men in public life can see no objection to the acceptance of free passes. I think otherwise, and, without criticising others, must act for myself on my own convictions.

"I do not care to discuss the subject further, except to say that I have always thought it was wise and right for a public man in a government like ours to seek the approval of public opinion when it does not contradict the promptings of his own conscience, and I believe public opinion approves the course I have taken in this respect."

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has rendered a valuable service to the travelling public, and to the youth of the country, especially, by its ruling against the sale of trashy and sensational literature on its trains and at all news-stands under its control. We can not with certainty determine the motive of their radical and sweeping order; but we strongly suspect that considerations of self-interest largely influenced the company in promulgating it. Railroad officials understand perfectly well that many crimes against property and person are inspired by sensational detective stories and blood-curdling tales of villainy and human depravity, either real or imaginary; they know that not a few train robberies and hold-ups are directly chargeable to them. The removal of these causes, therefore, is an efficient and prac-

tical measure, even though it be not a complete remedy. It is to be sincerely hoped that other railroad companies—that all of them, indeed—will follow the example of the Pennsylvania in this matter; it is to be hoped, further, that all right-minded persons who have at heart the best interests of religion and home and country will oppose to the utmost of their ability the production and dissemination of the vile and meretricious and criminal "literature" in all its forms which so seriously menaces the moral and social well-being of our people.

All true friends of honest toilers will rejoice that the Chicago strike has at last been settled, and they will feel no regret that it has been lost to the strikers. The failure of the strike, the sufferings and hardships and deaths occasioned by it, the startling revelations elicited by legal investigation—all these things and countless other incidents of the bitter struggle will doubtless teach a much needed lesson to the rank and file of the hosts of labor, and open their eyes to the peculiar methods of professional labor agitators and leaders. It is high time that honest men and women who labor for their daily bread, realized that they are shamefully imposed upon by a crowd of criminal and incompetent and self-seeking "leaders," so-called. If the senseless and farcical strike just closed brings this indisputable and notorious fact clearly home to the toiling masses, it will not have been in vain.

BOOKS

DAUGHTERS OF THE FAITH; SERIOUS THOUGHTS FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN.
By ELIZA O'B. LUMMIS. New York:
The Knickerbocker Press, 1905. pp. 155.

A few years ago the organization known as the Daughters of the Faith was called into being by certain Catholic ladies of station for the sole object of offsetting the baneful influence which *is being exercised by the members of the*

upper strata of society—the Four Hundred, as they are called. Miss Lummis, the author of the manual under present consideration, was the first to conceive the idea of the organization, and has succeeded in imparting her enthusiasm to a goodly number of ladies of her class, and in order to awaken still greater interest in the organization she has put this little

manual before the public. It is full of interesting and wholesome reading, some of the chapters, notably the one on divorce, being particularly strong. A preamble, entitled, "A Few Words About the Daughters of the Faith," gives clearly and succinctly the object and aim of the organization. From it we quote the following:

"The Society of Daughters of the Faith has received a new impetus through the Brief of Approbation lately received from the Holy Father, Pius X. His Holiness has given in this Brief a clear and definite expression of his wishes that Catholic women, not only in America, but throughout the world, may be led to assert more positively and unitedly the spirit and teachings of their faith in opposition to Naturalism, that is the underlying cause of widely prevalent social evils." —

GEORGE EASTMONT: WANDERER. By John Law. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Bros., 1905. 8vo, pp. 243. \$1.10 net.

We have here a piece of fiction which is disappointing in several ways. First of all, it is a problem novel, but the finis is reached and the problem is still unsolved; and, again, the march of events is brought to such a sudden close that the reader quite loses his breath by the shock of the abruptness, and he is left to speculate upon the probable outcome of some of the most important incidents of the story. All of which tends to lessen the value of the book, for it is not the office of a novelist to fill the mind of his reader with perplexing speculations as to the fate of his hero or heroine. Frank Stockton, a decade ago, agitated the minds of readers of summer fiction with the fate of his lady in the ever-interesting short story, "The Lady or the Tiger;" and when he put the full stop to the story he added a huge interrogation point, the answer to which could only

come from one who had made exhaustive studies in psychology and who knew well that inexplicable mystery—a woman's heart. But evidently Stockton did all this with malice aforethought, and the quandary of the reader was the thing for the attainment of which he wrote the story. But when a writer writes upon a theme as important and serious as Socialism, one has the right to expect the inculcation of a beneficial lesson, and will hardly accept in lieu thereof grotesque situations and startling finales. George Eastmont, the hero of the non-descript creation, was a man of gentle lineage, who, strangely enough, had to learn by a series of harrowing misfortunes a lesson which most persons of his class seem to get by intuition—namely, that while to your sorrow you may jump over the lines that are drawn between the classes, you can not obliterate these lines any more than you can bleach the swarthy skin of a Georgia cotton-picker by bringing your own fair complexion in close proximity to his black one. The chief sin lies in the conception of the plot, for, regarded merely from a literary point of view, there is much to commend in the descriptions and dialogue; so that we truly believe the author would succeed well enough in ventures that are less ambitious. Let us hope that he may see this, for a small success is ever preferable to a huge failure.

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN. Translated from the German of Rev. Mattheas Von Bremscheid Omlap, by a member of the Young Ladies' Sodality, Holy Trinity Church, Boston, Mass. Boston: Angel Guardian Press. 16mo, pp. 118.

This valuable little work, so very popular in the original German, should be eagerly welcomed by American girls. It is an excellent monitor for every Christian maiden, and will furnish edifying reading for moments of leisure. The booklet is handsomely bound in flexible morocco.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of THE ROSARY, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of THE ROSARY will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads, three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who do not meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the "Hail, holy Queen" is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar C. C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries, may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in THE ROSARY.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

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SEPTEMBER, 1905

NO. 3

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MOST. REV. ARCHBISHOP PLACIDE LOUIS CHAPPELLE,
LATE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS

At New Orleans, on the 8th day of August of this year, Archbishop Chappelle died of yellow fever, thus adding another to the many proofs that death is no respecter of persons.

His Grace was a man of high culture and the most refined instincts, qualities by virtue of which he graced the high places which it was his destiny to fill. While in a long career he wrought many things of conspicuous value, they all pale before the last act of zeal for souls, an act performed in obedience to the heroic impulse which prompted him to hasten to his stricken flock, and like a true shepherd abide with them, even though it meant death for him to do so.

Finis coronat opus.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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No. 8



LONE ROCK.

The Dells of Wisconsin

By MARY RICHARDS GRAY

THE main topographical feature of Central Wisconsin is the picturesque Wisconsin River. Taking its beginning in the Lac Vieux Desert to the north, it winds down through the central part of the state to the Mississippi. Three hundred or more miles from its source, as it "nears the boundary of Adams and Juneau Counties, the high ground which limits the sand plain on the west curving to the southeastward finally reaches the edge of the stream, which by its southeasterly course for the last twenty miles has ap-

proached the high ground to the east. The two ridges thus closing in on the river have caused it to cut a gorge." Here, for seven and one-half miles of its course compressed between sandstone walls from fifteen to eighty feet in height, erosion and weathering have worn the rocks into curious forms. This, one of the most picturesque regions in America, is known as the Dells of the Wisconsin. On either side are tributary streams, old river channels. These, too, are worn into curious forms and blocked by sand bars. Above the gorge the river



FAT MAN'S MISERY, COLD WATER CANYON.



IN THE WITCHES' GULCH.

is from two hundred feet to a third of a mile in width, and at times so low that one can scarcely float a canoe on it; while in the gorge it is forty or more feet in depth. The banks are wooded to the very edge of the overhanging bluffs. On the rocks are dark and sombre looking pines and oaks, clinging where there seems naught to which to cling, naught to nourish life. Here nature has carved out beautiful and fantastic forms and given a beautiful stream of water, but has withheld the exquisite coloring which gives such charm to much of our Western scenery. The green trees, the dark-gray rocks, the dark waters of the stream, make a pretty picture, particularly with the fresh green farming lands which stretch away on either side.

Once this region was the camping ground of the Pottowatomies and Winnebagoes; now it is given over to the tourist. The deep waters of the gorge, once frequented only by the canoes of the Indians, now resound to the plashing of the great stern wheels of excursion boats, the puffing and snorting of naphtha launches, and the oars of the wary fishermen in their rowboats. From the haunts through which the Indians roamed at will and undisturbed, the tourists pour out to all points of interest in

the surrounding country. Each rock and cliff, each portion of each canyon, has been appropriately named; the most has been made of picturesque nature by those who exploit it to the summer visitors.

Going from Kilbourn up the river we pass through "jaws of the dells," "the narrows," "the navy-yard"—rocks eaten out and worn underneath by erosion and weathering until they resemble a line of boats with their prows jutting forward; "the swallows' nests"—curious holes in rocks of which birds make use—"the chimney," "the sugar-bowl," "the ink-stand," "the steam-boat," and farther up, "stand rock"—these latter detached rocks of odd shapes.

In wandering through the woods and up and down the narrow canyons, picturesquely named "The Witches' Gulch," "Cold Water Canyon," and "The Artists' Glen," it is not hard to see why they were favorite haunts of the Pottowatomies. The river abounds in fish; the woods once were filled with wild animals. The rough, high places above the streams made lurking places in which the Indians could hide themselves securely to watch for the animals when they came to their drinking places. Everywhere traces of Indians are to be found; mounds in which their dead lie

buried, arrow-heads, and even a few of the Indians themselves.

This remnant of a once large tribe does not number more than seventy-five. Their supposedly permanent village is eight or nine miles back from the river on a few acres of land which they hold from the government on the condition that they till it. Their tilling, however, does not amount to very much. They plough up the land in the spring,



IN COLD WATER CANYON.

plant a few potatoes, and never go near them. Having complied with the government requirements they attempt nothing more. As each Indian, large and small, draws a certain allowance from the government, and the squaws work industriously at beadwork and baskets, which are sold to tourists, it

is unnecessary for the male population to work. Even those trained in the Indian schools and then sent back to the reservation do not work, but lapse back to the habits of their tribe. The dirty wigwams swarm with children, of whose existence Uncle Sam is kept informed, for each child from the day of his birth draws an allowance, small to be sure,



STAND ROCK.

for his support. The families average from eight to ten children. All dress partly in Indian and partly in American clothing, and are not attractive objects to behold.

The wandering spirit of their ancestors still possesses these Indians, and *once or twice* a year they go off and en-

camp at a distance from home for the sake of change. One of their haunts is on the river below Kilbourn where there is good fishing. Here it is that the kodak fiends swarm in the hope of getting snap-shots; but as yet their efforts have proved unavailing. In one of the wigwams there is a fat squaw, so big and clumsy that she cannot get about by herself. All day she sits and works at beadwork in the spot on which the combined efforts of several of the tribe have managed to drag her. Every one who sees her wants her picture. As yet she has not been taken. She cannot hasten to retire from the gaze of curious and vulgar eyes, but she has recourse to another effective scheme. She covers her head with a blanket. Not sensitiveness about her personal appearance but superstitious fear causes this semblance of modesty, for, like all Indians, she has a superstitious fear of having her picture taken.

Quite as much a feature of The Dells as the "tripper," the Indians, and the scenery is the omnipresent kodak fiend. He rides the excursion boats and snaps at the shore; he tries time exposures in the deep, dark canyons; he regulates his waking hours to the state of the heavens and the position and brilliancy of the sun; he crowns his efforts by posing his friends against all possible and impossible backgrounds. One there was, a Dutchman, who made Fourth of July miserable for himself and others, just "vating for a picture." He rushed from "The Witches' Gulch,"—having there busied himself with a time expo-

sure—and planted his tripod in the mud on the bank of the river in the hope of snapping three of his friends who were out in a rowboat. Arranging the pose, he put the dark cloth over his head. Hardly had he done so when the final “toot! toot!” of the steamer disturbed his nerves, and he discovered that the branch of a tree occupied the entire foreground of the view he wanted. Waving his hands frantically in an effort to stop the steamer and catch the moving picture of his friends, who were rowing away, he called, “Vate a minute! Vate a minute!” The boat did not “vate.” With his hair waving in the breeze and his camera flying open in a manner alarming to behold, he ran and caught on the steamer, then pulled himself up. Hurriedly he tried again for the coveted snap-shot, but the scenery would not “vate.” All down the river on the return trip he bemoaned what he had lost, in picturesque English, and found himself each time he tried just too late for the scenes along the stream. In the afternoon he was at the station to take the Chicago express. Again he was in trouble. Just as he had posed the three friends of rowboat memory against the trucks loaded with baggage, the porters decided to drag them out on the platform as the down train was due.



THE SUGAR BOWL.



WHERE THE SWALLOWS NEST.



THE NAVY YARD.

"Vate a minute! Vate a minute!" he cried again, but persuasion failed to make them "vate a minute!" Again he lost a shot; however, he did not lose the train. It bore him away with memories fresh in his mind of things which would not "vate."

The Fourth of July is the great day at The Dells, not only for the "tripper," but also for the country people living within a radius of ten or fifteen miles. Then each country swain comes with the girl he loves best for their one great outing of the year. This day is the bright oasis in the desert of work which is their lot, the one event to which they look forward and recall with keenest pleasure. It is not hard to pick out these couples. Her clothes look painfully new and home-made, his as if they had lain in a chest since the last Fourth of July. Both are painfully awkward and wander about, hand in hand, blissfully unconscious of any world except the all-absorbing one of love and adoration which they have

created for themselves. They buy ice cream and pop-corn, and if the earnings laid aside for this glorious day dwindle down so that there is not a final round of treats for both, they share the last nickel on one plate of cream with two spoons.

It is only within the past few years that The Dells have been regarded as a resort, that cottages and hotels have sprung up, and that tourists have poured into the little Wisconsin town of Kilbourn. As yet buildings have not

been constructed in such numbers, and visitors are not so numerous as to rob the place of its wild, rural character. Here in the heart of Wisconsin is nature, untouched by man's art, natural and beautiful.



IN BOAT CAVE.

Clarisse de Somerghem

Translated From the French by

MARY E. MANNIX

I.

DURING the reign of Henry V of England, London was not the city of to-day, spreading over its immense territory a population always seething with the fever of traffic; it had not yet gathered into its magnificent docks the wealth of the universe; nor opened to the world its magnificent streets, in which beautiful palaces stand side by side with ugliness and misery in their most repulsive forms. But then, as now, it possessed three things which have through the centuries called forth the admiration of visitors: its noble river, its historic Tower, and the Westminster Cathedral, rearing its pinnacles to the sky. Not far from it the royal palace overlooked this consecrated spot, in which the kings of England also found sepulchre; from the long, narrow windows of this magnificent dwelling-place, reigning royalty could look down upon the aisles where they had been crowned and would eventually lie, placed like their predecessors—to crumble in the dust.

The King was seated in his cabinet, a long table stretched out before him, filled with charts and papers, the contents of which seemed to have caused him some impatience. In one hand he held a piece of parchment, which he read with contracted brow and flashing eyes. When he finished reading it he threw it aside, exclaiming angrily:

"Ah! cursed Gascon, if I ever catch you in England, you will have plenty of time to make verses in the Tower.

Bertrand de Born, as you call yourself, with what pleasure would I not see you swallow your short, sarcastic verses, as I thrust them down your throat."

Approaching the window in front of his writing-table, he observed a group of courtiers on the terrace below. Taking a silver whistle from his belt, he blew it loudly and long. Presently a page appeared, of whom the King inquired:

"Is some one awaiting an audience?"

"Yes, Your Majesty, Mlle. de Somerghem is here."

"Show her in."

The King had hardly spoken when the curtain was lifted and two women entered. One, quite elderly, took her position near the door; but the other, young and beautiful, walked respectfully but confidently towards the King, who advanced to meet her. Greeting her with a low bow, which she returned gracefully, he took her hand, and leading her to a chair in the middle of the room, seated himself beside her. The face upon which he gazed was one so rarely beautiful, so filled with power and sweetness, so gentle yet so firm in all its outlines, that the mere contemplation of it seemed to smooth the wrinkles from his brow.

"Mlle. de Somerghem," he inquired, "have you any idea of the reason which caused me to send for you?"

"No, Sire, I have not, but this I know, that your intentions can only have been kind, because when I lost my honored lord and father you became my guardian. I deem it an honor beyond price, Sire, to have been chosen as the ward of England's mighty King."

"What less could I have done for the daughter of my faithful triend and servant, Hugues de Somerghem?" replied the King. "He came of a race who had loyally served me and mine; his grandfather left Flanders to cross the sea with William the Conqueror; his father fought for mine; he was himself my companion-at-arms and constant friend. When I became your guardian, Mlle. Clarisse, I only began to pay in part the accumulated debts of more than a century. But a portion of it still remains undischarged. Can you guess what it is, Mlle?"

"I can not, Sire."

The King smiled. "Are your thoughts and hopes so different, then, from those of other maidens of your age and rank, Mlle? Have you never dreamed of a brave young husband—one of rich and noble lineage, who would be glad to accept the guardianship I must needs some day lay down?"

Clarisse de Somerghem remained silent. A shadow of surprise crossed the countenance of the King.

"My beautiful goddaughter," he continued, "I know my obligations towards you; moreover, I have never forgotten my promise to your father. Your husband is already chosen. What do you think of it?"

"I do not know of whom you are speaking, Sire?"

"I am speaking of the richest and most worthy cavalier of this court—one whom I esteem more highly than any other—the son of Gilbert a'Becket."

"Sire, I have no words with which to express my surprise," replied the girl.

"And why so?"

"Is not Thomas a'Becket destined for the Church, Sire?"

"Perhaps, but he is not bound. That will be an easy matter. I have resolved that Thomas a'Becket shall wear the

helmet instead of the mitre; that he shall carry the sword and not the cross. In him your possessions in Flanders and England will have a competent guardian; you will be the wife of a noble husband, and both shall be the chosen friends of Henry. What would you more?"

"My Lord and King, it can not be?"

"What is that, Mlle?" cried the King. "You jest, no doubt, but by the light of Notre Dame, as my grandfather used to say, the moment is ill-chosen."

"Sire, I do not jest, and have no desire to do so."

"What, then, do you mean when you say this marriage can not take place?"

"I can not be the wife of a man who is already set apart for the service of God. It is not for me to turn his steps aside from the way he has chosen."

"What way is that, my child? Mark him, as he walks about yonder, on the terrace. Has he a frowning brow, a sanctimonious smile, an indrawn lip? Is there aught of the churchman in the gait and bearing of Thomas a'Becket? Who is more fleet of foot, more quick in speech, in argument, in repartee? Who smiles more open, or laughs more cheerily?"

"So much the better for that, Sire! By so much more should he then outdistance in holiness and good works those who have not his happy soul and buoyant spirits. He will make a model priest."

"Tut, tut! You must change your views. You must meet him half-way at least, Mlle."

"It would be sacrilege, my Lord and King. Know you not that great things have been predicted of that young man since his cradle? God has special designs upon him. Far be it from me ever to become an obstacle to the glory that awaits him."

"What glory?"

"That of martyrdom!"

The King laughed aloud.

"Silly girl!" he cried. "When did you meet the soothsayer? Becket a martyr! Ha, ha, young Cassandra of Troy, we shall prove you a false prophetess."

The girl looked at him fearlessly, her eyes shining.

"It matters not, Sire!" she replied. "Your incredulity will not hinder the designs of Heaven!"

"A truce to such nonsense, Mlle. Tell me, once and for all, do you refuse to wed Thomas a'Becket?"

"I do, Sire. And in order that you may the better understand my own intentions, I ask you, here and now, permission to retire to a convent in Flanders, where I shall, God willing, take the veil of a religious. The Lord shall be my portion and my inheritance. I request only that you further the accomplishment of my desire."

"You mean what you say?" cried the King, beginning to pace rapidly up and down the long apartment.

"I made my decision long ago, Your Majesty."

"You absolutely refuse this alliance which I propose?"

"I refuse it absolutely. I have chosen one more noble."

"You decline to obey me?"

"Only because I wish to obey the call of a greater King."

"Have you ever reflected that I have the power of confiscating your property, Mlle?"

"What are the riches of this world to one who is vowed to poverty?"

"Go!" cried the King, angrily striding towards her. "Go, I want nothing more to say to you, but I shall not forget this day on which you have rebelled against me."

"And, on my part, I shall never forget the kindness I have received from Your

Majesty, but shall always remember you with gratitude and affection before the throne of the Almighty."

The King, turning his back upon her, did not see the graceful obeisance with which she left the room, followed swiftly and silently by her elderly companion. When she had gone, Henry once more approached the window which overlooked the terrace.

"Between them they have outwitted me!" he murmured. "It is strange, and not pleasant, to be thus set aside when I meant only good for both. He will not, and she will not—ingrates both. But I can do nothing more, though it was because I loved them that I would fain have united them. If the girl had been less stubborn, I can not think a'Becket would have dared to refuse the alliance. By my faith, I can not bear to be flouted thus!"

At that moment he caught the eye of a'Becket and crooked his finger. The young man left the terrace, and soon his steps were heard advancing along the corridor.

"Friend Thomas," said the King, as he entered, "I am not in joyous mood just now. The beautiful Clarisse has proven as stubborn as yourself. I had hoped by her compliance with my wishes to bring you to your senses, for you never could have had the audacity to refuse her after she had accepted my proposals in your behalf. But she has absolutely declined."

The face of the young man, which had been clouded, now grew radiant.

"I thank you from my heart for this news, Sire," he replied. "As you say, it would have seemed churlish both to my King and the young lady to have declined the honor of her hand, but—"

"You would have done it?"

"I am afraid so, Your Majesty. Indeed, I am sure of it. I do not wish you

to think there was the slightest chance of my having done otherwise, lest—"

"Lest I might have looked elsewhere for a wife for you, friend Thomas?"

"You have surmised rightly, Your Majesty."

"Perhaps you may like to know one of the reasons why the fair Clarisse declined the honor of your hand?" continued the King.

"As you please, Your Majesty."

"Although you are so indifferent, I can not refrain from telling you," Henry went on. "She says that not only are you destined for the Church, but that there is also a prediction you are one day to be a martyr. And she did not wish to deprive you of that glory!"

"A martyr!" echoed a'Becket, incredulously. Then the smile disappeared from his countenance, his eyes were uplifted and with an expression of extreme gravity he continued: "Such an honor were too great for such as I, Your Majesty. I would never be worthy of it."

"I do not know," replied Henry. "You are stubborn enough for it, God knows. But there is still another reason connected with the refusal of Clarisse, my recreant goddaughter. Shall I tell it to you?"

"If Your Majesty wishes."

"She, too, would consecrate her life to the service of the Lord—in the cloister."

"A noble sacrifice for one so young and rich and lovely," answered a'Becket.

"Look you," cried Henry, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "I have striven to be angry with you but I can not, though you have most incontinently defied me. Since the broad English acres and flat Flanders meadows of Clarisse de Somerghem can not seduce you, any more than her beauty and sweetness, I swear to you that, if you carry out the purpose of your soul

and become a priest, I shall see to it that you are made Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England."

"Do nothing rash, Your Majesty," replied a'Becket, laughingly. "And, above all, take no oath upon it. For I fear me greatly that, should it come to pass, you might regret the promotion to which you had contributed. Right well you know how opposite are our views concerning Church prerogatives and dignities, and unless you should moderate your own, or I—God forbid—change mine, I fear me that were I to become Archbishop of Canterbury, we should not long be friends."

"And then I would take off your head, maybe," laughed the King. "There goes the prophecy, for then there are those who would call you a martyr. Verily, you are bold and brave enough for it, a'Becket," he continued, turning the young man towards the door in token of dismissal. A'Becket did not rejoin the group upon the terrace, but slowly and thoughtfully directed his footsteps to the chapel.

II.

More than twenty years had elapsed. It was a stormy evening in the town of Bourbourg, in Flanders, and the inhabitants had sought the shelter of their firesides earlier than usual. The wind howled through the gloomy, deserted streets. Ten o'clock had just struck from the tower of the abbey Notre Dame, situated on the edge of the city limits. The Sisters had retired to their cells, some to sleep, others to pray. The cloisters were silent and dark, lighted only by two lamps, one of which burned before the image of Our Saviour, while the other lighted up the obscurity at the shrine of His Blessed Mother. In the

chapel, beneath the pale flame of the sanctuary lamp, knelt a sister, either praying or absorbed in deep meditation. The wind swept by in its impetuous fury; dark clouds scudding across the face of the moon betokened a coming storm, as that pallid luminary of the night rose and fell beneath them like a tiny boat towed upon a tempestuous ocean. Very soon the heavy rain began to dash against the windows and to fall with the noise of cannon-balls upon the massive roof, but the silent worshipper prayed on; either she did not hear or would not heed them. Absorbed in God, her Divine Spouse, she knelt in the shadow of the tabernacle where He had His dwelling, opening her heart to Him, revealing to Him its every need. Hers was a life singularly beautiful and unselfish, even among those who, like herself, were vowed to poverty, chastity and charity to others. The wings of her sublime Companion were large enough to enfold all kinds of misery and suffering no matter how great their extent, no matter how degrading their origin. During the busy hours of daylight it was her constant duty and never-tiring joy to visit the bedsides of the sick and dying, to alleviate their pains, to prepare them for their last hour. But when the shades of night alike enveloped the world she despised and the cloister she loved, it was her custom to seek the quiet chapel and, still further unfolding the pinions of her charity, to gather in all the kingdoms of the earth in the supplications she poured forth at the feet of her God and Saviour. If during these wrapt moments an unseen listener had caught the impassioned words which fell from her lips, he would have heard petitions like this, oft-repeated, born in tears and anguish: "O Lord, come to the help of your Church, and her faithful children. Have mercy, O God, have mercy upon us, for we are bowed low

with humiliations. We are the disdain of the proud, and the laughing-stock of the haughty. Scatter them, O Lord, and come to our relief, and remember England. Christ Jesus, Who didst die upon the cross—remember England." Suddenly, before her eyes, as though floating in the air, she saw these words of the Psalmist:

"We have escaped them, like the bird from the fowler." At that moment, through the noise of the tempest, which she had not noticed, there came to her ears the sound of the door-bell, pulled by a vigorous hand—something very unusual at that hour of the night. Undecided whether to attribute it to the call of necessity or the prank of some drunken roysterer, she arose from her knees and stepped down into the aisle. She had only gone a few steps when she saw the sister-portress approaching, carrying a light in her hand.

"Reverend Mother," said the latter, "some one is ringing very hard at the outer door? Shall we open it? Shall I call the porter?"

"Yes, Sister Martha. Here are the keys," replied the Superior, detaching them from her girdle. "If it be some belated traveller asking shelter, tell our good Hans to show him to one of the guest-rooms, and if he be hungry, see that he is served before retiring."

The sister left the chapel and the Abbess returned to her devotions.

"O God, have mercy upon all travellers this stormy night," she prayed. "Open to them a port of salvation as well as rest, as Thou wilt open to us all upon leaving this stormy world a haven of peace and salvation."

Again she heard a step in the long aisle, and the portress, advancing towards her, said:

"Reverend Mother, the traveller wishes to know if he may speak with you."

"I will follow you," said the Abbess. Throwing the hood of the cloak which enveloped her over her head, she left the chapel. Crossing the long cloisters, paved with marble tiles, their deep arches making grotesque shadows as the lamp threw its dim radiance ahead, the two sisters reached the front of the courtyard, having at its four corners the statues of St. Michael, St. Bertha, St. Margaret, and St. Clara, standing in their sculptured beauty like guardians of the consecrated souls who had elected to make the abbey their earthly home as a preparation for that of Heaven. After traversing this courtyard, the sisters arrived at the outer building appropriated to the accommodation of whatever guests Providence might send them. Through the half-open door they could see a man seated close to the cheerful fire which the porter had made upon his arrival. A brightly burnished copper lamp of the exquisite old Roman pattern stood upon the table.

The traveller had hardly passed middle age, but care and anxiety had left their deep impress upon his countenance. He was tall and broad-shouldered; his piercing eyes retained the indomitable fire of youth, and one might have thought him a man high in authority were it not that his clothes were of the coarsest and commonest kind. His heavy cloak was lying beside the fire; and the Prioress noted that it was of the kind usually worn by mendicants. From the sandalled feet he held to the blaze, little clouds of steam were ascending. On the hearth, close to the fire, sat another man, his companion, the Abbess supposed, and this person seemed entirely exhausted with fatigue and loss of sleep. As held his hands forward to the grateful heat, his head slowly began to oscillate from side to side, his eyelids closed heavily, he was on the very edge of imperative slumber.

"God be with you," said the Prioress, advancing to the middle of the room.

The traveller turned towards her, causing the light of the lamp to fall upon his features, and before he could rise, she fell upon her knees in front of him.

"Is it possible!" she cried, "that the Primate of England has chosen our dwelling for his lodging this night? Am I mistaken, or is it really the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"Arise, my friend," he replied. "Yes, it is really I—Thomas a'Becket—who craves the hospitality which Clarisse de Somerghem will never deny to a proscribed and wandering man."

"You are welcome in the name of God," answered the Abbess, whom a peremptory gesture from the guest had again brought to her feet. "We had heard of the persecutions to which you have been subjected, and my sisters and I have prayed fervently that God might release you from the snares of your enemies and bring you again to your own. But we never dreamed of being thus honored, my Lord and Bishop."

"The honor is with me," replied the Archbishop, with emotion. "On my side, rest assured that I have never forgotten to pray for her whose firmness and piety were potent influences in keeping me on the road of the cross when every effort was being made by the highest authority to lure me from it."

The Abbess was silent and the Archbishop continued:

"I shall never forget the day when the King, half in jest, half in earnest, said to me, 'Go and be Archbishop of Canterbury—Primate of England,' and how I answered him."

"What did you say?" inquired the Abbess.

"I told him that I feared if such should ever be the case our friendship might be broken, as he and I thought not alike

tain matters, as events have

"I was made Primate of all England our ways have long lain apart." "Yes, I know it all," said the Abbot. "You were brave enough to protect the rights of the Church against his assaults."

"I, who knew him so well, can understand how any resistance to authority would anger this jealous impulsive Henry. He wished to divide the English Church; with all my protest I protested that he should not. Primate of England, I was its keeper and defender. Duty spoke louder than the memory of old friendship, old favors, so often pressed, a cup so often of bread partaken of so often at the same table. Of what use to tell the king You know it already. I am a traitor and proscribed. For some days I hid in disguise about the country. I was kindly transported by the king on board of a small boat to this coast of France. I at once directed my steps to London."

"To-morrow I must be away but for to-night I crave your hospitality."

"I am very joyfully it is yours!" exclaimed the king. "But I see your companion is weary; you both need rest. I will retire and leave you to snatch a few hours of sleep."

The two sisters knelt at his feet as he left the Archbishop, making the sign of the cross above their heads, begged his blessing and protect them.

At six o'clock next morning the king of England ascended the altar of the chapel of Our Lady to say Mass for the assembled nuns. Two days later he took leave of them, in which he expressed upon them the gratitude of the king and the peace of the Lord. But on going the Abbess presented him with a beautiful chalice, which she begged him to accept as a memorial of the monastery. He promised to do so, and that he would keep it while he

In January, 1172, this chalice was returned by a special messenger to the monastery, and deposited with great reverence in the tabernacle, as a memento of the martyr, Thomas a'Becket, whose cause was proclaimed shortly after his glorious death. Two years had scarcely passed when his country named him her heavenly protector and defender, while the universal Church speedily joined in the acclamations of his own people. As the fame of the illustrious Bishop and martyr extended, so did the house of his persecutor and murderer hasten to its fall. The vengeance of Heaven seemed to follow the race of the Plantagenets. The sons of Henry became his most bitter enemies; in the days of his sorrow and humiliation, he went to cast his afflictions at the feet of the saint whom he had treated so ignominiously and who, we may hope and believe, interceded for him before the throne of God.

Clarisse de Somerghem did not long survive her guest and friend. She died in 1173, but the chalice was long after preserved in the monastery of Bourbourg.

Flanders, where the Archbishop took refuge during his exile, was fortunate in possessing relics of the saint and martyr. Auchin and Marcdiennes preserved some of his pontifical robes. Beaucampsen-Weppes the wooden cup he had received from the hands of a peasant who gave him a drink, and at Lille is shown the house where he lived. It is well known that one of the altars of the chapel of Notre Dame de Tourvies is dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who during his sojourn in Lyons passed one day before this altar, then in course of erection. He asked of the canoness who accompanied him:

"To whom do you intend to dedicate this altar?"

"To the first martyr who shall give his life for the Church of Jesus Christ," she replied.

Thomas a'Becket was that martyr.

Chicago's Under-World

A General View

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

I.

CHICAGO is cosmopolitan. With little difficulty one can see here representatives of every civilized nation of the world. It is told of Robert Barr, the novelist, that he once undertook to give a description of the various peoples met with in a journey around the world. He made his admirable descriptions, but his actual travel did not extend farther than from Detroit to London. In that latter city he found types of every people under the sun. The same thing may be said of Chicago. "Jews, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites and dwellers of Mesopotamia," in a certain sense, may be found right at our own doors if we but know in what quarters to look for them. Of their slow but ultimate assimilation into our national life there is no question, and it need not be here discussed.

There is, however, a large class of people, native-born, existing in Chicago to-day to which sociologists may profitably turn their attention. These people comprise the under-world; not in the sense that they constitute the criminal class—although there are many criminals among them—but they are the under-world in the social order; men of no home, without family, living a precarious existence from hand to mouth for the most part, regarded by the better classes as pariahs, and whose habitat is the slums.

Those who are in a position to know and whose testimony is indisputable, say that these of the under-world, who constitute a class by themselves, number from thirty to forty thousand, with an *extra ten thousand* during the winter

months. Of this vast army, seventy per cent belong to the class of unskilled labor, twenty per cent are traveling men—or, in other words, simply tramps, for whom Chicago has always been a Mecca—and ten per cent eke out their existence by begging, which, by the way, is not an unlucrative occupation, for the ordinary Chicagoan's purse-strings are never drawn very tightly. As those of the doleful tale and the pitiful whine will tell you, if you should be honored by their confidence, the people of the breezy city are "easy."

These "hoboes" of the under-world form a class by themselves and live a peculiar life. How are they housed? Men, many of whom are here to-day and gone to-morrow, could not go to private houses. They would not be tolerated there. And yet they are catered for assiduously. Immense caravansaries, which go under the name of "rooming-houses," have been built to accommodate them, and the cheapness of the rates charged brings thousands to the city.

In hobodom there are castes. Caste, however, is a variable quantity, and is largely determined by the condition of the purse. Let one of the "fraternity" be all but "broke" and he will wend his way to a two-cent "flop house," where he can procure a bed, or rather a bunk, for the extremely modest sum of two cents. Unlike the two-cent "barrel houses" of New York, where the customer's purchase of a glass of two-cent beer entitles him to sleep in his chair, the Chicago two-cent "flop house" provides a board bunk, where Weary Willie may at least lie down. A "flop house" on Meridian Street, on the West Side, is typical of this class of building. It is an old-time,

e-down building, with low rooms. whole house is bunked with three-ers, made of boards. There is no ase at providing bedclothes. Pay ents and the best bunk is yours. bedding consists of as many news-s as Mr. Hobo can gather by his industry. With these he makes a endeavor to mitigate the hardness e boards beneath him. On some s during the winter, this particular : accommodates between five and undred patrons.

der such conditions sanitation is, urse, non-existent. Municipal ac-as frequently been directed towards ig this particular house, but the ietor claims that it is a religious on house, and that he is an ex-prize-ng evangelist, and the city does not able to touch him. Anything in go in the guise of religion seems ine, from Spirit Fruit to Dowieism e Flying Rollers.

State Street, near Fourteenth, the 11th Day Adventists have a "hotel" i is a sight fit for the gods! These people put out, or refuse to take in, ut real, genuine hoboes, and here species can be seen in all its pristine . The house has rooms and dor-ies. In a spirit of pure philan-y the tramp is compelled to take a and his clothes are fumigated and ed for him. There is a "boil up" day in the week except Saturday, i is the Sabbath of this sect. As all oboes are generally recognized to crummy" (does the reader know that means?), it can readily be seen a physical benefit the Seventh Day ntists bestow upon the knights of oad.

ere is a house on Clark Street—not only one in the city—which is nized by none but yegmen. For ninitiated this word may require nation. A yegman is an imitation le. Every morning may be seen in *articular rooming-house dozens and*

scores of men preparing themselves for the day's campaign. Here one is binding his arm inside his shirt, that he may show an empty sleeve to the charitable. There one is wrapping yards upon yards of cloth around a foot to have some semblance of being lame. Another is carefully selecting his crutches for the day, while a fourth is looking for a placard which he wears on his breast, and which bears the legend: "Please help the blind."

It may be remarked, "passim," with regard to one yegman—a well-known character—who is in the "blind" business, that he is sometimes known to overdo the thing. The scene of his operations is on the steps outside the railing of St. Peter's church, an edifice situated right in the heart of the slum district on South Clark Street. This particular operator sits with closed eyes and face to the sky, holding up a tin cup appealingly. As a "yeg," he is quite an artist, and as many take him for the genuine article, small coins often rattle into his tin receptacle. He himself does not believe in all work and no play. It frequently happens that when the contributions have been quite liberal, he will, by means of a cane, tap his way to the nearest saloon. Of course he has no need of the stick once the saloon door is reached and he is hidden from a too critical public gaze. It has happened more than once, when his potations have been deeper than usual, that his exhilaration has made him forget his vantage ground of the steps near the church door, and he has marched "home" singing a triumphal song, as he waved his tin cup on high, proudly bearing his tin placard on his breast, so drunk that he was absolutely reckless of his disguise.

This business of "cripples while you wait" is not the only method of securing a living from the charitably disposed public. Not far from the yegmen's rendezvous is another rooming-house, which bears the unique distinction of

being the headquarters of a peculiar grade of beggars who are known to the fraternity as "bindle-bums." Members of this class are usually young men, and ordinarily of very bright minds. The genuine hobo can never be accused of being dull-witted, for it is by his wits that he earns, or at least gets, his bread and butter. With one glance he will read your face, and his diagnosis whether you are charitably inclined or otherwise is invariably correct.

This is the method of procedure of the "bindle-bum" artist. He begs by letter. He finds out every charitably inclined individual in a certain locality. He then sets to work and indites a touching, heart-appealing letter to the intended victim. Should the letter be written in the first person, he signs it with his own name; if in the third, the letter will bear the signature of some one known by the one to whom it is to be presented. There is a kind of free-masonry of helpful fellowship among this class.

"I have seen," said the proprietor of three large rooming-houses in the slums, to the writer of this sketch, "as many as twenty men interested in and assisting at the writing of one letter. 'That won't do.' 'Better use such an expression.' 'Such a phrase won't strike home,' are expressions one often hears."

The stationery required for this "business"—and it is no small quantity, for scores of young men are engaged in it in Chicago—is supplied by the "hotel," and is considered as a necessary part of the running expenses.

It was rather amusing, upon enquiring from the above mentioned rooming-house proprietor—who declares that during the last twelve years at least a million and a half of "boes" have passed through his hands—to learn that the "bindle-bum" regards the Catholic clergy of Chicago as his easiest mark.

The castes, as has been stated, of the

under-world of Chicago are settled by the condition of the purse, much as, "ceteris paribus," they are in the upper world. A little higher grade than the two-cent "flop house," is the five-cent lodging house, of which there are a large number. The accommodation in these houses consists, generally, of canvas stretched across wooden frames. These are in tiers, and should it happen he of an upper bed be a restless sleeper, the one immediately beneath is sometimes suddenly aroused from his peaceful slumbers by the half-awake upper man falling upon him. When this happens, the atmosphere is apt to be cerulean until the officer or owner settles the disturbance, sometimes with the aid of a "big stick."

The next higher grade of rooming-house beds costs ten cents per night. Of this class, the Hudson House, on South Clark, near Van Buren, is a fair type. It has four hundred and fifty beds, all of which, as is the case with every rooming-house in the city, are engaged by six o'clock in the evening every day in the year. The room consists of a boarded partition just large enough to contain a cot bed and hold one chair—about seven feet by four and a half. There is a wire-wove bed and a decent three-inch flock mattress, two blankets and a pillow. The compartments are open at the top and covered with a wire netting to prevent the gentry from stealing each other's valuables. Each sleeper locks his door on the inside. In a ten-cent house, the rooms are ready for occupancy by eight o'clock, and may be used up to about six o'clock the following evening. Everything portable in ordinary hotels is nailed down tight and hard in the lavatory here. There is small danger of the patrons stealing the soap.

The law requires four hundred cubic feet of air for each person, but in the Chicago rooming-houses this is not observed. Most of the houses of this description were erected before the ordi-

was passed. About two years ago an attempt was made to enforce the law. It was a period of spasmodic municipal activity. The rooming-house owners got together, and said to the chief of police: "Enforce this ordinance and we shut our doors to-night." Carter Harrison, then mayor, saw the consequences. He would not be responsible for putting the city at the mercy of thirty or forty thousand irresponsible and angry men, and actual enforcement of the law was not attempted. The law was not so far departed from. In the Hudson River, a fair type, each lodger gets three hundred and forty-five cubic feet of air. In the fifteen, twenty and twenty-five-rooming-houses there is no difference in light and breathing space, but conditions improve as the price advances. There are numerous "stag" hotels, rooms rented for twenty-five, thirty-five and forty cents, but these high-toned prices are beyond the reach and beyond the comprehension of the real hobo. There is a fifteen, twenty-five cent hotel on Van Buren Street which cost \$150,000 to build, and a year or two ago it was leased on a ten year lease for \$11,000 a year. How does this army of men find food, where do they eat? Many frequent free-lunch counters of saloons. It is generally reported that one owner of almost half a dozen saloons in the slum district has ordered his barkeepers never to serve a man away hungry, whether he has money for liquor or not. Be this as it may, it is fair to presume that both seller and

buyer prescind from the question of the antiquity of such fare. At all events quantity is there.

There exist also penny lunch rooms. Each article ordered costs a penny, but as a rule the hobo "cuts that out," as he himself says. This mode of living is too expensive. The genuine hobo, nevertheless, never saves money, nor will he pay for two nights' room rent in advance. He might die, and the extra ten cents be wasted!

The bum, the tramp, the hobo are not real products of Chicago. The native tough hangs around the saloons and street corners and finds there his school of crime. He rushes the can, plays craps, is often into much mischief and is an incipient criminal, but he is not the hobo. The genuine hoboes come here from Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Texas and San Francisco. Chicago has long been noted as the Mecca for the gentlemen of the road. There is no restraint put upon them here, and there is but a faint shadow of police supervision over them. They realize this and are duly thankful. The older vagi have habits of wandering that are inveterate. Of course these will never change their manner of living. Sociologists who have given this Chicago phenomenon some study declare that the great majority of boys from sixteen to twenty—the future yegmen and bindle-bums—are a sheer product of the yellow-back novel. In numberless cases it has been noticed that they arrive in Chicago with their pockets filled with this class of literature.

While there is a certain percentage which never leaves the city, and does nothing here, and yet ekes out an existence no one knows how, yet the roamers are, in a certain way, the salvation of the Western farmer. They are found in Michigan in summer in time for the berry and small fruit picking. Wisconsin and Iowa see them for the haying, and they are in North

the demand for cheap lodging has brought into existence the rooming-houses, so the demand for inexpensive food has created a number of unique restaurants. Along South Clark and many are the eating places which serve a full meal for five cents. The menu consists of stew, potatoes, bread, meat, vegetables and one-eighth of pie. It is fair to presume that both seller and

and South Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa for the wheat harvest. The Illinois broom-corn crop could not be harvested but for them. On their return there is the Illinois and Iowa corn-husking. It is calculated that there are seventy-five thousand sailors on the lakes, a large percentage of whom are drawn from Chicago's under-world. This class of people largely built the Chicago drainage canal.

In the fall of the year many return to Chicago with from twenty to one hundred dollars. Thousands do this. Once in a while a thrifty individual has been known to bring in as much as three hundred dollars. Last winter as many as fifteen thousand of these men cut ice for the big packing-houses, finding occupation from six weeks to two months.

The lodging-house keepers do the banking for many of these Wandering Willies. They contract for a winter's sleeping accommodation, and draw out their money as they want it. These are of the more provident sort. The majority are improvident and spend all as they go along, and are soon stony-broke—their chronic condition all the

winter. Such are glad to find any job of shoveling snow or beating carpets in order to be sure of a dime for the next night's bed.

It may be asked whether the hobo colony, as it exists in Chicago, is a menace to society. The question may be partially answered by pointing out what one hungry man will do. When we realize that there are thousands upon thousands of these men congregated in a congested district covering an area of not more than fifteen city blocks, we can realize that there would be a serious menace to the social order were they ever to become collectively aroused.

This is certain; they are an unorganized body of men. One strong man could cow a thousand of them. They travel as hunger leads, and, owing to the manner of their living, liquor takes a quicker and more direful effect upon them than upon others.

"Can you give a reason for the existence of such an under-world in Chicago?" was asked of one who has made a close study of the phenomenon.

"The dime novel and whisky," was the laconic reply.

The Song of Mary

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

How wonderful it is
This joy has come to
me!
(O, little Son within mine
arms,
Thou shalt crush out the
world's alarms,
Thrice blest Thy name
shall be!)



Thy tender brow I kiss—
How high is my estate!
(O little Son upon my breast,
O little Babe the holiest,
How matchless Thou, and great!)

How strange, how strange
is this—
That I should clasp Thee
so!
(Mine own Redeemer,
sweet and mild,
The Saviour of the world—
my Child!—
My tears of gladness
flow!)

Something About the Saints

By IDA MATSON



ONE reads, here and there, of men and women of various religious views and literary attainments who have been interested in reading the lives of the saints. Many have read because of the beauty of thought and language contained therein. Others come to the perusal of the lives of God's elect to find nothing but a natural expression for every supernatural phenomenon or to discard it altogether. With minds tainted by irreligion, false philosophy, untrue history and a pseudo-science, they detect no difference between the wisdom of an illuminated or devout man and the knowledge acquired by the human intellect; neither do they ever realize the saints' direct bearing on life and conduct, their revelation of eternal truth or their intellectual and religious convictions.

Emerson devoted days to the reading of St. Augustine. George Eliot professed a cult for St. Teresa, and even M. Renan assures us St. Teresa is admirable; but the sage of Chelsea—true to himself and under the mantle of his egotism—is so completely lost in “the eternities and infinities” that he pays a worship to those who work only for the sake of work.

In sharp contrast to these literary giants we find such men as Coventry Patmore and Ernest Hello. Through their submission to the teachings of Holy Mother Church, they came to the study of saintship with the expectation of gaining glimpses into a hitherto unknown world, of revelations of a mystical life pure and detached from its material surroundings, and a recognition of

mystery, the very essence of life. They show us lives led by mortal men and women replete with the supernatural element and separated entirely from ordinary people, yet in such a way that one's daily life may derive from it a fresh dignity, and a renewed sense of spiritual possibility. They have enveloped themselves in an atmosphere so saint-like that they not only seem to breathe the air, but to look out into the world with the eyes and the understanding of saints.

This is particularly true of Ernest Hello, and in his “Studies of Saintship” he not only reveals the miraculous elements in a manner direct and simple, but he delights in every manifestation of divine omnipotence as revealed by man, and pays a most tender reverence to those whom the Church has selected for supreme honor. He walks with hallowed tread within the domain of mystical theology, clinging with a firm and beautiful faith to the truths to which dogmatic definitions give but an inadequate expression. He knew because he believed; hence his singularly clear vision and his spiritual interpretation.

In an age of mental attainment and utilitarianism the questions may arise: Who are the men and women whom the Church bids us venerate; are they intellectual or moral giants? They may be, but not necessarily so; neither ignorance nor genius makes the saint. Without doubt they are real men and women of flesh and blood, who can love and who can hate. Of this we may be sure, they are neither lay figures nor legendary creations, gentle and pliant; but lovers, valiant lovers with varying char-

acters and temperaments, loving more passionately and hating more intensely than the ordinary actors in the grand drama; strong in their hatred of evil—the "execration of evil," and sublime in their love of God.

It is a comparatively easy thing to consider saints in the light of stars—a creation to be admired afar off, yet the handiwork of an Omnipotent Power; but to know them as fellow creatures, creatures of the same race and nature with ourselves, creatures whom we may study and love, whose spirit may be imitated, and whose intercession one may seek—this belongs to the domain of faith—a lively faith which combats loyally materialism in its various phases—avarice, indifference, love of luxury, sloth and the spirit of compromise.

In innumerable cases they are men typical of their century—cameos cut in high relief on the age in which they live. Some were busy with everybody and everything, so that it would be impossible to write the history of their lives without writing that of the whole world during their lifetime. Their influence has encircled the world and penetrated to the depths of the cloister. Philosophy has felt their effects, theology their teaching, and mysticism has yielded to them its mysteries.

There are revealed in their lives natures the most various and the most different, each from each, even the most contrary to each other. Like a great collection of colored precious stones, they have assimilated from the same source, but with the differences necessitated by the individual natures and their inner life. We find among them men with the most pronounced subjects to whom the wonders of the mystical life were opened out, and they are also the very humblest and most ordinary, humbly speaking themselves, their

to win a favorable judgment from a materialistic age, yet each having his own hidden recess of sanctity.

Here is a page which reveals a life lived almost entirely within itself, reproached with uselessness and selfishness. Turn the page and find the history of a life spent for others in such a way that the stranger, gazing at it from afar, admires, without having discovered the light which shed its brightness.

Some saints had the gift of summing up their century in themselves. Others have been men on the alert, seeking, questioning, ever in quest of truth, that they may know more in order that they may love better, and that they may love more that they may teach better. This one has been destined to repair the injuries done the Church, and to have his name interminably woven into the woof and warp of its history. The goodness of that one remains his most distinctive characteristic; for him there is no need of conversion: he simply mounts upward, step by step. Others—it may be the result of their own interior passions or eternal circumstances—have climbed, weary and agitated, and have at last reached their goal after a series of shocks and crises.

Then there are found among them not only simple and ingenuous natures, but also those most complicated and subtle—men and women versed in divine things and skilled in human affairs, the revered teachers of mankind. No less a man than Thomas Cortes said, not many years ago, "he had to treat the most famous subjects with men of the world, he slowly seek out the most mystical of men as his counsellor and guide."

Setting aside a devotion and admiration of their nation, and, perhaps, a love of the New Bible one knows or has read in the same. One quickly

catches up a book of essays or some stray bits of verse for the cedar's shade, and not till the stars appear does he lay it aside to quote or to philosophize. There is the favorite volume for the garden bench, but what of reading in "the garden enclosed" where there is companionship with God's elect? This surely ought to bring a cultivation and appreciation of saintship.

M. Hello would say, read the lives of the saints in order to acquire a hearty hatred of mediocrity, for sanctity is the antithesis of mediocrity and vulgarity. May not the words of one, long canonized, be used to show the fruit gathered from the garden enclosed: "Read, that

the distractions of the mind may disappear, that the proud and ambitious thoughts which inflate the heart, the vain and envious thoughts which exalt and disturb it, the timid and malicious thoughts which contract and corrupt it, the luxurious thoughts which defile, and the angry thoughts which dissipate it, may fade away and life itself become transfigured."

In turning the leaves of the book, one finds page after page of etudes graded to Parnassus, to which every chord of the human heart has contributed in forming a harmony divine—its dominant tone, the love of God; and its strong subdominant, immolation of self.

"Mater Admirabilis"

By ALICE EDNA WRIGHT

THE devotion to Mater Admirabilis is, correctly speaking, the devotion to the first fifteen years of Our Lady's life, twelve of which, according to the tradition of the Church, were passed in the Temple.

While Catholics honor Our Blessed Mother in her Immaculate Conception, in her joys, in her sorrows, in her Assumption in Heaven and her glory there, how few pay their homage to the gentle Maid of the Temple.

The devotion to Mater Admirabilis originated in a convent at Rome; and a pretty little story is related in connection therewith. It appears that one day while several of the religious were conversing together, the Superior, who had formed one of the party, was called away, and during her absence from the room one sister remarked: "How lovely it would be if Our Blessed Mother would

appear in our midst and occupy the chair of the convent Mother."

The nuns were so impressed by these words that they felt a longing in their hearts to have a portrait of Our Blessed Lady ever present to their view, representing her engaged, like themselves, with prayer, study and work.

Hence, a postulant of the Order, in the year 1844, undertook to execute the design on the wall of one of the corridors. Owing to the wall being damp, the picture when finished appeared discolored and indistinct; but God would not allow the work wrought in His Mother's honor to remain a failure, and in time the artist's hopes were fully realized.

The painting represents Our Blessed Lady at the age of fifteen, seated in the Temple with a lily on her right side, the emblem of her immaculate purity; and

on her left is seen her distaff, work-basket and book of Holy Scriptures, testifying her love for labor and for the Inspired Word.

The name first given to the picture was the "Madonna del Giglio," or, "Our Lady of the Lily." Afterwards it was changed owing to the following circumstance: A person revered for her piety and her sufferings endured for the faith, visited the convent, and was one day kneeling in prayer before the picture, reciting the Litany of Loretto. When she came to the invocation, "Mother Most Admirable," she heard this title repeated by a voice three times, and from that time the picture has been honored under that title.

Arrangements had been made with the chaplain of the house to bless the picture on the second of February, 1846. The day arrived; the chaplain prepared for the ceremony and the procession had formed, when suddenly the priest refused to proceed further, saying that an unaccountable feeling convinced him that this privilege was reserved for some favored soul.

On the twentieth of October, of the same year, the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, visited the convent, where he saw the picture and fulfilled the prediction of the priest, after having been deeply moved by the air of modesty, purity and humility reflected from the angelic features of Our Blessed Lady.

The cure of a missionary priest soon proved to the world that this was a miraculous shrine. It has recently been converted into a devotional chapel, an object of veneration to pilgrims from all parts of Christendom.

Each morning the prayers of the Holy Sacrifice are borne aloft by angel heralds to the throne of the Great King, and on the feast of Mater Admirabilis, October 20, prelates and Cardinals *strive for the honor* of celebrating the *Divine Mysteries in this favored spot.*

Not only in Rome is Our Lady revered as Mater Admirabilis, but in every convent of the Sacred Heart throughout the world, Mary is honored in a special manner under this title.

The devoted religious, whose pure and prayerful lives serve ever to remind us of Our Mother in the Temple, strive unceasingly to inculcate in the hearts of their children a tender love and devotion to Our Lady at an age when she seems usually to be forgotten.

The life of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, should appeal not only to those whom God has called to serve Him from the busy world apart. Ah, no! Mary is the model for each and every one of us who claim her as our patroness and advocate.

Mary is admirable in her love for us—a constant and tender Mother. The little child approaches her without the least shrinking, and learns at her feet the lesson of perfect obedience; and by the name of Mary, despair is driven away from the death-bed of the sinner grown old in guilt. All the virtues shine forth in their perfection from this peerless Virgin. What an example Mary has left to every Christian girl and woman of true charity and fidelity to duty. She never despised the lowly, nor scoffed at the weak, nor rejected the poor. Her principle was to seek God alone, to give pain to no one, to do good to all. Never did Our Lady neglect the duties of her state to seek for heroism in extraordinary actions.

May we, who glory in the sweet title of "Children of Our Blessed Mother," learn to fondly cherish the memory of her early life and strive to imitate her virtues, that we may participate in the peace and serenity which seems to surround her, and to fill the hearts of those who delight to honor her in the Temple. And may the invocation dearest to the Queen of Heaven be ever on our lips: "Mater Admirabilis, Ora pro nobis."

The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

XV.

PHILIP'S orders on leaving London were to proceed at once to Ladysmith and join Sir George White, who was in command of the garrison there, his subsequent movements to be decided by the events of a possible war.

Reaching Cape Town toward the end of October, Philip had taken the first train along the frontier for East London. From thence he travelled to Pietermaritzburg, where he caught a train for Estcourt. His journey had been rapid, his orders admitting of no delay, which fact eventually proved to be in his favor as the train he took from Cape Town was one of the last to leave the city before the war began.

It was toward evening when he reached Estcourt, a South African town of about three hundred detached houses, all built of stone, with corrugated iron roofs, most of them only one story high. Although a place of no beauty, it was set in a hollow of the hills which rose in green slopes on all sides. The town itself was the centre of a fine agricultural district, and was used as a market and storehouse for dozens of prosperous farms scattered around the country.

The lines of communication between Cape Town and the north were being held open by the Natal Field force, some of whom were camped at Estcourt, and Philip's orders were to identify himself with them, en route, until he reached Ladysmith.

Walking down one of the broad streets of Estcourt the morning after his arrival, he met one of the Natal Carabineers, whose force he knew by repute to be good scouts and reconnoisseurs. A second glance, which seemed instinctive

and mutual with both men, brought them both to a sudden halt.

"Everdeen!" said the Carabineer, and "Vavasseur!" said Philip, recognizing a friend and classmate of his college days at Donai; and then the two men shook hands cordially. It did not take long to relate to each other their present duties, and the why and wherefore of their both being in Estcourt, so far from England. Vavasseur's family had emigrated from the mother country and settled in Durban, the Newport of Africa, where they had prospered. He gave Philip valuable information about the present situation in Africa.

"You can proceed to Colenso to-morrow," he said, "by the armored train; but I doubt if you can get beyond there. I have scouted the country of northern Natal in all directions, and the Boers are closing up all avenues to Ladysmith, fortifying their position as rapidly as possible. Unless more troops arrive from home very soon, the English will practically be in a state of siege."

"Is not there a strong force patrolling the railroad line toward the north," inquired Philip.

"Practically, yes," answered his friend, "the Imperial Horse, some mounted infantry, and the volunteer cyclists; but what are they compared to the compact ranks of the Boers, that are, I believe, daily growing more formidable."

Vavasseur took Philip to his tent, which stood just beyond the town where the Natal Field force were encamped, and waited while the latter wrote his despatches for the London paper, and a letter to his uncle, which he hoped to send back to Cape Town by to-morrow's train. The young war correspondent had begun to see that enormous difficulties were likely to lie in his path to

Ladysmith; but he was not daunted.

"I am going north myself to-morrow," said Vavasseur, "as I have orders to proceed by train to Colenso, and then scout the country beyond the Tugela."

"Good," said Philip, who was pleased at the idea of combining duty and pleasure thus early in his journey by having the society of his old comrade as far as Colenso. If he found he could not proceed beyond there in the usual way, he might join his friend in scouting across the country on foot; for reach Ladysmith in some way he must.

The armored train rolled into Estcourt early the next morning, and the two young Englishmen lost no time in boarding her. A few miles beyond Estcourt, they came in sight of the dark, serrated range of the Drakensberg Mountains, and farther on Philip began to notice the beauty of the African veldt. Here and there were farmers' cottages in a setting of palms and mimosa, and occasionally, as the train dashed around some hill thickly wooded with blue-gum trees and pines, the spicy smell was wafted through the cars. The normal air of the veldt in winter is sad, gray and quakerish; but in early autumn it was still brilliant with color, to which was added the intense clearness of an African atmosphere.

They passed herds of buck, galloping with their heads down, while here and there an ostrich stalking over the veldt and a flight of Aasvogels (vultures) high up in the sky, added to the charm and novelty of the whole scene for Philip.

Whatever they might find when they reached Colenso, no one on the train had any doubt that they could journey thus far in safety; it was, therefore, a surprise, amounting almost to a panic, when, some miles below Colenso, their train was flagged, and two Natal Carabineers boarded her with the intelligence that the Boers had cut the wires four miles *north of Colenso*, and had followed that

up by bringing a heavy gun into action from the hills that dominated the town, obliging the small garrison of infantry volunteers and the naval brigade to evacuate the town and take an armored train which was even now rapidly steaming toward them, enroute to Estcourt. The scouts had ridden ahead at all possible speed to carry the intelligence to the other train that was coming toward Colenso. They said, further, that Newcastle had been abandoned, and that even Estcourt was threatened. What was to be done? To proceed only meant capture by the Boers of both train and men, so they must run back to Estcourt with all possible speed.

To go back when he had as yet accomplished nothing! That Philip knew he could not do. The senior officer was about to give the order to start south when Philip came hurriedly toward him.

"Hold," he said, "I am not going back. I shall leave the train here and join my friend and his brother Carabineers in scouting across the country."

"As you wish, sir," said the officer in command; "your orders from the paper you serve alone bind you, and if you think you can reach Ladysmith on foot, we cannot hold you back; but it is a long and dangerous march."

"I know it, sir," answered Philip, "but I must make the attempt." He swung himself lightly from the train as he spoke, and joined the little group of Carabineers.

The men cheered as the train began to back, and as he watched it gliding down the rails, and caught the last puff of smoke and steam from the engine, a strange feeling possessed Philip that now indeed war and adventure had begun.

On reaching Cape Town he had wisely left all of his luggage at military headquarters, and had travelled north with only a gripsack. This, in turn, he had left at Estcourt, bringing with him instead an army blanket, and a knapsack in which he had packed such necessities

as he was most likely to need; so he was in light marching order and no more heavily cumbered than the Carabineers. The two new men had orders to remain in that region; but Vavas seur was going to proceed north beyond the Tugela in the same direction that Philip wanted to take. A map and compass were two of the accessories of his knapsack; the veldt, or bush, would have to be their bed by night, and for food they counted on whatever they could find. They bade farewell to the Carabineers who were going to reconnoitre the country as near Colenso as was practicable. Their own route lay to the right of Colenso through a region of low, rocky hills, and east of Cingelo and Monte Cristo, north of which, in a hollow basin, lay the town and camp of Ladysmith. That night they slept in a small grove of blue-gum trees, rolled up in their blankets, which they found none too warm in the crisp night air of late autumn. The cooing of some doves and the occasional tap of a woodpecker were the only sounds that broke the silence of the night.

Vavas seur, who was used to these nights spent in the open, slept soundly; but Philip's rest was broken. He lay on the soft grass that made a broad path through the woods, gazing up through the overarching branches of the trees at the splendor of the South African heavens at night. He thought of his uncle and Natalie, and of Leonard Blackwood, who he knew was at Ladysmith with Colonel Park's Devon regiment; and then he remembered that, as it was now past midnight, it was All Souls' day. He was up early, and making his toilet at a near-by stream of water, withdrew to a sheltered corner of the woods where he could for a while pray undisturbed. If he could not be present at Mass, he thought, he could at least assist in spirit at the Holy Sacrifice. Coming back to their little camp, he found

that Vavas seur had disappeared, but before long he returned, walking rapidly.

"I am fortunate," he called out gaily; "as soon as I woke up I went to look for something on which we could breakfast, and I found an abandoned Kaffir Kraal well stocked with mealies. Come with me, Everdeen, and we can pack enough to last us on a several days' march."

Coming back half an hour later, the two men speedily kindled a fire and soon had a breakfast that was sufficient to satisfy their hunger.

"If it were not for fear of bringing our Boer friends about our ears, we might bag some game," said Vavas seur; "but I don't dare run the risk."

Philip was now stretched full length on the grass.

"You are teaching me new things, Vavas seur," he said. "Clearly I could not have taken to the bush and hills without you."

"One soon learns," answered the other. "It is part of our training as scouts to learn how to look for food, and how to prepare it."

They resumed their march half an hour after breakfasting, and stopping at noon for two hours' rest and sleep, were soon on the way again. About sundown they entered the hills and began to proceed more cautiously, as there was more danger of meeting the Boers, who had been encamped in these hills, although Vavas seur judged that they must have moved into Colenso as soon as it was abandoned, so as to close that outlet to the north. They slept that night undisturbed, and in the morning from the top of a high hill looked down on the tin roofs of the houses of Colenso. Vavas seur had a field-glass, but they could make out little in the distance at which they stood, so they soon resumed their march. Beyond Colenso they counted on crossing the Tugela. Once safely past that point their route would lie through Pieters and Nelthorpe, after which came Ladysmith. Neither man

knew that, as a matter of fact, the Ladysmith garrison had been in a state of siege and cut off from the rest of the world for three days.

XVI.

They were wading across a gully that afternoon when both men heard a sound that caused them to stand still for a moment and then quicken their steps so they could seek the shelter of some long grass that grew on a level at the foot of a near-by hill. The sound was repeated.

"Vorwarts," called a powerful voice; parting the long grass and peeping out cautiously, the two young men saw a heavy transport wagon, drawn by oxen and driven by a short, thick-set man whom they both knew must be a Boer farmer. Every other moment he lashed the oxen with a rawhide whip, though it seemed to make little difference in the pace at which the animals were moving along.

"I did not know we were so near a road," said Philip, in a low voice.

"We are approaching the Tugela," answered Vavasour, "I have been expecting to strike a road for the last half-hour."

The wagon passed on, and hearing no further sounds the two men crept cautiously along until they reached the ragged, brown road, made of stiff, red clay that had been baked by the sun until it was as hard as adamant.

"I think we are only a few miles south of the Tugela," said Vavasour. "It will not be safe to go any farther by daylight; we had better wait until dark, and then we will have time to cross one of the wagon bridges over the river and enter the hills beyond, where it will be easy to hide, as we have been doing here."

"How much farther is it after crossing the Tugela?" asked Philip.

"It is twenty miles, but it will seem three times that distance. The country is very much broken up, and rises ridge beyond ridge, kopje above kopje, before you reach Ladysmith. It will be hard walking and difficult climbing before we get through."

They had gone back in the long grass while they were talking, as to remain near the open road was attended with too much risk. Philip was absently picking some scarlet buck bean that grew low in the grass. Chrysanthemums, gentians and geraniums grow in clumps on the veldt, but so low in the grass that unless one looks closely they cannot be seen.

A breeze seemed to stir the grass on the other side of the road, where it grew as tall and thick as it did in the field where they were lying concealed. Suddenly Philip felt a hand laid lightly on his lips, and at the same time Vavasour pointed across to where the grass was waving back and forth, and whispered: "Hush! don't move. I think some one is coming toward us over there."

A second later the long grass parted; first a face became visible, and then slowly a man appeared in sight. Vavasour was on his feet in an instant.

"It is Moggs, of the Carabineers," he said. "A friend, not a foe."

At the same moment the newcomer saw him; waving his cap, he sprang across the road, and in a second's time had dropped in the long grass by their side.

"Hello, old fellow," he said to Vavasour, under his breath. "I have just escaped a devil of a Kaffir."

"And we have just dodged a Boer farmer," answered the other, and then he introduced Philip.

"Have you any news?" questioned Vavasour eagerly, but in the same low tones, after the greetings between Philip and the Carabineer were over.

"News!" answered Moggs. "I should think so! Sir George White has been

driven back on Ladysmith; the Boers have got their big guns on the top of Bulwana hill and are preparing to shell the town until it surrenders. Practically all the troops in Ladysmith are in a state of siege."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Vavas seur, who could scarcely forbear springing to his feet at the startling news.

"Ladysmith cut off from the rest of the world," said Philip, "and asked to surrender! She never will. Her troops will starve and die first."

"And what in the world is to be done?" questioned Vavas seur, "with nearly all the army in Africa in a state of siege?"

"War has been formally declared," replied Moggs. "I overheard some Boers talking near Colenso. They say Sir Redvers Buller landed at Cape Town the very day that Sir George White was driven back on Ladysmith, and that he is preparing to march north as rapidly as possible. He must even now be on the way."

"But how?" asked Philip. "Will he come north in this direction, or through the Orange Free State?"

"That I could not find out," answered Moggs, "though I hung around Colenso for several hours in hopes of further news."

"At any rate," said Philip, "now that the Commander-in-Chief is here, Ladysmith will soon be relieved—if she can hold out a week or two."

Moggs shook his head. "I know these Boers better than Redvers Buller does," he said. "If there is a fight, it is going to be a stubborn and bloody one, and more troops will have to be sent for."

"Meanwhile," said Vavas seur, "what are we to do? Where are you going, Moggs?"

"I shall skirt around Colenso and collect all the stray information I can," was the answer; "then I am going south until I meet either the army or one of

our men, so I can pass my information on to headquarters."

"My orders," said Vavas seur, "are to reconnoitre north of the Tugela—"

"And mine," broke in Philip, "are to reach Ladysmith, so we may as well keep on together, Vavas seur."

"Ladysmith!" exclaimed Moggs. "What good is a war correspondent in a place that is in a state of siege?"

"My orders," said Philip, "are to go there and join Stevens—therefore I shall go. I may be able to get through the Boer lines as the campaign has only just begun; and once through I may be able to get out again and send my despatches south through some of you fellows who may be hovering about."

"There speaks the stubborn Briton," said Vavas seur. "Let the skies fall or the earth underfoot heave with an earthquake before an Englishman will be turned from a purpose or disobey an order."

"Sh—h—" said Moggs. "Don't make him laugh or we may have Kaffirs and Boers around us, galore."

"Look here, Moggs," whispered Vavas seur, "You know this country. Are there any farms in the route we want to follow between here and the Tugela?"

"There is one about half a mile distant, but not right in your path," answered Moggs. "You will have to start after dark and skirt the farm carefully, especially as I think the Boer who passed you to-day had an inkling that I was near him, and he may be watching for me. I have found one thing," he continued, "and that is that all Boers sleep between twelve and two at midday. If you must travel by daylight, choose that time no matter how hot it may be. You will be safer then than earlier or later in the day."

Vavas seur looked at his watch. "It is supper time," he said, "and then we had better sleep until dark."

Simultaneously the three men dived into their knapsacks. Philip and Vavas-

seur produced their mealies, while Moggs had the remains of a wild turkey that he had caught in the bush the preceding day.

"This should be the country of tramps," he said. "No one can starve, even on a long march, with game, birds and fruit in such abundance."

The meal over, the three men stretched themselves in the long grass with their blankets wrapped around them and were soon asleep. Several hours later, when the stars were shining overhead, they awoke, and Philip and Vavas seur, bidding good-bye to their companion, turned their faces north, the while Moggs set out in the direction of Colenso.

XVII.

It was a bright moonlight night, which obliged Philip and Vavas seur to proceed slowly and cautiously. They tramped some distance until in the sheltered angle of a hill they saw, in the light of the moon, the massive stone walls and corrugated iron roof of the farm that Moggs had spoken of.

"We have made a mistake in our bearings," whispered Vavas seur, "and have walked a little too far east; this farm is in the neck between Cingolo and Monte Cristo. We ought to be farther west."

"I wish the night was not so bright," said Philip; "it makes our progress much more difficult, especially if the Boer is on the lookout for Moggs."

"We had better take to the grass again, and creep along," answered the Carabineer. "When we get below this hill, we will at least be out of sight of the house and can walk again."

"Suppose the river is patrolled," said Philip. "What then?"

"I think Moggs would have known if it was patrolled," answered his companion. "If there is no bridge, we may be able to ford the river."

This conversation took place in whispers, the while they were creeping

through the long grass that ran down the hill below the farm. No sound reached them, not even the bark of a dog, nor any stir of life from the Boer farm.

"Blessed sleep of the Dutchman," said Vavas seur; "an Englishman who suspected the nearness of an enemy, as our Boer friend suspected Moggs, would have rested with one eye open."

The painful creeping was over at last, and again they were on their feet, speeding toward the Tugela. Another two hours and the river appeared in sight. Advancing cautiously, they soon made out that to all appearances there was a bridge that was unguarded. This river, which farther east became at a later period the scene of the terrible battle of Potgieter's Ferry, was now silent and deserted, making it comparatively easy for the two young Englishmen to cross and commence scaling the heights on the other side. It took an hour of hard climbing to reach the top of the bank, and as by that time the dawn was breaking in the east, both Philip and Vavas seur were ready to roll themselves up in their blankets and seek much needed rest and sleep. Philip awoke with a start some hours later to find that his companion had disappeared. He rolled off his back, and then raising his head looked around and found they were encamped near a stream of water, along the banks of which grew reeds and water plants. Swallows were skimming over its surface, while the drowsy hum of flies and bees hovering near smote on his ear. He noticed a small species of greenish fish in the water, and wondered if it would make good eating if Vavas seur found nothing better. The young Carabineer was a good hunter, however, and had rarely failed to bring back something during the three days since they had left the armored train. Nor had their present manner of life lasted long enough to be any tax on their strength, though both men were unshaven and their

clothes much the worse for crawling through the grass and scaling hills. Philip had not yet started to build a fire; it took only a few moments, and there was as yet no sight or sound of Vavasseur. They were encamped under a shade of pines, firs and blue-gum trees. The delicious aroma of these trees, together with the delicate flavor of the rich soil and water, and the sun-distilled essences of a thousand herbs, all combined to cause drowsiness to steal over the young Englishman, to which he yielded, his mind not being burdened with any active reason why he should get up until his friend's return.

He must have slept an hour when he awoke with a start, conscious that some one was looking at him, and at the same moment came the knowledge that that some one was not Vavasseur.

"You are my prisoner, sir," said a deep, quiet voice, as Philip started to his feet and saw, confronting him, the same Boer who had passed them on the road the day before. How had he tracked them and caught them at that height from the plain below! For a moment Philip was too bewildered to think clearly or connectedly. He looked around, but saw no sign of Vavasseur; then his gaze came back to the Boer, who stood silently regarding him, and at the same moment he saw another man under the shade of a tree near the stream. He understood it all. The Boer, after seeing Moggs, had not been so indifferent or lazy as he had thought. In searching for the Carabineer he had no doubt found traces of his and Vavasseur's march, and had followed them.

The Boer spoke again. "You are my prisoner, sir," he said, "and I shall have to ask you to come with me."

He spoke excellent English, though with a slight accent.

"The chances of war make all fair, monsieur," answered Philip, as he turned to follow the Boer; but the other smiled,

though not unpleasantly, and motioned to him to walk in front.

"Ah!" said Philip, "I forgot," and then, half vexed and half amused, he said to himself that his uncle, with his military training, would have known better.

The Boer gave some orders to his man in Dutch, and waited while he gathered up Philip's knapsack and blanket. These were handed to him, but Philip noticed that Vavasseur's paraphernalia remained on the ground untouched. Then the Boer turned to him, and in the same formal, courteous manner as he had spoken before, requested him to begin climbing down the heights above the Tugela. The other man did not follow them, and Philip, looking back, at once comprehended the plan perfectly: the Boer's brother, assistant, or whatever he was, had orders to remain behind and capture Vavasseur on his return. Whether he would succeed remained to be seen.

The walk back to the farm that Philip and the Carabineer had passed the night before was made without any conversation on either side. Whatever the Boer thought of the handsome, well-set-up young Englishman, he knew how to keep silence.

Philip found his mind running on such necessities as breakfast. The long walk in the hot African sun, when he had had nothing to eat since before sundown the preceding day, was trying; but with true British stoicism he tramped on without complaint. The sight of the Boer farm was almost welcome. Passing a number of outbuildings, they came at last to a substantial stone house with a wide porch running across the front. The door opened as they drew near and a pleasant-looking woman, past middle age, dressed in a very short calico and carrying a pail, came out of the house. Her husband held a lengthy conversation with her in Dutch; then he turned to Philip.

"You have not breakfasted?" he asked.

"No," answered Philip, who began to wonder if all Boers were as dignified and thoughtful as this man.

"My wife will give you food and clean clothes," said the Boer; "then I want to talk to you." He held the door open for Philip to enter. Preceded by the Dutchwoman, the young man entered a wide hall that ran through the house, on either side of which opened large rooms. There was a sense of coolness and cleanliness about the place infinitely refreshing to the tired traveller.

All the while he knew he was being closely watched. The Boer took him to a bedroom and stayed with him while his wife brought clean clothes. Philip uttered no comment when, having washed and dressed, the Boer handed him his watch, but gathering up all his papers, gave them with the knapsack to his wife, who had come back to the door. He knew, of course, that his papers and letters must be read, and his knapsack also searched. His captor led the way to the dining-room, and on the threshold Philip could not forbear an exclamation. He saw before him a long room, surmounted by a low ceiling crossed with heavy beams. A wide, open fireplace was at one end of the room, while some handsome furniture that Philip knew must be very old stood around the room. On the wall was a wide shelf full of old Delft china, and in the centre of the room the massive table was spread at one end with a snowy cloth, on which stood an inviting breakfast.

"Do you always treat your prisoners so well, sir?" said Philip, turning to the Boer with a smile.

"We treat them as we would be treated," was the answer; "eat now, and then I would talk to you on the porch."

He seated himself near the door as he spoke, and taking a long pipe off the wall, commenced to smoke.

The younger man was freed from the embarrassment of having to talk while he

ate; but clearly the Boer would take no chances of his making a break for liberty.

Philip was both tired and hungry, and the simple but abundant meal was well cooked and appetizing, so he arose at last, very much refreshed. The Boer also got up from his chair and followed Philip to the porch, where he handed him a chair and sat down.

"My name, sir," he said, "is Jan Van Wonter, a farmer of South Natal—and yours?"

"I am Philip Everdeen," was the answer, "an Englishman only lately landed at Cape Town. When you captured me I was trying to make my way to Ladysmith, where I had been ordered as war correspondent."

"Ah!" said the Boer, "then you are not in the army." He seemed relieved by the knowledge, though why the younger man could not judge.

"No," answered Philip, "when I left England war had not been declared. Still we saw it coming, and my uncle, who is a retired army officer, obtained the appointment of war correspondent for me. I got nearly as far as Colenso on the armored train when it was turned back, and I have been making my way on foot for three days, though I heard Ladysmith was in a state of siege."

"You were not alone, Mr. Everdeen?"

Philip hesitated; then he remembered Vavasseur's blanket and knapsack lying near his own. To avoid the question would be useless.

"Yes," he answered, "a friend I met at Estcourt was with me."

"Who is he? what profession does he follow, and what direction is he likely to take?" asked Van Wonter.

"That I cannot tell you, sir," said Philip. "I am obliged to answer all questions that touch myself; but I will not make my friend's identity and plans known to you."

The Boer was silent for a few moments, then he arose.

"Mr. Everdeen," he said, "for the present I must keep you a prisoner here; later, I shall send you to Colenso to be held for exchange. While here you will have a measure of freedom—you may go about the house, and do as you like. My library, which is quite a good one, is at your disposal. But all the time you will be closely watched. You will have a room to yourself, but I shall lock you in every night, and even the windows will be guarded. If you try to escape, either I or one of my men will shoot you."

"I understand, sir," said Philip.

The house door opened as he spoke, and a sweet voice called in Dutch: "Father, where are you?"

The young man arose to his feet, almost too amazed to conceal his surprise. Before him stood a young and beautiful girl not over eighteen. Could she indeed be the child of this plain, elderly couple!

XVIII.

The early morning service was over in the beautiful Anglican convent chapel on — Street. Sister Madeline was attending to her duties, which consisted in putting away the books and opening the windows, when the portress entered and said in a low voice:

"If you please, Sister, Reverend Mother wishes to see you in her private room right after breakfast."

"Very well," answered Sister Madeline, and the portress withdrew just as the gong sounded for the morning meal. During breakfast she listened to the usual morning reading, which happened to be a chapter from "Lux Mundi" on the "Problem of Pain." The young sister had never heard this particular sermon before, and was struck by its peculiar beauty and significance.

"It is only," said the writer, "in the light from the Cross, that we can see why pain should possess * * * power. For in that light we understand how

pain unites us to each other, because, as even natural religion dimly felt, it unites us to God, and therefore through Him to those who in Him live and move and have their being. It unites us to God because it purifies us; because it detaches us from earth; because it quickens our sense of dependence; because it opens our spiritual vision, and, above all, because He, too, as a man, has suffered."

Afterwards Madeline Sargent thought that it seemed like a preparation for the news that awaited her that day.

Entering the private office of her Superior half an hour later, she found five other members of the community already assembled there.

"My dear Sisters," said the Mother, as Sister Madeline closed the door and sat down next her confrères, "I have news for you that it is both a pleasure and pain for me to tell. You are ordered on the African mission, to take charge of the military hospitals in Natal."

"Oh, Reverend Mother!" exclaimed the sisters in a breath.

"Your orders are very hurried," proceeded the Superior; "the steamer sails early to-morrow morning, but, my dear children, I trust you are ready to sacrifice all for Our Lord." And then, in a voice that frequently trembled and broke, the Mother proceeded to tell them of the various duties before them.

"Some of you have relations in London," she concluded. "I will telephone to-day, so that as many of you as possible can say good-bye to your family before you leave."

"Reverend Mother," said Sister Madeline, "we are honored. Most of us, I think, have coveted the African mission."

Was this the problem of pain, she thought? They had all been accustomed to nursing the sick; but to take charge of army hospitals, to see the wounded and dying men brought there from the field of battle; to come in contact with heartrending pain and suffer-

ing and to dress wounds that had been made by modern guns and shells—this was to be something different from anything they had seen before!

It was late in December, when Africa ran rivers of blood and when the flower of England's men were falling in the ranks by the hundred, cut down by the deadly fire from the guns of the splendidly trained Boers. The need of nurses, Catholic or Protestant, trained or untrained, was urgent. Hence the haste with which the order for Sister Madeline and her co-workers, had come. There was little time to stop and think. The Sisters drove away from the convent early the next morning, after taking a tearful farewell of their Superior. Those who were left behind envied their going, notwithstanding the fact that the sea voyage was a long and perilous one. As Sister Madeline passed up the gangway and walked across the deck on her way to the staterooms allotted to the Sisters, she suddenly came face to face with a gentleman who started and paused on seeing her.

"Sister Madeline," he said, removing his hat, and holding out his hand with a frank, almost boyish smile, "this is an unexpected pleasure. Are we to be fellow voyagers?"

The Sister's beautiful eyes were almost mournful in their sombre intensity.

"I did not expect to meet you here, Henri," she answered; and then, with a slight hesitation, she added:

"You have had news of Anita?"

"No," answered the Duc, quietly; but I am going to find her, and if possible bring her home."

"I am on my way to Natal as a nurse in one of the military hospitals," continued the Sister. "My orders only came yesterday, and I sent you a telegram; but it must have missed you. One of my greatest joys in going on this mission is the hope of meeting Anita."

The Duc looked his pleasure. He and his sister-in-law had become good friends

since his marriage with Anita and her desertion of him. In repose there were lines of care on his handsome face, and he looked ten years older than he had done a year ago.

In marrying him when she still cared for Gerald Wynville, whether she knew it or not, Anita Sargent had taken on herself a heavier burden than she knew. His very devotion wearied her. Day after day and week after week, spent alone with him in his chateau about fifty miles from Paris, had completed her disgust and ennui. The Duc, a cultivated man of irreproachable character, gave her no cause for complaint. Perhaps if he had, the element of resistance in Anita's character might have made her try to hold and captivate him. The Duc perceived her coldness and unrest, and thinking that a trip to Paris might interest her, had proposed it a few months after their marriage. Anita assented, and for a week even seemed pleased by the gaiety of the capital. At the Opera the Duc's friends eagerly sought an introduction to the beautiful woman toward whom all eyes were turned. The Duc was pleased, and Anita was not indifferent to the sensation she created, though even adulation from the world, added to her husband's devotion, could not ease the gnawing at her heart.

"I do not want to go back to the chateau," she had said one morning at breakfast. "Can't we travel? I have never really seen Italy."

The Duc hesitated. His mother, who had been in failing health for some time, was alone at the chateau, and he had already been obliged to leave her to herself a great deal in the past year. Anita saw the hesitation and understood.

"Oh! your mother, I suppose," she said, with something like a sneer. "I did not know she came before your wife."

"No," said the Duc quietly, "nevertheless, I will not leave her just now. You can have all the company and gaiety at the chateau that you want,

Anita; but for other reasons besides my mother, I shall have to stay home at present."

He arose as he spoke, as if to end the subject, and later went out to keep an engagement with an old friend who had invited him for a spin in his auto. Left alone, Anita had taken up an English paper, and one of the first things she saw was an announcement to the effect that the regiment commanded by Captain Gerald Wynville had been ordered to proceed at once to South Africa to join Sir Redvers Buller. She threw down the paper and walked to the window, then paced back and forth through the room. Again temptation had seized her, as it did on the Nile boat over a year ago; but she had yielded too often now to the whisper of the tempter to oppose any strong moral resistance. She was sick to death of her present existence. Life at the chateau, even with guests for a diversion, meant the constant presence of her husband and of her mother-in-law, whose devout Catholicism found no response in Anita's soul.

Both mother and son were too high-minded, and too much alike in their strong domestic and rural tastes, to be congenial companions for a woman of Anita's type.

Africa! How wide was the world! What travel and adventure lay in the thought; and the Duc would not even journey to Switzerland or Italy!

Suddenly an idea came to her, and she paused and clasped her hands. Her gray eyes were now flashing and scintillating with a thousand evil passions and suggestions. She looked at her watch, then walked to a chiffonier and took out her purse. The Duc had that morning given her a large sum of money in bank-notes and gold to buy some jewels that she had seen on the Avenue de l'Opera and particularly admired.

Yes, she would go. The Duc had said he would not be back until evening. She

had time to catch an express train for Calais, where she could cross at once to England and take passage on a steamer that sailed the next day for the Cape. She would go as a volunteer nurse. It mattered not what privations she might meet with if only she were free and could see Gerald Wynville again.

Anita rang the bell for her maid, who appeared immediately.

"Marie," she said, "I want you to take back that new silk that Madame Roland sent home last night and tell her it is too loose in the belt. Wait there till it is done and bring it home, so I can wear it to-night. Never mind how long Roland keeps you. If she offers to send it back, tell her it is my wish you should wait for it."

"Oui, Madame," said Marie, nothing loath to be sent out.

She was gone in a few moments, and free of the maid's presence, Anita hastily dressed herself and packed a small bag. It took her only a few minutes to write a note to her husband; this done, she locked the door of their salon, and leaving the key with the porter left the hotel on foot. Reaching the Avenue Friedland, she hailed a coupé and was driven rapidly to the Gara du Nord. Everything fell out as she had planned, and before embarking for Africa the next day she had sent another and longer letter to her husband, telling him plainly she was leaving him deliberately and where she was going, and that he need not seek her.

After the first crushing blow the Duc had acquiesced. He understood that his wife had never loved him, and his conscience acquitted him of leaving anything undone to make her happy.

He returned to his estate and settled down with his mother, but the iron had entered into his soul and he was a changed man from that day. Not long after Anita left, the dowager Duchesse's

indisposition took a serious turn, and in a few weeks she died. After that the Duc was practically alone until the date when he and Sister Madeline met on the steamer, whither the Duc had come, unable any longer to bear the strain and uncertainty, and determined to go himself to Africa and make an effort to win his wife back.

All this Madeline knew, and her heart ached with sympathy for her brother-in-

law, and with grief over her sister's wayward conduct.

During the long sea voyage, which fortunately passed without any untoward incident, she was often with the Duc on deck, and together they planned what course he should take when Anita was found.

Difficult as it all seemed, the Duc was not without hope.

(To be continued.)

The Rubaiyat of the Penitent

By J. L. O'G.

As falls the night-dew on the drooping flower,
Upon his troubled soul at such an hour

Fell God's sweet grace, and like the tender plant,
He, drooping too, awoke to feel its power.

His sleeping conscience roused itself to find
The soul-eyes of the prodigal gone blind,
And, in the sinful labyrinth of lust,
He staggered on with many of his kind.

Oh, sorry plight! In all its wakefulness
How oft' had this same conscience known distress;
And now—"Be quick!" it cried. "I'll guide thee back,
And in the paths of penance seek redress."

"To feel, O God, this stained soul exposed!
To know the naked truths therein disclosed!"

He bowed his head and took the proffered grace,
The grace he had before, were he disposed.

Adown he sank upon the earthen floor,
Nor knew he that an angel, bending o'er,
His bitter grief had come to share, until
A voice he heard, "Arise and sin no more."

The Rosary

By Chas. J. Phillips

O magic chain, our Rosary Queen,
That binds our hearts so close to thee in Heaven,
Surely the prayers we count upon thy links,
By Mary's pleading, special grace are given!

The Habitant People*

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

THO has not heard of the Habitant people and their charming, peaceful homes down by the mighty and majestic St. Lawrence? They are an interesting people, this French-Canadian race, and they carry in their hearts a sweet simplicity; the threads of poetry and romance are so interwoven with their human, uneventful lives that they are the possessors of a golden, God-given heritage. The humble Habitants are not to be found in the large cities; one must look for them out on the open fields and hills of God. They are the peasants—on the farm, on the village street, always bright and cheerful—their days filled with that genuine spirit of peace and contentment that comes as a cherished boon to so few of us here below. Tillers of the soil, hunters in the woods, and sailors on the rivers and seas, most of their time is spent in the healthy, quickening out-of-doors, and their feelings must necessarily then go out in their own simple but impressive way to every beautiful thing in nature's vast and complex organism. The birds in the air, the flowers in the sun, the voices of little children at play—and where the Habitant lives there are always plenty of children—the cries of the wild beasts in their lairs, the songs of the rivers and seas, the lordly piles of green, summer foliage and the miles and miles of winter's velvet snow—all, all unconsciously seem to draw their hearts nearer heaven, and through the natural they get a glimpse of the higher, supernatural life.

The Habitants are a deeply religious people; their faith is everything to them and their devotion to church and priest is most edifying. One need not wade through Pastor Wagner's chapters to become enthused on "the Simple Life." Go to any small French-Canadian village and enter the home of the humblest Habitant farmer; gaze upon the proud faces of parents and children, seated at the evening meal, listen to the prayer of thanksgiving that falls from their lips; go and press very close to their heart's door, speak to them, joke and laugh and cry with them—and fancy will paint you as sweet a picture of "The Simple Life" as your own heart could wish!

There is a charming, soul-satisfying simplicity to everything the Habitants say and do. Their home life is simple, their dialect is simple; there are deep undertones of pathos and love and fortitude in their simple lives. They, also, have their trials, their victories, their shattered ideals and bitter disappointments; but, when one really wants to see something exceptionally beautiful, it is down to the common plane of the "simple" one must come—and the Habitant is the living example of all this.

And the Habitant mother! God bless her! for she is pure in heart, and there is much room in her love for blue-eyed, white-souled little children! In these days of "race suicide" cry, the French-Canadian mother is teaching the sinful, wicked world at large a necessary, inspiring lesson. If the poet wishes to extol the sorrows and joys of motherhood, let him draw all his inspiration from the humble Habitant mother. Surrounded by her sturdy set of sons and

* "The Voyageur," by William Henry Drummond. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

daughters, she is queen of the home in every sense, feeding the hungry mouths of her little ones and directing their footsteps along the paths of love and virtue—happiest when she can sit by her cradle and sing her lilting berceuse—for

"It's never feelin' lonesome w'ile de familee is growin',
An' de cradle seldom empty, an' she got so moche to do."

But a few years ago, the world at large knew nothing of the Habitant. To-day he is known equally as well in the United States and on the Continent as in his own Canada. In Montreal there was a middle-aged man, an Irishman by birth, a good, genial fellow well-met. On his rounds of mercy amongst the sick—for he was a physician—his kindly heart felt the quickening touch of this interesting, all-absorbing Habitant life about him. He went out into the country and lived with the humble settlers, and he grew to love them. Their musical patois sang itself into his ears and, being naturally gifted in the art of verse-writing, and endowed with all the finer feelings that are so vital in the making of a genuine poet, he set to work to write down the lives of this people—their shadows and sunshines—in the quaint dialect of the country-folk themselves. Some of the poems appeared in the press and created a sensation. Burns sang of the people of Scotland, Tennyson of the people of England, and here was a new writer picturing new characters and new scenes—his hand upon the hearts of a distinctive Canadian people. There was such a delicious vein of humor and such a newness in conception in his lines that, over night almost, the world's praises rang in his ears and he woke to find himself—famous. Dr. William Henry Drummond—for he is the man—stands all by himself in quite a *unique and enviable* position as the poet

of the Habitant. "It is not the clever manipulation of the patois alone," writes one, "that has brought him popularity. He knows the kindly, simple people that speak it to the core; he is master of a telling minor touch of pathos, he has humor, and a wide sympathy with the French country-folk of the Dominion. He has worthily earned a place in the literature of Canada. He has the human touch."

Dr. Drummond does not look at all seriously upon his work, but it has brought him position in the world's concert-hall of singers, and, what is more desirable,—gold. No living American poet, with probably the exception of James Whitcomb Riley, has had so kindly a reception at a publisher's hands. He has published the following volumes: "Johnnie Courteau," "The Habitant," and "Phil-o-Rum's Canoe"—and many will be surprised to learn that over fifty thousand copies of these volumes have been sold. His poetry sold much better than the leading, current novels. In these days of poetry book-making, it is interesting and consoling to learn that the coveted "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow" falls to the lot of at least a cherished few of the devotees at the shrine of the Muses.

Personally, Dr. Drummond is the incarnation of humility and kindness, and, in his beautiful home on Dorchester Street, Montreal, he meets the litterati of many lands. It is also not generally known that his wife, the daughter of Dr. Octavius Charles Harvey, of Jamaica, is the direct descendant of that renowned English physician, William Harvey, who lives to-day after the lapse of several centuries as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood through the human heart.

To-day Dr. Drummond makes another appeal to his vast audience in

America and Europe through a fourth volume of Habitant lines. Just off the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, the book is already creating a sensation. "The Voyageur" is the graceful title of the volume so beautifully illustrated with full-page drawings from life by that clever Canadian artist, Frederick Simpson Coburn. We read a very fine criticism recently in the Outlook of this new volume. "Dr. Drummond," the reviewer writes, "in his former volumes of verse has interpreted for us the simple life of the Canadian folk. In the present volume the same theme is pursued, but there is endless variety. The merit of the book in the last analysis rests in the sympathetic and wholesome interpretation of the tragedies and the pleasures of the simple lives depicted. The volume is not overladen with technicalities, but one is convinced that the author saw the places that he describes, laughed with his characters, mourned with them, but, above all, that he loved them and took a virile joy in their lives and in making them his companions."

The author dedicates the volume to a friend—William Henry Parker, Lac la Pêche.

"Philosopher of many parts,
Beloved of all true honest hearts,
A man who laughs at every ill
Because 'there's corn in Egypt still.'"

There are thirty-four poems covering one hundred and forty-two pages in the book, some long, some short, but all perfect gems, scintillating with brilliant flashes of genuine wit and humor. There are touching verses as well—lines that nip at the heart-strings and cause the tears to flow. From the opening poem, "The Voyageur"—from which the book takes its name—we quote below some of the verses. The poem gives us a glimpse

of the hardy, reckless, but honest voyageur in his red woolen shirt and "de red ceinture" (sash)—in his heart a strong, abiding love for the living things in the hardy north-woods and in the rivers and seas. The poem begins:

"Dere's somet'ing stirrin' ma blood to-night,
On de night of de young new year,
W'ile de camp is warm an' de fire is bright,
An' de bottle is close at han'.—
Out on de reever de nort' win' blow,
Down on de valley is pile de snow,
But w'at do we care so long we know
We're safe on de log cabane?

"Drink to de healt' of your wife an' girl,
Anoder wan for your frien',
Den geev' me a chance, for on all de worl'
I've not many frien' to spare.—
I'm born w'ere de mountain scrape de sky
An' oone of ma fader an' moder lie,
So I fill de glass an' I raise it high
An' drink to de 'Voyageur.'

"For dis is de night of de gour de l'an,*
W'en de man of de Grand Nor' Wes'
T'ink of hees home on de St. Laurent,
An' frien' he may never see.—
Gone he is now an' de beeg canoe
No more you'll see wit' de red-shirt crew,
But long as he leev' he was always true,
So we'll drink to hees memory.

"Ax heem, de nort' win', w'at he see
Of the Voyageur long ago,
An' he ll say to you w'at he say to me,
So lissen hees story well—
'I see de track of hees botte sauvaget
On many a hill an' long portage
Far, far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell.'"

One of the prettiest little poems in the book is his "Dieudonné," which means—God-given.

"If I sole ma ole blind trotter for fifty dollars
cash,
Or win de beeges' prize on lotteric,
If some good frien' die an' lef' me fines'
house on St. Eustache,
You t'ink I feel more happy dan I be?

* New Year's day.

† Indian boot.

"No, sir! An' I can tole you, if you never know before,

W'y de kettle on de stove mak' such a fuss,
W'y de robin stop hees singing' an' come peekin' t'roo de door

For learn about de nice t'ing's come to us—

"An' w'en he see de baby lyin' dere upon de bed,

Lak leetle Son of Mary on de ole tam' long ago—

Wit de sunshine an' de shadder makin' ring aroun' hees head,

No wonder M'sieu Robin wissle low.

"An' we can't help feelin' glad, too, so we call heem Dieudonne;

An' he never cry, dat baby, w'en he's chrissen by de pries';

All de sam' I bet you dollar he'll waken up some day,

An' be as bad as leetle boy Bateese."

How the Habitant heart throbs and exults in the music that steals through the doors of childhood's kingdom!

Another poem which takes our thoughts right into the Habitant heart is "The Family Laramie." It is so beautiful, and there is such a glimpse of latent sadness about the picture that the poet paints so perfectly, that we must quote in full:

"Hssh! look at ba-bee on de leetle blue chair.

W'at you t'ink he's tryin' to do?

Wit' pole on de han' lak de lumber man

A'shovin' along canoe.

Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove

W'ere it's passin' de chimley-stone,

But he'll come 'roun' yet, if he don't upset,

So long he was lef' alone.

"Dat's way ev'ry boy on de house begin

No sooner he's twelve mont' ole;

He'll paddle canoe up an' down de Soo,

An' paddle an' push de pole,

Den haul de log all about de place,

Till dey're fillin' up mos' de room,

An' say it's all right, for de storm las' night

Was carry away de boom.

"Mebbe you see heem, de young loon bird,

Wit' half of de shell hangin' on,

Tak' heese frise slide to de waterside

An' off on de lak he's gone.

Out of de cradle dey're goin' sam' way

On reever an' lake an' sea;

For born to de trade, dat's how dey're made,

De familee Laramie.

"An' de reever, she's lyin' so handy dere

On foot of de hill below,

Dancin' along an' singin' de song

As away to de sea she go;

No wonder I never can lak dat song,

For soon it is comin', w'en

Dey'll lissen de call, leetle Pierre an' Paul,

An' w'ere will de moder be den?

"She'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin's come,

An' spik to de reever too:

'O reever, you know how dey love you so,

Since ever dey're seein' you,

For sake of dat love bring de leetle boy home

Once more to de moder's knee!"

An' mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere

Will help bring dem back to me."

"The Last Partage" touches our finest feelings. There is such a wealth of pathos underneath all the writing, and the poet sings truly, even though it is in a minor note. His singing sounds at his best in such a key:

"I'm sleepin' las' night w'en I dream a dream

An' a wonderful wan it seem—

For I'm off on de road I never was see

Too long an' hard for a man lak me,

So ole he can only wait de call

Is sooner or later come to all.

"De night is dark an' de partage dere

Got plaintee o' log lyin' ev'ry w'ere,

Blackbush aroun' on de right an' lef'

A step from de road an' you los' you'se'f;

De moon an' de star above is gone,

Yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on.

"An' off in front of me as I go,

Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow—

Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere,

Can see hees w'ite dress an' curly hair,

An' almos' touch heem, so near to me

In an' out dere among de tree?

"An' den I'm hearin' a voice is say:

'Come along, fader, don't min' de way,

De boss on de camp he sen' for you

So your leetle boy's going to guide you t'roo.

It's easy for me, for de road I know,

'Cos I travel it many long year ago.'

"An' oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—
Dead wit' de young blood in hees vein—
An' dere he's comin' wance more again
Wit' de curly hair an' dark blue eye,
So lak de blue of de summer sky.

"An' now no more for de road I care
An' slippery log lyin' ev'ry w're—
De swamp on de valley, de mountain too,
But climb it jus' as I used to do—
Don't stop on de road, for I need no res'
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

"An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile,
An' say: "Dear fader, I'm here you see,
We're bote togeder jus' you an' me—
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night.

"De Boss on de camp w're I alway stay
Since ever de tam' I was go away,
He welcome de poores' man dat call,
But love de leetle wan bes' of all,
So dat's de reason 'I spik for you,
An' come to-night for to bring you t'roo.'

"Lak de young Jesu w'en He's here below
De face of ma leetle son look jus' so—
Den off beyon', on the bush I see
De w'ite dress fadin' among de tree—
Was it a dream I dream las' night,
Is goin' away on de morning light?"

There are many who think Dr. Drummond is a Catholic, and one could hardly imagine a Catholic writing better and more dynamic lines than his "Curé of Calumette"—which probably is his best liked poem to-day, even though it appeared several years ago—but to most readers it will be a surprise to learn that Dr. Drummond is a Protestant. He respects deeply the picturesque faith of the Habitant, and when he touches upon the little things of love, so dear to the peasant's simple heart, it is always with truth and reverence. No Catholic poet could sing more sweetly of things Catholic than this Canadian singer. Take away the faith from this simple, country folk of the Dominion and you rob the

character of all its inherent beauty. In his poem, "The Holy Island," Dr. Drummond tells the story of good "Fader Jerome, de pries' of Salvador." It is a pretty legend and well worth quoting:

"Dey call it de Holy Islan'
W're de lighthouse stan' alone
Lookin' across w'er: de breakers toss,
Over de beeg, gray stone:
Dey call it de Holy Islan'
For wance, on de day gone by,
A holy man from a far-off lan'
Is leevin' dere, till he die.

"Down from de ole, ole people
Scatter upon de shore,
De story come of Fader Jerome,
De pries' of Salvador
Makin' hees leetle house dere
Wit' only hees own two han',
Workin' along an' singin' de song
Nobody understan'.

"All for de ship an' sailor
Out on de stormy sea,
I mak' ma home,' say Fader Jerome,
'W're de rock an' de beeg wave be.
Da good God up on de Heaven
Is answer me on de prayer,
An' bring me here, so I'll never fear,
But foller Heem ev'ryw'ere!

"Lonely it was, dat islan',
Seven league from de coas'
An' only de cry, so loud an' high,
Of de poor drown' sailors' ghos'
You hear, wit' de screamin' sea-gull;
But de man of God he go
An' anchor dere, an' say hees prayer
For ev'ry wan here below.

* * * * *
"Night on de ocean's fallin',
Deep is de fog an' black,
As on dey come to deir islan' home
De sea-bird hurryin' back;
W'at is it mak' dem double
An' stop for a minute dere,
As if in fear of a roun' dey hear
Meetin' dem on de air?

"Sweeter dey never lissen,
Magic it seem to be,
Hangin' aroun' dat wonderful soun'
Callin' across de sea;

Music of bells widin it
 An' foller it on de go
 High on de air, till de islan' dere
 Of Salvador lie below.

"Dat's w'ere de bell's a-ringin'
 Over de ocean track,
 T'roo fog an' rain an' hurricane
 An' w'enever de night is black;
 Kipin' de vow he's makin',
 Dat's w'at he's workin' for,
 Ringin' de bell, an' he do it well,
 De Fader of Salvador!

"An' de years go by an' quickly,
 An' many a sailor's wife
 She's prayin' long, an' she's prayin' strong
 Dat God He will spare de life
 Of de good, de holy Fader
 Off w'ere de breakers roar,
 Only de sea for hees companie
 Alone on Salvador.

* * * * *

"Summer upon de islan',
 Quiet de sea an' air,
 But no bell ring, an' de small bird sing,
 For summer is ev'ryw'ere;
 A ship comin' in an' on it
 De wickedes' capitaine
 Was never sail on de storm, or gale
 From here to de worl's en'!

"Gecv' me dat bell a-ringin'
 For not'ing at all, mon pere;
 Can't sleep at night, w'en de moon is bright,
 For noise she was makin' dere.
 I'm sure she was never chrissen,
 An' we want no heretic bell;
 W'ere is de book? For you mus' look
 An' see if I chrissen it well!

"Leevin' heem broken-hearted
 For Fader Jerome is done,
 He sail away wit' de bell dat day
 Capitaine Malcouronne;
 An' down w'ere dead man's lyin',
 Down on de ocean deep,
 He sink it dere, w'ile he curse an' swear
 An' tole it to go to sleep.

"An' t'ree more year is passin',
 An' now it's a winter night;
 Poor Salvador, so bles' before,
 Is sittin' among de fight
 Of breaker, an' sea-bird yellin',
 An' noise of a t'ousan' gun,
 W'en t'roo de fog, lak a dreefin' log
 Come Capitaine Malcouronne!

"Gropin' along de sea dere,
 Wonderin' w'ere he be,
 Prayin' out loud, before all de crowd
 Of sailor man on hees knee;

Callin' upon de devil,
 'Help! or I'm gone!' he shout,
 'Dat bell it go to you down below
 So now you can ring me out—

"To de open sea, an' after
 I promise you w'at I do,
 Yass, ev'ry day I'll alway pray
 To you, an' only to you—
 Kip me in here no longer,
 On de shore I won't see again!
 T'ink of de prayer he's makin' dere,
 Dat wicked ole capitaine!

"An' bell it commence a-ringin',
 Quiet at first, an' den
 Lak' tonder crash, de ship go smash
 An' w'ere is de capitaine?
 An' de bell kip ringin', ringin',
 Drownin' de breakers' roar,
 An' dere she lie, w'ile de sea-birds cry,
 On de rock of Salvador."

The Habitant's love of nature is exemplified in the poem, "Charquette." An old settler sits at the door of his "leetle log cabane" (cabin) and recounts to a friend the priceless treasures about his home—his dear Charquette. The closing lines read:

"Ha! ha! you got it. Ma dear Charquette.
 Dere's many fine place, dat's true,
 If you travel aroun' de worl' but yet
 W'ere is de place lak you?
 Open de door, don't kip it close—
 W'at's air of de mornin' for?
 Would you fassen de door on de win' dat
 blows
 Over God's own boulevard?

"You see dat lake? Wall! I alway hate
 To brag—but she's full of trout,
 So full dey can't jump togeder, but wait
 An' tak' deir chance, turn about—
 An' if you be campin' up dere above
 De mountain would be so high,
 Very offen de camp you'd have to move,
 Or how can de moon pass by?

"It's wonderful place for sure, Charquette,
 And ev'ry wan say to me—
 I got all de pleasure de man can get
 'Cept de wife an' de familiee—
 But somebody else can marry ma wife,
 Have de familiee, too, also,
 W'at more do I want, so long ma life
 Was spare to me here below?

"For we can't be happier dan we been
 Over twenty year, no siree!
 An' if ever de stranger come between
 De leetle Charquette an' me,

Den all I can say is kip out de way,
 For dynamite sure I'll get,
 An' after dat you can hunt all day
 For me and ma dear Charmette."

There is much to quote in the charming book—the poems are all so good, and so different from the rhyming we are so used to. For genuine comfort and pleasure these hot, summer days,

hie away to the seashore with a copy of "The Voyageur" and sit down in some quiet, shady nook and read Dr. Drummond's pleasant Habitant lines. And for weeks after you will see "de otter slidin' into de pool below" and, in fancy, watch "de loon w'en de breeze is Ketch heem, shakin' heese'f as he cock de eye"—out there somewhere on Lac Souci.

Tuesdays With Friends

In Various Lights

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE Student and the Boy carried the low table out under the oaks. The Lady of the House, glancing at the westering sun, saw a figure coming up the lane.

"It's the Judge," she said; "he wants his tea."

"Tea," the Boy said, blowing a Lady Bug from the sleeve of his tennis shirt. "Tea's no good at this hour. It simply spoils your appetite for supper—but I'm not so much against it when there is lots of cake."

"Tea at this hour," said the Young Teacher, who had come to the mountains for her vacation, "reminds me of an English novel;—but I rather like it; if the boarding-house people give you only prunes and pickles for supper afterwards, you're not quite desolate."

The Judge came toiling up the stony lane. The yellow handkerchief he affected was much in evidence. The day was hot.

"Ah, these Maryland mountains! You have to struggle for every step you take. I'm glad, as you had to leave Washington, that you've come here. Two lumps of sugar,—thanks,—or, rather, thank you,—I hate 'thanks.' It's amazing how the modern slang gets into one's speech,—and how one's pronun-

ciation becomes vitiated, too. I find myself pronouncing—oh, what were you saying?"

"Nothing," said the Boy, "only if you are not using the cake plate, just put it over here on the grass. This is the jolliest hour of the day!"

"It would be," said the Young Teacher, "if people hadn't spoiled the day. Now, you know, I'm a convert—"

"That's the tenth time you've told me to-day. I'd think you'd be used to it by this time," murmured the Boy, with his mouth full. "Even converts ought to take a beating at tennis without squealing about it."

The Mother,—who is at home the Lady of the House,—seemed shocked.

The Young Teacher flushed. "Oh, I hope you don't think I mind a trifle like that! No! But the Student,—he's looking for his tennis racquet now,—said this morning that Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' was trash,—musical trash;—why, it was hearing it beautifully sung in Lent that brought me into the Church. It helped to spoil my day, to have a Catholic talk that way."

"Holy Moses!" said the Boy. "I beg pardon, mother, I forgot!"

The Young Teacher looked offended.

"My dear," the Lady of the House

answered, "how can you be sure that Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' converted you? And, if you are sure, how can you blame the Student for not liking it. Many persons think it theatrical."

"It's almost a sacrilege to say so," exclaimed the Young Teacher, "and when I told him so he laughed. Catholics are so different from what I expected them to be. I'm disappointed; they don't all think the same way. I adore the longest Solemn High Mass; but he said that long musical Masses bored him, and that he liked short devotions. I asked him if many Catholics wore hair shirts now, and he said that, in the commercial reports, they were not quoted at all, as far as he could see. It's flippant—down-right flippancy. I know Catholics who seem to want to avoid the subject of religion in conversation. I must say I am disappointed. There's so much division among Catholics."

The Judge smiled. "They make up for believing so firmly in the essentials by holding all sorts of opinions in non-essentials. You'll have to get used to that, my dear. You seem to think that you're obliged to practice all the devotions you hear about. I'm afraid that you'll find religion will be a drudgery, if you try that."

"Never!" said the Young Teacher, fervently. "Catholics are so lax,—I mean born Catholics. They do not seem to value their privileges."

"You are right," said the Lady of the House, gravely, "we do not, I am afraid. We take everything too easily. We are so accustomed to living in a jewelled palace, that the diamonds and the sapphires about us are as common things."

"I don't think; however, that the Church requires me to believe in the 'Stabat Mater' of Rossini," the Student murmured, seizing the piece of cake which the Boy had reserved for himself. "I don't like it, and I won't like it,—but I'll try, if our amiable and beautiful friend *thinks that it ought to be a dogma.*"

"You are certainly very flippant for a Catholic," the Young Teacher said, with dignity, "I am as much surprised by the culture of the Catholics I meet as I am pained by their want of seriousness."

"Oh, we carry our culture on our sleeves for daws to peck at," said the Student, "but not our seriousness. You can't expect a man to wear his scapular outside his coat."

"I am not sure that it would be a bad thing. It would be a rebuke to the coldness, the indifference, the unsymbolical faith of many!" exclaimed the Young Teacher.

"I'm not in the rebuking business," said the Student. "Why can't you take your religion more easily? There are some converts that slip, like the dew-drop, into the silver sea without a ripple,—you see I've had some time during vacation to read a little poetry,—others are always nagging you about your duties. Oh, I'm not personal! There is the Young Lady from Virginia—she used to be scandalized because old Father Confert always read his office walking on the lawn in front of his house. She thought that he ought to go into 'a quiet room and raise his hands in prayer apart from the world!' And another friend of mine raised a row because he suspected that there weren't enough wax candles among the sperm ones on the altar of a poor little church in North Carolina."

"We expect so much," said the Young Teacher, with a sigh. "I expected to find ignorance among Catholics; but I do not find ignorance, I find a painful lack of zeal."

"Pardon me, if I utter a hollow laugh," said the Student.

"Pardon me," said the Boy, "if you take the last muffin, you'll utter a hollow groan."

The Young Teacher, grieved, looked appealingly at the Judge.

"I am afraid, my dear," he said, "that

you are in a state of mind in which you look on converts as a class apart."

"So they are," said the Young Teacher; "their sympathies, their training, their whole point of view, make them so."

The Judge shook his head.

"Then don't you think that they are just a little rash in trying—without sympathy—to analyze the motives of those whose training has been so different? The Church has its own appeal to every heart. You admit that you were shocked beyond measure when an Italian peasant woman hung a statue of St. Joseph by a cord from her window until St. Joseph prayed that her husband should be better."

"I was horrified!"

"I," said the Student, "was edified by the old woman's simple faith,—St. Joseph is an old friend of hers,—he must be good to her, because he will be pained to

know that she turns his statue out. That will bring him to terms!"

"It seems," said the Young Teacher, sarcastically directing her glance at the Student, "that there are many points of view among Catholics. I can't expect to sympathize with them all."

"I trust not," said the Student; "you could never mind your own business if you did."

The Young Teacher rose from the rustic bench.

"I must go," she said.

The Lady of the House followed her to the gate, and kissed her.

"Come soon again,—and don't forget that our Mother the Church feeds all hearts according to their needs."

"I believe that," answered the Young Teacher, "but it's hard for a convert to understand some things. All the same," she added, with a slight frown, "I'd like to get even with the Student."

Was Hamlet the Son of an Irish King

By JOHN MALONE

WHAT prince of Denmark, to whom Shakespeare attributes particular reverence for Saint Patrick, was called Amlethus in the Latin text of Saxo Grammaticus. Did the great player intend a subtle flash of his knowledge of the origin of his hero's name?

When the Teuton of medieval times went to the schools of his turbulent country he found them supplied with Irish books, scribes and tutors. He read the Latin of Virgil and committed to memory the songs of his own minnesingers from manuscripts written in Irish characters. In the sixth century Columbanus, and in the seventh, Gall of Bangor, set up their free academies in Lombardy and the Swiss Alps. Feargal became Bishop of Salzburg and Dugall

taught astronomy in Paris before the end of the tenth, and before the close of the eleventh century. Marianus, or, as he was known in his own land, Murough of Donegal, founded the University of Ratisbonn. Zeuss, in his "Grammatica Celtica," testifies in the fullest to the industry and influence of these Irish teachers: "We must believe that this form (rhyme) was introduced among them (the Germans) by the Irish, as were the arts of writing and the painting and ornamentation of manuscripts"—Gram. Celt. p. 846. The Gothic and early German character as represented in the printer's case differs but little from that which was used in old Irish manuscripts.

The old Irish scribes indicated the name "Olaf" by the letters A-m-l-a-i-b-h and "Ole" by A-m-l-a-i-d-h-e. These

names survive to-day amongst the Irish and Scotie clans as "Auliffe," "Auley" or "Hawley." With the prefix, "Mac," they mean "the son of" or "descendant of" Olaf. The "h" is required before the name because it begins with a vowel, whenever it is preceded by a word ending with a vowel. The earliest authority for the name "Hamlet" is an Irish song, "The Complaint of Queen Gormly for Niall Black-knee," composed by Gormly, the widow of that High-king of Ireland, A. D. 904. This sad love song, the music of which is also Gormly's own, has been always tenderly beloved of the Gael and is still sung by them on the western shore, in the Highlands, the Orkneys and in Iceland. Gormly said:

"Evil to me the affinity

Of the two Danes who slew Niall and
Carroll!

Carroll was killed by Hulb, a great feat,
Niall Black-knee by h'Amlaidbe."

In the original Gaelic the last line of this quatrain is:

"Niall Glundubh le h'Amlaidbe."

It is easy to understand how, to an eye ignorant of the rules of Irish euphony, this spelling of the name "Ole" became "Amlethus" and "Hamlet." It is not to be told here that Gormly means "the princely lady of the blue eyes" or that she was the daughter of Flann of the Shannon, over-king of Ireland, once betrothed to the holy Cormac, king-bishop of Cashel, married when Cormac became a priest to Carroll, king of Leinster and, on his death, to Niall Black-knee, who was elected over-king after the passing of Flann.

Though Shakespeare may not have had knowing of the Gaelic form of "Olaf," any one of the six "Hamlets" who were kings of Dublin between 868 and 1050 may have left the name to local tradition in Arden woodland on the trail from Avon to Trent, a short cut from the Irish sea to the Danish kingdom of Northumbria. One of these

Irish Hamlets met King Eadmund at Leicester in 943 and was confirmed in the sovereignty of all England north of Watling Street. That was the year in which Eadmund gave Glastonbury to Saint Dunstan. The name of Turkill of Warwick, Shakespeare's maternal ancestor, was Norse not Saxon. It was the same as that of the great Dane, generally identified with Ragnor-Lodbrog, who usurped the sovereignty of Erin and the seat of Patrick for many bitter years, until Malachy, the High-king, strangled him in the waters of Lough Owel. Thor-gil, "servant of Thor," he was called. He came to Ireland in 832 and found death there thirteen years afterward. Called "Loch-lannach," "lake-robber," because he made his stronghold on an island in one of the midland lakes of the Shannon, the people gave that sobriquet to all northmen who came a-pirating to Ireland.

The name Hamlet, (let us give Shakespeare precedence!) passes through many forms in the songs and chronicles of Ireland, England, Wales, France, Denmark and Iceland, such as "Amlaidhe," "Amlaibh," "Aulaf," "Anlaf," (note O. F. branle, a musical instrument, pronounced "brawl") "Unlaf," "Onlaf," "Olave," "Awlot," "Hanloc," "Haveloc," "Abroc" and "Abroyc," but always means "Olaf" or "Ole." Olaf Treggeveson is called "Haveloc" in Ritson's "Metrical Romances," (ii, 330), and the King of Denmark is given the same name in the ballad of Guy and Colebrand, (Percy mss, ii 528). This last reference brings us very close to Shakespeare, for the champion who fought and overthrew "Colbrand, the giant, that same mighty man," was the very Guido from whom the Ardens claim descent; the combat was held at Leicester, next door to Warwick, and Haveloc, the Denmark king, was Olaf Cuaran, "Olaf of the Brogue," king of Dublin, who beforetime fought the battle of Braunanbrugh.

The Icelandic "Amlodi" must be treated by itself because it is quoted as a Norse root instead of a derivative of Hamlet. The tenth century poem from which the word is quoted in Vigfusson's dictionary, in calling the sea "Amlodi's flour bin," confirms the Irish form of Olaf. Gormly's song was well known in Iceland in the tenth century; witness the pathetic tale of the daughter of Murcarthach of the leather cloaks. She, while pretending to be dumb, taught her Icelandic son, Olaf Paa, the songs and speech of Ireland, that he might be welcome amongst her father's rememberers.

Shakespeare's account of the terms of the conquest of Norway by the elder Hamlet is curiously reminiscent of the conditions of the combat between Guy and Colebrand as set forth in the ballad of Guy of Warwick. As if to prepare us for memories of the Irish king, whose nickname was "Kvaran the rattle," in Flateyebok, and "Cuaran" in the Irish Chronicles, Horatio gives us, immediately after the first visit of the Ghost, a synopsis of the articles of combat between Norway and old Hamlet. They are singularly remindful of those which governed the holmgang of Guy and Colebrand:

"Our last king,
Whose image even now appeared to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto pricked by a most emulate pride,
Dared to combat, in the which our valiant
Hamlet,—
For so this side of our known world esteemed him—
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seized of to the conqueror.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king, which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras
Had he been vanquisher, as by the same covenant
And carriage of the articles designed,
His fell to Hamlet."

—Hamlet, Act I. Sc. I, 80-95.

Compare the wager of Awlof and Athelstan:

"Through the might of one man's hand
Shall I win or lose my land.—
Against a giant shall he fight,
In all this world is none so wight.
The king Awlof that is now here,
He is so sicker of his powere
He weeneth there be none lyvand
That may him stand a stroke of hand."

—10484 et seq.

Awlof swears:

"King Awlof hath first sworn
If it be so that his man fail
And be convict in that battaile,
Into Denmark will he fare
And never do England harm mare
Nor his heirs from that night
Never challenge of England right.

Athelstan swears:

"Sethen sware King Athelstan
If it be so his man be slone
Before his Barons everyone
There in battle be foredone
He shall do Anlof there homage
And yield him for his land Trewage."
—10575 et seq. Guy of Warwick, English
Text Society. Reprint of Caius MS., Cambridge Library.

The earliest continental record of an Olaf, king of Denmark, is of Olaf III, (Olaf Hunger, son of Knut,) 1086-1095. To find the first and second Olafs we have to rely upon the Irish and Saxon chronicles.

The first Olaf was the viking known as "Olaf the White," who came to Ireland in 850 or 852, left Sidulf or Sitric (his son?) there as his deputy and returned to Denmark. This practice of leaving a son or brother as deputy when going on a foray was common to Gael, Saxon and Dane, and is accountable not only for the confusion in the lists of kings, but for a great part of the inter-tribal wars of our early history.

It is certain that the northmen followed the custom of naming the eldest son after the grandfather. The "Annals

of the Four Masters," to which, as well as to other chronicles, references are by years, tell us that in 852 "Olaf, son of the king of the lake-robbers, came to Ireland and all the northmen of Ireland submitted to him and they exacted rent from the natives." This date should be 856, when Olaf the White came back to fight and put down his deputy, who had set up as a king for himself. Olaf made alliance with his brother, Ivar, whom he had made king of Limerick, and with Lorcan, king of Meath, in 858-61. He went to Scotland in 865; fought against Aella, king of Northumbria, as ally of Constantine, king of Scotland, in 866; married the daughter of Constantine in 867; went again to Ireland, where he burned Armagh and founded Dublin (Dubh Linn-Black Pool), in 868, thus becoming the first King of Dublin. He plundered Dumbarton in 869, returned to Dublin with two hundred ships in 871, and died about 873.

The next Olaf was Olaf Ceanncairech, (Scabhead, not an unhonorable addition when cutting, slashing and cracking of pates was much in fashion,) who became very busy in the sport of gathering plunder about 929. The "Four Masters" say that no Danes came to Ireland for forty years after the beginning of the reign of Flann of the Shannon, 880. Olaf Scabhead brought a fleet of Danes up the Shannon in 931 and harried the "black land" of Athlone. He was established in a fortress on an island in Lough Ree in 934, and is described in the Ulster Chronicle, "Clarendon Codex," tome 49, as grandson of Ivar. "Olaf, son of Godfrey, lord of the foreigners, came at Lammas from Ath-cliaith (Dublin), and carried off Olaf Ceanncairech from Lough Ree and the foreigners that were with him, after breaking their ships. The foreigners of Ath-cliaith left their fortress and went to England."—"Four Masters," anno 935. The breaking of the *ships happened because there was not*

time to go down the Shannon. "The Danes of Lough Ree arrived at Dublin. Awley, with all the Danes of Dublin and north part of Ireland departed and went over seas. The Danes that departed from Dublin arrived in England, and by the help of the Danes of that kingdom they gave battle to the Saxons on the plains of Othlyn, where there was a great slaughter of northmen and Danes."—"Annals of Clonmacnoise," 931. The battle referred to was the great fight of Brunanburgh, and is dated 937 in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle."

Olaf Scabhead disappears from the record after Brunanburgh. The "Ulster Chronicle" says, "the king escaped, viz. Olaf." He is not named in the lists of killed. The fighting custom of the time kept careful guard upon the person of the king, and it is not likely that either Olaf Scabhead or Olaf Cuaran, who made much ado thereafter, were allowed to peril their lives at Brumby battle. From subsequent affairs it is safe to presume that Olaf Ceanncairech went home to Denmark and left the troublesome estates of Limerick, Dublin and Northumbria to Olaf Cuaran. The latter was never called king of Denmark, though four of his name were kings of Dublin after him, and his grandson, "Sitric of the silken beard," was the leader of the Danes in the battle of Clontarf in 1014. Olaf Cuaran divided England with King Eadmund by a treaty at Leicester in 943, returned to Dublin, was baptized and died at Iona in 981. The "Norwich Chronicle," ("Bartholomy de Cotton,") under 940, says: "At this time Olaf, the king of Ireland, went away, and King Eadmund converted to the faith another Olaf, King of the Danes." It may quite well be that this "Scabhead," grandson of Ivar, was the hero of Saxo's story, for, though Shakespeare neglects that part of his original, Hamlet is brought through many adventures in England and Scotland by the Danish writer.

That Boy Gerald

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

(CUTHBERT)

Author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert," "Shadows Lifted," Etc.

XVII.

HOW GERALD OCCUPIED HIS TIME.

BLATCHFORD DARCE and John Ignatius Granville were sitting beside Gerald's bed in helpless sympathy on the evening of the accident, when Judge Albury came into the room. In the excitement at the Albury home, Mrs. Albury had forgotten to telephone to her husband, who, when he arrived in time for dinner was very much surprised to learn of the occurrences of the day.

"Are you angry with me, papa?" asked Gerald.

"My child! No. Why do you think so? You were doing nothing wrong when the accident befell you. Had you been in mischief at the time it might be different. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the suffering boy, "I thought it would displease you, and oh! papa, I had such a great—big—secret for you next Wednesday, and it—can't—all—be—now."

The disappointed boy was almost in tears.

"Never mind, my son, never mind. Do not worry. What you have to tell me will keep, and I shall be all the more pleased by and bye. How did the accident happen?"

"I was doing the giant swing—Gee! it was great, pa, and I had almost got round the third time when my arms gave way. I don't remember anything more until the doctor told me my arm was

broken; but my leg hurts worse than my arm."

"I am very sorry for you. Keep both your arm and your leg as quiet as you can. We will try to procure some amusement for you as soon as the pain subsides. Who are these young gentlemen?"

"They are Blatch. and Jig, pa. They go to St. Mark's, and Blatch sings better than I do."

"How can you say that, Gerald?" said Blatchford Darce.

"He does not, and you know he does not, Gerald," said John Ignatius.

"We will not try to decide this momentous question at present," said the Judge, smiling. "It is very kind of both of you to visit my boy. You are welcome. We will try to find a way to amuse the three of you."

Gerald was confined to his bed for some days, not so much on account of his broken arm as the pain of the wrenched muscles of his leg. Everybody was very kind to him. Even the uncertain William was very thoughtful and attentive.

As soon as Gerald was able to hobble around on crutches, he refused to stay in bed. What is a broken arm or a sprained leg, or both, to a lively, healthy boy of twelve or thirteen! Such little things as these were not going to keep him in the house, or at least, in bed. The first time he was allowed to leave his bed, he said to Granville:

"Say, Jigsey, do you know what has become of my books?"

"Where did you leave them?"

"When I made the giant swing—wasn't it great, though!—I remember I put them on the bench between the lockers and the needle-baths."

"All right. I will look for them tomorrow. What do you want books now for? You don't have to go to school now."

"I know that, but—"

"If you don't have to be in class you won't want your books. Mr. Somers won't call you for recitation for a week after you get back."

"That's all right, Jig, but when do you think I can get back."

"Not for a month, most likely. Guess you are mighty lucky."

Whether Granville meant that his friend would be lucky if he were able to get back to college within a month, or that he was lucky that he did not have to go to class for a month, is not quite certain, but most probably he intended the latter.

"Not much," said Gerald, "but, say, what did the boys say when I fell?"

"They were very sorry for you. They—at least I did—thought that you were killed. My! wasn't I frightened! Everybody thought you were great, though, to do the giant swing the first time trying."

"Did they! Guess I'll do it again as soon as my old arm gets all right. What did I want to go and break it for! ugh!"

"I dunno; but why do you bother about your books. They are safe somewhere."

"Course they are; but if I have to stay at home for a month I am going to get behind bad."

"Well? You won't be to blame for that."

"Perhaps not, but I don't want to get behind."

"You can't help it."

"Yes, I can. You bring me my books to-morrow and I'll study at home. I can keep up then."

Granville was very much surprised at such a request. He had an undefined notion that his chum must be just a little bit crazy, and wondered whether people with broken arms always acted that way. But that was his view. Gerald looked at it differently. He remembered that he had promised his father to be awful good, and he knew that to be good meant, in part, to do one's duty, and to do one's duty at college meant to study well. He, therefore, from principle, and not that he liked the task overmuch, determined, if possible, to keep up with his class. How many boys in his circumstances would do likewise? It showed that, madcap as he was, full of tricks and pranks as he was, Gerald Albury was, as boys in their own vernacular would say, "all right."

It was arranged that Gerald should be told every night by Granville what the lessons for the following day were, and they were to study for two hours every evening, and Granville was to carry all the written exercises to school.

If Gerald had a premeditated design of capturing Mr. Somers' affections, and winning his esteem, he could have selected nothing more likely than this with which to succeed. The professor was so pleased with Gerald's industry under difficulties that on a Thursday he actually paid the astonished Albury a visit, during which the boy discovered a phase of his teacher's character of which he had not, hitherto, the remotest inkling. Gerald had known Mr. Somers in the capacity of teacher only, and a very stern teacher too, the boy frequently thought.

Now he was kind and as gentle as a woman. Even his voice, which had often given the boy an electric shock

when it had called him to order across the classroom, was now soft and low and musical. And the stories he told! Gerald wondered why he never told any of them in the classroom sometimes, forgetting that that was not the place for such things except on very rare occasions. Mr. Somers' visit changed Gerald's estimate of his teacher, although that was not so very surprising. The boy was having many of his views and estimates changed since he had entered the new world of college life.

It must not be supposed that Gerald had no fun or amusement, and was working hard at his books all the time of his detention from college. His friends occasionally enlivened the time for him by jokes and pranks. Here is a specimen of one conspiracy.

One evening Granville and Darce met Willie Albury on the veranda, previous to going to Gerald's room.

"I say, Willie," said Darce, "Granville has some candy here, and he has made a bet of his skate straps that Gerrie will refuse candy this evening."

"Then Jig is going to lose his straps, sure. Whoever heard of Ger. refusing candy—or any other boy, either?"

"Of course Gerald will get some at last," said John Ignatius, "but I bet he will first refuse it."

"How are you going to do it?"

"Will you help me?"

"Sure! It would be the greatest fun to get the laugh on Ger."

"All right. This is the way."

John Ignatius passed to William a prettily flowered candy box which he was to put in his inside coat pocket. He was then given instructions. Darce and Granville each had a similar box. All three being well instructed, they went up to Gerald's room.

"Hello! Gerrie! how's the arm and the leg?"

"Getting along all right. I'll be out soon for sure."

"There's your lessons for to-morrow."

"Thanks."

The three boys sat down around the table. Master Blatchford Darce, with a certain amount of ostentation, placed his candy box in front of him, and his hands over it as if he were guarding it from purloiners.

"My! what ye got, Blatch?" asked Gerald, with eyes bulging. "Got some candies? That's great! Mamma gives me all sorts of things and books, but she says candies are not good for a broken arm."

Blatchford did not appear to notice Gerald's insinuated appeal, but talked to the other two boys, and, after a few minutes, removed his hands from the box as if he had forgotten the necessity of guarding it.

That was Gerald's chance. He made a grab for the box, and drew it over to his side of the table. With his one available hand, he lifted the lid with difficulty and found the box was—empty.

"I thought he would make a grab for the empty box," said Willie, according to his instructions. He then put his own box on the table, and acted as Blatchford Darce had previously done.

Gerald was sure that the first box had been put there in order to fool him. The second must contain the feast. He watched his brother, and when that young gentleman, following the tactics of Darce, began to keep careless guard of his treasure, Gerald saw his chance and made a grab for box number two. Willie gave a great shout, as if he were losing a fortune, and his brother proceeded to open the captured box, and found that it, also, was empty. There was great laughing at his expense.

"You fellows think you are smart, don't ye?"

"We did not say so," said Blatchford Darce.

"I bet you won't catch him the third time," remarked John Ignatius Granville, in what is known as a stage whisper, which Gerald heard distinctly.

"Indeed, they will not," said young Albury to himself.

"What are you bringing empty boxes here for? You fellows think yourselves awfully smart, don't ye?"

"We did not say we were," answered Darce again.

"Haw! I don't want any candies, any way," said Gerald, it must be confessed, regretfully. This remark was not literally true, and must be accepted with certain modifications.

In the meantime, John Ignatius Granville had placed his box under his hands on the table, or rather had locked his fingers around the box as if afraid it would jump away.

"Gerrie, will you have some candies?"

"Naw! thanks; you can't fool me a second—I mean a third—time," said the invalid.

"Gerrie, will you have some candies?"

"It won't work, Jig. The joke is played out."

"Gerrie will you have some candies—third time," asked John Ignatius.

"You fellows think I am awfully green, don't you?" and Gerald shook his head very wisely. He was not going to be caught any more.

"I guess," said Granville, "I won the skate straps all right."

"You certainly did," replied Blatchford Darce.

Granville began to lift the lid of his box. He tilted it so that the top faced Gerald. The fine quality of candy which came to view when the lace paper was torn away made the eyes of even the *other* two conspirators bulge and twinkle *in anticipation*.

"Since Gerald has been asked three times," said Granville, "whether he would have some candies, and has three times refused—you heard him, boys?—I am now going to divide up this box between our three selves, leaving some for Charlotte, and Blanche and Johnny."

"That's right," remarked Darce. "Ger. was asked fairly enough, and, of course, when a fellow refuses three times, he really does not want any?"

Gerald saw the trick which had been played on him, and did not know whether to laugh or cry. He compromised, and remarked for a third time:

"You fellows are smart, aren't ye?" and for the third time came the answer: "We did not say we were."

Of course his friends were only teasing the sick boy—or rather the wounded boy, for, to judge from the size of the three meals he consumed daily, one could not call him sick. After a little demonstration of the excellent quality of the sweetmeats, and a few remarks on the wonderful change that can be wrought in one's likes and dislikes by a broken arm, they divided the treasure with their friend.

Gerald's arm was bound in splinters and was carried in a sling. This did not cause him much inconvenience. The sprain of the leg sinews and the injury to the kneecap were much more inconvenient and painful. His leg and foot were bandaged up with many folds of cloth, giving the boy the appearance of one suffering from the gout. For more than three weeks he could not put his foot to the ground, although that did not prevent him from getting about the house on crutches. Trust a boy of Gerald's activity to remain quiet when there was any possible way for him to move about!

One day, near the end of October, Gerald heard some news which excited him

very much. It was no less than the all-important fact that the Preps., on the next afternoon, were to play their last game of baseball of the season against the Third Academies, and it was to wind up with a feast of candies and bananas, and "pop" in the gymnasium. Why were the Fates so unpropitious to him! Why was he detained at home when such things were happening at college!

"Oh! oh! mamma! if I could only get there!"

"If you can walk to the college, you may go," said his mother, in a joking way. She knew the impossibility of such a feat at present.

"May I go if I can get there?"

"Certainly."

Now the question was a perfectly honest one on the part of Gerald. He intended exactly what he asked. His mother, still thinking of the impossibility of his walking, never gave a thought to any other means of locomotion.

Gerald sent Willie to the college at noon-hour to tell John Ignatius Granville that he must come to him at once—"something great." Granville hurried his lunch and ran over to the Albury residence.

"Say, Jigsey, I am going to the Preps. ball-game."

"Yes you are! Not much! You couldn't get there on crutches in a week."

"So ma thinks, but I asked her if I might go if I could get there."

"She knew you could not."

"She didn't say I couldn't ride there; see!"

"They would not let a carriage into the college yard."

"Don't want 'em to. I am not going to get a carriage. Are you playing in this game?"

"No."

"All right. Now you go and hire me a wagon—a democrat—see! and I'll put a

chair in it and I can then ride there, and we can have a grand stand all to ourselves."

"Your mamma—" began Granville.

"Oh! she won't mind if I don't get hurt. She said I might go. It's all right, Jig. You get the wagon, and bring it down the alley, will you?"

Granville consented, and Gerald was happy. He could by this time hobble about with a fair amount of rapidity, so that his constant coming and going to and from the garden no longer attracted much attention.

The wagon arrived in good time, but there arose a difficulty which Gerald had not foreseen. How was he, in his crippled condition, ever going to be able to get into the wagon.

"Oh! I cannot go, after all," wailed poor Gerald.

"Why not?" asked the owner of the vehicle, loath to lose his dollar.

"Because I am lame, and cannot get into the wagon!"

"We will soon fix that."

Having placed a chair in the wagon and made a pad of the quilt, he let down the tail-board of the wagon-box. He then took the boy very gently in his strong arms and seated him on the wagon.

"Did I hurt you any, sonny?"

"No, not—much."

"I was as careful as I could be. Now I will get up and lift you into the chair. Here, you, when I lift him, spread this quilt on the chair. Be quick about it. There! that's the ticket! Where are the crutches? All right. Off we go. To St. Mark's College, eh? Funny kind of a student you'd make, just now, wouldn't you?"

The game had just begun when Gerald Albury arrived in state. The yard prefects were greatly surprised to see a wagon drive in, but when they saw who

the occupant was, they did not send the man away. The plucky boy received a great ovation from his companions, and there was no more hearty welcome given him than that of Mr. Somers, because he "had tried to keep up with his class."

Of the home-coming—well that's another story. Gerald had happiness for one afternoon to be willing to endure a little hardship if it should come. The young rascal was sure that his mother would say nothing, and that his father would not be too hard on "a poor boy with a broken arm and a sprained leg."

XVIII.

GERALD RETURNS TO COLLEGE.

Was Gerald Gregory Albury making much progress towards that awful goodness which he had promised his father and himself. The rigid, unbending individual who requires a boy always to walk the straightest lines, and who cannot under any possible circumstance, make the least allowance for animal spirits, restlessness natural to growing boys, or a youngster's propensity to tricks, will probably be inclined to answer the above question in the negative.

But it can be shown that the aforesaid individual is forming a wrong opinion of our young friend, and if he will but draw on his stock of patience, he will be convinced finally that Gerald is, as the boys say, "all right."

Two considerations are to be taken into account in judging the character of a young boy. The first is, the boy's general good intention, and second, his natural thoughtlessness. The more active a boy's disposition—and Gerald's was remarkably active as every one will readily admit—the less one may expect to find deliberation. Does this militate against general goodness? Not necessarily. Many slips, and trips, and falls

may come to a bunch of animated muscles which would never happen to another of more phlegmatic disposition, and yet the former may be a much better boy than the latter, and fighting harder at self-conquest.

The boy that is always regarded as a model is not always the best boy, nor is the boy who gets the most penances at school always the worst boy there. It is a well-known fact that not all the most brilliantly talented boys turn out to be the most successful men in after life. On the other hand, is it not frequently seen that the "tailers" of a classroom become the most successful professional or business men? It is fair to presume the parity, in some degree, holds good in the question of goodness.

A madcap, like our young hero, may have the loftiest ideals. The difficulty with regard to such a boy as Gerald Albury—and, indeed, with most boys—is to get a peep behind the veil and see the real character. The student of boy life has generally to judge of the "outside" of a boy, and if he be not careful to make large allowances he will be likely to make mistakes.

"I have no complaint to make," said Judge Albury to the President of St. Mark's, "about the broken arm. That was merely an accident, Reverend Father, but I am afraid—rather afraid, that Gerald is growing reckless. St. Mark's is not having the influence on him that I expected."

"My dear sir," replied the President, heartily, "please do not expect miracles. Your sunny-dispositioned boy has not been with us three months, and half of that time he was home with a broken arm. You must not expect to see an old head on very young shoulders."

"But I don't think—" resumed Mr. Albury, in that querulous way of the man who wants to find trouble, or does not want to be convinced.

"I assure you, Judge Albury, that Gerald is sound at the core, and for the short time he has been with us, he has done wonders. He has completely captivated Mr. Laffington, who, all admit, is somewhat difficult to please. As for Mr. Somers, his teacher—why, sir, stern as that professor has the reputation of being with his class, he has never done ringing the boy's praises. What do you think he told me about him this morning?"

"I am sure I have not the least idea."

"That Gerald, nearly the whole time he has been kept at home, studied his daily lessons, and sent all his written exercises to class by his young friend, Granville!"

"My boy did this!" said Judge Albury, brightening. "That is good! decidedly good! I would not have thought that of Gerald. I knew nothing about it."

"Precisely. We here consider him a most promising boy. For the time he has been at college, he is one of the most popular boys of the division."

"You gratify me. I am pleased to hear all this. But he does the most extraordinary things! Did you ever hear of a more absurd affair than the hiring of a huckster's wagon to come and see the ball-game in the college yard?"

The President gave a hearty laugh at the remembrance of Gerald's appearance that day.

"My dear sir, it showed pluck and grit. I considered it a most ingenious plan for one in his circumstances."

"Oh! well, if you are not offended with him, there is no more to be said. His mother never intended him to go. She merely gave a verbal assent to the request, 'May I go if I can get there?' She never thought he would attempt it."

"Now, Judge Albury," said the President, "I know your boy never lies. He told me that when he asked that question he had in mind the possibility of procuring a conveyance of some kind. It is all Quixotic, if you will, but you must ad-

mit that he was honest about it. It only shows that he was a little sharper than his mother."

"So, so, Father. If you are determined to take his part, I suppose there is little more to be said. I will send him back on Monday."

"Do. I will have a talk with him."

"Thanks. Your words have much influence with him."

One morning early in December there was a timid rap at the President's door.

"Come in. Come right in."

Gerald Albury stood before the President of St. Mark's, his cap in his right hand, and his left arm supported by a sling made of a piece of broad black ribbon which he had coaxed his mother to substitute for the more conspicuous white handkerchief.

"Ah! Albury! Glad to see you. How is the broken bone?"

"The doctor says it is knitted nicely, Father, but it is not strong yet."

"Not strong enough to try the giant swing again to-day, eh?"

"Not yet, Father; but I'm going to do it again as soon as my arm is strong enough."

"It is better to wait a good long time before you try again."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been a good boy while you were at home?"

"I tried to be, Father."

"Said your prayers regularly?"

"Yes, Father, and went to confession regularly, too."

There was a ring in Gerald's voice as he said this, and the bright look in those wonderfully handsome eyes of his was good to see.

"That's right. Try to be a good boy."

"I do."

"—and obedient."

"I do try, Father."

"How about the democrat wagon and the ball-game?"

"I asked mamma, and she gave me permission."

"Did you not intentionally deceive her?"

"Why, no, Father. She knew I could not walk and if I got to the college I must ride."

"She was not thinking of that, but only of the impossibility of your walking."

"That may be, Father," said the boy, shrewdly, "but I did not think I was bound to put obstacles in my own way."

"Quite a diplomat, eh?"

"Father?"

"Never mind. I hear you intended a surprise for your parents which your accident prevented."

"Yes, Father, and it was going to be great!" and the boy, throwing shyness to the winds, was at once all animation. He told the President, in his own peculiar idiom, all his plans, and how the idea of the surprise had originated, and his scheme of doing something by way of reparation for the vexation he had given his family. The President was quite pleased.

"That is good, Albury. It is manly, when you have done wrong, wittingly or otherwise, to try to repair it. I hear that you have not dropped behind in your studies. Mr. Somers is quite satisfied—quite pleased with you. I am quite pleased, too—quite pleased."

Gerald Albury could not tell why it was he always felt a better boy after talking with the President. There was something in the glance of the eyes and in his manner which seemed to bring out the very best that was in a boy.

"Thank you, Father. I am going to try hard to be good."

"—and studious."

"Yes, sir. I like study—when there's no game on."

"That's the way, is it?" said the President, laughing. "Have you any model, Albury?"

"Yes, Father. Mr. Somers. He is *always studying*."

"I mean any model whom you might try to copy in your efforts to be good."

"I never thought of that."

"Think of it. I suggest that you take St. Aloysius as a model. Try to come as near like him as you can."

"But he's a saint, Father."

"Even so. Do you not think it within the bounds of possibility that saints could be good models for little boys? At present, according to your father's view, you are not exactly a martyr to duty."

"What is a martyr, Father?"

"A martyr is—but no. You may thumb your dictionary, and when you come to see me again you may give me the definition. Perhaps some day in class Mr. Somers may tell you one of those beautiful stories of the youthful martyrs of the early Church. These stories are very interesting."

"Yes, Father, I will."

"Very well, my boy. I am glad to see you back at college again. Be manly, honest, truthful and studious, and your years at St. Mark's will be spent well and profitably. Before you go to your classroom, run up to the music studio and visit Mr. Laffington. He takes great interest in you. Foolish, isn't he, to bother about a boy like Gerald Albury who cannot do any better than break his arm."

The President gave another pleasant musical laugh which so many old students remember.

"There! good-bye, my boy. Take care of your arm for a while. It is lucky that the football season is over, eh? By springtime the arm will be strong again. Good-bye, Gerald, God bless you."

The busy man mused for a few moments after the bright-faced boy had left him.

"Strange!" he muttered, "strange that the Judge cannot see great promise in that boy of his. He is a most promising boy."

(To be continued.)



LABOURAGE NIVERNAIS.

Rosa Bonheur

Her Life, Work and Personality

By HELEN O'SULLIVAN DIXON



NAME is a small thing if it does not represent something: a great thing when it means a mosaic—tiny if you will, but important part of a whole, compact, complete, lustrous, composed of the jewels of tears, patience, toil, sacrifice, courage, anguish, brotherhood, honor.

The handling of a great life is a delicate moral operation. "As all reforms," says John Stuart Mill, "must pass through three stages, ridicule, argument, adoption," so a life gone on before, having finished its finite, successive evolutions, having climbed through sweat and blood to the immovable milestone of the past and future, there paused—the great, the last, the long pause—confides its longings, pains, deficiencies, virtues, to that which is left, to be dealt with lovingly or jealously, bitterly or justly, callously or divinely.

This is no worldly and vain psychological, metaphysical analysis that binds these sheets, but an affectionate and reverent tribute to hospitality; a friend's sincere homage to the dead; a few thoughts on a great life, work and personality—a foremost life, that speaks for

itself, like the scent of a rose, even through the mute portals of the tomb; a great life of a great century.

Rosa Bonheur loved America—its plains and vast spaces, its vivifying air, its enormous resources and possibilities, its freedom, its glad sunshine, its liberalisms.

This remarkable woman was born at Bordeaux, 1822. Her father, a designer and painter of talent, worked from inspiration, not for lining his pockets, and had a real artist's contempt for money. He was terribly restless—what his compatriots might term "bohème, imprévoyant, fantaisiste, mais un brave homme."

Rosa Bonheur's affection for her father was profound: his loving fellowship held precious place in her heart. He read with her, explained to her, taught her to love Lamennais, the poet-priest. He was not only her father, but her comrade.

At a certain epoch in his life, the father entered the Saint-Simonean convent, Ménilmontant, and dreamed, with all an artist's unrealizable dreams, of restoring the ancient Order of Templars. He consecrated his daughter, at

the age of thirteen, "Chevalier." He made her swords and rapiers of wood, set her astride sticks, charging her playmates. He put her in a "pension," where she was given sewing as counterpoise against her enormous vitality.

Inheriting her talent from her father, she began drawing at four years; at fifteen, went to the royal Louvre, Mecca of many hearts, journeying from the land of the pine to the land of the palm to copy and to study the masters. Off she went to the Louvre in the morning, taking for lunch one sou's worth of bread, two sous' of "pommes de terres frites." The imagination can picture this little one, throbbing with the ever-swelling pulse of genius, not to be held down, holding in one hand the bread, in the other, charcoals and brushes, claspings tightly at her side the two pennies' worth of yellow sliced potato—likely bought on the road, just as one buys this vegetable to-day in the tiny corners of Paris along the people's highway, dipped up (on handing over the two sous) from the boiling grease in its tin heater, warm and crisp and dainty, nestling in the common brown paper cornucopia.

Coming back at night, Rosa Bonheur searched with her father in the studio's spidery corner for a manuscript or a "white piece" with which to buy their dinner. How great the joy should such a find have been possible, to secure the pay of the father for some design, illustration or copy.

Once at a literary meeting I heard an old artist tell, among other charming histories, that when Rosa Bonheur sketched in the Louvre, perched perilously on her high, backless, oak stool, a lot of raw students poked fun at the little short-haired girl working with such furious energy. She broke her charcoal sticks with both pluck and grit over their unkempt, woolly heads. The

father, ever on the wing, moved back of the Parc Monceau; 'twas there, amid the wild scenery, that his little daughter began her first studies of animals. Recalling those times, Rosa Bonheur once said: "I tried to catch, in my study of animals, their rapid movements, the reflection of their hides, their tones, the subtleness of their personalities, etc."

Whether she caught this strange inner sense of every thing that hath breath—the Ego of the Latin fathers, the "Beast" of Balzac, "das Wesen," or Essence, of Schiller, this intangible, profound, silent, Spirit-Child, divine or satanic, that, very subtle, sleeps inert, like certain chemicals, listless for years, apparently lifeless, until the right outward affinity touches it, makes it catch fire, burn crystally luminous—the critic, thinker, analyzer, knows.

Rosa Bonheur was accorded governmental permission to wear men's clothes that she might be freer in, more faithful to, her laborious, dangerous study of animals. Another Frenchwoman, Madame Dieulafoy, archaeologist, who works by the side of her husband in his travels through the East, obtained the same permission.

The slaughter-houses of Paris were the theatre of Rosa Bonheur's most strenuous, most capable labors. She was greatly hampered there by rude men, but as—so runs the old adage—"every cloud has its silver lining," she found friends. These friends turned up in the shape of an enormous red butcher and his good lady. The butchers of France, like their comrades, "les Dames des Halles," can't be joked over, as revolution and history testify. Their great brute physique alone carries its own weight. Well, this gentleman and his lady, "dresseurs de tete de Veaux," kept eye on the friendless stranger, invited her to share their "pot-au-feu"—an

Irish stew, fragrant with young onion, sweet herb, perhaps a grandmother's solid dumpling—which she shared, being a close chum with hunger.

Here, at least, the proverb, "*Malheur est bon pour quelque chose*," and the little rhyme, "*A friend in need, is a friend indeed*," held good.

The Beaux-Arts bought of Rosa Bonheur, before she was twenty, a picture. At twenty-five, she bore off a first-class medal for her "*Boeufs rouges de Cantal*." Two years later, the state acquired the "*Labourage Nivernais*," for twenty thousand francs. From this moneyed success sprang up a veritable army of adorers; she was beset by offers of marriage by all sorts and kinds of suitors.

All know her "*Marche aux Chevaux*"—a masterpiece of drawing, movement, action, technique, force, atmosphere. This picture occupies an honored place in New York's Metropolitan Museum. One may be safe to state, in all goodwill and courtesy, that France can be excused for being jealous, knowing that one of her greatest art creations, a local study of the first water, found appreciative, nay, reverent, home on sister soil.

"*Longum iter est per praecepta,
Breve et efficax per exempla.*"
—Seneca.

The "*Horse Fair*" has moving history. It was painted in Rosa Bonheur's thirtieth year, and was on exhibition at the Paris Salon right after its completion. France did not consider it worth her buying, although its admirers were many and strong. Rosa Bonheur, deeply wounded, then sent it to her native city, Bordeaux. Here it found no purchaser. It was exhibited at Bordeaux, offered for sale at the meagre price of twelve thousand francs (twenty-four hundred dollars). Rosa Bonheur hoped ardently—one imagines how this hope was a pathetic, a real longing—for her country to have this outcome of her grandest inspiration. Still not finding

a purchaser, she was offered by Mr. Ernest Gambert, in 1855, forty thousand francs. Mr. Gambert obtained the artist's permission to take the painting to England and to have engravings made from it. Rosa Bonheur consented, and painted from the original a smaller picture, from which the engravings were produced, among them one by Thomas Landseer, a quarter size replica.

In 1858, the original passed into the hands of Mr. W. P. Wright, of New York, for thirty thousand francs; from Mr. Wright it went to Mr. Stewart. At the Stewart auction, 1887, it was bought by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$52,500, and by him presented to the New York Metropolitan Museum, where it now is, on honorable line.

The quarter size replica, from which the engravings were made, was sold in 1859 to Mr. Jacob Bell, who bequeathed it to the English nation. It is now in the National London Gallery. A few years later, a yet smaller replica was sold in London for four thousand pounds (\$20,000): Another drawing, water-color, sold for two thousand, five hundred guineas (\$12,000), and as treasured heirloom belongs to the town of Middlesborough.

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country;" and "the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

The dignity of Rosa Bonheur's work is due to absence of petty detail. The corner-stone of her foundation was not unstable; her genius put forth bud and blossom and gracious fruit without exhausting its primeval root. Her lions are grandiose. One, three-quarters to the right, back view, is fine. His sombre mane contrasts with his tawny hide. His head, turned left, has the fore part of the body above the level of its hindquarters. The lion contemplates majestically, immovably, the rising sun. No part of the face is visible. The entire anatomy is felt. It goes with lean, with royal curve, from



ROSA BONHEUR.

the crest between the ears to the tip of the tail, curled slightly, just a touch above the soil. The solitude of the mighty desert is therein. Another. "Royal Tiger in the Jungle." Three quarters to the right, front. His claws grip the ground, his tail creeps the sand. His mouth is wide; his jaws slabber ferocity, have the gesture of waiting to mangle bone, fibre and flesh, to stifle the last despairing cry. His left leg, rigid as a rock, helps to steady his eye. The long, sinewy grass of the jungle is noiseless, shields him, is friend to his bloody design.

Another. Lion's head and shoulders, profile. The predominating impression of this work is the human, brooding, yet clear-sighted look, riveted with a slight frown before him. The mouth is open, the eye but a speck, smileless, half-covered by an upward uncurving lid; this eye hides a thousand lights. A thick tuft of hair sets out straight from his brow like the mane of a Roman quadriga stallion. Another. An old lioness. She gazes full at you; her locks seem sprinkled with gray ashes.

Now comes a charming one. Two lion's whelps. The cubs are unhappy. One has slapped his brother, slipped back, his paw yet upraised. His expression is childlike innocence. The other has turned his back, looks down with the most hu-

man, the most perplexing wonder; the first brotherly wound, the first quarrel, the first slap, the first sorrow. One question speaks: Why did you do it?

Among the varied mass of Rosa Bonheur's productions, there's one very telling. "The Stag Listening to the Passing Wind." He is all alone; deep into wooded foliage. His face fronting, well up, alert, his antlers towering like a branch. A few blossoming plants lie at his feet. The stillness filters forth, stirs you, too, into anxiety. The moss and the trees, the drifting clouds and the atmosphere, the possible danger that

skims like a fog the surface of all earthly things gets hold of you. The "svelte," the gracious creature, poised like a breathless yet breathing marble, trembles and fears. You suffer, because you do not want him killed.

Another. A lion's head with open mouth, roaring, forehead, nose and nostrils splendidly foreshortened. Only masters can foreshorten. The tongue, savage and restless, seems to taste blood, licks the two pointed teeth of the lower jaw. In studying this one recalls these lines: "The lion did tear in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses."

The catlike ferocity is ably depicted in "Two Royal Tigers." These are three-quarters to the left, right legs at forward, implacable angle; the hind legs the same, well back. Their ears are flat, their teeth gleam, their eyes sinister and traitor. The muscles of the nose are forbidding, snarling. Their backs are so foreshortened that they make but a short curve.

Among her studies of deer, there is one too deliciously delicate to pass; you, reader, shall share it. The glory of a

windless dawn lies over a brook. A young roebuck is drinking. He stands at the extreme tip of a mossy inlet. The right leg's hoof is lost in the water, the left, half bent to the flank. The lips lie on the surface; they seem to breathe, not drink. The wonder of this picture lies in the liquid shadows of legs, head, mouth. The soul of a pure, an intense solitude, the chastity of the dawn yet unsoiled by the day, envelopes this poem.

Rosa Bonheur had quite a collection of sheep alone, their wool remarkably true to nature. This study is too short for elaborate analysis of the stupendous results of her labour.

She "prayed as if no work could help her; Worked as if no prayer could help her."

"This perpetual grappling with difficulties Rosa Bonheur did not cease to be acquainted with from the time when, yet a child, she went to copy the Antiques in the Louvre, up to the moment of her death, when at her forest retreat, in her hermitage at By, she opened her soul to the most vast inquiries of philosophy, asked herself, after having in-



THE LONG ROCKS OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

terrogated the beasts and things about her, in what Tongue, or in what Silence * * * lies the Eternal Truth?"*—Roger Miles, *Atelier Rosa Bonheur Catalogue Analytique*.

"Sieh das Gute liegt so nah."

Rosa Bonheur was a plodder. The keynote of her character was the unswerving fidelity to the thing she had to do; that which she did, she did well, leaving its appreciation to those capable of appreciating. If this, 'grappling with difficulties' holds promise of success, honest, not spurious, how could such a powerful lever of the painter, writer, composer, show its lasting, its full temper, if the manifestation of his courage, his genius, his despair, his intellectual limit, fell right at once into comprehending hands?

The first history of Millet's "Angelus," is here fruitful illustration. Rosa Bonheur worked for the judgment of her own critical honesty, not the critical honesty of the world. Not a few human wrecks are due to the lack of this hard "esprit critique;" a very personal characteristic, difficult to sustain when a possible moneyed market is weighed in the balance against the daily meat and bread. She forced her will, though dark was the outlook, up to the very fever point of success—success due to the plucky struggle to give birth to the divine conceptions within her.

She was independent of influence; influence is weakening; for should the influence be stronger than that which it influences, unhealthy predominance, broadening into direful possibilities, might be the result.

Her talent kept dead ahead, like the ball to the bull's eye; cut loose from every thing that clogged it; sifted from

life's scums and flints their beauteous grains of gold, brightening them to brilliant uses.

She was not a traveller; she contented herself with the immediate things about her—another exception to the saying that to produce great things one must see great things! She "saw the good that lies so near," drew from the circuit of her close environment the magnetic sparks that kept alive the current of her vitality, was strengthened, inspired, hopeful.

Her existence was retiring. From 1855, she lived on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau the simple, healthy life of a peasant; rode, hunted, drank in the inspiration of the whispering trees, the breathing earth, the strange dawn and sunset, the mystic twilight with its sweet secrets, the deep, outswelling, symphonic night. She was a mother to the countrymen during the 1870 Franco-Prussian war, giving them refuge beneath her fearless, protecting roof.

She had faith in homely things—of all faiths, the most satisfying. One has but to ponder on the lives of the truly great to know that homely characters hold outreaching, vital germs; that great tenacious hearts are wondrously childlike, oftentimes strangely lovable if apart from worldly, enervating surroundings.

To be very great, one must be very human. Rosa Bonheur's life opened in poverty, struggle, obscurity, loneliness, but ended in ease and distinction. She was a member of many distinguished societies and was an officer of The Legion of Honor. She was buried, according to her request, without military honors, and lies by the side of the friend of her youth, girlhood and womanhood, Nathalie Micas, in a low, plain, gray granite vault.

* Translation from the French, by Dorothea Klumpke and Helen O'Sullivan Dixon.

She died the twenty-fifth of May, 1889, of pulmonary congestion.

She lies in the great cemetery, Pere-Lachaise, situated on a lofty hill—area, one hundred and ten acres, named from Lachaise, confessor of Louis XIV—among a very ocean of illustrious dead. There, among other famous men and women, known in poetry, literature, statesmanship and song, are Cherubini, Chopin, Bellini, Boiëldieu, Rossini, Delille, Beaumarchais; the family of Victor Hugo—the poet's remains were removed to the Pantheon, 1885; Beranger and Manuel, his friend, buried at Beranger's request in the same grave; Lafontaine and Moliere; Balzac and C. Delavigne; Michelet and Thiers; Alfred de Musset, Auber, and Cousin; Arago and Laplace; Madame Blanchard, distinguished aeronaut, who perished in making an ascent, Raspail and Champollion; Talma and Rachel; Madame Lavoisier, Eugene Scribe, Ney, David d'Angers, Bizet, composer, David, painter, dozens of others, gone to their last sleep after "life's fitful fever."

Once, Socrates was asked what he would like, could he have a wish granted. He replied: "A little house, in it, a few friends."

One autumn afternoon, not long before Rosa Bonheur's death, the writer descended, with a friend, from the train at the little country station of By, near the historic and famous forest of Fontainebleau, where Rosa Bonheur's coupé was in waiting. The road to her chateau was uphill and flinty, skirting stone walls grape-covered. The carriage passed through gates, wide-open, and stopped before a low door. On its sill stood a small, gray-haired woman—Rosa Bonheur.

The visitors were welcomed most cordially; they had come by special invitation to dinner, rare and delightful

privilege. One of them, the writer, had a painful headache, the day being hot and prostrating. The hostess led her to her rooms upstairs, and bathed her head in eau de cologne with most womanly tenderness.

Is there anything more comforting to one in a strange land, ignorant even of its language, than to be met on the threshold for the first time by its hostess?

Pathetic consolation, felt only by him who needs consoling, this ministering to on a new hearthstone by gentle courtesies from sacred source, not from icy, critical, varnished lackeys. Right here, reader, if you don't mind (since thought is more or less part of some other, more ancient thought), in an old-fashioned play—"The Corsican Brothers," by Dumas—one scene never fails to attract. 'Tis where the Corsican hostess explains, with old-timey apologies, to her newly-arrived guest that, in accordance with ancient traditional custom, she will show him in person, without a domestic, to his room, bearing aloft the massive silver candelabra, cheery and glowing, bespeaking its own warm welcome. Only the simple demonstration that good manners, the wide world over, are the inevitable result of a good heart, careless of society's shallow rules, regulations and condemnations.

The studio, ground-floor, lighted by glass paneling, was rich in sketch, painting, "objets d'art;" one big picture stood on an easel covered by drapery. Here were souvenirs, gifts from all lands; piles of dainty, gold-monogramed cigarettes, whose fillings had birth beneath resplendent skies; there, platters, beaten-brasses, leathers, sculptured ivories, rugs, embroideries of entrancing warp and woof and tone; scraps of silk, of satin, of falling drapery—all these gracious things, part and parcel of an artist's life, just as the gorgeous sun-

shine is part of the bird's song! Moving environment, speaking of other art, other life, other personality, other strivings, other inspiration, other fulfilment.

This room in the depths of the silent yet voiceful country, itself heavy in historic tragedy, made one feel as if standing in an atmosphere of grave beauty, on the hearth of lovely things.

There exist individualities that impress, no matter how unresponsive our mood; sensitively light as thistle-down floating, controlled by no force, in the immensity of the yet unknown, attract, attach themselves with strange magnetism. Or, as the scent of a marsh magnolia, felt yet uncomprehended, the undertow of a song, the soft passing of a smile, the tones of a new, a palpitating voice—these things untouchable, unexplainable as the hidden forces of nature, the electricity, telegraphy, the lightening—stir us, penetrate, make us ponder, stay ever with us. Such was Rosa Bon-

heur's personality. The gravity, the grandeur, of that she produced, fruit of a mighty concentration, could not but make itself felt.

We, of lesser calibre, should have strong ideals beyond our immediate reach, or we grow indifferent from too rapid fulfilment, or, worse, go under altogether.

Every human who reaches the summit of his critical, sensitive, trembling aspiration, must burn himself out into the deep, the mystic, the solitary crucible of some fiery, some palpitating, some anguished effort.

That afternoon of this first dinner, Rosa Bonheur was clothed in a long blue blouse, open at the throat over a fine white muslin corsage, whose ruffles were caught by gold buttons. She sat straight in a tall, sculptured chair; her hands rested, reposeful, on its arms. The hands drew attention by their look of latent nerve, which showed itself in



THE KING OF THE FOREST.



DENIZENS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

her writing—running and strong, controlled and generous. The hands seemed to say: The dawn and the glaring noon's labor is passing into the starry night's repose. The artist wore her hair short and thick, as one sees abroad among writers, artists, mathematicians, students of medicine, musicians, etc. Her forehead was deep and straight, well-filled out, no abnormal cavities at temple—a very thoughtful brow; her nose, open-nostriled, was well in line, masterful. Her chin, something round, her mouth large, upper lip thin, lower full, withal shapely and firm. Her eye—who can describe an eye?—window of the soul, glowing or dead, shifting or steadfast; receiver and interpreter of the never-to-be-explained, breath and messenger of the beyond.

Rosa Bonheur's eyes were of medium size, reddish-brown, dark, serious, scrutinizing; in studying them, they studied

you. Her thought came and went, flood and ebb, across the retina of her powerful individuality, reflected the tide, calm or stormy, flowing below, but over which the mouth kept watch.

A cold little steel pen, broad as is a pen, can never describe a welcome. Hospitality means so much to those who understand it. Only gentlewomen know how to break bread with and offer salt to strangers.

The delicious dinner—who would know a typical French dinner has only to partake of it to remember it—was without confusion, without order. Two domestics, well trained, had it in charge. "A kindly service," quoting an old Southern proverb, "bespeaks a kindly mistress."

Isidore Bonheur, brother of Rosa, a well-known sculptor, helped to do the honors. There were soup, fish and fowl, jellied "paté," hiding tender mushrooms

beneath crisp and flaky pastry; there were roasts and game; salad that rejoiced by its changing coloring the artist heart, more like unto a dewy bouquet than a vegetable; there were cheeses, amber and creamy, frail, diaphanous cakes, generous wine, pearly grapes, coffee, fine liquors, cigarettes.

Two Danish hounds, mother and daughter—the last an infant of twelve—promenaded, ate bits from one's hand. A tiny long-haired dog, confided to Rosa Bonheur by Miss Micas, was taken down to dinner by the hostess, laid in a chair all its own; it was the possessor of a cute solid silver plate. This pathetic animal, blind from age, lay sleeping all the time. Perhaps it was lost, as old age gets lost, in happier reminiscence when it jumped on the table, conscious of the tender voice, listening with sparkling curiosity to every word said.

Rosa Bonheur was more reserved than expansive; a characteristic of sincere natures. She made few friends, her work filling up the many useless needs of the idle. When one has known poverty and the ghastly wear and tear of life's horrors and sorrowful surprises, that which is not worth the keeping falls away of itself. Her toilsome study of animals (she worked sixty years on the eye alone), this profound down-looking into the beast's individuality, taught her that the secret of all comprehension, is—feeling. Does not sympathy mean, in Greek, "To suffer with?" and that silent and trustful understanding is better than open and doubtful speech. To produce one must feel!

Her foxes, wolves, weasels, reveal their own peculiar slyness with appropriate surroundings; her tigers, leopards, panthers, the quiet, treacherous, feline nature, its supreme and callous cruelties. Her horses, cattle, stags, lions, are thrilling combinations of the animal

and human. "The Dying Roebuck," solitary, wounded to the death in the forest, far from its fellows, tells its own story:

"And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow:
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river:
Beat his timid heart no longer.

—Hiawatha.

Among the water-colors, deer, among leafless wintry trees, are interesting. The snow has a blue cast; like a veil caught in the naked trees, it hovers about the timid animals.

There is much fire in a charcoal study—a herd of bison fleeing before a burning prairie. They snort and stamp, fall, trample one another, the fury of the oncoming pampas, ablaze, close on their track.

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages,
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, strivings, yearnings,
For the good they comprehend not."

—Hiawatha.

If France had possessed a Longfellow, Rosa Bonheur would have drunk deep of his genius.

She believed that beasts suffered; she knew it. From their speaking dumbness cried a voice of pain, endurance, agony, loyalty, sullen submissiveness, quick responsiveness, speechless rebellion. Of all sorrows, the deepest is the one without utterance. The caressing, the con-

fidings faith of the animal, was close to her.

"All its fire was in her bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language."

—Hiawatha.

Had Rosa Bonheur been a portrait-painter, she would have been narrower, her scope less magnetizing, less convincing. And you, reader? did you ever need a moral, helping hand? was that hand held out to you at the right moment? If so, you found the human above the beast; but if not so, what then? Have you gone back to your little mansarde, home of your purest inspiration, been met on its sill by a dog, homeless, solitary, that lifted its great eye in loving greeting and demanded a caress? And we, are we not all famished for caresses? The hound that you have taken in, with which you shared your last crust, rises above the level of that "made in the image of its Creator," and that has fallen so woefully short.

The pitying comprehension of the silent sorrows of the beast in comparison with man's icy ingratitude is the master note of every great animal painter and sculptor.

Landseer, already distinguished, on beholding Rosa Bonheur in the cradle of her career, pronounced at first sight the metal of which she was made to be good; yea, would mark its century. He who had passed through hollow ignorances, saw in this earnest young Frenchwoman, steadfast, luminous producing.

It is not love alone that knows its own, but genius. Strong in anatomy, which is the "bete noire" of the modern artist—one hasn't time now-a-days to plod; advertising and money might get mouldy—Rosa Bonheur's beasts are firm in youth, flabby from age; their muscles overlay, are dovetailed, are with-

out raw edge, which is all-important. The clothing of a flat skeleton with flesh, skin, muscular movement, propelling action, the blending of joint, ligament, fibre and tendon, suggesting a working, weak or powerful mechanism, is the outcome of a thorough anatomical knowledge.

Her flesh is straight or bulging, sinewy or nervous, full of lithe movement, capable of contraction or swelling. Her curves are splendid; one masterful, three-quarter circle contains almost an entire animal, doubled up, listless and quiet. She laid fold on fold about the framework, just as the subtle plasterer joints the architect's construction; like the old masters, in mixing her colors she ground her tones into the grain, until, at last, the creature stood forth a solid, sensitive organism, all flame, fire and nerve.

Her creation was, like a flash-light, many-sided. There are as many as nine or eleven parts of the animal under operation along the margin of her canvas; legs, paws, bellies, mouths, tails, eyes, teeth, etc.; constant, successive, ever outgoing, as if her thought, too full, must throw off its powerful ramifications; each portion, like the vein in a tiny leaf, a world throbbing to itself, waiting patiently, as lasting and as noble things wait, to be fitted together and, in its own good time, filled with the moving breath.

The same with her earth; just as conscientious, just as real, demonstrating what another great brain has declared—another woman compatriot, Georges Sand—"rien ne se perd"—nothing is lost.

"With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains."

—Hiawatha.

Yes, Rosa Bonheur loved the earth, also—the good old mother earth! how patient! how profound! how silent! If the animal is dumb, patient, profound and silent, how much more so the earth? Nothing so capable of so vast a producing could ever be hollow; this forceful analogy Rosa Bonheur had ever with her in the comparing, the materializing of her subjects, in her pronounced effort to harmonize the beast with that from which it sprung: Analogy felt to the very deeps of her stirring, artist soul, creating, sincere, outgroping. Impossible to have been otherwise.

Right here there comes to me, as I ponder and write, her "Labourage nivernais," in that gem of a Paris Museum, the Luxembourg.

The first six of the twelve ponderous oxen are hardy foreground. How they pant, how their nostrils blow, their flanks steam, as they are goaded on and up, over the heavy, clammy, yellow and red clod. One expects to see them stumble and fall, then lumber on with a new and horrid line of red from the laborer's spear. And the plow, with its tearing grip, cruel and relentless. And the upturned furrow, cardinal in tone, tenacious, resisting, brutal! All this side by side with the contrasting stretch of calm soil, as yet undisturbed, yet waiting. And the swelling fields, undulating

into backgrounds of wooded foliage, dense with oozing moisture beneath the deep blue heaven, are wonderful, are telling, are true.

The rhapsodies of the wind must have set the keys of Rosa Bonheur's nature-adoring heart to ceaseless invocations. If art is long and indestructible, what must the brain be?—art's fuel—creator of miles and miles of peaceful or tempestuous earth, of volcano and tortured rock, of calm valleys and silent plains, of moonlit and chaste brooks, of passions whose outcome is wreck and death—all these, in spaces so tiny that the beholder marvels. A great brain, how seizing! A great life, a never-ending, a beautiful study, and a long, long thought.

As to the world's so-called honor, "la folie de décorations," the toadying to glaring hypocrisies, the personal villainous intrigues, the sickly flatteries, these upward stepping-stones, parasites that lie in wait, fasten onto every pronounced career as it looms above the disc of life's plane, that follow the advertised personality as moths follow a streak of gaudy short-lived glare—to these, to this, Rosa Bonheur was indifferent. This but brushed her tempered, fortified soul, could not move it. When genius is born, it needs no foster-mother; it cries aloud—is heard.



MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The Unexpected Guest

By RHODES CAMPBELL

PERRY came up the long, shaded drive, hat in hand, thinking lazily—the weather proscribed strenuous effort.

Could any one imagine a more unful, monotonous existence than this? It was lovely now in summer, livelier out of doors, with her books, needlework, and rides on the horses—the last remnant of the Keith's former luxury and ease. But the winters—Perry shivered as she thought of the one just past, its vain striving to keep warm in the large frame mansion which cried out every corner for repairs; of the ends never met; of the weary waiting spring; of her mother's invalidism. Something must be done before another year. They couldn't live this way;— hadn't she been a boy?

The girl came up on the broad piazza where two women sat in easy chairs, finishing reading aloud a letter to the elder. She looked up quickly at Perry's approach. "We've really had a letter. Dinah brought it from town," she said, while Madam Warfield leaned forward eagerly. "Oh, Perry!" she said, "come to have company—just think! A grandson of an old lover of mine is to come up. He is down here on business for his father's firm. He will be here day after to-morrow. I hope that he will have everything in beautiful order."

"I want this Northerner to see how the Southerners can entertain. I hear that up there their ladies often keep house without one servant—let us show him how we live!" Perry smiled, but when her mother saw the bitterness of it, the girl's heart sank; what did this

stranger want to come here for—to smile over their poverty and pitiful makeshifts? Then she caught her mother's wistful look, and remembered.

"We must surely do our best, Grandmother, dear. Dinah and I will put the guest-room in order, and have flowers all over the house; and the peas and cauliflower will be just right; and we can have two or three meals off the strawberries yet." She leaned over and kissed the white-haired, stately old lady.

"I am so glad that we have such handsome carpets and curtains," said Madam, still with the rare flush on her pale cheeks. "You can get Priscilla Maria to wait table, and Dinah's niece to do the housework."

Perry nodded and said, "Yes, Grandmother;" then ran into the house, up to her room. What should she do? She felt desperate. If Madam could but see the shabby old carpets, and the one set of darned curtains, and the low state of table and bed linen! For the Grandmother had been blind for years.

Perry's sweet young face took on a frown in her dire straits. Once she would have shared her troubles with her mother; but old Dr. Warfield had warned her that Mrs. Keith must be spared all possible worry and care in her present weak state, and Perry stood between her and every possible shadow.

"Well, I can try one thing—it is my last hope."

The next day, in response to Dinah's messages, several young colored girls were assembled in one of the many out-houses belonging to the once elegant Keith establishment. In the center of

the bare room sat Perry, surrounded by articles of feminine apparel of varied description. She held up two very gay hats before the admiring gaze of two smiling mulatto girls.

"Fo de Lawd, Missy Perry, I done want dat hat. De yaller flowers an' dat rare up satin bow wid the sparkles on it become me right smaht," said one.

"Well, it's yours, Priscilla Maria, for washing three dresses for me."

"Dat dress done take me," said Dinah's niece, pointing to a yellow silk belonging to Perry's mother.

"You help Aunt Dinah for a week, Frances Annie, and you can have it," said Perry.

One by one the articles were disposed of by the amateur auctioneeress, and Perry was alone with her thoughts. "Not much ready cash, but all the work I need; and this"—looking at a small piece of silver in her hand,—“will buy coffee, tea, and other groceries. What would my blessed father say to this trading propensity of his only child? Well, it is better than to sit with folded hands and do nothing; and how relieved my mother will be! I hope—oh, I pray—that Monsieur Gerome Fielding will be too much bored to stay! How we shall entertain a city bred man, heaven only knows. It will not be gay, certainly; but one can only do one's best—angels can do no more!”

"The carriage must be sent on time, Perry;—don't let Greer look shabby," urged Madam Warfield the day of the guest's arrival.

Perry's "yes, dear Grandmother," was as dutiful as ever. She was thankful she need not explain that the carriages had been sold long since, and that Greer's livery was a matter only of tradition. But she had him bring the horses to the door and mounted one herself, the old *darkey* the other. They were carefully

groomed, and Greer was to borrow a wagon to bring the stranger's luggage.

"I hope his lordship can ride something besides an automobile," thought the girl, rather scornfully. Her riding-habit had been lately made from a beautiful cloth dress of her mother's, laid away since the old days of plenty, and the dark blue color set off Perry's golden hair and fair skin admirably.

But the girl's thoughts were far away from herself, and back in the kitchen and house for which she stood responsible. Would Dinah's rolls be light for supper? Would Priscilla Maria remember her clean cap and apron? Would the cream keep sweet in the old well?

But the ride to the station drove from the girl's heart these housewifely anxieties. She would be happy these clear, beautiful days in spite of critical guests and poverty held at bay, for a brief period. She was tired out thinking of the almighty dollar.

Colonel Keith, Perry's father, had, as a youngster, been in the Civil War and wounded. His health never recovered its former robustness. His father's vast fortune shrank perceptibly, as did that of most Confederates. The Colonel increased it after it came into his hands, only to lose most of it from unlucky investments later. His health gave way suddenly, and at his death the two dearest to him—wife and daughter—had little means. Madam Warfield had come to them. She had sent Perry away to school; her generosity had been characteristic; but now little remained of her small fortune. It was a common enough story of the times, but to Perry, lately, had come the full realization of all that it implied.

She sat awaiting her guest, while old Greer with his best manner accosted a man, young, almost boyish in appearance, who had just stepped from the train.

"Surely that isn't the Grand Mogul," thought the girl, impatiently. And then he was following Greer towards her, and she was welcoming Mr. Jerome Fielding to Woodstock with the ease and warmth of her father's daughter, yet with a guilty feeling back of it all that the cordiality had been so tardy in coming. Perry was not long in doubt as to Mr. Fielding's horsemanship. He was master of the horse, she could see; even of her father's favorite Demon, which she had ridden down herself, fearing to trust him to Greer.

Whatever she had expected, Perry was surprised at the man's courtesy and ease. She had pictured him small and slight, blond; but this man was of the large, tall type, not handsome so much as strong; his features not like her secret Apollo-like fancies; the rather prominent jaw and decided mouth tempered by the eyes and frank smile. He was certainly unaffected—somehow Perry could not picture this man as amused over their makeshifts; but then her Grandmother sometimes reminded her that men were not what they seemed, and sometimes quoted "the heart of man is desperately wicked."

In the days that followed, Perry, argus-eyed, watched her visitor; but she could detect nothing but sincerity in his simple delight over the large grounds of Woodstock, and the adjoining country; his appreciation of the fruit and Aunt Dinah's cooking; his amusement over the colored members of the household, with whom he made friends at once. His manner towards Mrs. Keith and Madam held a charm which polish alone could not possess. Perry found herself looking forward to the days with anticipation instead of annoyance. It was so long since she had been with young people, and she had met few men—boys were plenty where she attended school,

in spite of rules and oversight. She told herself that the novelty of it pleased her; and she felt a new satisfaction in the simple yet pretty gowns Priscilla Maria laundered so exquisitely. It would be over so soon!

It was Sunday evening after the informal tea, the custom of the house. "I have persuaded Aunt Dinah to take me to church with her to-night," Fielding announced as they all sat on the piazza; "may I ask you to go with us, Miss Keith?"

So, a half-hour later, the three wended their way to the unpainted frame building in the woods. From every direction came the colored people of all ages, sex and costume. They paid no attention to the hour, but dropped in as circumstances and inclination dictated.

A small, pompous looking man, as black as tar, rose in the pulpit, and gave out his text in a loud voice: "First chapter, first book of Job: Job was a good man; he walked upright in de sight ob de Lawd an' shooed ebil."

"My breddren, we knows what it means when it say Job good man, an' we knows what it mean how he done walk uprightly; but we done gib it up w'en he say he shooed ebil. I tell you what seems ter me, it was mighty hot where Job libbed, like it is heah, an' de fleas an' skeeters an' bugs was awful, an' Job took a big club wid paper fixin's on it an' shooed off all de ebil t'ings. Now Job done get awful tired shoooin'—he done specially hate hawd wuk, did Job, and he stopped shoooin' ebil, dat is, dese flies an' hectorin' insects, an' de Lawd he say he send mo' t'ings hahddah to shoo den flies; an' he kep' on to stop Job's bein' so lazy. So breddren an' sistahs, specially de sistahs, w'en you don' want wuk, an' de clo'es take lots o' rubbin', an' de cookin' seems forebbah long; don' stop; keep on, case de

Lawd's done gwine send you mo' an' hahdder t'ings to shoo. An' now, Aunt Dinah Johnsing done want de floor; an' w'ile I 'gree wid Job dat women mustn't speak in de churches, I draws de line only at de pulpit."

As brother Abram sat down, perspiring from his intellectual effort, importance and the heat, Aunt Dinah rose with the dignity natural to her.

"Mistah Fielding done come heah to heah you all shout. He nebbah heard no niggah shout nohow. He's goin' home to Ohio, way cross de mighty ocean. Maybe he won't nebbah come back no mo'. I'm goin' to shout fo' Massa Fielding."

Aunt Dinah swayed back and forth, singing in a low, monotonous chanting: "I ain't afraid to confess de Lawd, de Lawd done redeem me from my sins, hallelujah!"

Immediately one and another joined in, the words indistinguishable. Then they all danced in perfect time, shouting themselves hoarse, then unexpectedly stopping to shake hands all around. But they were tired out from the revival the week before, so that even for Aunt Dinah's Massa Fielding they couldn't be "happy," much to Aunt Dinah's disgust.

Perry and Fielding walked home through the woods in the moonlight, Aunt Dinah staying behind to revel in her importance in bringing such distinguished white folks to the meeting.

"You don't know, Miss Keith, what this little outing has been to me," Fielding was saying, after they had discussed the meeting. "You, in your quiet life, cannot imagine how utterly tired in nerves and body one gets in a rushing city, with no leisure and men at every turn. And then to come here and live out-of-doors, and see a life of which one had read and dreamed but never felt, is so inexpressibly restful. I don't say I shouldn't tire of it for all time—I mean

that I love action and life, and the rush and stress of business; but this is the ideal, the part of one to cultivate; the private corner sacred to one's best. And the scene we just left;—where else but in this Southland could we find its counterpart? We have blacks in the North, of course, but they have imbibed a different spirit. I feel under so many obligations to you all, Miss Keith, for taking me in, a stranger, and treating me so—well—hospitably does not express it."

His voice had, in spite of him, taken on a new note. Perry felt disturbed and knew not why. She talked on, as she seldom did. She wished they had not taken the long way through this moonlit wood.

And then, her hands were seized, and Fielding was pouring forth passionate words of love. The girl listened, half-frightened, half-fascinated. She was but a girl and knew little of love. Something pure and sweet, strong and indescribable, struggled through her outward calm. At last Gerome paused, waiting, but the power of speech seemed to have fled from his companion. "I should have waited—it is too soon—but from the first I felt that you were the one woman for me. Have I been too hasty, Perry?"

"Oh, Mr. Fielding, I wish that you had not spoken; there are so many reasons why we should not love each other. We have been brought up with such different ideas and environment—" Perry's voice trailed off into silence.

"That is nothing if you love me. You must love me; you must marry me—there is no one else?"

"No," said Perry, suddenly erect; "but I cannot love you. Don't urge me; it is not kind, and you are my guest."

"Is this final? Cannot you think it over till to-morrow or next month?" asked Fielding, all the joy and gladness suddenly gone from his voice.

"There is no use," said Perry, "it would be the same." Her voice sounded cold and far away. She walked fast.

"Are you afraid?" asked Fielding gently. "I shall not trouble you." And to Perry's surprise, he talked of other things until they reached the house. "He does not really care," thought the girl. When Perry came down next morning Fielding was bidding Madam good-bye.

"I do not like good-byes," Madam's sweet high-bred tones came to the girl in the great hall without; "and Perry will miss you. I have realized more than ever since you came how lonely and sombre a life she has led since she came from school. Perry is in some ways such a child; in others, a woman—forgive my saying so much of ourselves, Mr. Fielding; but Perry is very near to my heart. We have so enjoyed meeting you. I hope that business may call you South again. If, so, remember that my daughter's house is open to you—she has one of her severe headaches and is unable to say good-bye. Is Perry down?"

"I believe she is on the piazza," said Fielding, with unblushing mendacity.

But already Perry was stealing up the stairs to her room. She locked the door, then, throwing herself on her bed, she shed tears such as she had not known since her father's death.

* * * * *

Months passed and the winter so dreaded by Perry was upon them. She had, with her mother's consent, sold both horses, and some jewels—heirlooms of her mother. She was now secretly writing, in answer to seductive advertisements, hoping to earn the filthy lucre without which disaster must come upon those she loved.

The girl had grown quiet and reserved. Her grandmother, with the quick intuition of the blind, felt the change.

Only once had Perry come near to her as in the old days. She had been telling the girl of the old times and pleasures. Suddenly Perry said: "Grandmother, why didn't you marry Mr. Fielding? Didn't you love him?"

"Anthony Fielding? Why do you ask that? I told him I didn't care for him; my mother was an invalid; she declared that if I left her to go North it would kill her. My father's heart was set on my marrying your grandfather. It was doubtless wiser so."

"But didn't you really care for Mr. Fielding? Did you never regret your answer?" persisted Perry.

"Oh, girls' hearts are strange things, Perry. Perhaps I thought mine was broken, but it mended. Anthony Fielding was the knight of my dreams—this Gerome reminds me of him; but our traditions were different; my parents knew best."

"And did he never come back?" Perry waited eagerly for the answer so long in coming.

"Never. Anthony was proud. Child, you bring up ghosts. I'd rather forget some things. It is bedtime. Kiss me, Perry. I hope that your life may be happy; you're a good dear child."

The next day Madam was dead. They called it heart failure. Perry's heart and hands were full. Her mother was worse. The doctor ordered her to the city to a specialist. Perry went down at once to see their lawyer. Her mother, weak and ill, had consented to offer Woodstock for sale. But Perry, waiting with an anxious heart and agonized prayers, had little hope.

Then came the astounding news that a lawyer up North had bought the advertised place for fifteen thousand, cash down.

Perry, who in her eagerness for her mother's relief had resolutely set aside her own feelings, now went through the

sorrow of parting with a home she passionately loved and whose every nook and cranny was full of memories. And she had to go through it alone. Her mother's own grief was all she could bear, and Perry set her active brain to work to devise diversions for Mrs. Keith. Her mother absorbed her. A few weeks later found them with Aunt Dinah at a pleasant family boarding-house in the city, where a specialist treated the invalid, and Perry's bank account grew proportionately smaller. As Mrs. Keith's health improved, she insisted on her daughter's going out in a quiet way. Her friends invited the girl to their beautiful homes. Still the mother wasn't satisfied. "You're so quiet, Perry. When I was young I had such high spirits," she said, half impatiently. She would not remember the difference between her own luxurious, petted girlhood and Perry's.

It was the day she had been to a luncheon at the Van Andens that Aunt Dinah informed her adored young mistress mysteriously at the front door that a caller was awaiting her in their little reception room up-stairs.

"It's that tiresome Neil McDowell," Perry thought. She came in, striving to throw cordiality into her rebellious voice, but stopped on the threshold. This was not the dapper, immaculate McDowell who rose to meet her.

"I did not expect to see you, Mr. Fielding," she said, politely. But her eyes betrayed her.

He stood looking down upon her.

"Yes, dear, I've come for you. I told you once that you belonged to me—you didn't suppose that I'd given you up so easily?" The voice Perry had hungered to hear in all these weary months; but she said, lightly:

"You are persevering, Mr. Fielding. Is that the way you of the North woo your sweethearts? Here, we have different methods."

"Are all Southern girls so cold?"

Gerome Fielding stood looking at the averted face, the slender, erect figure—how he longed to take her in his arms, obstinacy, or indifference, and all! But he waited instead. "You need some one to take care of you. You do not look as you did when I saw you last. You have cared only for your mother. I want to care for you—Oh, Perry! Must I go away again?"

The cry seemed wrung from him. Perry turned. "Gerome, I can't hold out. I'm so weak and you're so persistent," she said. He drew her down beside him on the couch; took her face between his hands, and kissed her passionately again and again.

"Tell me, darling, all about it," he said.

"Oh, you'll never understand," Perry burst forth. "We were so poor—we are now—Gerome. I was desperate when you came. I wanted some way out. I was ignorant of business; I didn't know how to earn money. And then when you asked me to marry you it all came over me—this was the way out—to marry a rich man. It seemed—oh, can't you see it all?—so vulgar and scheming to know you one little week and accept you! There was our run-down place, and poor blind Grandmother, and my sick mother. I knew you'd be sorry. I knew it was an impulse on your part, perhaps pity, only. I could see how your family would view it, and then I was frightened at myself. I never dreamed that I—Perry Keith—could feel so towards any man, and he a stranger. And I thought you would never come back, and it was so bitterly hard! And if you hadn't come so unexpectedly I wouldn't have been so—so weak and silly—don't look at me that way. Have I made you suffer too?—forgive me."

"Perry, Perry—and I thought you a sweet, unworldly girl! To send me away for all these wild fancies! And I thought I had been too sudden and that you were repelled! Have I suffered?—how little you know me! If you loved me madly

for my whole life you couldn't make up for this—all these lost months!"

Fielding's set mouth relaxed suddenly. Already Perry was learning her power over this determined man, and used it.

* * * * *

They had discussed plans for the future, had seen Mrs. Keith, and Fielding had won her consent to a speedy marriage and a home in the North for them all. They had, after the manner of happy lovers, talked earnestly of nothing, when Perry suddenly asked: "How did you find our address, Gerome?"

For the first time Fielding looked confused, and suspicion seized upon Perry's mind. "It was from our lawyer—Grandmother mentioned his name to you. Gerome, you bought Woodstock in the name of Mr. Brainerd, your lawyer."

"Only to give it to my wife," said Gerome. "Surely a man may choose his own wedding present. Your mother would tell you, my dear, that it isn't really good manners for a fiancée to cavil at her lover's choice, so I know you will be good and never mention it again."

Servia and Its Rulers

By BEN HURST

THE little kingdom of Servia has had a fiercer struggle to undergo through its misfortune in possessing two rival dynasties than the struggle which freed it from Turkish rule. Its people, brave, intelligent, and patriotic to a fault, have been hampered in their development by the continuous warfare between the Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch factions; and at the present moment,—although the former family is said to have been rooted out by the horrible tragedy of the eleventh of June, 1903—the country, far from being quieted, is seething with discontent.

In the beginning of the last century, Milosh the Great, Founder of the Obrenovitch dynasty, consolidated and aggrandized the independent territory of which he had been the main deliverer from infidel oppression. Unfortunately, he stained his name by conniving at the violent death of the brave chief, Black George, or, Kara George. It was this famous hero who had first raised the standard of Christian freedom, after-

wards upheld with more perseverance by Milosh himself; and the jealousy between the two rival leaders transmitted itself to their descendants. The initial crime of Milosh has led to fourfold retaliation, and is responsible for the sad vicissitudes which mark the stormy course of Servian politics, as well as for the infamous murder in Belgrade palace which lately made the world stand aghast.

The autocratic government of the Princes of the Obrenovitch line was excusable only to those behind the scenes, who knew that the banished descendants of Kara George were ever at work undermining the prestige and influence of the crown. For a brief period, one of those princes—father of the actual ruler of Servia, King Peter—was placed by his partisans upon the throne; but he recognized his unfitness for the perilous post and gladly abdicated to make room for the son of old Milosh. This was the gifted and chivalrous Prince Michael, who did all in his power to pacify the country. Far from persecuting the de-

scendants of Black George, or belittling the services of this truly heroic patriot, he made public acknowledgment of his services to the country, gave handsome pensions to his sons, and governed with impartiality for a succession of years, during which Serbia progressed to an unparalleled degree. The bloodless change of dynasty had seemed to Europe to solve the question of the government of Serbia, when the brutal assassination of the broad-minded and cultured Prince Michael in the woods of Topchider, near Belgrade, in the year 1868, showed the futility of this hope and the latency of a vengeful spirit ever ready to burst forth.

For a moment the country seemed about to be plunged in all the horrors of a civil war; but the baseness of the deed revolted even the most determined adherents of the Karageorgevitchs, who stood revealed as the foes to the nation's progress, since Prince Michael, already in possession of the fortress of Belgrade—the last Turkish garrison—was about to obtain the government of the Serbian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was almost without opposition that the Cabinet, frustrating the designs of the murderers, summoned little Prince Milan, cousin of the late Prince, from his Paris college, and placed him on the vacant throne. Thus at the age of twelve Milan began the eventful reign which has created modern Serbia. Endowed with extraordinary natural gifts, as a boy he showed noble instincts and lofty aspirations. The faults which marred his career must be attributed to the defective education given him by an unprincipled regency, careful to instil that Machiavelism was indispensable to a successful ruler. In after life when he turned their teaching against themselves, he replied to their reproaches by the indisputable pronouncement: "I am what you have made me."

It was Milan who enlarged Serbia by four additional "okrngs" (counties)—

wrested from the Turks in a brilliant campaign which he personally led—and finally erected the principality into a kingdom.

The sad end of this unfortunate Prince as well as the tragic death of his only son are plain proofs of the inutility of genius, statesmanship or patriotism when unaccompanied by a blameless private life. The merits of King Milan—who had given Serbia a place among the nations—were counterbalanced by the obloquy which he drew upon the little kingdom through his scandalous divorce from a virtuous, high-souled wife. Queen Nathalia's noble efforts for the furtherance of humanitarian and educational institutions in Serbia had endeared her to the people. Long before her public adoption of the Catholic faith, her strict code of morals as well as her religious inclinations had marked her in the minds of some close observers as a unique apparition among the princesses of the "orthodox" creed. She had worked enthusiastically to elevate the cause of religion, but found herself ever handicapped by the tepidity of priests who advised her to refrain from troubling still waters. The fear of driving so-called Christians to an avowal of their atheistical convictions by exacting the outward practices of Christianity is at the bottom of the inaction of many well-minded schismatical clergymen.

One can trace the beginning of the present acute phase of demoralization in Serbia to the divorce between King Milan and Queen Nathalia, and her subsequent separation from her son. The first visible fruit of the evil was the abdication of King Milan himself, which deprived the young state of a capable and energetic ruler.

The child, Alexander, orphan of living parents, developed a headstrong and despotic spirit, and never learned to deny himself, nor to forgive those who thwarted his inclinations. After having played fast and loose with the constitu-

tions—that he himself conferred on the nation and withdrew at will—his folly culminated in his marriage to a widow twelve years his senior. This ill-advised step estranged him totally from his people.

Madame Draga Maschin had succeeded in worming herself into the confidence of Queen Nathalia and obtained the post of lady-in-waiting after the Queen's exile. During a visit which the young King made to his mother in Biarrits she managed to obtain such an ascendancy over him that Queen Nathalia, in alarm, dismissed her. Madame Maschin, however, was not to be baffled. She settled in Belgrade and played the martyr so successfully that Alexander, incensed at his mother's harsh treatment of such a deserving person, ended by offering her his hand and heart! Neither his parents' openly expressed disapproval nor the deep disappointment of the nation could induce the infatuated young monarch to reconsider his decision. His subjects had looked forward to his espousal of a German princess or a Russian grand duchess, either of which alliances would have been precious for the little state hemmed in on all sides by jealous and encroaching nationalities. But the King was not to gainsaid, and the name of Kara George was once more pronounced in the privacy of many Servian homes.

From the moment of his marriage, King Alexander's doom was sealed. After his father's death, the hitherto faithful adherents of the Obrenovitches looked on with indifference at the movement in the ranks of the Karageorgevitches, and an agitation was set on foot for the removal of an unworthy couple from the disgraced throne of Servia. Yet the people's attachment to this last scion of a dynasty which had been so identified with the development of their race was still so strong that the foulest secret measures had to be resorted to by the conspirators for the achievement of their ends.

After the perpetration of the infamous deed, a lethargy of horror and despair fell upon the nation. The election of the new King took place amid universal apathy, and only after several months had passed did the voice of the majority of the population find vent in the opposition press. To-day the loud clamor against the regicide regime threatens the solidity of the throne and gives rise to graver complications. Every disturbance in the Balkans is fraught with danger to the small Christian states.

King Peter, well-meaning, diffident, and correct, tries to govern on strictly constitutional lines; but Servia is not yet ripe for democratic government, and the country is actually in the hands of a clique who are none other than the regicides. These, rightfully suspicious of the general feeling, have seized all the important posts in the army, and live in chronic fear. While public opinion demands their trial and condign punishment, the King maintains a neutral attitude, and the radical Cabinet lacks the military power to enforce its authority. That the present condition of things can not last is evident to every resident in the country, but one dare not foresee what another convulsion may bring to the much tried state.

From her peaceful retreat in Biarrits, Servia's former Queen has watched in sorrow the series of catastrophes which followed her enforced departure from the land to which she was so devotedly attached. Although since her reception into the Roman Fold she has a wider and more satisfactory field for her humanitarian enterprise, far from forgetting the country she once ruled over, she still dispenses charity from afar, and continues her interest in the educational institutions she had founded. This is not accomplished without difficulty, for Queen Nathalia's gifts to the poor are resented by those who would fain forget her existence after having stained their souls with the blood of her son.

Japan's Greatest Victory

By ALFRED DE ROULET, M. D.

WHILE our newspapers and magazines are devoting unlimited space to the various phases of the war in the Orient—the personality of the more important commanders, the magnitude of the battles and the uniform success of the Japanese—little or nothing is said of the tremendous amount of preliminary work and preparation which have made possible this marvellous efficiency of the Mikado's soldiers.

Shortly before the commencement of hostilities, a Japanese field-officer was asked what he thought of the Japanese prospects in case of war with Russia. He said that there was no reason why the Japanese should not be victorious notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the Russians—the Russian army on a war footing amounting to approximately 4,500,000 men, the Japanese to 675,000 men. He explained, further, that the history of modern civilized warfare showed that ten men died from disease to one dying of wounds, and that the government at Tokyo proposed to equalize matters by eliminating disease. While Japan may not be the first government to recognize the fact that the greatest enemy of an army in the field is preventable disease rather than hostile troops, she is certainly the first to make any serious practical application of this knowledge by applying the sanitary principles which other governments content themselves with believing. She has inaugurated a vigorous and effective campaign against this unseen enemy whose victims outnumber tenfold those of battle, and it is against this enemy that Japan has waged her hardest battles and won her most glorious victories.

There is a tendency in many quarters to attribute the comparative freedom of *the Japanese soldiers* from the various

camp diseases, such as typhoid fever, and dysentery, to some mysterious immunity to these diseases. This belief, however, is erroneous.

Surgeon C. F. Stokes, U. S. N., says that in three and a half years service in the Naval Hospital at Yokohama he saw nothing in the physical make-up of the Japanese to attract attention. Their wounds when neglected became infected, and when infected the patients showed the same signs of suffering and shrank from the knife just as any one else would have done. He also says that their abstemious habits do not render them immune to intestinal troubles, as in the past entire communities have been decimated by typhoid and dysentery. The rarity of intestinal diseases in the army, therefore, cannot be attributed to racial immunity or dietetic influences, but rather to admirable sanitary control.

Another factor which contributes materially to the efficiency of the Japanese soldier is his entire freedom from the enervating effects of excess of all kinds. No matter what faults he may have, few people have ever seen a Japanese soldier intoxicated, and the Japanese army presents a rare example of a vast body of troops entirely free from swarms of dissolute women, camp-followers, and other supposedly unavoidable demoralizing agencies.

The difficult problem of preventing disease has been solved by rigid supervision of even the smallest details of sustenance, shelter, clothing, etc. The transport service is a marvel of perfection. Supplies of all kinds invariably are delivered at the right place at the right time. It is not customary among the Japanese to send men to the front by one route, their arms and ammunition by another, their food and medical supplies by a third, and then fondly hope

that they will get there together in time to be of mutual benefit.

The medical service comprises a little army in itself, and, notwithstanding the fact that Japan is not even to be counted among our rich countries, there is not another army in the world whose medical department can compare with that of the Japanese. As to their efficiency, Surgeon Major-General Taylor of the British Royal Medical Corps is responsible for the statement that during the Chinese war not a life was lost on the Japanese side that medical skill could have saved.

In the Mikado's army the medical officer is omnipresent. He is found in many places, from the War Office to the skirmish line, where his presence would not be tolerated in the English or American service, and his authority far exceeds that allowed him in any other army. In the American army, the army surgeon is permitted to "offer suggestions regarding sanitary matters," but these suggestions, if not made with far more tact than the ordinary man possesses, are considered by the line officers very much in the light of impertinence, and as such are usually disregarded.

At Chickamauga, during the Spanish war, a medical officer placarded a certain well as dangerous. An officer, whose regiment obtained its water from this well, noticing the placard, drank a dipper of the water, said that it tasted all right to him, and tore down the placard. In this camp there were two hundred and forty-five deaths from sickness.

In the Japanese army the "suggestions" of the medical officer are enforced by the Imperial Government and obeyed without question by every one, from field-marshal to private.

In the field, the Japanese Medical Officer is far ahead of the army with the most distant line of outposts and with the most advanced scouting parties, where he is found with microscope and test-tubes examining water supplies and placarding

wells and springs, so that the troops will drink no contaminated water. He examines all foodstuffs sold by the natives, and if the food is of poor quality, the fruit overripe or unwholesome, the grain mouldy or the meat tainted, notice is posted, and when the army arrives these posted instructions are obeyed implicitly. No supplies are purchased by the commissary department until their quality has been investigated and their fitness for their purpose determined by the proper medical authorities.

When a scouting party reaches a town or village sanitary conditions are immediately investigated, and should contagion of any kind be discovered, the medical officer quarantines and stations guards about the danger zone, so that when the troops arrive no soldiers will be quartered in an infected district.

In camp, the medical officer is found instructing the soldiers in sanitation and the numberless details of personal hygiene—how to cook, what to eat, when and what to drink, and when not to drink. No detail is too small or too insignificant to escape his attention, nothing too tedious to weary his patience. As a result of this constant supervision by a thoroughly competent medical department empowered to enforce its orders, the medical officers are not now treating thousands of cases of typhoid fever, dysentery, and other diseases due to improper food and sanitation. As regards the loss from disease, the death rate is less than one per cent of the total mortality. For example, Oku's army of some 100,000 men had lost forty from the time they landed in Manchuria in May to December 1, 1904, and that during an exceedingly severe campaign in a country notoriously unhealthy. Compare this with the French campaign in Madagascar, in 1894, when of 15,000 men sent to the front, scarcely thirty were killed in battle, while nearly half the command died of preventable disease in transit to and from the front; or with

the American losses in the Spanish war, with two hundred and sixty-eight killed and three thousand eight hundred and sixty-two dead from disease!

A majority of the deaths in the Spanish war occurred among the volunteers in the great mobilization camps at Chickamauga and Tampa, in their own country, and at a distance from the hardships and vicissitudes of an actual campaign; yet we Americans pride ourselves on our achievements in sanitation.

While comparisons are admittedly odious, a very instructive comparison might be drawn between the Japanese and American military hospitals. In the long series of hospitals extending from Tokyo to Sasebo the wards are crowded with wounded soldiers, who, in spite of long, arduous service in Manchuria, often frightful wounds, followed by long journeys in hospital trains to the coast and in transports to Japan, are still in splendid physical condition, their faces bright and hopeful, their only anxiety to know how soon they can return to the front. Contrast with these the worn-out physical wrecks whose wan, hopeless faces crowded the U. S. military hospitals at Chattanooga, Tampa, Montauk Point, as well as in Porto Rico and Cuba—victims of disease rather than of battle.

The Japanese have a theory that an army is designed primarily to conduct successful warfare, and not for the personal advantage of officials, the profit of contractors, or the gratification of the vanity of the officers; consequently, army affairs are conducted with a hard-headed common sense unknown to Western nations.

Under the Japanese system, regiments of more or less unruly and undisciplined volunteers, commanded by officers with only an amateur knowledge—or lack of knowledge—of military affairs, are unheard of. Even the reserves are not sent to the front as regiments, but as individuals who are used to fill up the thinned *ranks of the veteran regiments*. Offi-

cers do not hold commissions as a reward for organizing a company or regiment, and even promotion from the ranks is impossible, no one being eligible for a commission who is not registered as a candidate. No one is eligible for registration as a candidate who is not (1) a graduate of a cadet school, (2) a graduate of a middle school licensed and recognized by the government, or (3) possessed of certain educational qualifications determined by examination. Except in the case of a graduate of a cadet school, the applicant for registration must also present a letter from the commandant of the regiment which he wishes to join, expressing his willingness to accept the candidate, when qualified, as an officer in his regiment. After registration the candidate serves one year as a private soldier, then he is sent for one year's study in the military college at Tokyo, after which he is returned to his regiment to acquire a practical knowledge of the duties of a subaltern, and, finally, three years after his enrollment as a candidate, if approved by the officers of his regiment, he is accepted and commissioned a sub-lieutenant. This is the only method by which a commission may be obtained.

The object of the Army Medical Department being the preservation of the health and strength of the soldiers, the conditions of service in this department are made of such a character as to attract the best class of Japanese medical men. Selected for their fitness and capacity for the special work required of them, as well as their general scientific attainments, their opinions command respect, and as they are held strictly accountable for the condition of the men under their control, they are given sufficient authority to make their orders final.

All relief work—as that of the Red Cross Association and the various patriotic societies and organizations—can be done only under the direction of the regular medical officers. No work

among the soldiers, independent of the properly constituted military authorities, is tolerated. Consequently, confusion, insubordination, friction and misdirected or wasted energy is avoided.

As the food used by the soldiers has an important influence upon their health all supplies are issued from the commissary department, and the Government does not advertise that it will forward, free of charge, all boxes of fruit, cake, pies, preserves, and other indigestible provender which fond but foolish relatives wish to send to the soldiers at the front. However, the Imperial Government neglects nothing which could in any way improve the condition or enhance the fighting value of the soldier. The rations, while of the simplest character, are of the best quality and of generous quantity. The ration as furnished consists essentially of rice, dried fish, soy, and a little fresh meat. Small quantities of fresh fruits are added in season. During seasons of special stress small quantities of sake are served. The rice served in the ration is first boiled to a gelatinous consistence, then is rolled out on a porcelain slab, cut into squares and dried in the sun. As the drying proceeds, the squares become greatly reduced in bulk and as hard as an ordinary sea-biscuit. When thoroughly dry, they are packed for transportation. A certain number of these squares are dealt out each day to the soldier, and all he has to do is to break one up in a bowl of boiling water, add the fish, and in a few minutes he has what he considers a delicious bowl of thick soup. Should it be impossible to obtain the boiling water, he eats his rice dry. The ration does not readily spoil, is easily transported, and, what is of even greater importance, it is very nourishing and easily digested.

As a courtesy, the Japanese Government has permitted the American army to send five military attachés to accompany their forces in the field; and now

the Japanese are amazed at the stupidity shown in the assignment of officers for this service. Infantry, artillery, cavalry, and engineers are represented, but not an officer was sent from the medical, the commissary, or the transport service; yet it is in these three departments that the Japanese undoubtedly excel the world. The Japanese cavalry, the only weak arm of their service, was considered by our government as of sufficient importance to require special study.

The general health of the troops has a tremendous influence on the death rate from injuries. A man in prime condition may be only temporarily inconvenienced by an injury that would prove fatal to a man weakened by disease and starving on a bountiful ration which he was unable to digest. The Japanese hospital records, when compared with the statistics of former wars, show a great reduction of the percentage of mortality from penetrating wounds of the head, chest, and abdomen, bone injuries of all kinds, and, in fact, all forms of injuries except, possibly, those involving the spinal chord.

Previous to August 1, 1904, nine thousand eight hundred and sixty patients had been received at the military hospital at Hiroshima with but thirty-four deaths, while in the military hospitals in Tokyo in a series of eleven hundred consecutive wounded soldiers—many of whom were stretcher cases—no one died. The hospital ship "Hakuai Maru" brought twenty-four hundred wounded soldiers to Japan without losing one. The later records are equally favorable.

The secret of the uniform success of the Japanese campaigns, whether against Russians or against disease, lies simply in the fact that the government has the good judgment to place all available information in the hands of experts, and expects these experts to use this information to the best possible advantage. No interference is tolerated, and the demand is not for reports but for results.

Useless Things

From the French of Emile Souvestre by

GRACE TAMAGNO

THE stage from Paris!" cried a waiter, opening the door of the dining-room of the Great Pelican at Colmar.

A middle-aged traveller who was finishing his breakfast jumped up quickly at this announcement and hastened to the entrance of the inn, before which the heavy vehicle had just drawn up.

At the same instant a young man thrust his head out of the stage window, recognized the older man, and called out:

"Father!"

The stage door was opened, and the next instant the young man had run up the inn-steps and was grasping his father's hands.

"Well, my boy, I'm glad to have you back again," exclaimed Monsieur Isidor Berton to his son Camille.

Father and son were meeting for the first time after a separation of eight years, which the latter had passed in London at the home of his mother's brother. The death of this uncle, who had made Camille his heir, was the cause of young Berton's return to the paternal dwelling, which he had left when but a boy. The carriage was waiting to take them to Monsieur Berton's country place near Ribeauville.

Like all first interviews after a long separation, that of the Bertons was marked by an amount of embarrassing curiosity which caused the smooth current of conversation to be often interrupted by periods of involuntary silence. Having grown unaccustomed to each *others presence*, they studied and ob-

served each other in their efforts to ascertain just what changes and developments time had made in each. They anxiously sought traces of the past in the present. Monsieur Berton particularly desired to know the young man who was returning to him in place of the boy to whom he had bidden adieu eight years ago. Like a physician examining a patient, he questioned his son slowly, observed his least change of expression, and analyzed every word that he spoke.

Even while making this careful inspection of his son the father contrived to keep up his share of the conversation, and by the time that the periods of silence had grown few, he was telling of his own tastes and habits and how they had influenced his life since Camille's departure.

The proprietor of Ribeauville was neither a scholar nor an artist. But though unable to himself create, he admired the creations of the genius of others; he was like a mirror which reflected the world's great attainments—not a single sparkle of human intelligence, not a single emotion was a matter of indifference to him. He took an interest in each new discovery, associated with those who strove to make fresh ones, and encouraged each effort made in that direction. With him, living was not the keeping alive the spark which God has placed in each one of us, but, rather, the uniting of it to other sparks and thus helping to increase the world's light. Thanks to the leisure permitted him by a rich patrimony, his activities were free to act in the direction

most congenial to him rather than in cares of earning a livelihood. Not being bound to any one route, he had followed them all at the back of the workers, sustaining their courage by his recompense or sympathy. Alsace had seen him at the head of every enterprise formed for the advancement of letters, science or art, and the museums of Strasburg had been enriched by his presents.

At the present time he was responsible for some costly excavating in a hillside in which some antique pottery had been discovered. As they drove past, he showed his son the "Roman mount" and told how, in order to gain possession of this burial place of relics, he had sold an acre of his best pasture land.

Camille was astonished.

"I suppose you think me foolish?" questioned his father, watching him closely.

"Not exactly. But I am surprised at your bargain."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it seems to me one should always consider the usefulness of everything, and that bare hillside is not nearly as valuable as an acre of meadowland."

"I see you are not an archeologist."

"Indeed, no. I could never see what benefit was to be derived from old bits of pottery, nor what interest one could feel in extinct generations."

Mons. Berton looked at his son, but said nothing. Anxious to fathom his character to its deepest depths, he was unwilling to begin an argument whose only probable result would have been the repelling of his son's confidence. There ensued a silence of several moments, which was broken by Camille as he caught sight of the old manor-house in which he had first seen the light of day. The most conspicuous feature of the old house was its high tower.

"I've made the tower into an observatory," said Mons. Berton, smiling. "For, you see, not content with making myself an antiquary, I am also become an astronomer."

"You!"

"Yes, indeed. And I've converted our old tower into my workroom. I've mounted a telescope up there and I spend hours observing the heavens."

"And you find pleasure in observing things which are out of your reach? Whose mode of existence you cannot change, and which afford you no profit?"

"Well, it passes the time," responded Mons. Berton, studiously refraining from a serious discussion. "And for that matter, you'll find many another change. The old courtyard has been turned into an aviary, and the orchard into a botanical garden."

"All these alterations must have cost a lot!"

"And brought me in no money."

"Well, then, you yourself condemn them."

"I shouldn't say that. But here we are at the house. Welcome home."

The groom took the reins from his master, and the latter, arm in arm with his son, entered the manor-house.

Camille noticed that the hall was encumbered with old suits of armor, geological specimens and herbariums of all the Alsatian flora.

"You're looking for a peg on which to hang your coat?" asked Mons. Berton, who saw his son's look of disappointment. "It certainly would be more useful than my curios, but never mind that; here we are at the drawing-room."

This room was hung from plinth to cornice with paintings, engravings, and cabinets full of medals. His father tried to induce Camille to admire some of the coins, but the latter pleaded his in-

tense ignorance as an excuse for his lack of interest.

"Well, to be sure, they're of no importance," said Mons. Berton, genially. "But we are only grown up children. I'm happy to see that you take life on its practical side."

"I owe that to Uncle Barker," observed Camille, with obvious humility. "He often complained of the time and money which was wasted upon useless objects of art, and he sought in vain for the profit which humanity would derive from blackened paper or painted canvas."

They were interrupted by the arrival of a servant who announced dinner, and at the same time brought Mons. Berton a new book which had just arrived in the post; it was the works of a favorite poet, for which he had been impatiently waiting. He at once proceeded to look through it, and then suddenly closed the book, and said:

"Don't let me delay your dinner for a collection of verses! Uncle Barker would never have forgiven me for such an offense."

As father and son sat at table the conversation continued upon the same subject. Camille developed at considerable length the views which he had acquired from his English uncle, for the latter had taught him to be intensely in earnest. But this sincerity of the dead economist came less from an adoration of the true than from a love of the useful. He respected a straight line, not because it was straight, but because he knew it to be short. For him a lie was a miscalculation, vice, a bad investment, and passion, a ruinous expense! In all things utilitarianism remained the supreme law. From this foundation there had resulted a certain aridness in even the old man's best acts; his virtues appeared to be *nothing but well-worked-out problems.*

Camille had adopted his uncle's doctrines with the ardor with which youth always accepts the absolute. Reducing everything to the test of "What use is it?" his reasoning had reduced all social obligations to mathematical propositions. Entirely cured—as he expressed it—from that mental alienation called poetry, he treated life as did the Jew who scraped off a painting by Titian so that he might have a clean piece of canvas "which was good for something."

Mons. Berton listened to him developing his opinions without evincing any impatience or displeasure. He offered several objections which the young man set aside triumphantly; he appeared to be struck with his reasoning, and before they had parted for the night he promised to talk the subject over on the morrow.

On the next day and on the days following Mons. Berton brought the conversation back upon the same topic, and he ceded more and more, like a man who is gradually becoming converted. Camille, thus finding himself the teacher of his father, found an amount of exaltation in this singular role, and his eloquence increased as he felt his cause triumphant. Finally, finding that he must visit some relations who lived at a distance, he left his father completely imbued with his utilitarian doctrines.

His visit lasted for more than a week. When he came back the trees were budding and the meadows were beginning to blossom. Spring had beamed upon everything with her young splendor. The swallows were navigating in the blue of heaven with joyous calls, the girls chattered merrily as they washed the linen in the brook, the shepherd boys sang gaily as they watched their flocks, and the mild breezes which rippled over the cornfields scattered in all directions the fragrance of hawthorn, cowslips and violets. Despite his culti-

vated distaste to all poesy, Camille could not make himself altogether indifferent to this reawakening of nature. Without being conscious of the fact, he responded to the charms of light, song and perfume; an involuntary emotion took possession of him, and under its influence he arrived at the manor.

He met his father in the middle of the terrace which led from the house. Mons. Bertón was surrounded by laborers whom he was commanding to pull up the flowers and cut down the shrubs. Two lilac bushes which shaded some of the windows of the ground floor had been cut down that they might serve as kindling-wood.

His son could not restrain an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed Mons. Berton as he caught sight of him. "You arrived just in season to behold your triumph."

"My triumph!" Camille repeated stupidly.

"Don't you see, I've become your disciple? I've thought over what you have taught me and I perceive that Uncle Barker and you were right. One should eliminate from one's life all useless objects. Now, flowers and shrubs in a garden are quite the same as poems in a library, and as you yourself said, of what use is a poem? Unless it be to light a fire like my lilac bushes. But come with me and you'll see all the other reforms I've made. You should be well content with my conversion."

So saying, Mons. Berton took Camille's arm and they entered the house together.

The hall had been divested of the curios which encumbered it, and in their place there had been substituted umbrella-holders, cuspidors and coat-hangers. In the drawing-room the pictures and cabinets were no longer to be seen; whitewash covered the bare walls, plain

square chairs took the place of the Louis XIII seats, Gothic bureaus and Renaissance cabinets.

Mons. Berton beamed upon his son.

"This time you can't accuse me of wasting money on frivolous marvels of art. Now our drawing-room has nothing but its four walls, whose utility will be contested by nobody. Here we have plenty of room to hang up the seeds for next year's crop, or our guns, or to throw off our overshoes."

Camille would have hazarded some objections, but his father silenced him by casually referring to the anathema he had pronounced against "blackened paper and painted canvas which had never been of the least use to humanity."

The changes had not stopped at the drawing-room; indeed, the whole house had undergone a complete transformation. Anything which had been intended merely to give pleasure had been ruthlessly sacrificed. Everything was to be hereafter of undoubted usefulness—the agreeable had been everywhere effaced by the necessary.

Monsieur Berton, who exhibited this new organization with an amount of pride, assured Camille he did not intend to stop there. The terrace, which was being destroyed, he intended to convert into a poultry yard, his botanical garden, into hotbeds. He had not yet determined the usefulness of his observatory; he was balancing the advantages of a windmill and a pigeon-cote.

Camille, stupefied at the exaggeration of the reform, restrained by the principles which he himself had been expounding, restrained from applauding but dared not condemn.

Finally, having determined that the only thing which he could do consistently and congenially was to refrain from expressing any opinion as to his father's reforms, he asked if any letters had come for him from England.

"I believe there were some brought up here," replied his father, "but since you now have no interests there, I gave orders to send all letters from England back."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Camille. "I expected a letter from one of my best friends who promised to keep me informed upon the Irish question."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mons. Berton indifferently. "What pleasure can you derive from things so far away? Isn't Ireland about the same thing to you as the stars were to me? Its revolutions do you no good and you can do nothing to change them."

"But I have the interest of my sympathies!" he objected.

"Can they be of any use to you, or to Ireland?" Mons. Berton demanded tranquilly. "Do you think that your foresight can influence its destiny, that your hopes are of any use to it?"

"Well, perhaps they are not really."

"Of what use to anybody are most of the letters upon which people pay postage. By receiving them we encourage the practice, hence why not refuse them when they are brought to us?"

Camille bit his lip; he was beaten by his own weapons and therefore found his defeat all the more humiliating. This rigorous application of his doctrines had the appearance of a chastisement. He became cross, and while not attacking the principles, he allowed himself to criticise in detail the various changes which were planned or already accomplished. But Mons. Berton had foreseen all his objections and had a reply for each one. At length Camille at the end of his objections declared that the parterre was not suitable for its present destination, that a poultry yard must be paved. His father pondered for a moment, then he said:

"By Jove, you're right. But I have just what we need—those six-foot flagstones."

"Where are they?"

"Why, on the floor of the chapel. They're the tombstones of our ancestors who lie buried beneath them."

"And you would have those stones removed?"

"Why not? Have you any fondness for old stones, and do you find any interest in extinct generations?"

"Well, this is going a bit too far!" cried Camille. "You're not really in earnest, are you father? You do not believe that one's instincts, tastes and sentiments should be subjected to the vulgar arithmetic of self-interest? You really cannot wish to see the human soul become a book of double entry where the two sets of figures must balance? But now I see it all: this is a lesson."

"Or, rather, an example," responded Monsieur Berton, linking his arm into that of his son. "I wished to demonstrate to you whither the doctrines of Uncle Barker were leading you, and to what a predicament the pursuit of merely useful things may lead one. Never forget the holy words which were taught you in your childhood: 'Not by bread alone does man live.' Not alone that which is essential to his material life! He needs beside that which nourishes the soul—science, arts, poetry and, most of all, religion. Those things which you call useless are precisely the ones which gave value to useful ones. The latter sustain life, the former make it lovable. Without them moral life would resemble a country which lacks flowers, verdure and birds. One of the great marks of distinction between man and the brute creation is the necessity or appreciation of the unnecessary and the superfluous. It proves that our aspirations are higher, that we have a yearning toward the infinite. It is the existence of this part of ourselves which bears as beyond the satisfactions of the real world to the supreme joys of the ideal."

Father Bonaventura, O. P.

A Tribute From One of His Converts

MME. VON FUERSTENBERG

HOW well I remember the first time this marvelously gifted man's name was mentioned in my presence. It was a beautiful October afternoon some five years ago, in a castle on the Rhine. Some German

time past, trying hard to understand the Catholic conception of a certain vital point of difference between the Catholic and Protestant creeds. For years I had always arrived at this same point, never to advance—always with the same un-



officers in their brilliant uniforms, their good wives, two Dominican friars, relatives of my husband, who is a German, were gathered about the tea-table of my mother-in-law. With one of these priests I had been studying diligently for some

happy result—failure to comprehend, and inability to believe, alas!

For years I had been kept standing by my intellect at the threshold of the One True Church—longing with all my heart and soul for her consolation, for

her welcome, but unable to enter, so beset was I by hesitation and doubt. I was particularly discouraged on that October afternoon, but my cousin, the young Dominican monk, in kindly words of encouragement counseled patience.

"Wait until you go to Berlin; there you will have the great joy of hearing Pater Bonaventura lecture. He is of our Order, and acknowledged the first preacher of the German Catholic Church."

Then this group—who were all Catholics—began to praise Father Bonaventura. They recounted how Catholics of all grades in life flocked in great numbers to the Dominican church—far from the center of Berlin—to hear this famous orator; how, also, Protestants of note and learning attended his sermons; they spoke of the many converts he had made, etc. My sick and disconsolate soul longed to meet this renowned healer of souls, and when I went to Berlin the following January my first call was at the Dominican monastery, where Pater Bonaventura leads the secluded, rigidly severe life of work and study of the German monk.

He was glad to welcome a member of such a devout family, he told me, and hoped to help me to come into the light of the True Faith. At first he was so shy, so bashful, in fact, I could hardly believe this was the man who had stirred the innermost being of thousands of poor sinners longing to be shown the way to a better life. His voice was so low—he was so quiet and simple—but when he forgot the bit of worldliness which a worldling always brings along into the monastery, and saw before him one thirsting for the source of Heavenly Love, a change was wrought in that frail little body which words fail to describe. His arguments were so clear and convincing that it was simply impossible to withhold assent any longer.

Long were the talks I had with him—*great was his patience.* The winter went

by; Lent began. Holy Week came and with it the famous Lenten sermons. How can I describe this man's power in the pulpit; the power which completely dominates his congregation! He seems as one inspired by the Omnipotent to a flow of eloquence which thrills the very fibre of one's being.

Here are no oratorical tricks, no exaggerated nor studied gestures—no ranting nor straining after effect. It is nature, all nature, divinely inspired nature. He does not appeal alone to one's heart, to one's emotions; he also convinces the understanding. His own immense, unshakable faith in the divine, overpowering love of Jesus Christ for suffering humanity inspires his listeners to hope fervently for that greatest of earthly blessings—Perfect Faith.

This is his constant theme—"Our religion is the religion of the cross—the religion of love!" And how broadly tolerant he is! Therein lies the secret of his greatness—in that and the intensity of his nature—that great, broad, splendid nature of his that appeals alike to the lowly and the great in life.

An orator of his profound learning seldom possesses the gift of imparting that learning in so simple, lucid and effective a manner as does this German Dominican monk.

Words are idle when one wishes to impart the impression a great genius makes upon one. Not only I, who owe him the supreme content of my conversion, become enthusiastic and am powerless to express my veneration for this saintly preacher, but all religious Germany exalts this modest friar as one of the greatest of the great! But then America shall soon hear him and judge for herself.

May a harvest of souls be the reward of the noble, simple, good Father Bonaventura!

He was born on December 20, 1862, at Karlsruhe, Baden, his worldly name

being Frederick Julius Körtz. His parents were simple but well-educated people. His father died when his son Frederick was quite a child, and his mother died on the eve of his ordination.

As a boy he delighted very much in serving Mass at the parish church, and he was a favorite with the priests who knew him. A nature like his—full of religious instincts, brought so early into such close association with the service of God—was naturally impressed with the beauty of the priestly calling. So then it is not astonishing that, after finishing his literary education at the public schools of Karlsruhe and of Freiburg, the youth could not withstand the ever-increasing desire to consecrate himself to God and become a minister of the Gospel. He passed his graduating examinations with great distinction at Freiburg in 1884. Immediately afterwards he matriculated at the University of Freiburg. During this period of his life his scholarly labors were given not only to philosophical and theological subjects, but also to the most various sciences, as well as history, literature and even law!

There his profound appreciation of Goethe's works, especially of the immortal "Faust," got new nourishment. It is said that at the age of fifteen Pater Bonaventura knew by heart this grand tragedy. About this time he distinguished himself by carrying off a prize which the University offered for the best essay upon an important scientific subject. After having most brilliantly finished his University studies, he entered the clerical seminary of St. Peters—formerly a Benedictine Abbey, beautifully situated in the heart of the gloomy woods of the renowned Black Forest. There he was ordained priest July 12, 1888, and he said his first Mass the following day—a Requiem for the soul of her who had given him life. At the very hour his mother should have set out for Karlsruhe to assist at the sacred ceremony, her heart ceased to beat!

His priestly life began with a curacy at Gernsbach and Krozingen, where he remained but a short time. His Bishop soon realized his exceptional qualities and decided that the zealous priest's future should be among educated people, and thus sent him to Heidelberg. Here he first developed his extraordinary oratorical gifts. Whenever he preached, the churches were crowded to the doors. However, Heidelberg did not long enjoy his zealous labors. In the summer of 1892 he entered the Order of St. Dominic, that Order of Friar Preachers which in its aims and objects seemed so well fitted for this talented orator. As "Fratr Bonaventura" he received the habit of this Order at the convent "Trans Cedron" at Venloo, Holland, and spent his novitiate and the two following years in St. Joseph's Priory at Dusseldorf. His first sermon as a Dominican was on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, 1893. The impression it made was enormous. From this day began his reputation as the best Catholic preacher in Germany. From October 1895 to October 1896 he lived with his French brethren at Toulouse, making a profound study of the teaching of the scholastic Doctors, especially of his favorite, St. Thomas of Aquin. Since this time Pater Bonaventura has been continually engaged in missionary work throughout Germany. There is scarcely a cathedral, scarcely a Catholic town of any size, where he has not preached.

In 1896 he came to Berlin, that excessively Protestant city—where his splendid Lenten sermons at the Dominican Church of St. Paul at Moabit attracted thousands of believers and unbelievers. The former to be strengthened, by the grace of God, in their faith, and many of the latter, if not entirely converted, at least deeply impressed and made better by the fervor and simplicity, the scholarly achievements, and the wonderful faith of this great preacher, Father Bonaventura.

THE GARDEN BENCH

THE more one studies, the more one is impressed by the truth of the Emersonian dictum that every gain means some loss. Few things more forcibly proclaim the loss attendant on our twentieth century civilization than the physical appearance of many men and nearly all women.

The savage, in his native haunt, is straight as the arrow he shoots, and while he may not be as rapid as it in its flight, his progress is scarcely less smooth and easy. His civilized brother, on the contrary, wears a stoop, and at thirty-five his step is heavy and uneven. It is a sad comment on our advancement that we have to be taught a second time to walk and stand.

Pause at a street corner and watch the people waiting for the cars (those cars which have done so much to weaken our limbs and destroy our amiability!), and you will observe that not one out of twenty is standing properly. The one who stand properly puts the weight of the body on the ball of the foot, throws back the shoulders and lifts the chin. The one who has fallen into the habit of lounging, resting on one foot, need never hope to possess a graceful carriage until this fault is corrected.

We show our character in our manner of walking, for our bodies are the outward expression of the inward self. It would seem, then, that this paper should concern itself with character-building instead of the art of graceful walking; but it is remarkable the effect that a conscious effort to cure our visible defects has on those we fondly believe are invisible!

Man's carriage is less defective than woman's because his occupation calls

for more exercise. He has not quite lost the stride of his free-limbed ancestors, while woman has to be taught it. Her loss is due in part to her mode of living; in part to training. For generations she has been taught that a modest woman in walking ought not to put the heel of one foot past the toe of the other foot. Its sorry effect on the carriage of woman we may still see in her short, jerky step. If this step be also hurried, we then witness the result, in ugliness, of unnatural restraint.

One of the best effects of the opening of the door of the world of sport to woman has been the great improvement in her manner of walking. Her short, unsteady step often brought her to grief in chasing the ball over the tennis-court; so she was taught by experience to take one step where previously she had taken two. The gain has been great, yet a long step is not all that is required. It must be easy. Next to the hobbling step, there is nothing worse than the uneasy stride which throws the body out of position and swings the arms.

The poetry of movement is its freedom from all appearance of hurry. You will notice that persons who live close to nature—which is very slow—rarely appear to be in haste. The same is true of people of intellectual pursuits, for intellect, like nature, progresses leisurely. The doctor who is always in a dead rush, neither impresses his patients nor improves them. Nor is the haste of the business man an absolute necessity. It too often declines into hurry, which only tends to confuse the person himself and all with whom he comes into contact.

When there is need for haste, the person who knows how to walk properly

accomplishes more than the one who does not, besides presenting a more graceful appearance. There is nothing unlovely in speed, if it be natural—as witness the swiftness of a horse on the race-track, a dog in pursuit of game—but until man regains his ancient power of making haste beautifully, it is better to go slowly.

The first indication of youth's departure is a certain flagging in the step. It is useless to think that exercise alone is going to bring back the lost buoyancy. The human body is not a machine to be worked according to the will. It is the visible expression of the mind, the real self. Why, when you were a child, did your feet seem scarcely to touch the ground as you walked? Why, in youth, was your step so light? Simply because the mind was free from care. Did something unpleasant occur? You vented your natural grief for the moment; then, being optimistic, it was forgotten in the joy of the next moment. And what, in the main, constituted that joy? The mere fact of living. Life is just as good and sweet to-day as it was yesterday, and if you would resolutely refuse to carry about with you care and turmoil of soul, you would find your lightness of step returning.

Now, put that impatient frown off your brow, and do not throw down this magazine with the thought that we people who write live in the air and only come to earth to bother its burdened denizens with our dreams. Our feet are planted on the same rough way in which yours are set; and there is not a sorrow that you have felt that has not walked at some time with some of us, not a care that you have known but has likewise been our companion. We are not immune to a disease until we have had it, and the philosophy that is not the fruit of actual experience is worthless. The

honest person must admit that his troubles are chiefly of his own making, and those that have been made for him would soon lose their power over him if he thought less about them. Let us suppose that a person has been wronged, and, to make the condition as grave as possible, let the wrong be inflicted by a friend. No thinking, no worrying about it can alter the fact that he has suffered a deep and unmerited (that is, unmerited from that person) evil. But thinking and worrying about it keep the matter continually in mind, add new fuel to the fire of hatred, and create a desire for revenge; or, if the person is too Christian to entertain such sentiments, intensify the misery that ingratitude brings to the soul. No good is accomplished and great harm is wrought. And who is harmed? First and greatest, the person himself. What would you think of a man who having been injured by a foe would daily tear the bandages from the wound to prevent it from healing? This is practically what he does who, by thought, keeps sorrow fresh in his mind. And the same is true of care. If you would have a young face and a light step, you must banish these things from your mind. Look forward, not backward; upward, not downward. There is nothing in the past so good and sweet that the future may not hold better, sweeter; and the future will have trials, to meet which will require the strength you are wasting in brooding over those that have passed you by.

* * * * *

THE UNRETURNING.

Daily, hourly, the white flocks pass

Through the gates that lead to the Farland;
A shadowy valley stretches between,
But if bleak and barren, or sunny and green,
No man knoweth, for none hath seen
That mystical valley that stretches between
The flocks' safe hold and the Farland.

About the gate do the watchers throng
 When the flocks go out to the Farland;
 Stifling their sobs, they listen there
 For the Shepherd's horn on the lonesome air;
 But if well or ill the white flocks fare,
 No message comes to the watchers there
 From the valley that leads to the Farland.

O awful fear and terrible doubt
 For the flocks that pass to the Farland!
 For the lone, lone flocks in the lonely vale!
 Do them our doubts and fear assail?
 Do ever the small feet falter and fail
 On the path that winds through the mystical
 vale
 To the sun-glad heights of the Farland?

* * * * *

If we had leisure and possessed the ability of an organizer, we should like to found a society whose sole end and object would be to tell good things about people. It would have a branch wherever a human habitation stood, and its meetings would be held wherever two or more persons assembled for work or amusement. The beauty of such an organization was newly borne in upon us the other day, when it was our good fortune to be one of a little company that was enjoying a warm evening on a porch that overlooks a garden.

"I heard something about your pastor the other day," said a gentleman, addressing the hostess. "Perhaps I should say I overheard it, for it was on a street-car and the speakers were two men sitting behind me. They were Socialists, I judged from their conversation, and when they mentioned your pastor's name, I must admit I felt interested. 'Let me tell you what I saw that priest do once,' said one of the speakers. 'You know Brown? Well, he's been drinking pretty hard of late, and when he is drunk he's as tough a customer as you'll find anywhere—doesn't care what he says or does, and would strike his best friend as soon as not. He was out in the street, acting like a lunatic, when Father —"

happened to come along. Do you know what the priest did? Went over to Brown and took him by the arm to try to take the half-crazy fellow home! I was never more surprised in my life, for you see while Brown's a Catholic, he is too poor to be of much financial assistance in the parish. Brown cursed and cut up outrageously, but that didn't bluff Father —, and he didn't quit until he got Brown quieted down and willing to go home. I tell you that was a Christian act, and it's an act that every clergyman wouldn't have performed, for Brown was wilder than any March hare and he had a gun with him, too. Yes, sir, that was a Christian act, and the entire Christian religion went up a notch in my estimation on account of it.'"

After we had discussed and praised the story, the conversation drifted to other subjects, until finally it touched on the family with whom one of our friends was stopping.

"They are indeed good people," said our friend. "Their goodness is practical, too. When I first went there I was at a loss to account for the presence of an old man in the house, who I knew was no relation of theirs. My curiosity got the better of my manners one day, and I made inquiries concerning him. Here is the story I got. When the married sister's husband was living, this man, a stranger to them, came to their house one winter night asking for food and shelter. They took him in, and as the weather was bad and he had no work, they invited him to stop a few days until things grew better. The few days stretched into weeks and months and years, for they grew attached to the stranger, and the husband said to him, 'While I live, you shall have a home.' When the husband died the widow repeated the promise, and when she returned to her mother's home, she

brought the old man with her, where he is as welcome as he was in her own. They are not rich people, you know, and while their house is comfortable, it is not commodious. When they have company they are sometimes pressed for room, but they would as soon put their guests to sleep on chairs as to ask the old man to incommode himself. If they had placed the old man in some institution and paid for him, we should think they had done more than was expected of them; instead, they took him into their hearts and homes, and they serve him like devoted children."

"I think you are privileged in knowing such persons. They are rare, I assure you," observed one, pessimistically.

"Oh, I don't know that they are," chimed in the Girl. "The other day I chanced to meet Mrs. S— and one of her friends, and we lunched together. During the conversation, the servant question naturally turned up. 'I am without a cook now,' observed Mrs. S—'s friend. 'My cook got married a month ago, after having been with me for ten years. But I am not so badly off, because I have Lottie.' Inquiry developed the fact that on one occasion the lady had visited her husband's factory, where her attention was drawn to a little girl whose frequent spells of coughing touched the motherly heart. She talked with the child, who recited the pitiful story of a widowed mother and little brothers and sisters to be supported by the pittance the child was earning with her young life. 'Would you like to come to my house and help me with the children?' she asked, and when the girl said that she would, the matter was settled. The first thing the woman did was to secure medical treatment for the little girl; then she began to train

her systematically in the domestic duties, increasing her wages with her proficiency. She also looked after the child's mother and family, securing work for them, thereby lifting some of the burden from the shoulders of her charge. She taught the girl to be thrifty by inducing her to take out a share in a Building and Loan Association, so that when the girl marries she will not only be a proficient housekeeper, but will have saved enough to make a payment on the new home. I must add that this story was told reluctantly; indeed, it was gotten out in pieces by Mrs. S—, who refuses to let her friends hide their light under a bushel, from her at least. And I doubt not there are hundreds and hundreds of such sweet stories if we could only hear them."

And what a pity it is that we do not hear them—that, instead, we must listen to all the unkind, cruel, and sometimes untrue, stories that are told of others, whose good is hidden by the fault that gossip spreads out. How beautiful would the world be if, on the contrary, the good were spread, the pitiful faults and failings hidden. Why should we not try to do our little part toward hastening that golden time by thinking good thoughts, speaking good words of others? Why should not a Good Will Society be started to-day by every reader of THE ROSARY, the sole obligation of which would be to relate the acts of kindness one receives during the day, the generous deeds one hears of being done to others, and always to seek for the good in those we meet? The motto of such a society might well be the following lines:

"O heart! be tender and true
While thou dost beat.
O hands! be swift to do,
O lips! be sweet!"

CURRENT COMMENT

The Old, Old Story

The New World

Down in New Orleans the yellow fever scourge appears daily growing more threatening. So terrible has it become that now the eyes of all America are turned in that direction. Archbishop Chapelle is dead, as recorded recently, and now lawyers, doctors, soldiers and citizens are following after him at the touch of Death, the Dark Democrat.

Yet up from this arena of terror a significant statement came a few days since. Here it is unpruned: "The Italian Sisters of the Missionary Order of the Sacred Heart have volunteered their services in charity work and are working actively to relieve distress among the Italian population."

A simple little note, is it not? Yet follow those sisters a few days through the dispatches and wait the result. Fully one-half of those who are now going into the lair of the dread pest will emerge stricken and many will lay down their lives. Thus it is ever. Last summer at Vera Cruz, Mexico, sisters volunteered to nurse the stricken during a yellow fever epidemic and seven fell martyrs. In Chile, less than a month ago, seven nuns entered the list against bubonic plague, and two died in the conflict.

And if you go down to the great convent of historic Nazareth, near Bardstown, in Kentucky, and enter into the sisters' lowly little graveyard you will find eleven humble graves there, grass-overgrown and almost unmarked; but martyrs sleep beneath. For they went down from the mother-house at the cry for aid when yellow fever raged terribly in 1878, and some died at Holly Springs and others fell at deathly Yazoo, Mississippi—all caring for victims of the scourge. Nineteen were stricken and eleven died. And from the Dominican mother-house of St. Catherine of Siena,

a few miles distant, eight await the Resurrection, having yielded up their lives in the same conflict at Memphis and Pensacola amid the cypresses of the far South.

It is the old, old story. There were martyrs in the arena at Rome, long ago, and there are martyrs to-day. "Greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friends."

Christian Education

The Sacred Heart Review

The distinction between the education that the Catholic Church gives to her children, and that which the secularized school offers, is chiefly this,—that while the latter teaches only the things of the world, the Church presents, above all things, for our especial and supreme object of contemplation and study, God Himself, and considers other matters, however important and necessary, as secondary, and entirely subservient to Him.

The Church, it should never be forgotten, fosters secular learning; her schools teach, and teach well, all subjects of human knowledge, but, unlike the godless school, religion is to her the foundation stone of the whole structure. Herein lies the distinction.

The surpassing greatness of this distinction, its vastness and immensity, can be gauged to some slight degree when we consider that while the secular school teaches the things of art, literature, history, science, psychology, and the like, the Church shows to us, first of all, Him Who is Himself all-beauty, all-knowledge, all-wisdom, the Supreme Artificer, the Eternal Mind, the Infinite Good. Universal history is simply "the traces of His iron rod or His Shepherd's staff." The literature that treats of Him treats of all that is noblest sublimest, most profound. The Church maintains this

fact in spite of all—that the human soul has been primarily created to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever; and that, from the first moment of its existence, the soul must be formed and trained upon these lines. She receives the child into her maternal arms at birth, and consecrates it to the God Who gave it life; it becomes His very own child in Baptism, an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ. Then she places before it Jesus Christ as its lifelong model and lover; Mary Immaculate as its heavenly Mother; the saints as its brothers and sisters; the angels as its guards and guides; and Heaven as its future home.

She claims that the soul thus endowed must live worthy of such great graces; and that in order to do so, it must be duly instructed in the studies and sciences of divine wisdom. She would have her children foremost in every branch of learning, but she holds that a knowledge of religion, of infinite and absolute divine truth, and of the commands of an all-supreme God in Whom she firmly believes, is of far, far more importance than human learning and worldly success; and that lessons in these matters of transcendent moment must absolutely underlie, permeate, and essentially surpass, in degree and in kind, all other lessons of any sort whatsoever.

Such are the Church's firm and unswerving principles of action in regard to the immortal souls entrusted to her care to train for heaven. Such is not, however, the worldly theory, nor is it the worldly line of action. Success, wealth, fame, perfection of diction, charm of style or manner, expert skill in scientific research, high position in society or in political life, all these, and all that is akin to these, in worldly prosperity and progress, a secular school system offers to the children. These things, of course, are not bad in themselves. They may indeed be made to work to God's greater honor and glory. But they must not be put in the place of God.

The subtle influence of the world is all about us like a noxious atmosphere,—that world whose only too powerful allies are the devil and the flesh. So mighty is their combined influence that even Catholics are at times tempted to crave worldly success rather than spiritual blessings for their children, and to disdain or carp at those schools and colleges that base all their teaching upon the laws and truths of God. There are parents whose actions seem to say that they prefer to have their sons and daughters educated in connection with worldly men and women, and that they deem these to be "better bred" and "higher toned" than are the saints.

A terrible danger lies hidden in the wild endeavor to cope in everything earthly with the men of this world, while putting aside as secondary matters the eternal verities, and the presentation of God Himself as the supreme object of our lives, the Being most dear, most wise, most lovable, and infinitely most to be desired. Against the world's allurements Christian parents should set their wills like adamant. For, if they weakly yield, there is coming a day of terrible retributions; some awful lesson will be taught us that we shall not soon forget. Signs flit already athwart the horizon to warn us that martyrdom may not be an impossibility, ere many years are fled; and that then the chaff will be separated from the wheat, the true gold from the worthless dross.

The Catholic Church is the mother and mistress of learning. To-day in these United States she has a system of education which is in no way inferior, from a secular standpoint, to that of the public schools, but she never forgets her divine mission to save souls. She never forgets that self-sacrifice, a passionate love of God, perfect obedience to His holy will as announced by His one infallible Church,—these are the steps that lead onward and ever upward; these are the primal, the practical, the fundamental

things to teach children. It behooves Catholic parents to place these matters so prominently *first*, in all their plans for their children's education, that men outside the fold shall cry out in admiration at our sterling faith, and that we shall win the praise and not incur the wrath of an all-seeing and attentive Judge.

Race Suicide and Its Remedy

Church Progress

Ever since President Roosevelt declared himself on the subject of race suicide there has been an endless discussion of the question. One would imagine that he had voiced a heretofore undiscovered menace to the continuation of the human family and the stability of society. It is, indeed, most commendable that the chief executive of a great nation should exert his influence to stay the ravages of such a monster crime. But the Catholic Church has been doing the same thing ever since the sin and crime became a fact. * * * Long before and far better than the President has she thundered her condemnation of this most frightful infraction of the fifth commandment. * * *

But remedy of the evil is what now concerns those most deeply interested. If the world would accept that of the Church, the solution would be easy. Since it will not, however, we must seek civil correctives. Appeal must be had to legal enactment. Most opportune, then, are suggestions along these lines, and it were well if students of the problem would offer their conclusions.

Here the influence of the chief executive may be of incalculable aid if practically applied. And there is one way in which it can be made most effective for some results if he so desires. We refer to his influence with the Post Office Department. * * * Why not deny the use of the mails to all papers which so shamefully invite resort to commission of the awful crime? Why not rigidly *scrutinize* the mail also for like invita-

tions which pass through in the form of circular advertising, and follow the same rule? * * *

To our mind here is at least one remedy for the curtailment of the dreadful crime. * * * It would remove opportunity of knowledge from those willing to become first offenders. And if there are no first offenders there will be no race suicide.

A Martyr to Duty

Inter-Ocean

The manner of the death of the Most Rev. Placide Louis Chapelle, Archbishop of New Orleans, is a fine example of devotion to priestly duty, and a high inspiration to the shepherds of all divisions of the Christian flock. When the yellow plague appeared in his See city, Archbishop Chapelle was absent on a visitation of his diocese. He was old; he was of a habit of body peculiarly liable to fatal attack from this disease; his Church had entrusted to him important tasks uncompleted; he was out of danger. There were many reasons, ecclesiastical as well as personal, why he should stay out of danger, or at least not run to meet it. These reasons did not appeal to Placide Louis Chapelle. He may have thought of them,—undoubtedly they were suggested to him. But he put them aside. He remembered only that he was a soldier of the Cross, that his place was in the forefront of the battle, aiding to give the consolations of his faith and theirs to the suffering and the dying.

He returned to New Orleans immediately, and went at once into the stricken quarter to supervise, direct, and aid the works of religion there. Within a few hours he himself was stricken with the plague, and within a few days his work on earth was done. The valiant soldier of the Cross had fallen at the post of danger and of duty, where priestly honor and Christian faith called him to be. Therefore Christians of all denomina-

tions may well say of Placide Louis Chapelle, "Soldier of God, well done!" and pray that his brave and faithful soul may rest in that everlasting peace which passeth all understanding.

No "Native Americanism" in the Church

Catholic Union and Times

A curious despatch, purporting to be from Rome, has the somewhat singular information, in connection with the appointment of a successor to the late Archbishop Chapelle, that, "It is the firm intention of the authorities at the Propaganda to nominate in the future only native-born Americans for the sees" in the United States.

This is interesting, if true. But it is perfectly safe to say that Rome has no such "intention." * * * In the first place, the policy of Rome is to unite, not to divide, her children by making odious distinctions along national or racial lines. In the second place, an announcement of such intention would be a direct insult to the number of American prelates, Archbishops and Bishops, who are today so successfully upbuilding the Church in the United States by their piety, learning, prudence and zeal—though they may happen to have been born in Belgium, in France, in Germany or Ireland. In the third place, there is no such distinction made in secular matters in the United States. With the exception of the Presidency, there is no office in the land to which an American citizen, foreign-born as well as native-born, is not eligible, and in the election or appointment to such office the question of the candidate's birthplace is not even raised.

It would be singular, indeed, to find Rome now introducing such a question. And, lastly, there is little danger that a revival of the "Native American" party is going to originate in Rome. Native Americanism was the shibboleth of the Knownothing party which over half a century ago undertook to make war

upon the Catholic religion in this country. There is little fear that Rome is now going to adopt Knownothing principles. * * *

Rome will continue to make her appointments under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, of the men best fitted for the office, regardless of either their nationality or their birthplace. It is high time to put an end to the insanity of introducing a "Native American" party into the American hierarchy. This is the first time that we have seen Rome credited with such stupidity.

Academic Amenities

The Catholic Transcript

Several Catholic and non-Catholic faculties were in a decidedly complimentary mood during the commencement season. Oxford bestowed the degree of Doctor of Laws on Dom Germain Morin of the Abbey of Maredosus. Cambridge gave an LL. D. to Father Ehrle, Prefect of the Vatican Library, and stood ready to confer the same distinction on Father Denifle, the Dominican Archivist of the Vatican, when death claimed the distinguished scholar. Trinity College, Dublin, invited Rev. P. F. O'Brien of St. Thomas' College, St. Paul, Minn., to receive the degree of M. A. Nearer home, St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., made Mayor McClellan of New York City an LL. D. Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md., gave the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws to Prof. Charles Clinton Swisher of the School of Politics and Diplomacy, George Washington University. Manhattan College went a step further and selected Edward Lauterbach, Regent of the University of the State of New York, a Hebrew, for a Doctorate of Laws. So much for Catholic courtesy to those without the fold. Harvard University, on the other hand, surpassed itself in awarding the honorary title of Doctor of Laws to Judge Edward W. White. Academic amenities, be it remembered,

are not lightly exchanged. The day may not be so far distant when the spirit of toleration will invade the professors' chairs and drive the last vestige of bigotry far afield. —

Our Physical Degeneracy

Western Watchman

During the war in South Africa the cry was raised that the young men of England had so degenerated physically that they did not make good soldiers; they could not march; they could not stand exposure and could not or would not fight. Little attention was paid to the statement at the time, as any kind of wild claims finds believers in time of disastrous war. But it seems that there was much truth in the assertion, and now that peace has returned the leading thinkers and reformers of Great Britain are taking steps to check or remedy the evil. * * * It seems the tendency of the young workingmen of England is to spend his holidays in drinking houses, rather than in the open fields; and a day's rest is becoming synonymous with a day's debauch. * * *

The condition that has aroused thinking men in England is to be observed all over the European Continent. The tap rooms are multiplying at an enormous rate; the amount of strong drink consumed is increasing every year; and the cities are growing at the expense of the country districts. The degeneracy remarked among young Englishmen is more marked among the young men of France and Germany; and, strange to say, most marked in Germany, where it would appear that the blood of the youth is gradually turning into beer, and the young men carry about anemic, flabby bodies.

The Emperor of Germany has turned a Father Matthew, and now talks more about sobriety than he did formerly about art and music and the supremacy of Germany. In Holland and Belgium *the clergy are engaged* in a crusade

against the ubiquitous tap-room. In this country we are doing what in us lies to close saloons on Sunday. In that way salvation for our young men lies. People who are amenable to religion are amenable to temperance. Drunkenness brought irreligion into the world, it will finish its work in the physical death of its victims. —

Saloons and Lawlessness

The Ave Maria

Opinions may differ as to what constitutes desecration of the Lord's Day; however, it must be admitted that the saloon, if not an evil in itself, is the most prolific source of violations of the divine and civil law. Not to speak of other results, it has often been observed that in places where dramshops are kept open on Sunday there is comparatively little religious observance. The contention that the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor on Sundays smacks of Puritanism, and is an infringement of the natural rights of citizens, is combated by Gov. Folk, of Missouri, in reply to a petition to permit the sale of liquors on Sunday. He says: "No one has a natural right to keep a dramshop open on Sunday or any other day of the week. They exist at all, not as a matter of right, but by tolerance. It is a privilege that the State can give or take away as it pleases. In this State dramshops are permitted six days in the week, but on Sunday they are outlawed. The people of Missouri have decreed through the legislature that the dramshop is a special menace to peace and good order on Sunday, and have forbidden them to operate on that day.

"I am liberal in my views," concludes Gov. Folk, "and I believe in allowing each citizen the largest amount of freedom consistent with good government; but I am in favor of the Christian Sabbath, and will not give my aid to its being entirely secularized."

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

ELIZABETH'S LITTLE SISTER

By Katherine Frelinger

I.

THE back yard was very gay this morning. And why shouldn't it be? For weren't the dandelions shining in the sun, and the violets gleeful in the shade, and the clover blooms, the hyacinths and the daffodils dancing all over the lawn? While all the walks were strewn with sweet catalpa blossoms, and the roses—oh, the roses!—red ones, yellow ones, white ones—the four little girls could not keep off their hands and their noses, although Grandma had said they "must." Then this was Saturday morning, when there was nothing in all the wide world to do but smell the flowers, and play and play.

Yet, something was amiss on this particular May morning, in spite of the flowers and the sunshine and Saturday. Elizabeth's big brown eyes looked dreamy, Margaret's red lips drooped a little, Esther's merry laugh rang more softly than was its wont, and little golden-haired Katherine looked like a sunbeam astray. A very merry set generally were these four little girls, from Elizabeth the oldest, aged twelve, to Katherine the baby, aged six.

"Listen, listen, Esther and Katherine, I have something to tell you—she and I," said Margaret, pointing to the older girl, and calling her two little sisters to sit on the grass beside them.

The two little ones came running, all ears and eyes to hear the news. But Elizabeth sat with folded hands, looking wistfully up at a window in the next yard.

"We are going," Margaret began, "to pray real hard to the Blessed Virgin to cure our little cousin, Elizabeth's baby sister Eleanor. You know how sick she is, and I heard Grandma say to-day that she might die. Now, do you hear, you two? We will make a three days' novena, beginning to-day."

With the superiority of two years, Elizabeth, in spite of her sadness, laughed softly at Margaret's suggestion. "You silly girl!" she said, "don't you know that you can't make a three days' novena? Why, novena means nine—a nine days' or nine anything prayer. Sister told us so in school. We shall have to pray nine days before she gets well. Now, will you two pray?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the two children eagerly.

"And listen," Elizabeth went on earnestly, "if she isn't well then, we're going to do something else. Will you all promise not to breathe it to a living soul? Not even to your Mama?"

"Indeed, I promise, cross my heart!" cried Esther, much excited.

"And I'll cross my heart too!" echoed Katherine solemnly.

"Well, then," Elizabeth began, "you know to-day is the twenty-third of May. That will leave just nine days for the novena. On the last day of May, if Eleanor isn't any better, we—now be real still, and cross your hearts again that you won't tell—well, we're going to steal the baby out of bed, and take her out to St. Patrick's Church to Father White, and have him consecrate her to the Blessed Virgin."

The three little girls jumped and laughed for joy.

"Won't that be grand!" cried little Katherine, "and they'll all wonder where she flew to, and where we went! And when we come home with Eleanor in our arms all cured, won't they be glad!"

"And she will be cured too!" said Esther, "because Nora Burns' little sister was cured of scarlet fever, when she used to faint and everything else, after she was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. She has to wear only blue and white for seven years."

"But you two mustn't forget the novena; every night before you go up to bed you must say three Hail Marys, or something, because if you don't pray, something might happen, and then—" Here Margaret's practical little speech was brought to a close by the voice of Mrs. Peel, calling Elizabeth home to luncheon.

The little gathering broke up with much more happiness than it had come together. They parted with mysterious smiles and shining eyes.

After Elizabeth had swallowed her meal, she rushed up-stairs to the room where lay the tiny, sufering Eleanor. Stealing softly to the little crib, she kissed the tiny hands with fervor, and gazed long and silently at the little face on the pillow.

"Oo is doin' to det well, oo won't die, oo's too sweet to die! The Blessed Virgin is doin' to cure oo, never mind, never mind!" So she assured the unconscious sufferer, but was answered only by a piteous little moan from the shriveled infant lips.

"And here is the doctor, dove, tum to see oo. But somebody else will cure oo—she can. And then oo won't have to stay up in this dark woom any more, in this old hot bed. We'll take oo down in the yard, and show oo everysing pretty—"

As he walked over to the bed, Dr. Mann stopped to stroke the fair head of

Elizabeth. "How is the little sister to-day?" he inquired, looking tenderly at her.

"How is she? Oh, how is she?" asked Mrs. Peel, who had followed closely after the doctor. Anguish was in her face, entreaty in her voice and uplifted hands, yet why, thought good Dr. Mann, deceive her any longer?

"Your baby, my dear lady, is very ill. One can never tell much about the prospects in a child so young. Until yesterday I thought—"

"Oh, my God! Doctor, you don't mean—no, no, you surely do not mean that she can't get well? She has lived through five months of it—didn't you say—"

"Yes, so I did. And what surprises me is that you have kept the child so long. It is really quite remarkable, and therefore all the more reason, I thought, to keep you hoping. But now—"

Mrs. Peel would hear no more; she burst into wild tears, and flung herself at the foot of the tiny bed. It was the kind arm of Elizabeth that stole around her mother's neck and led her from the room.

"A dear little girl," said the doctor, looking after them with a sigh.

"She is indeed a jewel," replied the nurse, and she recounted some of the child's beautiful traits.

In Elizabeth's blue-and-white room the broken-hearted mother and her little comforter sat locked in each others' arms. "She will not—no, she cannot die!" Elizabeth was whispering in her mother's ear. "I am sure of that, Mama; I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin; and Margaret, Esther and Katherine, and I are making a novena to the Blessed Virgin. You know this is May, Mama, and we will not stop praying until she is cured. Don't you remember how little Bessy Burns—" but Elizabeth checked herself quite abruptly.

What could the despairing mother answer to this tender, hopeful child-heart? Why throw a shadow across such trusting faith? She would let her darling hope on, for soon, too soon! all would be over, and then she could learn the terrible truth for herself.

"Come, Mama, let us go back to the baby, and don't cry any more. You will get sick, darling Mama, if you cry any more."

In spite of her depression, in spite of the picture of the puny, shriveled face that would thrust itself between her and more hopeful thoughts, Mrs. Peel seemed to gain strength from the encouragement of her brave little girl. With a cheerful smile she looked up at the child, and together they returned to the sick-room.

* * * * *

Nine days later there was another meeting in the back yard. As merrily as ever the sunbeams played in the lilac bushes and in the catalpa trees, and the flowers danced over the lawn. But how white and sad were the four sweet faces assembled there! As they had never prayed before, these four little girls had prayed three Hail Marys one night, ten the next, twenty, thirty, five decades, a whole Rosary, two Rosaries; flowers had been heaped at the feet of the statue in Elizabeth's room, and at the feet of the Madonna in the other home, and now would nothing, nothing come of it all?

"Do you think," asked little Katherine, "that perhaps we didn't pray hard enough? I know I did—"

"Oh, keep still, keep still!" Elizabeth cried, wringing her hands.

"Is the doctor there now?" asked Margaret, trembling.

"Yes," sobbed the older girl, "he is there, and he said the baby cannot live until evening, unless—Oh, I don't know what he said!"

"How does the baby look?" whispered Katherine, stealing softly to Elizabeth's side, and laying a comforting hand on her. But Margaret's reaching arm, back of the other three, pushed the little one into silence. Truly, this grief of their adored Elizabeth was harder to bear than the loss of the little baby cousin.

"What are we going to do?" asked Margaret. "And this is the ninth day!" and she began to cry too.

"Why," laughed Esther, the never-daunted one, "aren't we going to St. Patrick's Church just the same? Father White is expecting us; you know we told him the other day that we would be there at three o'clock."

Here Elizabeth began to weep out loud, and soon Margaret, Esther and Katherine joined her.

Yet Elizabeth was the first to dry her tears. Looking up and trying to smile, she said: "Let's stop crying and pray again, and make up our minds that we will take the baby to Father White this afternoon. Let's settle it now, for sure, three o'clock this afternoon. How will we fix it? Oh, I know how! About a quarter to three you two little ones go to St. Patrick's and tell Father White that we are coming. Be sure you don't tell him how sick the baby is—just say we will be there with her in a few minutes. Margaret will meet me at the back gate; I will go into the baby's room, and ask the nurse to let me watch her until she runs and gets Mama a drink or something. You know Mama is sick in bed, too, and so she won't be around. Grandma might be over—or your Mama—but then I guess they won't. And I'll not take a moment to snatch up the darling and wrap her in my doll's big coat, and run to the back gate. Oh! just all pray that Eleanor won't be dead before that time! If you could only see the poor little thing! She

doesn't even moan any more, not since yesterday—oh, if you could only see her!" and Elizabeth cried again.

II.

Excitement, confusion and fear were taking their turns in two homes on Grand Avenue. On the last sweet tranquil afternoon of May, a weary nurse had returned to her sick-room and patient, which a moment before she had left in charge of a little girl of twelve years, to find both patient and watcher vanished—vanished as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed both. She thought at first that her senses had forsaken her; then she rubbed her eyes and wondered if she were sleeping on duty and having a bad dream. She looked under the white covers of the crib, she peered under the bed; not knowing what she was doing, she examined the closets and corners of the room. Then she searched the whole house, calmly, without noise, lest she should alarm the stricken mother. In vain! Could it be possible?—No, no, Elizabeth was too sensible, too noble-hearted to jest at such a time. But where was Elizabeth? There was but one thing to do: go next door, tell the news, and find Margaret, Esther and Katherine.

Quietly, yet without delay she went next door, only to find mystery added to mystery. Not Margaret, nor Esther, nor Katherine, was to be found!

Had they all been lured away? Had thieves, kidnappers, done a wholesale work? Had the wild and desperate children wandered away with the dying infant? Had the infant died while the nurse stepped out of the room, and the children in grief or curiosity done some wild freak? Had some inaudible angel-music, calling to Eleanor, been heard and followed by the other four children? *Who knows what is abroad with the*

Angel of Death? Who knows what children see, and hear, and will do?

These and like thoughts passed in lightning succession through the minds of the inmates of the two homes on Grand Avenue, as they searched every nook and possible spot in the houses and grounds. The neighbors were visited, the doctor sent for; messengers were despatched in all directions to seek the missing five.

And in the meantime, what was happening to baby Eleanor?

The little delegation was kindly welcomed by Father White, who was ignorant of the true state of affairs, and who could see no good reason why he should refuse to comply with their request of consecrating the infant to the Blessed Lady. Elizabeth had told the Father that it was her mother's intention—and in truth it was,—to have the consecration take place as soon as the child was strong enough. So he supposed that in obliging the little ones he was simply carrying out the wishes of their parents.

But something like a shock awaited him. When Margaret uncovered the still, white face which lay nestled to Elizabeth's heart, Father White drew back in confusion and alarm, believing truly that a dead child lay before him.

"What is the meaning of this, children?" he asked sternly. "Have you a child here, or are you playing with me?" But he had no sooner uttered these words, when a faint sigh escaped from the lips of the dying infant.

"Father, O Father!" cried Elizabeth, tears streaming down her cheeks and falling all over the poor little face in her arms, "consecrate her to the Blessed Virgin right away, or she will die! We promised the Blessed Virgin—you must—oh, please!"

The other three joined in, "Yes, Father, please, please, we promised!"

But the good priest stood still like a statue, gazing into the pitiful little face.

He did not seem to hear the words of the children, who were now sobbing aloud, when suddenly a low moan broke from the tiny lips, and the little eyes, which before this had shown no sign of life, opened and looked into his face, seeming to plead with the children.

Without another moment's delay the ceremony, dedicating in a special manner the little Eleanor to the service of the Mother of God, was hastily performed.

"And now, children," said the Father, "come with me, and I will take you home. And may the Mother of Mercy preserve the little one until we have her safe in her mother's arms!"

"She is safe now, Father," whispered the weeping Elizabeth, as she tenderly pressed the infant to her heart.

"Run on ahead, little ones," said the priest; "tell them the baby is living and better. See, she is smiling at us."

Father White did not yet know that the parents of the children had not sent them to him. His object in accompanying them home was to prevent any delay; believing, as he well might, that the child's last hour was at hand. No wonder that he was surprised when he saw running towards him from as many different directions, the families, friends and neighbors of the children.

The frantic mother was the first to greet them. "Eleanor, my baby—where is she?"

"Here—she is better, Mama—she will not die now! We have had her consecrated to the Blessed Virgin!"

"O child, child, what have you done, what have you done? You have killed her! This air, this sun, this jarring—" and Mrs. Peel would have torn the white burden from her daughter's arms had not the strong hand of Dr. Mann held her back.

"No, no, stop, stop, Madam! The baby is alive, and you will kill it. Take Mrs. Peel home," he said, turning to one of the women who stood near, "and

leave the child where it is with Elizabeth."

He walked over to where the frightened little girl stood, her face as white as her dress, her whole body trembling.

"Ah!" he cried joyfully, as he looked into the infant's face and was greeted with the brightest little smile he had seen it wear for many a day, "the baby will live! She is much better—it is really wonderful, wonderful—the effect of the air, and the sunshine, and the general stirring up! You are a wise little doctor, Elizabeth! I believe you have cured your sister."

The women gathered around the doctor, their hearts hanging on every word he had uttered, each trying to express her joy and gratitude. Esther kissed the doctor's hand, and Katherine put her arm around his great body.

"Thank Elizabeth," he said, "not me! Or the spring air, and sunshine—they saved her—"

"The Blessed Virgin saved her, only the Blessed Virgin!" softly whispered Elizabeth.

"Yes," said Margaret, her big eyes shining, "we knew she would!"

And little Eleanor moaned a tiny plaintive note, which Esther and Katherine said was "Yes!"

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Margaret E. Jordan

The little ones gathered around Him,
With fetters of baby arms bound Him,
'Neath shade of the olives they found
Him

In the soft stillness of even,
At rest on the fountain's clear brim.

How close to His bosom He pressed
them,
With holy hands fondly caressed them,
With words of divinest love blessed
them.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven"—
Sweet little ones fearless of Him!

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

THE ROSARY AS A PRAYER.



IMPETRATION is a universal need of poor human kind. Were we self-sufficient, and not dependent on Almighty God, prayer could be dispensed with. For the Christian, who has certain knowledge of man's fall from primeval innocence, and recognizes his proneness to evil, the necessity of prayer is apparent and its practice comes easy. Here, then, there is no need of long disputations with self to come to this conviction. But the pagan, also, has felt the need of prayer. Once we recognize some deity, sacrifice follows unmistakably. And St. Ambrose, in one of his beautiful homilies, assures us that prayer precedes sacrifice, so much so, that immolation to a god is impossible without a previous self-immolation of spirit. And this only takes place in prayer, or a prayerful prostration of spirit—humility. Hence come the peculiar rites of ethnic religions whose essence is in an utter annihilation of personal freedom. The creed of fatalism is the law of prayer frozen by the wintry blasts of formalism.

In the Christian dispensation we are no longer slaves but freemen. Perhaps one of the greatest achievements of Christianity, and, no doubt, one of the forces for its rapid propagation in the first years after the Ascension, lay precisely in the abrogation of the dogma of fatalism. We are co-heirs with Christ "our Brother;" and if co-heirs then capable of receiving aught we ask from Him. We pray, not like the pagan, to *steel* ourselves for the thunder-bolts of *Mars*, but to be made worthy of the

promises of Christ. For what is worthy of possession is worthy of the asking.

The Church has many prayers for her children. In this variety there is unity, just as the multifarious vicissitudes of a lifetime are linked in what we might call the "history of the individual." Some outweigh the other in efficacy and spiritual depth. Hence their intrinsic value.

No doubt the component prayers of the Rosary accounts and explains the long catalogue of miraculous helps obtained by its recitation. The prayers of the beads are taught by Jesus Himself, either personally, as in the Our Father, or mediately by the mouth of His messenger, as in the Hail Mary. Both come from God. Now God asks us to pray so that we may grow with Him. God, better than any other, knows our needs. Hence His prayer excels in efficacy. We ask in His identical words when we say the Rosary. The beads are of divine inspiration, not direct and personal as in Scripture, but remotely and by suggestion as in every important good work. Is it on this account that the Church has indulgenced the Rosary? An indulgence is a ratification and approbation when applied and attached to a prayer or form of prayer. Now, the Rosary is a form of prayer, not revealed directly as the Our Father. Hence, whilst the Our Father, by itself, is not indulgenced because it comes from God directly and needs not the approbation of the Church, which is One with Christ, its Spouse, the Rosary, on the other hand, is indulgenced because it uses the inspired words of the Master as found in Holy Writ in a particular form and disposition.

Since, therefore, the Rosary is indulged, we have the authority of the Church for its spirit and method. It is full of the spirit of Christ, for the Church never has erred by approving an unorthodox prayer.

The prayers composing the Rosary have, indeed, an unsoundable depth. Since God's ways and thoughts are not ours, it follows that a lifetime or an infinite number of lifetimes, are insufficient to extract the full sap of the Our Father and Hail Mary. St. Theresa better than any other has commented on the Pater, and there is a tone of incompleteness to her commentary which she is not ashamed to confess. St. Thomas Aquinas has given us the master exposition of the Ave Maria, and other commentators have thoughts of their own which escaped even the Angelic Doctor. So in proposing the Rosary for our meditation the Church feels that a perennial spring of good thoughts, "old and new," is given us. As long as men pray these prayers can never become obsolete, worn-out or threadbare.

Hence we learn humility. We need assistance and get it best and soonest in the Pater and Ave. We need stores of good, fructifying thoughts, and they spring up out of the same soil. We do not ask for annihilation in our prayer, for we are not pagans or Buddhists. But we get humility of mind and heart from our chosen prayer, because in the Rosary we learn the first rule of good prayer—sacrifice—in the Christian sense, of which the Rosary mysteries are the powerful agents.

If you ask me what you are to do in order to be perfect I say: "Do not be in bed beyond the due time for rising; give your first thoughts to God; make a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to God's glory; say the Rosary well;

be recollected; keep out of bad thoughts; make your evening meditation well; examine yourself daily; go to bed in good time—and you are already perfect."—*Cardinal Newman*.

INDULGENCES FOR SEPTEMBER.

September 3—First Sunday of the month. Three plenary indulgences can be gained, viz: (a) C. C. and prayers for the Pope's intention; (b) Visit to Rosary altar or chapel; (c) Attending at Rosary procession.

September 5—Anniversary of deceased friends and benefactors of the Dominican Order. C. C. and attendance at the Office of the Dead in a Dominican church or chapel, accompanied with prayers for the Holy Father's intention (plenary).

September 8—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. C. C. and visit to a church or public oratory (plenary); fifteen mysteries (ten years and 400 days); C. C. and prayers for the Pope's intention before a Confraternity altar (seven years and 280 days). Rosarians who acquit themselves regularly of their weekly obligation gain this day an indulgence of seven years and 280 days plus 100 days.

September 8 to 15—Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. C. C. and procession (plenary—once only).

September 10—The Holy Name of Mary. C. C. and visit to a Rosary church or chapel (plenary).

September 20, 22 and 23—Ember Days. Five visits to the several altars of any church (ten years and 400 days).

September 24—Last Sunday of the month. C. C. and visit to a church or public oratory by any of the faithful who are accustomed to say a third part of the Rosary three times a week in union with others (plenary).

WITH THE EDITOR

The feast of Our Lady's Nativity is celebrated on the 8th of this month. The natal day of parents and loved ones is everywhere and always honored and celebrated among right-minded people. Thoughtless and ungrateful is the child who gladdens not by special remembrance the heart of his mother on her birthday. We are children of Mary Immaculate; and let us see to it that we pass not by unnoticed and unhonored the birthday of our Mother—of God's Mother! Material gifts we cannot tender her; but we can offer her our hearts, as tribute of our gratitude and love, and we can bring to her sincerest resolutions to imitate and cultivate the virtues which adorned her stainless soul and made her perfect and like unto Christ, her Son.

The question of Catholic education has been widely and earnestly discussed of late, and general and noteworthy interest in the subject has been manifested. The excellence of the Catholic system of education has been abundantly proven by results, and even professional non-Catholic educators of national and international renown are forced into a tardy acknowledgment of the superiority of our colleges, academies and schools. Some hundreds of thousands of Catholic pupils are annually instructed in our schools at enormous cost and untold sacrifice, our people sharing the while the burden of public school taxation, and maintaining schools which they cannot in conscience use. Education our children must have; the State and the law of God alike demand it; but education in the true sense must be of the heart as well as of the mind. Such education the State, for obvious reasons, cannot furnish. And yet, some deluded or unfaithful parents, turning a deaf ear to the

Church, persist in sending their children, young and old, to public schools and secular colleges, endangering thereby their morals and their faith. Let us hope that the re-opening of our schools this year will mark a notable increase in attendance, and let us hope further for the happy day, not distant, we believe, when full justice shall be done to the Catholics in this boasted land of freedom and equality.

Again the American people, the Catholic Church and the civilized world are mourning the loss of a great and good man, a profound scholar, a learned theologian, a great statesman, an accomplished diplomat, an illustrious prelate and a true, Christian hero, Archbishop Placide Louis Chapelle. He died in his metropolitan city at the post of duty, as heroes die, a victim of the yellow plague. Absent from New Orleans on official business when the dread fever broke out among his people, he hastened back like the true shepherd that he was, utterly regardless of personal considerations and consequences and bent only on comforting the afflicted and staying the ravages of the fearful scourge that was decimating the stricken city. The dispatches tell us that "he carried affection and confidence wherever he went and his orders did more than anything else could do to assist the medical corps in enforcing sanitation." He took but little rest. He was constantly with the sick, the suffering and the dying, offering them physical and spiritual solace. Gladly did this valiant soldier of the Cross enter the very "jaws of death" to do the Master's work, cheerfully did he lay down his life for his friends—and greater love than this no man hath. His reward was the consciousness of duty well performed, and the world's

applause; but richer compensation, a prize inestimably higher was his—the glorious crown of martyrdom! May he rest in peace eternal, and may his noble life and nobler death be a shining example and an inspiration to us all.

The magnificent Dominican House of Studies, the "College of the Immaculate Conception," at Washington, D. C., was

formally taken possession of on the 20th of last month, and blessed with simple but impressive ceremony by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. The splendid Gothic pile is of imposing proportions, and the peer, doubtless, of any institution of its kind in the world. We shall give, in the near future, on the completion of the chapel, a detailed account of this architectural triumph.

BOOKS

LETTERS ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. Benziger Bros. 8vo. pp. 415.

These letters, throwing light on all the points of Christian Doctrine, will be read with interest, especially by intelligent laymen. The following quotation from the introduction will interest our readers:

"The aim of these Letters on Christian Doctrine is to supplement the more elementary instruction in Catholic belief and morals which is afforded by the ordinary annotated Catholic Catechism, and in some respects to go beyond the range of excellent manuals of religious instruction in which the Catechism receives fuller development. This programme clearly implies that the present Letters are designed mainly for such as are already past childhood, and who are either drawing towards full age or perhaps have already entered upon the serious work of life.

"As for those who hold their religious equipment to be complete 'cap-a-pie' once they have passed their 'standards' or gone through a few years of college education, and who never go to sermons, it need scarcely be said that their knowledge must be far from complete. People could, of course, remedy their deficiency by applying to priests and confessors. But inquiry supposes doubt, or at least a misgiving, and even the best intentioned are often all unconscious of their shortcomings. So

it commonly happens that no questions are asked. Thus their deficiency may become settled and permanent, and also spread itself to others who depend upon them for light and guidance. Be this as it may, there seems to be a fairly large field of information which may profitably be opened out to Catholics generally, instead of being reserved as a private hunting-ground for the confessor and professional theologian."

THE WATSONS OF THE COUNTRY. By Maurice Francis Egan. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 304. Cloth.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER. By Maurice Francis Egan. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 304. Cloth.

Most Catholic girls have met the Watson Girls and have been interested in their movements. A great deal more of them can be learned from these two little volumes. The Watsons are not awful blue-stockings, with shining black hair drawn tight and smooth across very white foreheads, and wearing black-rimmed spectacles and everlastingly preaching about decorum and propriety, but they are just ordinary girls, natural and full of fun, but the lessons which they teach by their very frolicsome and vivacious existence will be remembered and lived up to just because they are imparted in so pleasant a manner. The books are very light, but

they are so with mal prepense, for unless they were so the precious light-headed, light-hearted misses for whom they are intended would never read them. Hence, their ethical value far outweighs their literary worth.

INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF IRELAND.

By an Irish Priest. Catholic Protector, Arlington, N. J. 32mo. pp. 40. Cloth. Price, 15 cents.

This modest little volume should receive a hearty welcome, for the matter wherewith it deals is of interest to hundreds of thousands of English-speaking people. Not only to those with Irish antecedents, but to all Catholics is the story of the Irish nation of interest, simply because Ireland has suffered so much for her faith; moreover, the story of such a nation has a telling influence on the young mind, awakening an appreciation of the gift of faith and encouraging devotion. We earnestly commend the booklet to all, young and old. It costs a mere pittance and will give much information and satisfaction.

THE PRIESTS OF HOLY CROSS. By Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C. University Press, Notre Dame. 12mo. brochure. pp. 203.

This is a sketch of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and of some of the notable foundations made by the Fathers of the Holy Cross. It is a most interesting account both by reason of the matter and of the form. The pioneers of the congregation were men of heroic mould, saints and martyrs who in their lives richly won the blessings which are now seen upon the work which they began and which is being so gloriously continued by their fellow religious. Young men who are contemplating the entrance into religious life will be specially interested in the chapters which deal with the origin, history and present activities of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

Father Cavanaugh, by way of apology, explains that, owing to so many inquiries received from young men regarding these several points, he was persuaded to write this book and give it to the public. Surely no apology could be needed for such an interesting and edifying account, which is one of the brightest volumes in the educational and apostolic history of the Church.

ST. CATHERINE DE RICCI—HER LIFE, HER LETTERS, HER COMMUNITY. By F. M. Capes. Burns & Oates, London. Benziger Bros., American Agents. 8vo. pp. 274.

In this volume the life of a most remarkable woman is interestingly told. It is true that the life of St. Catherine de Ricci was such a supernatural one that ordinary mortals stand aghast and wonder how they shall begin to imitate her. So many and such extraordinary favors in the way of visions and ecstasies were vouchsafed to her that the casual reader may find nothing imitable in her life; but the good maxim that sanctity consists in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well finds exemplification in her life, too, and the supernatural favors came to her as a reward for the holiness of her life, lived out within a range and in a manner imitable by all. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, the Dominican author, has written as an introduction a treatise on "The Mystical Life," which will be found most helpful to the reader. The concluding paragraphs are as follows:

"The mystical mind has so put on the Lord Jesus that it looks on everything in the same light that He did, and this St. Paul meant when he described himself as 'not knowing anything but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.'

"The will of a man in mystical ways is entirely and forever united to the Will of God, expressed by that short, simple yet comprehensive aspiration of the

Apostle, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'

"Lastly, the whole object of the mystical soul is to imitate and reproduce the character and life of Jesus Christ, and how perfectly did St. Paul accomplish this before he exhorted the Corinthians to follow his example: 'Be ye imitators of me, as I am of Christ!'

"The reader of the Life of St. Catherine will see how perfectly she could apply all these sayings of St. Paul to herself. They exactly describe her inner life, and this because she, as well as the apostle, was an eminent Christian mystic."

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS, DECLARED BLESSED BY POPE LEO XIII IN 1886 AND 1895. Written by the Fathers of the Oratory, of the Secular Clergy and of the Society of Jesus. Completed and edited by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. Volume II. Burns & Oates. Benziger Bros., American Agents. 8vo. pp. 691.

In this volume will be found the lives of the martyrs under Queen Elizabeth. The sketches are necessarily brief, but well made and satisfactory withal. The introduction, by Father Pallen, S. J., given an excellent presentation of the posture of affairs at the time, and thus increases the benefit which the reader obtains from the perusal of the lives.

PRAYER. By The Abbé Henry Bolo, Vicar General of Beauvais. Translated by Madame Cecilia. Benziger Bros. pp. 270. 8vo. \$1.25 net.

The subject of prayer is one upon which so much has been written and so many sermons preached that it may be considered trite by some readers, but if they will but dip into this remarkable treatise by the Abbé Bolo, they will not be satisfied until they have read every line of it. The treatise is clear, convincing, and is marked by a great knowledge of Scripture and an uplifting in-

spiration which makes every line throb with fire and life. The author's preface is so unique that we give it here in full: "When a man's last hour approaches, the lips are silent, the intelligence wanes, and, finally, the heart ceases to beat and the cold rigidity of death sets in. In the human soul the progress of spiritual death follows a like course, for if so many who have received the grace of Baptism had not neglected prayer, their intelligence would not have lost the divine light, nor would their heart have been chilled by indifference and neglect of God."

THE CATHOLIC SCHOLAR'S INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Arnold Harris Matthew. Revised by the Very Rev. W. A. Sutton, S. J. Benziger Bros. 12mo. pp. 400. Net \$1.00.

There are Introductions to English Literature, but not one that is a Catholic Introduction, so that the present work fills a want that has been unmistakably felt. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy receives as much attention as can be expected in a work of this kind. We commend this work to all teachers of Catholic schools. It will help to offset the prejudicial impressions given to Catholic students by the use of text-books written by non-Catholics.

CREDO; OR STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE APOSTLES' CREED. By Mary Lape Fogg. Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass., 1905. 8vo. pp. 82. \$1.00.

In this slender volume are found some very beautiful stories meant to illustrate the articles of the Creed. All the stories are successfully told; they are apt, plausible, and will impress not only children, for whom they were primarily intended, but grown persons as well. The booklet is tastefully bound and will serve as a useful and handsome gift.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of **THE ROSARY**, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of **THE ROSARY** will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed; on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads, three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who do not meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the "Hail, holy Queen" is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar C. C. means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See, the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C. C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C. C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries, may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C. C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in **THE ROSARY**.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

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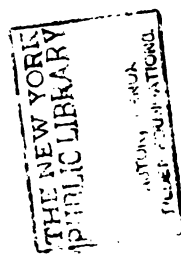
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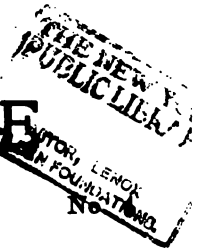
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THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVII.

OCTOBER, 1905



In the City of Romeo and Juliet

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph. D.

IT is just a four hours' run by rail from Venice to Verona, where Shakespeare lays the scene of that sweet but sad tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. It was in the summer of 1900 that I first visited this ancient and historic city, drawn thither I must confess with the desire of seeing Juliet's tomb.

In company with a Jamaican, whose face was bronzed with a tropical sun, I registered at the hotel "Colombe D'or," the West-Indian announcing us as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Verona, it is true, is not dowered with so dramatic a history as Rome, or Florence, or Venice, yet it is a city replete with historic interest, and should be included in every Italian itinerary.

Much of interest will be found in its Roman amphitheatre, its churches, its art gallery, its monuments, for, like Rome, it links together the ancient, medieval and modern world. Here it was that Petrarch in the fourteenth century found some of the Latin manuscripts of Cicero, and where, too, the great Italian sonneteer lived for some time. It was to Verona that Dante turned his footsteps in exile as the guest of the two brothers Scala, princes and rulers of Verona. It was here that the two great rival houses of the Montagues and Capulets contended in feuds which have furnished Shakespeare with the theme of Romeo and Juliet. Here, too, was born, in 1528, the great painter, Paolo Cagliari, called Paolo Veronese,

who is amongst the greatest of the "Cinquecento" painters.

Yet, when I entered the gates of Verona I thought of it not as the city of the Scalas, the once home of Petrarch or Dante, or the birthplace of Paul Veronese, but the scene of a Shakespearean drama, full of the white light of love and passion, where Juliet upon the balcony and Romeo in the orchard plight their vows of love and troth—where the "star-crossed lovers" build a tragedy tearful and tender and touching as ever the genius of man has conceived of.

"Romeo and Juliet" was before Shakespeare's time one of the most popular of love stories. In 1562—two years before the birth of Shakespeare—Arthur Brooke published a poem on the "Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet," containing a rare example of love constancie; with the subtile counsels and practices of an old Fryer and their evil-event."

The tale of Juliet was first told by an Italian, Luigi da Porto of Vicenza, who died in 1529, six years before the printing of it—at Venice in 1535—as "The Story of Two Noble Lovers, with their piteous death, which happened in the city of Verona in the time of the Signor Bartolomeo Scala." The story was told in French by Boisteau, and translated into English by William Painter for the second volume of his collection of novels published in 1567 as "The Palace of Pleasure."

A history of Verona to the year 1560, by Girolamo della Corte, places the story of Romeo and Juliet in the year 1303. Dante's "Divine Comedy," dating in 1300, names the Capulets and Montagues among the quarrellers of Verona who represented the fierce spirit that made Italy unmanageable. The Scalas then ruled in Verona, and the time of Bartolomeo Scala was that assigned to

July. There is the same rashness of hot blood in the quarrels of the Capulets and Montagues. Mercutio is as nimble for a fray as Romeo for a love passion.

Again, Shakespeare gives a greater place to Mercutio in his drama than is assigned him in the original tale. Painter, in his novel, speaks of Mercutio as a "courtlike gentleman very well beloved of all men, and by reason of his



A BIT OF VERONA ACROSS THE ADIGE, SHOWING THE CHATEAU OF VILLA FRANCA.

the story of Luigi da Porto. Scala became in the several versions of the tale Escala, and, as in Shakespeare, Escalus, the prince's name.

Of course the story of Romeo and Juliet as told by Shakespeare differs from that of Painter. Swiftiness of action characterizes the story of Shakespeare. As a writer has pointed out, the great dramatist turns all into an image of the impulse of young life, joining the hot *love of Italy with the hot weather of*

pleasant and courteous behavior was in all companies well entertained." In the different stories told, nothing is said of Paris after his part had been played as the lord whom Juliet was to marry at her father's castle.

The action of the play in Shakespeare's drama does not quite extend over a week. When Sunday morning dawns, Romeo is deep in a love passion for Rosaline, who does not reciprocate it; Friday morning Tybalt, Paris, Romeo

and Juliet, sleep side by side in eternal peace in the Franciscan churchyard.

The cause of the tragedy lies entirely outside of the lovers—that is, the catastrophe is due to objective, not subjective circumstances. The play properly acted would end with the old heads of opposing factions, Capulet and Montague, mourning with joined hands over the dead lovers whom their strife had slain. The play improperly acted leaves out that most essential part of the tale, in order that the curtain may fall while the audience is applauding the elaborate stage-death of the star actor. That luminary has taken care to fall as far as may be from the body of Juliet, in order that he may wriggle himself with a pathetic, eel-like motion across the intervening space, and there must be no old Capulet and old Montague to catch the applause at the fall of the curtain because they have essential business to do after the star actor and moon actress have got through their business of dying. When will stage managers cease to cut out the reconciliation scene at the close, so essential to the unity and purpose of the play?

The great test of an actress impersonating Juliet, as Helen Faucit points out, is in the potion scene. The truly dramatic consists in passion held in restraint by the will power. There is no

need of a Juliet at this crucial point tearing her back hair or frescoing the stage with the varied colors of her voice. The American stage has had some very acceptable Juliets, and amongst these none, in my opinion, has given or gives a truer



VIA CAPELLO, SHOWING THE HOUSE OF JULIET ON THE RIGHT.

interpretation of this character than Julia Marlowe. Mary Anderson always pleased me better in heroic parts, such as Parthenia, in "Ingomar."

But to return to monuments and mementoes of Verona. In the Via Capello,



MONUMENT TO PAUL VERONESE.

which opens out of the great central square, or market-place, of the city is to be found the so-called house of Juliet. It is very old and in the course of the ages it has been frequently repaired. The inscription upon it gives the date of the Capulets as occupying it in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Imagination must supply the orchard, with its high walls, over which Romeo climbed, for not a vestige of an orchard is to be seen. But a garden belongs to every poet's domain, with its lilies and lilacs, and poetic license may well supply the high wall.

And the balcony upon which Juliet appeared when she adjured Romeo not to swear by the inconstant moon—where

has it gone? Perhaps the great dramatist supplied this, too—a kind of scaffolding to his imagination.

From the "Casa Giulietta" (House of Juliet) I hied me to the tomb of the lovers, which is situated near the old church of the Capuchin nuns, in a garden. The tomb is enclosed with a tiny portico supported on columns of red Verona marble. On the wall facing you as you enter there hangs a wreath, and on the left wall an old portrait of a Carmelite, Bishop Laurence — (the rest of the name is almost obliterated and cannot be read) which I suppose is considered a near enough approach to the Franciscan Friar Laurence. The tomb is nearly half full of the visiting cards of tourists and literary pilgrims hailing from every quarter, many eminent in politics, in art, and in literature.

By the way, Luigi da Porto, the first to give us the story of Romeo and Juliet, which he says he heard from Pellegrino, a soldier of Verona, finishes his tale by relating that Bartolomeo della Scala, Prince of Verona, with a great crowd of people went to visit the dead bodies of the lovers in the Church of St. Francis. And as he puts it, "he ordered a beautiful monument on which the cause of their death should be engraved, and the two lovers were buried with very grand and solemn pomp by the Prince, and were accompanied and lamented by their parents and by the whole city." Where in Verona is this beautiful monument? It certainly cannot be the tomb near the old church of the Capuchin nuns.

We have no certainty as to how many years Dante spent in exile at Verona. It is known that he was the guest of Bartolomeo della Scala before the year

1304, and later it is supposed that he was for some time at the court of his brother, Can Grande della Scala.

To this day in the city through which the Adige rolls its waters in a wide curve, there stand the remnants of the old palace of the Scaligers with its tower and battlements, and a tablet commemorating him who was once here as guest. At the corner of the palace stands the Dante monument. It is worth noting here that the only descendant of Dante, through the line of his son Pietro, lives in Verona to-day, ennobled in title by the King of Italy.

In a little square, known as the Piazza Santa Maria Anteca, stand the marble monuments, or tombs, of the Scaligers, or Scalas. They are of great interest to the student of Shakespeare and Dante because of the fact that it was in the time of the Scalas that Romeo and Juliet lived in Verona and the exiled Dante

was a guest at their court. Amongst the monuments which will attract, too, the attention of the tourist in Verona is that erected to the memory of Paul Veronese, whose magnificent canvases may be found in nearly all the great art galleries of Europe. As a painter, Paul Veronese was wonderfully productive. As already stated, this great painter was born at Verona, but his chief work was done in Venice. He is consequently classed among the Venetian painters, though in his coloring Paolo retained much of the tradition of the Veronese school. The silvery tone which differentiates his best works from the golden lustre of Titian was not gained in Venice, and under the lightsome skies of the Lagoons he was not tempted to alter it. His place is with Titian and Tintoretto. His famous "Marriage at Cana" in the Louvre is a grand summing-up of his aims and powers.



THE TOMB OF ROMEO AND JULIET.



"LOOKING DOWN OVER THE MINIATURE FAIRY-LAND."

The White Iris

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET



ALL happened in the Japanese tea-garden—a fitting fairy-land for any romance—and Alys Gordon was the fairy princess. Unlike most of the dusty and travel-stained sightseers at the Fair, she was a picture of daintiness and sweetness as she flitted around in her white linen suit. Living in the country near the great city which cradled on its bosom the "Ivory City," she spent a happy summer studying all that the foreign climes and far ages had brought to her doors, with her keen intelligence grasping the salient points for good in each nation, her sweet charity pitying the bad. Every day found her in the fresh sweetness which was her birth-right, flowers tucked in her belt, flowers to be promptly shared with the tired, worn servitors at the Fair, who chatted freely with her whenever she paused to *listen*.

There was a dignity about her which guarded her from insolent approach, but a sweet friendliness which made people confide in her almost before they knew it. Therefore her "Fair friends," as she called them, were many.

There was the little Spanish lad in the Forestry Building.

"The only exhibit in all the Fair, Senorita; silks from fair Sevilla, and licorice from our forests. Why the Spaniards have not sent more I do not know. I am sure I find the 'Americanos' very fine people, of manner most friendly. To be sure there is Cuba; my brother has died at San Juan, my cousin at Santiago"—he blessed himself gravely—"but then that was fair war, and your people were sent, as mine, but to obey, and Spain is far better without the Cuban malcontents! And then the Americans have you, Senorita!" and Salvador smiled upon her a radiant

smile, which showed gleaming teeth and one delightful dimple, and blue Andalusian eyes, true and deep as Our Lady's mantle.

Another day she chanced upon a nook in the Liberal Arts Building where a quaint old Russian held guard over Jan Styka's great pictures, and she heard the old man's story of how the "United States paid seven million dollars for me, for it was I who lowered the Russian flag and raised the Stars and Stripes over Sitka when Alaska was purchased."

The Singalese deputy showed her all the wonders of carved ivory and frost-like silver "over three hundred years old, and made before the Portuguese came to Ceylon;" an East-Indian told her about Gungaga, river goddess of the Hindoos, crossing the Ganges with her child, and gave her a quaint little brass statuette of the aquatic goddess; even the stolid Chinamen unbent to describe to her how the carved jade was made far in the mountains of China where no foreigner had ever penetrated, and, carved with the sacred fowl and monkey, each bit was pregnant with meaning.

But of all the strange races she felt most attracted to the Japanese, those little brown people, so brave, so clever, so courteously pleasant, so frankly reserved, so full of virility veiled with suavity. No matter where else she went, always before the day was over she was claimed by the little ladies of the Japanese tea-garden, for they had become fast friends. They called her always the "White Iris," and waited upon her eagerly, chatting in their broken English. For them she always had flowers and smiles, and they taught her to say "Ohayo" (good-morning), "Soyonaro" (good-bye), and many words and phrases in the musical tongue of the land of cherry blossoms.

At a reception at the home of a friend high in executive circles she met many of the Japanese gentlemen whom the Fair had brought to America, and with Tokusabuio Kusakara she soon became friends. Educated in the Imperial University at Tokio and in the best universities of Europe, his trained mind met hers at all points, and between the exponents of the Old World civilization and of New World culture the friendship was perhaps the warmest for its uncommonness.

Kusakari was taller than many of his countrymen, young, lithe, handsome; his black eyes were eloquent, his voice liquid, his tones persuasive, his courtesy of that fine strain which, innate with gentle blood, is intensified by gentle surroundings. He had lived in an atmosphere of high breeding all his life, and it seemed to Alys as if he simply could not do an ill-bred thing. His slowness fascinated her. She was weary of the century's spirit; with this quiet man she felt always rested and calm, for behind his quiet was a reserve force restful and uncommon. So she drifted through the summer days, finding it "dolce far niente," wondering sometimes if she was a lotus dreamer, but oftener too happily unconscious to do aught but dream.

She was dreaming tranquilly one fair September day as she sat in the tiny bamboo pagoda of the tea-garden looking down over the miniature fairyland. How picturesque it was! Fashioned from a Missouri mud-hill into the likeness of the Emperor's garden at Tokio, it was marvellously lovely.

In the dragon basin the water splashed coolly, sparkling like glittering topaz in the golden sunlight. The little dwarf stone-pines, gnarled and stunted, torn from their own land to languish in alien soil, hung far over the fringed

edges of the tiny pool as she had always seen them in Japanese pictures and supposed them freaks of artistic fancy.

Across the stream reached quaint stepping-stones and a quaint foot-bridge, its edges bound curiously with little twisted roots. Stately and tall, the cranes, joyful birds of happiness, stood amongst the reeds beside the old stone lantern, and the goldfish, brilliant as bits of the sunset, gleamed in the silvery waters of the miniature lake.

Imaginative, romantic as she was, to Alys Gordon the scene was enthralling, and as Kusakari came towards her she exclaimed:

"If your Japan is half so lovely as this, how could you ever leave it?"

"It is more beautiful," he answered. "The sunlight is softer, the play of the light more fitful. There is something hard about the American sun. Yours is a country of too violence." Good as his English was, he frequently slipped into quaint idiom which amused her. "It rains, lo, a thunder as if Fuji had spoken; it shines, and one is scorched as by a temple fire. In Japan the rain is like your Shakespeare says of mercy, the sun warms as gently as a fireside brazier, but enough to bloom the flowers. You must come to my land, where you will bloom among the iris fields of Korikiri, yourself the fairest of the field."

"You flatter me," she flushed a little under his ardent gaze. "I shall go to Japan some day, I trust, but I am afraid it will be spoiled before I come if you adopt Western ideas and Western ways as rapidly as you seem to seek to learn them."

"Japan will not change," he spoke earnestly and his face, a sad one in repose, lighted up, "except to take the best from Western civilization. We *shall not learn* to hurry too fast to be

polite, as do most of your men; our women shall not study more than is good for them, as do many of your countrywomen, but we shall take many things of Western wit and enterprise and adapt them to our needs."

"You do not like American women," she said, roguishly. "But I have heard that your countrymen do not reverence women as do American men."

"Not so," he said, eagerly. "I like American women when they are content to be women. There are Americans who are the most to be admired of any I have seen anywhere. They are not butterflies, to dance and amuse a man; they are companions, frank and honest as men friends, but all more sympathetic. Such is the White Iris." She flushed, and he went hastily on. "But you do not understand the women in Japan. The poorest are, perhaps, to be pitied, but not more than your factory ones or your lowest classes. The place of our sisters, our mothers, our wives—it is one a Japanese man accords her with every honor, that of queen of the home. Our sisters are petted darlings of fortune, flowers which we would guard from the least blast of chill; our mother, ah, what a word is that, and what does it not mean to a son of Japan! Our wives—we pay no higher compliment to woman than when we trust our children with absoluteness to her rearing. A Japanese father never interferes by word or look with aught his wife may say or do about the children. His sons, until ten years of age when they must go to school, are inviolably the mothers, to teach, to mould, to train in all of courtesy, of loyalty which goes to make the man. Thus is his confidence in woman shown. If you find us courteous, it is because we received naught but exquisite words from our mothers. If we are loyal, it is because we breathed in

from them instincts of faithfulness to Kama, to the Mikado, to our own people. Can your American men honor you more than this?"

"No." She said it slowly, thoughtfully, "Yet it would seem to me as if in your religion there is no place for women."

"Religion," he shrugged his shoulders, "that is another thing. I have but little time for that. I am young. I have much to learn. I study your great electricities, your manufactures, your arts. When I am old, perhaps I shall study religion."

"If you do not find it too late," she murmured.

"Perhaps, but I shall have done my best and that will be the end. Our Buddhists say that you can wish an enemy no greater harm than that he should live again after death—who knows? But you are not right about the place of women. In Buddhism there is respect for her. Even the imagery of the holy books is full of her. 'The evening was like a lovely maiden, the stars were the pearls upon her neck, the dark clouds her braided hair, the deepening space her flowing robe. As a crown she had the heavens where the angels dwell, the three worlds were as her body, her eyes were the white lotus flowers which open to the rising moon, her voice was as the humming of bees. To worship the Buddha and to hear his words this lovely maiden came.'

"The precepts of Buddha teach the husband's care for the wife and mother:

'To support father and mother,
To cherish wife and child,
To perform blameless deeds,
This is the greatest blessing.'

"What does your religion more?" he asked.

"Perhaps nothing more as to deeds," she scarcely knew how to answer him,

for the conversation never before had taken so deep a tone. "But the spirit is different."

"I do not know your spirit; it is hard to comprehend your religions," discontentedly. "In Japan there are many. My friend, he marry American girl, he take American religion to please her. I think he does like it not, but he like the girl and she does not like Shinto. So he gets himself Christianed, they call him George, as his own name, and make him a Skipalian. Besides them, there are four kinds of American Churches in Japan. They all have many words, they all quarrel about themselves. I do not like them, they have no reasons. My friend says they leave each man to believe very much what he likes. Only one there is which says, 'You must believe this, you must do that,' and he has some authority. The black-gowned priests at the Catholic Church, they seem sure. If I would learn of any of these new religions it would be theirs."

"The Catholic religion is not very new, it is four hundred years older than Buddhism," said Alys, quietly.

"How do you know that," he asked, surprised.

"Oh, I am a Catholic," she replied. "It seems to me that all your religions place women on a lower plane and that it is my Church alone which raises her to be man's equal, not in deeds, perhaps, nor in the same qualities, but in those of equal importance to the world."

"It may be, but I think it not." He knit his brows. "Perhaps I may look wrong, but to be the mother of fair sons who would make earth better as the years went on, what would woman want more than that? What did your Virgin Mary more?"

"Much more," Alys spoke quietly, but her eyes were alight and there was a warm glow upon her cheek. "I grant

you that was the chief thing she did, and upon that rests her fame, but, first of all, it was her own character which made such a deed possible. It is the Christian idea of the character of woman that you do not grasp. She is not a mere machine, subservient to man, to his wishes, his desires—she is herself! If she keeps before her ever the one perfect example of womanhood, she will strive and rise and help, attaining that best self for which she was placed in the world."

"Your doctrine is, first save yourself, then others—is not that selfish?" he asked, interested, though more perhaps by the speaker's face than by her words.

"No, because unless fulfilling God's will in our own salvation we cannot help others," she replied. "We are placed here for the greater glory of God, and His glory must first be wrought out in ourselves before we can, by living up to our highest, help others."

"But does not a woman help most by being a good wife and mother?"

"Perhaps, but not unless that is where God has called her. You see, Our Lady is the symbol to us of all that is best in womanhood. Her choice in life was a quiet one of prayer in the Temple, yet, called of God by His Annunciation Angel, she bowed to His will and became the mother of the Eternal, set apart by this from all mere earthly happiness. Yet it is her spirit which comes to us through the ages and makes us aught we are of good. Her sweetness, her modesty, her humility, her patience, her gentle bearing in sorrow, all these we strive to emulate. Do you not see that this comes first? Had Our Lady not been all of this, she could not have borne her stainless Son, she would not have been found worthy. So it is not with women as you conceive, that she *is the mere appendage* of man; first she

must be herself before she can be truest wife and mother."

Very thoughtful he looked as he replied:

"I see what you mean to say. I had never thought it out like that before. Do all women in America think as deeply, Miss Gordon. Are they all like you? If so, I do not wonder that the sons of America are great."

"I do not know that I am any different from the others," she laughed a little. "But what serious talk we have had upon this lovely afternoon. There—Aunty is coming from your bazaar where she has been buying all her Christmas presents and she will be taking me home. I preferred sitting here in the perfect sunlight and fancying myself in fair Japan, instead of hunting bargains in that close bazaar."

"I am glad you did," he said. "You will talk again to me about your strange religion, will you not? I have heard that Catholics worshipped the Virgin; I could scarcely believe it, but I should not wonder at the worship of a woman like yourself—" She interrupted him.

"Hush! We do not worship Our Lady, we only try to copy her, and I do not well succeed in doing that. 'Sayonara,'" she smiled.

"'Sayonara,' and 'gozai masie,'* fair White Iris," he answered, watching her as she flitted away, a strange expression upon his impenetrable brown face.

Kusakiri belonged to the advanced school of Japan. Of noble birth, he bore his mother's name, his father having been a Yoshi, and his people wealthy and cultured. His mother had many American friends and desired for her son the best of Occidental culture. She had even whispered to him, as he left her beneath the cherry blooms of his

* Good-bye and thank you.

fair home, that she would welcome a daughter from the land of progress across the sea. But in the three years of his absence from Japan Kusakari had seen no woman that he desired to take home to his mother until he met Alys Gordon. The vision of her all gowned in white, a soft and clinging white which enwrapped her lithe form, white iris in her belt, her dark hair pushed away from her oval face, about her all the sweet daintiness of gentle birth and gentle upbringing—this vision was ever before him. He loved her, that he knew, but could he ever win her? She was inscrutable. Her frank friendliness was as far removed from the flirtations of other girls as it was from the shy timidity of the little maids in kimono and obi to whom he had been presented at home. To them he was a possible husband, and his father and their father willed, and their attitude was one of veiled curiosity and scarcely disguised fear as to one who might be their master. With this American girl there was no thought of him as possible suitor, scarce any thought at all of self. There was no boldness in her frank speech, no trace of vanity in her quiet acceptance of his homage. Sympathy, friendliness, interest in their pleasant converse, these were factors in her intercourse with him, yet no trace of aught else tinged the sweet graciousness of her manner. There was about her something he could not fathom, an inward light which radiated from her in a halo of lovely deeds and holy smiles.

"Something she has which my countrywomen have not," he thought, and studying her he determined to discover the secret if he could.

The autumn days found them constantly together and gossip was busy as to his courtship, yet if such it was, it was a very sober one. Love was never spoken of between them, for Alys' un-

consciousness but deepened Kusakari's natural reserve, and love made him timid. Friends jested about her little "Yellow Peril," but Alys turned a laughing face to them, saying she preferred dragons to bears, and thus jesting, turned aside further innuendo.

His first glimpse at her deepest self was in the Art Gallery. Wandering through its enchanted halls, she paused before a picture with a sudden exclamation, then studied it silently. To him it was simple enough. In an open court of Eastern fashion sat a young maid spinning, beside her a huge book. In an archway beyond a group of maidens, flower-crowned, beckoned her to join in their sports. The young maid smiled, but denied them, continuing her work, a strange glow of light falling upon the face she raises to them, a cross shaft of light forming a cross behind her head.

"Is it not wonderful," Alys murmured at length. "See, even when a girl in the Temple, Our Lady was shadowed by the Cross. She may not join her companions' sports; she must work and pray, ever in the shadow of the rood. If one could be more like her!" She stopped abruptly, conscious that she had spoken out of her heart and wondering if he could comprehend her. There was a strange expression upon his face, as of one who had solved an enigma.

"That, then, is your aim—to be like this Virgin of Nazareth," he said. "Well, it is good ever to strive to copy an ideal. That is good for all. We have Buddha to copy, you have this Virgin Mary. It is well. Perhaps it is better for you to have her, since you may better copy womanly virtues than those of a man."

Alys looked at him curiously.

"You simply could not understand, could you," she asked.

"Very much I should like to, for I should gladly comprehend just what

makes yourself what you are. Will you tell me all about this Blessed Virgin of yours? Worthy she must be since you love her."

"There is so little to tell, hers was such a simple life, but I will gladly tell you all I can," she answered as they wandered toward the tea-garden and sat beneath their favorite pagoda. There she told him the story of the Maid of Nazareth, in all its divine simplicity. He listened intently to the gentle voice becoming pitiful and tender as she lingered over the sorrowful passages of the greatest tragedy of the world.

"You see," she said, "there is no place in your religion for us. Your Buddha deserts Yasodhara, faithful wife; he has no good word for his mother; but in the death-agony of the Cross, our Christ commended His mother a sacred legacy to His best beloved, and through him to all of us. She it is who has raised woman from the depths. All the beauty of chivalric devotion of the Middle Ages came from the spirit of the sweet Mother of God. Must we not love her? You claim to admire the spirit of Catholic womanhood, you must admire, too, the ideal whence it comes."

"I do." Very gravely he said it. "Will you teach me to love her, White Iris, as I love you?"

At the grave words, so calmly spoken, she raised startled eyes to his, then dropped them, a quick, fleeting pain across her face.

"Do not say that," she said.

"I must." Calm as he was, she heard the quick beating of his heart. "Long have I loved you, White Iris. I cannot see your religion yet, but I see that it is good since it makes you what you are. Love me and teach me to know it."

"I did not dream you loved me," she said, very low. "You have been the best of friends to me. Of anything else I never thought." She looked down *across the quiet little garden, to her*

always the expression of Oriental calm. He attracted her in his quiet gentleness of strength, as did this garden. From it she must turn to all of Occidental rush, and push, and strain, and fret, if she turned from him. If he were only a Christian! He would love her, care for her, but—there was a quick struggle.

"I could not love one not of my own Faith," she said. "The very spring of life would be gone were I not all in sympathy with soul as well as mind. Forgive me—" she raised her troubled eyes to his; the pleasant summer was ending heavily for her, and tragically.

"There is nothing to forgive,"—how ready the courtesy which answered her! "To-morrow I must leave you. My father has sent me word that there is need for men at the front. The war drags on; he gave me choice to go home to fight or to stay and let my brother go. There is nothing to stay for now, so I shall take my place. I shall not see you again. Forget me, lest your tender heart be troubled."

"I do not wish to forget you," she said. "Will you take this to remember me by?" She drew from her bosom a tiny medal of the Immaculate Conception. "I shall pray for you always, and may Our Lady keep you and teach you wisdom."

"Sayonara," he murmured, and was gone, and every brown leaf upon the hillside seemed to shiver sadly in the autumn breeze, as it murmured "Sayonara."

* * * * *

At the front they say his life is charmed. Reckless of danger, bravest of the brave, he seems guarded from every harm, as if prayers built for him a wall of safety; and when the dusk of each battle-stained day falls upon his weary spirit, he lies down to rest, murmuring:

"Oh, Lady of my White Iris, for her sweet sake teach me to know thy Son!"

Chicago's Under-World ✓

Catholic Activity

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

IT is not to be expected that among the thirty or forty thousand who constitute the under-world of Chicago, in the sense used in a previous sketch, that no Catholics would be found among them. It is freely stated by those conversant with conditions that over half of them are of the Catholic faith. The most natural question then arises: What have the Catholics of Chicago done for the amelioration of the condition of these men?

That there has been an amount of religious activity in the slums by the Baptists, the Methodists, the Volunteers, the Salvation Army and other Protestant and philanthropic organizations, no one can deny. One can hardly say there is much to show by way of result by these good and demonstrative people for the prodigious amount of tambourine-beating labor expended, but there has been at least an attempt to uplift the people of our local under-world.

What have the Catholics of Chicago done? It must be admitted that until within the last two or three years little has been attempted. Spasmodic and individual effort have, perhaps, never been wanting on the part of zealous Catholic laymen; but almost every individual worker has, sooner or later, become appalled by the magnitude of the task, and not succeeding in securing organized effort, these single-handed workers in sheer inability to make more than a superficial impression on the mighty mass of humanity have regretfully relinquished the undertaking as hopeless.

Two Catholic churches are situated right in the heart of the slum district. St. Peter's, a German Franciscan church, is well attended by an almost exclusively

German congregation, but its influence is not felt by the element we are attempting to describe in these sketches. St. Mary's—if not the oldest, one of the oldest churches in Chicago, and almost within a stone's throw of St. Peter's—is essentially a down-town "hotel" church, with a congregation composed almost exclusively of transient hotel guests. Recently the Reverend Fathers of the Paulist congregation have assumed charge of St. Mary's. These zealous missionaries and pastors take the keenest interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the hobo, but at present the paucity of numbers in their clergy-house prevents them from doing as much as they have the will to do.

A little over three years ago, a young layman, a former student of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, saw and realized the vast field of labor that lay open to Catholic endeavor among the denizens of the under-world. Without funds and almost single-handed he began a work which is destined in time to produce great results by ameliorating the moral and the physical condition of the genus tramp. This Mr. M. F. D. Collins began his work in a very humble way. At first he gathered around him a few of the men of the slums and tried to bring them to a better life and to self-respect. Others soon came, and it was not long before he rented a store on South Clark Street, the rent money being generously supplied by the Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of this city. Gradually he gathered around him a corps of zealous young workers. He named his venture the mission of Our Lady of Victory, and it was not long before he devoted his whole time to the

work. The first mission-room was situated at 458 South Clark, a few doors south of St. Peter's church, and within a few minutes' walk of a large number of rooming-houses, whence he expected to come in closer contact with those to whom he wished to do good. Soon a more commodious room was secured across the street at number 457. During last winter Catholics of the city willingly donated stoves, coal, etc. The venture was successful almost from its inception. His idea in opening the chapel-club room was to afford a rendezvous for any who, having no home of their own, had no place to resort to in order to keep out of the temptation of the ever-welcoming saloon, and who could not be induced to gather in a church, or church basement.

The mission-room is open from five o'clock every evening until near midnight, and all day on Sunday. Cards, books, dominoes and other games are provided, and the men are allowed to smoke. The plan has worked successfully, and scores of men, and young men, frequent the mission.

The idea occurred to the originator of the Catholic slum mission that in order to effect a real reform in men's lives a time-limit temperance pledge would be of untold assistance. He therefore organized a club which he called Our Lady of Victory Club, the essentials for membership to which consist of taking a total abstinence pledge for six months and a promise to go to confession and communion once a month.

The next step was to secure rational amusement and recreation. With this object in view, he procured the assistance of a number of Catholic ladies and gentlemen and even of bright and clever children, who, every Wednesday evening, provide a very enjoyable concert. These entertainments have ever been popular, and have drawn large numbers of men to the mission.

Amusement was not the sole object the manager had in view. When the concert is finished, a priest, Paulist, Jesuit or one of the diocesan priests of the city, upon invitation, gives the men a sound, earnest instruction in language easily understood by the auditors, on the necessity of reformation of life, and kindred subjects. The strength and force of these instructions lay in the power of the speaker to get near to the hearts of his hearers, and to touch them with thoughts of better things, and the remembrance of boyhood's happier and holier times. A forcible speaker can effect wonders with these men, on the faces of whom can frequently be seen, behind the marks and lines of a dissipated life, a countenance which tells of failure in life's struggle—a struggle, however, which has not obliterated the signs of the soul's longing for cleaner and better things.

When the instruction is over, an invitation is extended to come and take the pledge for six months. Each Wednesday generally sees a small contingent brave enough to do this publicly. It often happens that many others make it privately to the priest. All who desire it are then invested in the brown scapular.

When these ceremonies are completed, and the performers at the concert politely dismissed, a portable confessional is erected, and the priest will hear the confession of all who come. He is often occupied until midnight. Here many a soul which has been estranged from its God for years finds peace and reconciliation and strength to begin life's battle afresh. It cannot be said that all who go to confession join the mission club, yet a fair percentage of the penitents become members.

The club membership at the present time numbers one hundred and twenty-five. On last Easter Sunday morning ninety members of the club received Holy Communion in a body in St.

Mary's church. Special seats were reserved for them by the kindness of the Paulist Fathers, and they gave great edification.

Mr. Collins, the head and animating spirit of the mission, always provides a breakfast at the mission on the first Sunday of the month for those who have that morning received Holy Communion.

He has often told the writer of this sketch that on the Saturday evening previous to the Communion Sunday he had not a dollar with which to provide the breakfast on the morrow, and yet he has never disappointed his men. He has undoubting confidence in the power of Our Lady of Victory, and he declares he has never yet been disappointed.

On last Christmas day a dinner was served at the mission for one hundred people, and some twenty baskets of food were distributed to the poor living in the immediate vicinity of the mission.

The audience at the Wednesday night concert frequently numbers over two hundred. The task of making the mission known and of bringing the men in on Wednesday nights is undertaken by Mr. Collins himself. He takes a number of dodgers announcing the evening programme and a free lecture by a priest to many of the rooming-houses, and distributes them between six and seven o'clock. The result is that by eight o'clock the mission chapel is generally filled to the doors.

The concert is preceded by the recitation of the Rosary, in which a somewhat unique method is followed. In the first place, the manager of the mission insists that all shall kneel, strangers as well as club members. The men are well-behaved and docile. Were it not so pathetic, it would be amusing to witness the surprise of many a seedy tramp on finding himself suddenly upon his knees, a position he has not been in the habit of assuming for, perhaps, many a long year. In the recitation of the decades, each member of the club in turn says the

first part of the Hail Mary and is answered by the whole audience, thus impelling the men to pray, doubtless to the surprise of many who long ago gave up this practice.

A good effect is produced by the recitation of the Rosary. It puts the most careless in the humor to listen later to the words of the priest. The concert, which is often varied and always enjoyable, further assists the men towards a receptive frame of mind, for men of this class, ordinarily scorned and repudiated and driven from pillar to post, are doubly appreciative of anything which they perceive is done for their benefit. After the Rosary follows a popular hymn, and the rest of the order of the evening is as above described.

The new mission chapel of Our Lady of Victory at 457 South Clark Street is a cozy, comfortable place. The walls are of a dark, soft green color. At the rear of the long room stands a large crucifix, with a statue of the Blessed Virgin on one side, and that of the Sacred Heart on the other. Backed against the side wall on the low platform is a rented cottage piano. There is plenty of light in the room and an air of comfort, and to many the first visit to the place is a turning-point in their life.

Mass is never celebrated at the mission, but the sacrament of penance is often administered there, making it by that fact alone infinitely superior to the Baptist or Salvation Army slum chapel near by, where emotion takes the place of sacramental grace, and "finding religion" does duty for repentance and a firm purpose of amendment.

The mission chapel is open all day on Sundays, and is well frequented on that day. The fact of having a place to go to, and which men may call their own, is much appreciated. Taken all in all, the men who come to the mission are more weak than vicious. The divine in human nature is constantly struggling for expression. The drink habit and the

wandering shiftlessness are some of the causes of a debilitated will, making for weakness rather than viciousness. To effect their redeeming, these men have to be handled with tact and care in order that they be not scandalized.

It is the desire of Mr. Collins and his associates to establish an employment bureau. Many of the men who, from one cause or another, have descended to the under-world are good mechanics. Others are there through the temporary misfortune of being unable to find employment. There is no denying the fact that the slum district of Chicago, in the midst of which the Catholic slum mission is located, has a bad reputation among the business men of Chicago. Let any young fellow, at present, from the mission make an application for a position to any down-town business man, and let the applicant give his address as South Clark Street, negotiations are invariably and immediately "off," and the young fellow, in the vernacular of the windy city, is "trun down." This is a disadvantage with which Our Lady of Victory mission people will have to contend for some time, until those who go out from them have established a reputation for capability and trustworthiness.

One phase of the mission's activity destined to exercise a great influence for good when the mission becomes better known East and West, is a species of correspondence bureau. Scores, hundreds of hot-headed young fellows, misbehaving themselves at home, skip out and land in Chicago. They are generally penniless, or if not so on their arrival, soon become so. These gravitate unfailingly toward the slum life of the city. Heartrending letters are not infrequently received from distressed fathers and mothers by Mr. Collins, and many a happy reconciliation and return of the "black sheep" has been effected by him.

As is the case with many a Catholic work, at least in the early stages, the

mission of Our Lady of Victory at 457 South Clark Street is straightened for funds. The writer of these pages has neither been requested nor authorized to make any appeal, and he does not wish to be understood as doing so. The plans of the manager and his assistants are very comprehensive, and the zealous little coterie are all optimists of a very pronounced type. They do not worry about finances. They believe they are doing the work of the Lord, as far as they have the power, and that He will provide the necessary dollars as they are needed.

It is the purpose of the founder of the Catholic slum mission, having obtained ecclesiastical approval, eventually to house and board the permanent members of the Victory Club. Already the story above the mission-room has been rented and all the rooms available let to club members, who prefer to make the mission their home rather than frequent the ten-cent rooming-houses. Association and environment are large factors in life for happiness. The Catholic club mission members who have come up and out of the slum purlieus into a broader and better life, and by the aid of religion have regained their self-respect, realize the importance of establishing right in the heart of the slum district a large Catholic mission hotel—in fact several of them—where Catholics will take care of their own.

The above description, from the personal knowledge of the writer, is but an imperfect sketch of a very small beginning in the line of Catholic activity in Chicago's under-world. The city offers an unlimited field for labor. There should be, and, it is hoped, will be, in the not distant future, Catholic slum missions dotting the whole city of Chicago, wherever the shiftless, the drunken, the degraded Catholic element abounds. They are of our faith, and we may not repudiate them. Instead of holding up our hands in horror at the

condition of affairs, we must stretch out our hands to help. Ten expressions of disgust coming from wounded pride because things are as they are, are not worth one charitable deed. Good as is the work of the Catholic slum mission, it is but a beginning. At present it no more than touches the edges of the vast army within our borders. Vast labors yet remain to be begun. Vast results are yet to be accomplished.

One proprietor of a large rooming-house recently told the writer that the Catholic mission of Our Lady of Victory is already exercising a moral influence in the "hotels."

"It is now," he said, "no uncommon sight to see quite a number of the 'boes' kneel down at night and say their prayers at their bedside. I have been in this business a good many years, and I assure you that no such thing was ever seen in my house before the mission started."

It is not fair to presume that this Catholic mission is the leaven destined to leaven the whole lump. More men, however, active, earnest, tactful, zealous and self-sacrificing workers are wanted before this leaven shall influence the thousands who constitute Chicago's under-world.

Autha of the Isles

By Thomas Walsh

Where out from Iceland breaks the water
 Over the crags of the Nordereys's shore
 Stood the black tower of the Sea-king's daughter—
 Autha—daughter of Torquil-Mor.

Many a craft o'er the rim of the ocean
 Swept to storm at its gates in vain;
 Many an island-lord and Scotian,
 White-breast Erse-man and conquering Dane.

Jarl and chieftain, in vain they sought her;
 Their bones lay white on the sea and strands;
 She flung her sails like a hawk on the water
 And spread glad ruin throughout their lands.

Till one day in the sun came veering
 A curragh sail to her lonely tower
 And her proud eyes flashed on a monk unfearing,
 Whose meekness taunted her pride and power.

Vain was her white brows' splendor for her!
 His gray eyes gazed—and her valor fell;
 He drew a cross from his cloak and o'er her
 Held it, whispering his wizard spell.

Then stole he forth to sea—but never
 Autha uplifted her head again;
 The strings were torn from her harps forever;
 The Skalds cried loud in a wave of pain.

Then to the winds she called to follow,
 And spread her sail for some cloister shore;
 Unto the spray and the gull and the swallow
 Leaving the tower of Torquil-Mor.



FALCON WITH PREY.

Falconry

By E. C. CHASE

UNLESS all signs fail, we are to have a genuine revival of the ancient sport of falconry. In England it has already returned to favor, and every estate has its blocks and "cadges" and a cote of fine Merlins, Bastards, Goshawks, etc.

Tapestries and dim engravings tell us how great a claim falconry had upon the favor of knights and ladies of old. When lady was written with a capital L, the fair dame carried her falcon on her wrist wherever she rode abroad; she even took him to church and the clergy strove to make laws against him.

Falconry is as old as the Phoenicians. It was referred to in the oldest hieroglyphics and has had a place in the life and literature of all civilized peoples. The people of India were adepts and had their peculiar method of training and managing the birds. The Chinese used *the falcon as well as the cormorant*. In

England the sport was at its height in the time of James I, who was the last English king who practiced it.

James was such a devotee of falconry that he would leave a council of state in the midst of the most important deliberations and go to hunt the heron. At the end of the life of his son falconry was a thing of the past, and the deepest students are not decided as to what the decadence could be directly ascribed.

In a general way, it succumbed to the puritanical spirit of the "blue law" times of Cromwell. For two hundred years there was not a man who could train a falcon or who understood the art. The office of royal falconer continued to exist, but the official incumbent merely represented the traditions of the sport in a perfunctory way. The training of the falcon is of such a nature as to make it quickly become a lost art, once it is abandoned to such an extent that there

are no professional falconers, and the lack of a thorough literature of the sport tended still more in this direction.

But during these two hundred years of royal neglect, falconry still lived in the remote Highlands of Scotland. There the words and customs of the art lived for the same reasons that the language and customs of Highland peoples always hold out against the changes that affect the rest of humanity. After the two hundred years, falconry was revived in a traditional way from the practices of the Scotch falconers. The art has come down through the medium of the same people who are responsible for the game and language of golf. The language of falconry, as it was, is as peculiar as that of the popular Scotch game. There was a term for every part of the hawk's anatomy and for all his moods and habits. Then there were the technical terms of the hawk-trainer.

The falconer's first task was to teach his hawk obedience. When this was

done, the bird's instinct as a hunter would do the rest. The Scotch method was to take the falcons from the nest instead of trapping old birds, as was the practice of some countries. The nestlings had to be taken at a certain period of their development, and there were certain exact rules that had to be conformed to. Otherwise, the bird would not be worth the training. He was provided with a bell and a small strap on his foot, and turned loose on the estate of his owner. For a time he would furnish much amusement to his master, for the young hawk is of a mischievous nature. When he was old enough to receive instruction, he was taught to sit on the finger and take food from the hand of his master. This was usually done by candle-light. Animals of wild instincts are more docile by candle-light than in the light of day. When the young falcon has learned to look for his daily food entirely to the



MAKING READY TO START.

hands of his master, he is put into a hood which covers the eyes.

He has now graduated from candle-light to utter darkness, in which he will spend the greater part of his life. The hood is never removed except when the falcon is to be fed. When the bird has learned by much experience that he is to look for food the moment he sees the

shoe being to give the lure so much weight that the bird could not carry it away, as his instinct would suggest. The next time the hood is taken off and the falcon looks for his food in the hands of his trainer, he finds the piece of meat attached to the lure. At each feeding the lure is held further from the falcon, until, finally, he will look on the ground to find it and go to greater distances.

He is brought back each time by means of the leash attached to his foot, until, by much patience and many failures on the part of the trainer, the bird has learned to go out from the lure and return again to the hand and the darkness of the hood. This last operation is against all the instincts of the hawk, and it takes much work to get him so that he is not "hood shy."

When he has learned to do his lesson with speed, a small game-bird is substituted for the lure. The falcon kills the bird and comes back to the wrist of the falconer. He is now ready for the crucial test of soaring into the blue in pursuit of game. When he strikes down his quarry it is taken up by

the hunter or his dog, and if the falcon does not return the lure is again used.

Finally, he becomes an educated hunter, and can be let loose when a covey is located, and allowed to soar while the game is made to rise. And when he has killed his quarry, he comes back again to the darkness of the hood,



WITH AND WITHOUT HOOD.

light, the next step of his education begins. For this purpose the trainer constructs "the lure," a dummy of feathers, made roughly to imitate a bird.

This was usually constructed around a heavy horseshoe with the wings and breast of the grouse, heron, or other game-bird, the idea in using the horse-

which means to him that once again the light will flash on his eyes and he will be allowed to gratify his instincts and receive his reward. Thereafter his life is a monumental delusion; he thinks that the hood and his master are a necessary part of killing birds.

The falcon has seldom found its way into American literature, but most writers who refer to it have taken occasion to wonder that falconry is not practiced on our broad prairies, as they are more suited to the habits of the long-winged, or true, falcon than is the open country of England.

In the old days royalty reserved for itself the higher phase of the sport and to this end made laws regulating the kind of hawks that might be used in the various stations of life. The word "falcon" designates any bird of the hawk species that is trained to hunt, ranging in size from the eagle and vulture down to the sparrow-hawk and merlin. The present emblem of our republic was only used by emperors, and kings were supposed to use nothing larger than the gerfalcon. From this the order of nobility was allotted its peculiar bird according to the following table:

Falcon gentle and Tiercel for a Prince.
 Falcon of the Rock for a Duke.
 Falcon Peregrine for an Earl.
 Bastard for a Baron.
 Sacre and Sacret for a Knight.
 Lanner for a Squire.
 Merlin for a Lady.
 Hobby for a Young Man.
 Goshawk for a Yeoman.
 Kestrel for a Knave.

Tiercel of the Goshawk for a Poor Man.

"Tiercel" was a male of any of the hawk species and was seldom used because the female has been equipped by nature with stronger hunting instincts and a swifter flight, acquired in her practice of obtaining food for the young. The few books that have been written on falconry since the sport ceased to be in vogue merely quote this table without comment, and those that were written at the time when popular literature



HOODED AND ON THE BLOCKS.

was not so common were intended for a public who were familiar with the peculiarities of the sport, and for whom the writers would, therefore, leave many things to be taken for granted. Any thing in the present literature of falconry gives the impression that these laws were mere arbitrary whims of royalty.

Falcon training has always been a special profession, for it takes much science as well as patience. In fact, an understanding of the artificial methods by which the wildest inhabitants of the

air have been induced to work in opposition to their strongest instincts of freedom, requires not a little patient study.

The training of the falcon is the strongest illustration of what man has accomplished in using animals before the times of mechanical science; it is the extreme example of the work that gave to mankind the reputation of being the only animal that makes slaves of other animals.

Of all methods of using animals, none is so old, naturally, as those of the chase. The falcon and the ferret have helped

the hunter to search the sky and rummage into the earth.

Falconry has ever been and shall always be the most romantic and fascinating sport. For a man to ride forth with his servant on his forefinger, to turn him loose on the prey, and see him soar straight up and disappear from view as he follows the lark into the vortex of the blue; to see him and his victim appear again, growing larger and larger as they plunge headlong to earth, as if the fruit of heaven had been plucked to fall into the palm of man—this was indeed, "The Sport of Kings."

Autumn Beauty

By Charles Hanson Towne

Once in the gray Novembertide,
 Dreaming of some long-vanished June,
 My spirit wept and softly sighed
 For the lost light of summer's noon.

Then from my twilit casement I
 Heard the stern wind's wild symphonies,
 And far away that solemn cry
 Which is the sea's, the thundering sea's.

Never in summer boomed a song
 More wonderful than that vast sound!
 Never, in Augusts sweet and long,
 Had the sea stirred such depths profound!

And through the dusk, where one cold light
 Proclaimed the day was almost done,
 I saw the armies of the night
 Rout the vast legions of the sun!

No summer sunset flamed more red,
 No day more gloriously died!
 The West, a furnace amply fed,
 Glowed while the wind its death-chant sighed.

Into the dark I looked with awe;
 I heard the loud autumnal breeze;
 And all around me, lo! I saw
 The magic lace-work of the trees!

The relics of some monarch dead,
 The golden leaves whirled through the air. . . .
 Glad with all beauty, "O Heart!" I said,
 "Where is now thine old despair?"

The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

XIX.

THE first news General Hales received from Philip was a letter written as soon as he reached Cape Town. Then came the hurried note from Estcourt, mailed just before he boarded the armored train for Colenso. This was followed by weeks of silence, and the letters to the London paper had, of course, also ceased. Mr. Everdeen, the papers said, was known to have started from Estcourt, and to have abandoned his train just below Colenso when it became impossible to proceed further by rail. Colonel — had wired that Mr. Everdeen and a Natal Carabineer named Vavasseur had set out on foot for Ladysmith—further than this nothing was known. The General became seriously uneasy. He went up to London and called at the War Office, only to find that they had not even an inkling of Philip's whereabouts.

The General lingered in town for ten days, and one morning as he came out of the Jesuit Church on Farm Street, after being present at early Mass, he came face to face with Natalie Blackwood. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous, and, on the General's side, fraught with surprise.

"My dear young lady," he said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. I did not know you ever attended Mass in England."

The sight of him, recalling Philip, as well as the look of kindly interest, moved Natalie to more confidence than half an hour ago she would have thought herself capable of.

"I have been thinking of joining the Church for some time," she answered, "hence my presence here. But there are such difficulties in the way; troubles

from without and within. My father and uncle are opposed to it; and I myself am not yet sure of the outcome."

The General's face lighted up. "This is good news," he said, "and I sincerely hope you will soon see your way clear. It would make my nephew very happy if he knew."

Natalie's face flushed ever so little and her eyes kindled.

"Has nothing been heard yet from Mr. Everdeen?" she asked. Her voice was calm, so that General Hales was ignorant of the intense interest that underlay the question.

"Alas! no," was the reply—and then he went on to tell Natalie of his last letter from Philip, and of the silence that had followed his departure for Colenso, though the War Office had heard of his leaving the armored train and setting out across the country on foot.

"There seems little doubt he has been taken captive," concluded the General; "for there has been ample time for him to reach Ladysmith and send word by heliograph, if in no other way."

The General could not bring himself to say that there might be something worse than capture to account for Philip's silence.

The thought occurred to Natalie, however, though she did not voice her fear. During this conversation they had been standing by the door of the hansom in which Natalie and her maid had driven to church, and now the General prepared to help her in. He settled the robe around her feet, and then raised his hat courteously; but, moved by a sudden impulse, Natalie leaned forward.

"You are returning to Canterbury in three days," she said; "but can't you give me a little time between now and then? I am staying at the town house

of my grandmother, Lady Blackwood, on Carlton Terrace, and will be only too happy to see you if you can come."

"I shall be delighted," answered the General, whose interest in the beautiful girl before him was increasing every moment.

"The very wife for Philip," he thought, as he walked toward the omnibus that would take him to his club. "She is sure to become a Catholic in time, and I believe she is half in love with the boy already."

He returned to Canterbury on the following Thursday; but not before he had had a long call on Natalie which had served to deepen his affectionate interest in her. The War Office and the London paper both promised to send him a telegram if they received any news of Philip, and with this the General had to be content. Arrived at home, he was greeted eagerly by Pierre, who on learning there was no news of his young master, knit his brows in deep thought. The General was too heavy-hearted to take much notice of him, so he was surprised when, a few days later, Pierre appeared before him and asked for an interview.

"Monsieur le Général," said the boy, "it is ze long time since Messaire Pheelip, he go away, and we have no tidings. Monsieur, Pierre must go seek him."

"My dear Pierre," said the General, "it is impossible. The journey is long, the expense is great; and even if you got to Africa safely you would never find him—the Boers would take you prisoner."

"Monsieur," said Pierre, "listen—what you say, it iz true, but zere iz one way to go. You have ze friends and ze power. Get me in ze army as a drummer boy; and I get to Africa with no expense. When I zhere I keep my eyes open, and perhaps I get tidings of Messairs Pheelip."

The General was deeply touched. "I will think of it, Pierre," he said, so

Pierre withdrew; but so insistent was he that finally the General made another trip to London, with the result that he obtained the appointment for Pierre of drummer boy in one of the crack regiments going out to join Sir Redvers Buller. Pierre's joy when he heard of it knew no bounds. He assured the General over and over of his gratitude, and that he would find Philip.

"I almost believe he will," said General Hales in relating the matter to his parish priest. "If love and loyalty and illimitable pluck can find my nephew, Pierre will certainly succeed."

Through the weeks that followed, Father Blount was the lonely old man's chief companion and friend. What time he could spare from parish duty found him with the General. Together they followed the trend of the war, sharing the deep anxiety about the fate of Ladysmith; all the more because each one half feared that, in spite of surmises to the contrary, Philip might be shut up with the beleaguered garrison. Christmas came and went, and the first of January arrived, with still the same silence regarding the whereabouts of the missing one.

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Natalie Blackwood had come up to London at the end of October with her grandmother, the dowager Lady Blackwood, who was obliged to be in London again to consult an oculist about her eyes, and Natalie had eagerly offered to accompany her. The young girl welcomed the change; for, since the marriage of Anita and the departure of Leonard for Africa with his regiment, she had been rather lonely, and, besides, at home she had no opportunity to see and talk to Father Basil. Mother Catherine welcomed her warmly, as did Father Basil. The latter advised constant attendance at Mass, joined to prayer for grace.

"It will do more for you than so much controversial reading," he said.

Then came the meeting with General Hales and his subsequent visit, an event which profoundly moved Natalie. The fine, soldierly old man, with his deep, simple faith, unconsciously helped her, in just the way she most needed help.

It was about a fortnight following the General's return to Canterbury that, coming in late one day after an hour spent with Mother Catherine—toward whom the young girl already felt a deep affection—she was informed by the butler who admitted her that her uncle had arrived in town and was in the drawing-room waiting to see her. Instinctively apprehending trouble, Natalie preceded the butler, and without removing her wraps entered the large drawing-room, the door of which the butler closed behind her.

The Reverend Clement arose as his niece entered, and came toward her. He had always been fond of Natalie, and perhaps he did not enjoy the idea of the conversation before him any more than she did.

"I come by request of your father," he said. "My dear Natalie, you must know how distressed we all are by your contemplated move toward Rome."

"The thought of wounding my father is the hardest part of my present difficulty," she answered, "but I am more and more convinced every day, uncle, that there is but one true Church, and that that Church is the Catholic."

"By all means, yes, Natalie. One Church in three branches, but I cannot see, my dear niece, what advantage you will gain by going from the pure Anglican to the corrupt Roman branch."

Natalie's brown eyes looked a little quizzical.

"How do you know we are the pure Anglican branch?" she said.

The Reverend Clement adjusted his eyeglass and gazed at his niece in surprise.

"The unanimous testimony of the Fathers," he answered, "the history of

the Church of the first three centuries, the authority of the Bible."

"All these I have studied, uncle," said Natalie, "and they all teach me that the true Church is not only Catholic but One. One in faith and communion—so say St. Trenarus, St. Cyprian, and St. Jerome, your early Doctors of the Church. As to the Bible, it calls the Church 'the City seated upon a hill that cannot be hid,' and it says that upon Peter is founded the Church."

"I am afraid, Natalie," said her uncle with a sigh, "that you have the Roman fever, and that under the circumstances there is little use in talking to you."

"Was it not St. Paul," said Natalie, "who was accused by Festus of being mad? That kind of fever, uncle, is no delusion." And then, unexpectedly, she carried the war into Africa.

"You talk of the Catholic Church," she said, "and of Mass and confession, of a correct ritual, and of reserving the Sacrament; but do you forget that these things are all flatly repudiated by the thirty-nine articles, and are regarded by half the members of the Anglican Church as sheer heresy and blasphemy? How can you teach all this, uncle, and be consistent? It is not the fundamental belief of the Anglican Church."

"My dear Natalie," was the answer, "much that is good was lost at the Reformation. It is the duty of the High Church party in our communion to bring back the Church of England to its original Catholicity."

"If we sift the matter to the very bottom," said the young girl, "the next question is, Why do you accept all these Catholic beliefs, and try, as you say, to bring back the Church of England to its original Catholicity, and yet reject the supremacy of the Pope, which binds all these many threads together?"

"The Roman Pontiff no doubt had a primacy of honor," answered her uncle—"that we are willing to accord him—but not the absolute ruling that he has now."

"And yet," said Natalie, "the power of binding and loosing had no 'if's', no 'but's'—no conditions attached to it."

The Reverend Clement Blackwood sighed. "It is impossible to cover this whole ground in one afternoon," he answered. "We, in the Church of England, have to be contented to wait and pray, and to trust that visible unity will return some day."

The young girl leaned forward, her brown eyes shining with tender enthusiasm.

"Yes," she said, "England, so gloriously called 'Our Lady's Dowry,' will come back to the faith. Not in your way, however, nor in your day or, perhaps, even in mine. You miss one thing, uncle, in all this search for lost Catholicity, and that is that the authority of the Church, in the person of our Lord's Vicar, is of divine origin. On that alone the whole question turns. The Anglican Church has accepted everything but the one doctrine which would simplify and unify all."

The Reverend Clement arose. "This conversation has gone far enough for to-day," he said. "It is plain, Natalie, that you are incorrigible."

XX.

The splendor of an African sunset was lighting up the soft gray veldt. Floods of crimson, purple, rose-pink and amethyst flushed the horizon, the line of which appeared just beyond the blue mountain points of a far-off hill. Little runnels from the farm dam caught the glow of the sky, while sunflowers, dahlias and marigolds lifted their heads as if drinking in the last glorious rays of the warm Southern sun.

The delicious, drowsy sweetness of the sunburned veldt was in the air; the cry of a Kaffir driver, the cooing of the doves that fluttered around the farm buildings, and the soft rustle of the wind in the spicy blue-gum trees—all combined to

bring a sense of both home and strangeness to the young Englishman who lay full length on the warm, dry grass.

It was two months since his capture, and yet Philip was still under the Van Wouter's roof. Various happenings had made it impossible for the Boer to move him to Colenso, or indeed to any other point. Philip knew from the conversations he had heard that several battles had been fought, and that the English army under Redvers Buller was advancing toward the Tugela. To escape had so far been impossible; treated with every consideration, he was, nevertheless, both day and night closely watched. Idleness was abhorrent to Philip, so he had spent his time in study, the Boer having, as he had said himself, an excellent library, to which he had given Philip free access. Lying stretched out on the grass that evening, the young man thought, as he had done many times, of his uncle and Natalie, and whether they believed him dead. He had long ago schooled himself to endurance and patience, though it would have been impossible for him not to have felt the disappointment of his imprisonment when so much was doing in the world and other men were reaping the honors and glory he had hoped to win. That release would come in time, he of course knew, either through an exchange of prisoners or because the war would be over; but meanwhile here he was. And his seclusion on the Boer farm had another aspect; he was absolutely deprived of Mass and the Sacraments, but that, also, he could not help. He wondered, as his gaze wandered to the fast deepening blue sky overhead, what had become of Vavasour; but if the Boer had any knowledge on the subject, he had kept it to himself. Bye and bye Philip's thoughts, which had strayed from one subject to another, became far off and hazy, and presently his eyes closed and he was asleep.

Though he knew it not, this was the

hour when the young daughter of the house was detailed to watch him. Her brothers had been absent at the war since the end of October, and this made the Boer short of hands on the farm, so that the young girl had orders to watch the Englishman and summon her father at once, by blowing a whistle, if he tried to escape. She was coming through the garden now, her arms bare to the elbow, as she had just left the dairy, her short blue skirt showing her slender ankles and low-heeled shoes. Softly she tip-toed across the dry grass, shading her eyes with one hand from the setting sun, until she reached the shade of the trees under which the young man lay.

It was a lovely face that gazed down at Philip. Of medium height and rather broadly built, she was, nevertheless, perfectly proportioned. Above her strong, young shoulders and finely modelled throat rose a graceful head, surmounted by braids of thick brown hair. Her fair skin had a rich, warm glow, and the blue eyes were full of spiritual beauty and sweetness. As she stood now, the folded kerchief at her neck slightly loosened, showing the rapid rise and fall of her bosom, her whole soul was in the blue eyes that rested on Philip's handsome, finely-cut face, bronzed by the African sun.

A keen observer, looking at her now, would have guessed her secret beyond a doubt—with all her heart Franzje Van Wouter loved the young Englishman, and this hour, when he was in her care, had become the sweetest in her life. All unconscious was Philip of this conquest, and all unaware of the fact that his own courage and fearlessness that first week in the Boer household had drawn the girl to him. Coming in the house the first evening after his capture, Van Wouter had requested his presence in the general living-room, adding that they were about to have the usual evening service of prayer that was a feature of all Boer households. Philip started—to join

in public prayer with aliens from his own religion was contrary both to his principles and to his taste. He therefore simply but firmly asked to be excused, giving as his reason that he was a Catholic. His host heard him and knit his black brows.

"This is strange, Mr. Everdeen," he said. "I read from the Bible; we sing hymns and pray—if you are a believer in religion, as you say you are, what can you object to in that?"

"I regret to seem discourteous, sir," answered Philip, "but my religion does not allow me to join in schismatical worship, even if it is not heretical."

Whether or no this fine distinction was understood by the Boer Philip never knew, but after a little further conversation he gained his end, and was left to pray and read his Testament in his own way. The Boer never again repeated his request, though one day he took up the Greek Testament, a present from Father Basil to Philip; but finding it was in a language he did not understand, he laid it down again without comment.

All this Franzje had seen, and although she did not understand English some instinct told her, even before she later learned the facts from her father, of the stand the young man had made—a prisoner in an alien household, yet not afraid to speak for the right!

Franzje's mother had been a French Huguenot, and from her the young girl had learned the language; so she was able to talk to Philip, who spoke French fluently—a proceeding to which neither father nor mother had raised any objections.

Many things he had told her; of his uncle and his home at Canterbury; of his education in the English college at Douay, and his travels in Egypt and on the Continent—to all of which Franzje had listened with intense interest. Then, as they came to know each other better, they read French together. Racine and Corneille, St. Simon and Pascal formed

part of the Boer's library; most of the books, Franzje told Philip, had been brought from France by her grandfather and his brother.

The young girl would sit with her knitting the while Philip read. It was part of Van Wonter's policy to watch his prisoner, or have him watched by some one else, without the fact being visibly evident, so that it was seldom that there was any jarring element in Philip's intercourse with Franzje. As to the young girl, there had never entered into her life such a masculine element as Philip's. One day she took up his rosary, which he had taken out of his pocket with several other articles and laid on the ground while searching for a lost penknife. She held up the shining beads and looked from them to Philip.

"Tell me about this," she said; "why do you so often use it? I have seen you on the veldt in the evening, walking back and forth with this chain in your hands."

"It is one of my best friends," said Philip.

"A friend!" she questioned, in surprise.

"Yes," he answered. "In loneliness or illness, in disappointment or suspense, these beads become like an intimate and living friend. Carry them around with you for years, and you will miss them if you mislay them or are separated from them for a day."

Franzje was silent, and he went on: "In my isolation and forced inaction here, they have been more than ever like a friend—a link with all I love at home."

"Are you very unhappy here with us?" she asked, timidly.

The question made him smile. "Mademoiselle," he answered, "there are probably very few prisoners who are situated as pleasantly as I have been, or who are so kindly treated; but I am a prisoner nevertheless. Naturally I long to be free and attending to my duties again."

"I have asked my father what is the use of holding you," said Franzje; "and he says so as to exchange you for one of our own men; he has only been prevented from taking you to Colenso because he cannot leave home while my brothers are away."

"So I supposed, Mademoiselle Franzje," answered Philip.

On this particular afternoon, therefore, as Franzje stood looking down at the sleeping man, a great wave of pity came over her and a voice seemed to whisper to her heart: "Free him and win his everlasting gratitude."

The hands that had hung listlessly by her side trembled, and half unconsciously she clenched them until the nails ran into her palms. Let him go out of her life—incur the just anger of her father—oh! she could not!

And yet would she not wish that some fair English girl should so treat either of her own brothers? Might they not even now be in need of mercy rather than of justice? Franzje breathed hard—then involuntarily she turned and walked to the top of the kopje that rose above the level ground where Philip slept. She could see him from there and yet be far enough from him not to feel the temptation of his presence.

On the other side of the kopje the ground sloped down to the road and was covered by a woody growth of trees. The Van Wonter farm was more favored in the matter of shade than most farms in Natal. At the top of the kopje where she sat, there was a thick growth of palms and mimosa bushes, above which the bees were humming in the warm, drowsy air.

There was a rustle in the branches behind her, and a slight cough. "Mademoiselle," said a low voice. The young girl turned around with a slight exclamation; the bushes parted, and two bright, black eyes were looking into her own blue ones.

"Mademoiselle," went on the voice in French, and speaking rapidly, "you have with you an English prisoner. Will you take a message and letters to him from me?"

"But, monsieur," said Franzje, somewhat recovering from her surprise, "how can I? He is my father's prisoner, not mine. I have no right to do as you suggest. Besides, I don't know who you are or where you come from."

Still keeping everything except his head within the shelter of the bushes, the boy, as Franzje now made him out to be, began to plead earnestly. Only take this package to Monsieur Everdeen, he said, and she would find that monsieur would be to her most grateful.

This last argument told. The young girl was not proof against the thought of how Philip would look when she gave him the letters. She glanced down the kopje and her resolution was taken.

"He is waking, monsieur," she said, hurriedly—"you must go. Give me the package and I will hand it to him; but do not ask any more favors of the kind from me. Try to keep away from here, for, if I see you, I shall have to tell my father."

A hand reached out and placed within her own a sealed package. The young girl thrust it into a fold of her bodice and arose, just as the dark face in the bushes disappeared.

Hurriedly she made her way down the uneven bank of the kopje until she reached Philip's side again. He had risen, and looked a little surprised as he saw her agitation.

"Monsieur," she said, not waiting for him to speak, "some friends of yours must be in this neighborhood. I was accosted just now by a stranger, on top of the kopje. He seemed to know you were here, and asked me to give you this package."

"Take it, monsieur," she added, and her voice shook. "You had better ex-

amine it now while no one is around but me."

Amazement, joy, gratitude, all shone in Philip's face. "Mademoiselle," he said, looking into the girl's blue eyes, "you are an angel of goodness. How can I thank you! It must surely be news from home."

"We had best sit down, monsieur," she said. Her voice, which had become calm, gave no hint of the rapid beating of her heart. Seating themselves as she spoke, Philip undid the seals of the packet with strong, eager fingers. Inside was a long letter from his uncle, an envelope full of bank-notes and gold, and a letter from Pierre. Yes! it was Pierre, the boy whom he had rescued and housed, who had come to his aid now. Pierre wrote that he was with a regiment marching toward Potgieter's Ferry—that he had obtained leave from his commanding officer to go in search of Philip, whose supposed whereabouts they had learned from a Natal Carabineer, none other than Vavasseur. Pierre went on to say that the army of Sir Redvers Buller was now encamped about ten miles below the Tugela. If Philip could escape, he, Pierre, would be at the head of the kopje again two evenings from the date of his letter, ready to assist him.

Without a word Philip handed the letter to Franzje and she read it. If he was to escape he knew it could be only at this hour, and through her.

The letter from his uncle was next read. It told him of Pierre's devotion and his plan—of the progress of the war, of home and Canterbury news; and through it all ran the deep, heart-stirring affection of the old man for the nephew who was like his son.

Philip folded the letter and put it in his pocket; his eyes met Franzje's, who still held Pierre's letter.

"Monsieur Everdeen," she said, "it rests with me to hold or release you. My father has confided you to my care

for two hours every day. He trusts to my honor; but the higher obligation—my duty to God—tells me I can let you go. To-morrow evening, monsieur," she added hurriedly, "come here prepared. You can slip down from the top of the kopje and gain the road. Once with the army you are safe."

"May heaven bless you, Mademoiselle Franzje," said Philip. "Perhaps the day may come when I can repay you."

"I have not told you, monsieur," said Franzje, "that my father has been uneasy at the idea of staying here with the English army drawing so near. Although they may not pass within five miles of us, still my father has been seriously talking of abandoning our farm and moving to some safer ground. I hardly think he will make any move to-morrow; but if he does, monsieur, remember I have not betrayed you."

"Indeed, mademoiselle," said Philip, "you have given too sure a proof of your goodness to-night for me to harbor any suspicions, whatever comes."

"My time is up. Bon soir, monsieur," she answered, just as the short, stocky figure of Van Wouter appeared at the gate of the farmyard and began moving toward them.

The rest of the evening seemed to Philip almost like a dream, but he made an effort to keep his outward senses alert and attentive as the Boer talked and smoked, so that he might have no ground to think anything was wrong.

* * * * *

It was fortunate for Philip that he was in the habit of frequently the kopje just at the hour of sunset, Franzje's time for watching him; for he could stroll there the memorable evening of his escape without attracting any attention. He was dressed as usual, but with the money his uncle had sent securely fastened in his belt.

For the last time he watched Franzje come across the yard and through the

flower garden—little he knew the pain in the young girl's heart.

Philip was reclining on the grass in his usual attitude, while Franzje, who seemed paler than usual, had a book which she opened as she sat down near him.

"Mademoiselle Franzje," said Philip, very low, "I cannot go without having some idea if your father will, in any way, make you suffer for what you are going to do."

"No, monsieur, my father is strict and stern, but never cruel. He will no doubt be angry with me, but I shall suffer no harm."

There was a soft rustle in the bushes as she spoke. To both ears—trained to expectation—it was the signal that Pierre was there.

"Is it you, Pierre, mon ami?" said Philip, in a whisper.

The branches parted, and a face brimming with joy, the black eyes dancing, looked out on Philip. For a second no one spoke, then Franzje broke the spell.

"I am between you and the house, monsieur," she said; "creep into those bushes and you are free."

"I dare not shake hands," Mademoiselle Franzje," said Philip—"some one might see us; but if this accursed war ever ends, we may meet again. Until then, my heartfelt gratitude is yours."

"Adieu, monsieur," she answered, "do not delay."

One glance Philip gave ere he disappeared into the bushes—long he remembered the look in Franzje's blue eyes; for just at the last the girl's overstrained nerves and feelings almost gave way.

For a second Philip found himself in a tight grip, as Pierre seized hold of him, wild with joy; then they began rapidly to descend the kopje, and were soon creeping as quickly as possible through the long grass that bordered the road. By dawn the next morning they were with the English army.

XXI.

The aim of the Boers since the commencement of the war had been to exclude all hostilities from their own territory, and confine it to rocky and broken regions suited to their tactics. Had Sir Redvers Buller, when he landed at Cape Town, struck north through the Orange Free State (an open, flat country) to relieve Ladysmith, it would have been a far easier campaign; but by advancing through Natal he had to cross the Tugela river and storm the heights six hundred feet above the plain below. It was this position toward which he was marching when Pierre rescued Philip, and it was here that the Boers were throwing up fortifications with every means known to modern warfare.

Hence it will be seen that on the south bank of the Tugela stretched a smooth, undulating country, while on the north bank rose gigantic boulders and trees, elevated far above the plain over which the English army was advancing in full view of the twelve or fifteen thousand Boers above, who, entrenched behind rocks and trees, were ready for them with the most modern of magazine rifles and quick-firing guns. Beyond the Tugela lay twenty miles of broken country, rising ridge above ridge, kopje above kopje, before Ladysmith was reached.

It was these heights that the English were about to storm. The flower of the English army fell in many succeeding battles; but in the face of overwhelming difficulties the victory was finally won and Ladysmith relieved.

It was the first week in January when Pierre, aided by Franzje Van Wouter, had rescued Philip. They had made their way without mishap to the English camp, where the young war correspondent was welcomed cordially and enthusiastically by the officers. Tidings of his having been found were carried back to Cape Town by scouts, and thence wired to England.

On the eleventh of January Sir Redvers Buller commenced his operations for forcing the Tugela at Potgieter's Ferry. He found that the heights above had been fortified, but abandoned by the Boers, so that this coign of vantage was easily taken. For a while it seemed a mystery why this point had been abandoned by the enemy; but the cause was soon apparent. The ground at Potgieter's fell away six hundred feet to the valley below, while the river here was very twisting. The Boers had entrenched themselves in an exterior line of the hills above and beyond this point and near an unfordable part of the river. Their position, which was shaped like a horseshoe, commanded a smooth, grassy glacis that led to Ladysmith. To try to force this stronghold, known as Spion Kop, now became the object of the English. The army was divided; Lyttelton's brigade and Bethune's mounted infantry, with some of the naval guns and field battery, were retained in front of Potgieter's to make the Boers think the attack was to come from there. In the meantime, Sir Charles Warren, with the Royal Dragoons, six battalions of artillery, and the brigades of Hart, Woodgate and Hildyard, marched to a point five miles west of Spearman's Hill and opposite Trichardt's Drift, on the Tugela, where they at once began to throw bridges to try to force the river and operate against the right flank of the enemy on Spion Kop. The infantry and some reserves remained encamped, making Clery's division, while the cavalry, under Lord Dundonald, scaled the heights and took possession of Potgieter's Drift, stretching out toward Acton Homes, the Ladysmith road. The rest of the English army was distributed at other points along the river, ready to move or to change position at the word of command.

Philip had been ordered to accompany Lord Dundonald's forces, as it was judged that from the heights of Pot-

gieter's he could obtain the best idea of the situation.

From this commanding position, standing on what the soldiers called Observation Rock, Philip swept the plain south of the Tugela, along which a long procession was filing—ox wagons, mule wagons, Scotch carts, ambulance wagons with huge Red Cross flags, ammunition carts, artillery, the naval battery, and here and there a troop of cavalry to protect the convoy.

Onward they came—"trot and walk"—quickly and easily over the smooth turf, and winding in scattered but fine formation among the beautiful hills of Natal. Now they are in a large, round valley of green grass, with sloping hills on all sides, while toward the west, range above range, appears the bright purple wall of the Drakensberg. The heights of Potgieter's had been taken without any signs of the Boers and without a shot having been fired, during which time the Boers had been fortifying their horse-shoe position on Spion Kop. On the twentieth of January, the first serious fighting was begun at this point by the command under Sir Charles Warren. Creeping up the aretes and dongas, they began their attack.

The splendid fighting of the gallant Irish regiments—especially the Dublin Fusiliers, who were always in the front—succeeded in taking some of the enemy's first line of entrenchments; while on the extreme left, the cavalry, under Lord Dundonald, and the South African Light Horse, under Colonel Byng, took and held Bastion Hill. But they got no further that night. On the twenty-first the fighting was renewed, with a continuous and terrible bombardment on both sides; but the English failed to break the well-nigh impregnable Boer line of defense.

On the twenty-second it was proposed to attack Spion Kop by night and rush the Boer trenches with the bayonet; but Colonel Thorneycroft decided that this

would not do, as the ground had not been reconnoitred.

The twenty-second and twenty-third saw steady and stubborn fighting. The terrible dragging fire of the Boer artillery, the constant discharges of the Maxim shell guns, with the splendid endurance of both Briton and Boer—the one attacking, the other defending—both sides sure they were fighting in a righteous cause—was something Philip Everdeen never forgot. Throughout the five days' action he had been in the thick of the conflict, taking note of the situation, and carrying despatches from one superior officer to another as his general commanded. On the afternoon of the twenty-fourth Philip, with Captain Blake, mounted one of the hills to carry a message to Thorneycroft, who had meanwhile been made a Brigadier-General. A stream of wounded and dying flowed down this hill, while a wilderness of ambulance wagons had sprung up at the base of the mountain. The dead and injured, smashed and broken by shells, lay everywhere. Thirst tormented the soldiers; but the fight had been so steady and furious that there was no time to get the water that was close at hand. Men staggered down the mountain—some crawling down, while others were supported by the less severely wounded. Some had fallen down exhausted, drunk for want of sleep.

The bright African sun was lost in the cloud of smoke, through which came the constant thunder of the guns, telling in language unmistakable that the end was not yet. Both Philip and Captain Blake were profoundly impressed by the terrible sights they had seen; and after delivering their message they detoured down the mountain, in constant danger from the Boer fire, and hastened to seek Sir Charles Warren. No detailed accounts had yet reached him, and he listened carefully to the report of the situation. It seemed clear that unless some advantage was soon won as a result of

so much fighting, the infantry could not stand another day of the Boers' terrible artillery fire.

A council of war was held, and Sir Charles Warren decided to send a message to ascertain General Thorneycroft's opinion. This task was entrusted to Philip, who set off at once, although by this time the darkness, made worse by smoke, was almost inky blackness. The path was stony and broken, and was, besides, packed with ambulances, stragglers and wounded men. Philip had started on horseback, but was soon obliged to dismount and feel his way cautiously up the mountain; the higher he ascended, the louder grew the noise of the musketry, until the sound was deafening.

The summit once gained, he had no difficulty in distinguishing the General, conspicuous everywhere because of his great stature. Philip delivered his message; but the General's decision had already been taken. Unable to communicate with the commander of the army on account of the action having been so close and unremitting, and seeing clearly that he could not continue the fight without guns being dragged to the top of the hill—which the artillery officers said was impossible owing to the formation of the mountain side—he had decided to retire and begin anew at some other point. So the retreat was called, and what was left of the various regiments defiled down the mountain in order.

That night hostilities were suspended and the army encamped. With the first gleams of daylight on the twenty-fifth Philip was awake, and with several of the officers turned out to light the fire and set the kettle boiling for their morning coffee. He watched the long, dark shadows of the hills take form and, finally, color. How sweet the fresh breeze and sunlight of a new day, fraught with possibilities of victory! In the midst of battle the little cares of daily

life slip from a soldier like a garment. What matter this or that when he may be dead before night? Let him but do his duty for the day, and await with a stout heart whatever comes.

Thoughts of his uncle, of Natalie, of Father Basil, of Franzje and his life at the Boer farm, chased each other through Philip's mind. Did his uncle, who had passed through as stern fighting as he was seeing now, know he was alive and well?

All was bustle and activity in the camp; but Philip found time to retire to his tent for the few moments of prayer that he never missed from the beginning to the end of his campaign. With the arrival on the scene of General Sir Redvers Buller, Commander-in-Chief of the army in South Africa, the order was given to recross the river and go in camp behind Spearman's Hill. Then followed a week for rest and recuperation. More troops had to be waited for, and the General knew better than to reopen fire on the Boers until those who had been in the fighting at Spion Kop had time to rest.

It was Sunday before the camp broke up—a time that has been aptly described by an eye-witness:

"It is a solemn Sunday, and the camp, with its white tents looking snug and peaceful in the sunlight, holds its breath that the beating of its heart may be heard. On such a day as this the services of religion would appeal with passionate force to thousands. I attended a church parade this morning. What a chance this was for a man of great soul who feared God. On every side were drawn up deep masses of soldiery, rank behind rank—perhaps, in all, five thousand. In the hollow square stood the General, the man on whom everything depended. All around were men who within the week had been face to face with Death, and were going to face him again in a few hours. Life seemed very precarious in spite of the sunlit land-

scape. What was it all for? What was the good of human effort? How should it befall a man who died in a quarrel he did not understand? All the anxious questionings of weak spirits. It was one of those occasions when a fine preacher might have given comfort and strength where both were sorely needed, and have printed on many minds a permanent impression. The bridegroom, Opportunity, had come. But the Church had her lamp untrimmed. A chaplain with a raucous voice discoursed on the details of 'The Siege and Surrender of Jericho.' The soldiers froze into apathy, and after a while the formal, perfunctory service reached its welcome conclusion. As I marched home, an officer said to me:

'Why is it, when the Church spends so much on missionary work among heathens, she does not take the trouble to send good men to preach in time of war? The medical profession is represented by some of its greatest exponents. Why are men's wounded souls left to the care of a village practitioner?' Nor could I answer; but I remembered the venerable figure and noble character of Father Brindle in the River War, and wondered whether Rome was again seizing the opportunity which Canterbury disdained—the opportunity of telling the glad tidings to soldiers about to die."*

(To be continued.)

* "London to Ladysmith via Pretoria," pp. 344-346—Winston Spencer Churchill.

The Irish Dominican Martyrs

By ROSALEEN O'NEIL



IN a previous article on the "Irish Martyrs" I promised to give later on an account of the martyrdom of some of the Irish children of St. Dominic, in the hope that it would be acceptable to the readers of THE ROSARY, who, I presume, are all clients of the holy patriarch.

The Irish Dominicans hold an honorable place in the list of Ireland's martyrs, even as they do in that of her apostles. God alone knows how many of them suffered for the faith. The names of one hundred and thirteen have been included in the list of those whose causes have been completed before the Dublin diocesan court, and are now before the Roman tribunal. But that this figure falls very short of the full number who have shed their blood for the faith in Ireland will appear from the following facts:

Of the thirty-eight convents of the Order that were in the country at the

commencement of Elizabeth's reign, only two, which escaped because they were hidden away amidst bogs and marshes, were in existence at the time of her death; and of the hundreds of religious who had dwelt in them, there were only five or six aged men living apart in the houses of friends. Some, of course, had died natural deaths. Many more had fled the country at the command of superiors, and found refuge in the convents of their Order on the Continent, where some of them taught in the schools and others filled positions of authority. But who can tell the number of those who were put to death by a brutal soldiery, often whilst in the discharge of their sacred duties, or of those who were thrown into prison laden with chains, there to drag out a miserable existence till death called them to the martyr's crown? Their names and their number shall be revealed only on the last day. Those who managed to elude the vigi-

lance of the persecutors and remained in the country did so at the peril of their lives.

Another fact, which speaks volumes, is that recorded in a letter written in the seventeenth century, and still extant, namely, that over one hundred priests who had studied in the Irish Dominican Convent of Corpo Santo, Lisbon, were put to death during one year alone of the many periodical outbursts of persecution. Now, Corpo Santo was not founded till 1634, in the reign of Charles I, nearly a century after the first enactment of the penal laws. Moreover, we must not forget that the Irish Dominican Convent of Louvain, founded in 1624, as well as several other continental colleges, was constantly sending over fresh laborers for the vineyard of the Lord.

These came in defiance of the law, and kept the torch of faith lighting in the land. They went about in various disguises, as carters, as dealers, as private gentlemen with gilt-hilted swords by their sides, and in different other characters. It was only by stealth and in the night time that they were able to discharge their priestly functions. We read of Father Gaspar Boyton, of Cashel, who died about the year 1652, that for three years he looked after the cattle of a Catholic nobleman, whilst he performed his spiritual duties by night. It is also told of him how, when he had lost his sight owing to the hardships of his life, he went about from house to house clothed as a beggar, hearing the confessions of the faithful.

It was only on the mountain side, or in the deep recess of some desolate glen that it was often possible to offer the Holy Sacrifice. The Corrig-an-Affrion, or "Mass Rock," is still reverently pointed out by the people in many parts of the country as the hallowed spot around which their forefathers worshipped at the peril of their lives. In not a few instances they were taken by

surprise, and the blood of the sacrificing priest was poured forth on the altar of sacrifice by the hands of a wicked soldiery.

Truly may it be said that the Irish Dominican province was a nursery of martyrs during the penal times. Every Irish youth who put on the habit during that terrible period knew that he might be called on at any moment to shed his blood for the faith, and if God did not grant to all this great privilege, we may be sure they did not lose the reward.

Of those who received the martyr's crown the names of few, comparatively speaking, have, as I have already said, come down to us.

Amongst them there is one whose sufferings I made mention of in the previous article, Terence Albert O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, who was executed in Limerick in 1651, by orders of Ireton. The General Chapter of the Order, held in Rome five years after, write of him as follows:

"After finishing his studies successfully in Spain, he returned to his native country, and there by word and example cultivated the vineyard of the Lord. Twice he was Prior in his native city of Limerick, once in Louvain. He went as Provincial to the General Chapter of the Order held in Rome in 1644, where, in acknowledgment of his services, he was made Master of Theology. When the Chapter had ended he set out for Lisbon to visit the two convents of his Order there, one for brothers, the other for sisters. While there, news reached him that he had been appointed Bishop of Emly by Urban VIII. He devoted himself to the discharge of the duties of his new office, aiding by his authority, wisdom and watchfulness, the Church in Ireland, which then had special need of such a guide. These qualities he gave a singular proof of while he was in the city of Limerick, when it was besieged by Henry Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law. He was offered

a bribe of forty thousand gold crowns and a pass to any place he pleased if he would quit the city and cease to urge the citizens to resistance—all of which he refused, preferring to give his help to the Catholic people up to his death."

Martyrs like this illustrious prelate are to be found in all grades of the Irish Dominican hierarchy. As provincials, priors, preachers, confessors, students, novices, lay-brothers and tertiaries they suffered for the faith with a constancy equal to that of the early martyrs.

Amongst the first of whom mention is made were two fathers and seven students of our Order, who were put to death by drowning in the year 1602. We read how they and several others, forty or forty-two in all, members of different religious Orders, having presented a petition asking for a safe conduct out of the kingdom, were commanded to assemble in Scatterry Island in the Shannon. They did so, and were then taken on board a man-of-war. When they reached the open sea, all were thrown overboard. The names of the servants of God have not been handed down.

The next on record are the two brothers, Donough and John Olvin, or O'Luinin, members of the community of Derry. The first mentioned, who was Prior of the convent, was hanged and quartered, with many secular priests, by the English heretics in the city square about the year 1608. His brother John had been hanged for the faith in the same city some time previously.

In the year 1642, Father Peter O'Higgins, Prior of the Convent of Naas, was cast into prison, but as nothing could be proved against him that would deserve capital punishment according to the laws of the country, he was told he would be set free and rewarded if he would only renounce the Catholic religion. A promise to this effect and signed by the Viceroy was given to him. Thinking that he was terrified and would surely *apostatize in view of the gallows*, the

authorities ordered him to be led to execution. When the holy man had mounted the scaffold, addressing the assembled people he spoke to them of the sufferings he had endured and the hope he had of meriting the martyr's crown. He concluded in the following manner:

"Almighty God, Who protects the innocent, disposing all sweetly, has brought things about so that, accused as a seducer, and arraigned for certain crimes made such by the laws of this kingdom, the sole reason why I am condemned to death to-day is that I profess the Catholic religion. Here is the authentic proof of my innocence, the autograph letter of the Viceroy, offering to me very rich rewards and my life if I abandon the Catholic religion. I call God and man to witness that I firmly and unhesitatingly reject these offers, and that willingly and gladly I enter into this conflict professing that faith."

He then threw the paper to a friend of his. After he had been cast off, his body, whilst still hanging, was frequently shaken by the executioner, and while it still hung he uttered the words, "Deo Gratias." Thus he died, and earned the martyr's crown.

We read of Father Richard Barry, a native of Cork, Prior of the Convent of Cashel, that before the siege of that ancient city he sent his subjects away that they might escape the cruelty of the enemy. When the place was taken, a great number of ecclesiastics and of the laity were at once put to death. Father Barry, who was the only one that appeared in the religious habit, holding the crucifix aloft in one hand and the rosary in the other, was treated with exceptional barbarity. Being asked to cast off his habit and join in the heretical service, he fearlessly answered: "This habit of mine represents the spoils of Christ, and His Passion, and it is the standard of my warfare." On saying this he was seized and bound to a stake. The soldiers insulted him while they

were preparing tortures to try his constancy. A pile of faggots was made, and set on fire, and during two hours the holy man was slowly tortured from head to foot, yet from the midst of the flames he did not cease to commend his own soul and the faithful people to God. At last he was run through with a sword, and so gave up his soul to God on the 15th of September, 1647.

A few years later, in 1651, Fathers Bernard and Laurence O'Ferall suffered death for the faith. I quote from the Acts of the General Chapter of the Order held in 1656:

"They were seized while they were engaged at prayer in the early morning, in the chapel of their convent of Longford. The soldiers, coming in, inflicted more than twenty-four deadly wounds on Father Bernard; yet he received the Sacraments before he died, as he had always desired. Father Laurence was taken immediately to the governor, who recognized him as one who had been with the army in obedience to the authority of the Apostolic Nuncio, and ordered him to be hanged the next day. Owing to the intercession of some friends the execution was deferred for three days, to the great sorrow of Laurence, who blamed them for causing the delay, and employed the whole of that time praying to God that He would not allow the palm of martyrdom to be snatched from him. When the time came he mounted the ladder and addressed some words of consolation to the Catholics who stood by. He inveighed with such earnestness and powerful arguments against heresy that the governor ordered him to be executed without further delay. Then the martyr, taking his leave of the people, put his rosary round his neck. Taking in his right hand the crucifix, and putting both hands under his scapular, he told the executioner to do his duty. When he was thrown off the ladder, he took both his hands from under his scapular

and raised up the cross as a token of triumph. Not only those who stood by, but the governor, was astonished at the sight; he caused the body to be taken down in a respectful manner, and gave a safe conduct to all the clergy of the neighborhood to take part in the divine office and to assist at the burial of the martyr."

I make no apology for giving such a long extract, and I am sure my readers do not require it. It would be a pity to curtail it.

Of Father Thaddeus Moriarty, who was Prior of the Convent of Holy Cross, Tralee, we read that when the Cromwellian persecution was raging he might have easily escaped to a place of safety, but he courageously refused to do so through compassion for the faithful, to whom he saw his presence was most necessary on account of the want of priests to administer the Sacraments. He was taken prisoner and carried to Killarney, and there condemned to be hanged. On hearing that he was sentenced to die, he pressed and kissed the hands of the messenger who brought the news, and distributed money amongst his jailors and the soldiers who were to lead him to execution after he had been stripped and severely flogged. From the top of the ladder he exhorted the faithful to be patient, and to hold fast to the faith. Having recited the verse, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he met a glorious death, the very heretics being struck with admiration and saying, "If ever a papist was a martyr he was one." He suffered death October 15th, 1653. His countenance, which was wan and emaciated, owing to his long detention in prison, seemed to be transfigured after death and to emit rays of light, so that the very executioners confessed that it was like the face of an angel. It was said of him that he was never known to be angry. He showed such patience during his sufferings in prison, and when he

was stripped and flogged and led to execution, that even his enemies were forced to admire him. There is a chalice that belonged to the martyr still in use in the Dominican church of Tralee. It was accidentally found some years ago by a member of his family, the late Doctor Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, who gave it to the Dominican Fathers. It bears the following inscription: "Orate pro Carolo Sughrue, qui me fieri fecit pro Conventu Traliensi—Priore Thadeo O'Moriarty, 1651."

The Convents of Derry and Coleraine gave each a band of glorious martyrs to the Church.

That of Derry was the oldest Dominican foundation in Ireland. It was founded about the year 1221 by one of the princely family of O'Donnell, at the solicitation of a Brother Reginald, who is said to have brought with him a letter from St. Dominic. One of its members, Father John O'Mannin, who lived in the seventeenth century, told a thrilling story to Father Michael McQuilin, the Subprior of the Dominican Convent of Rouen in France. It was to this effect: One night the soldiers surrounded the convent, and having broken in, killed the entire community except the fore-mentioned Father Mannin, who managed to escape by swimming across the river Foyle. The number put to death was thirty-two. Father O'Mannin was afterwards seized and put to the torture on several occasions. Once he was thrown to the ground by his persecutors with such violence that his back was broken. He lived a cripple till his death in 1637.

Some time in the reign of Elizabeth the soldiers attacked the convent of Saint Mary's of the Rosary in Coleraine, and massacred in cold blood Father MacFerge, the Prior, and his entire community of twenty-three or twenty-four religious.

One would fain linger lovingly on *these glorious records of heroism*, which

are the heritage of the Irish Dominicans, but I must not trespass too much on the columns of *THE ROSARY*. I cannot, however, conclude without mentioning the cases of some of the lay-brothers and tertiaries of the Order.

Of the lay-brothers who suffered, the names of four are included in the official list. They were David Fox, of Kilmallock Convent, who while kneeling at the altar was run through with a sword, and as he lay on the ground had his brains dashed out. This was in 1648. The next was Donald O'Neaghen, of the Convent of Roscommon, who suffered in the same year. He was first scourged and then pierced with a sword. Another lay-brother of the same convent, Bernard O'Kelly, after enduring for a long time the filth of a prison, the weight of iron chains, and hunger, was condemned to death and publicly executed at Galway in 1653. Two years before, in 1651, James Moran, a lay-brother of Athenry Convent, was also put to death for the faith.

There were martyrs, also, amongst our Irish sisters. The names of two are included in the list forwarded to Rome. They were Honoria Burke and Honoria Magaen. The first sister took the habit of the Third Order when only fourteen years old. She built a house near the church of the Dominicans at Burishoole, which is about twelve miles from Castlebar, County Mayo, where, living in community for nearly a century during the reigns of Elizabeth, James I and Charles I, she devoted herself continuously to works of piety till she was quite decrepit. In the last persecution of Cromwell she, with another of her community and a maidservant, fled to an island in the bay, called Saint's Island. They were pursued, seized, stripped of their clothes, though it was the month of February, and flung into a boat with such violence that three of Honoria Burke's ribs were broken, and she was left to die. The servant took her on her shoulders to the

ch of the Order in Burishoole, where laid her before the altar of the sed Virgin and left her for awhile arch for the other sister in the wood. Her return she found Honoria kneel before the altar with head erect, as e was in prayer, and sleeping calmly e Lord.

Honoria Magaen was also a professed of the Third Order. She, too, was d by the minions of the law in t's Island, stripped of her clothing wounded. Fearing more for her tity than her life, she succeeded in ng her escape. She fled into a iboring wood, where she concealed elf in the hollow trunk of a tree. next day she was found there frozen ath.

ie last of the Order to suffer death the faith in Ireland, so far as is vn, was Father Gerald Fitzgibbon. was slain by soldiers in the town of well, County Kerry, in 1691.

was as late as 1745, the year of enoy, that Catholics were allowed places of worship, and many priests released from prison.

id although, since the Act of Eman- ion in 1829, the dark night of per- ion has passed away, it would be a ke to think that the Irish Catholic y—especially members of religious rs—and the people are not still lag- ing under disabilities. The very Act only left several penal acts unre- d, but created many new disabil- and made certain provisions of for- acts more severe than they were be-

To quote only a few of the enact- s. The twenty-sixth clause is as ws:

f any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, y member of any of the communi- or societies aforementioned, shall ex- e any of the rites or ceremonies of Catholic religion, or wear the habit is Order, save within the usual s of worship, or in private houses, person being convicted thereof

shall forfeit for every such offence the sum of £50."

The twenty-ninth clause enacts that: "If any Jesuit, etc., shall after the commencement of this act come into this realm, he shall be taken to be guilty of a misdemeanor, and being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be sentenced to be banished from the United Kingdom for the term of his natural life."

The thirty-fourth says: "Any person admitting a Jesuit, etc., shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and being thereof lawfully convicted shall be sentenced to be banished from the United Kingdom for the term of his natural life."

These and other enactments of a like nature were passed in deference to the prejudices of Orangemen, and although in most cases they are a dead letter, still they are a standing insult to all Catholics. Nor, indeed, may it be said that they are altogether a dead letter. The late Lord Chancellor Blackburne decided that the bequest of a sum of money for the maintenance of a Dominican priest was invalid on the ground that entering a religious Order was a misdemeanor. There have been several other cases of gross injustice perpetrated against the religious Orders in the name of these iniquitous laws.

Despite all the bitter persecutions which have assailed the Irish Dominican Province in common with other Orders, it is to-day in a more flourishing condition than it ever was before, even in the time when, prior to the so-called Reformation, it enjoyed the favor of nobles and of royalty. If not numerically as strong as formerly, still the area of its influence has been extended. Besides its fourteen well-established houses in Ireland, it has communities in Lisbon, Australia, the West Indies, and in the Eternal City itself. The present Irish children of St. Dominic are reaping the harvest planted by their martyred sires.

In the Shadow of the Hills

By MAY F. QUINLAN

IT lies five miles from Dublin, where the white road winds away to the hills. There are gray walls on either side topped by foliage; and deep Irish ruts in the middle. A clerical seminary lay off somewhere in the shade, and it seemed that afternoon as if some invisible hand had taken up the seminary and emptied it, like Pandora's box, scattering seminarists all along the route to Dundrum. In view of their numbers, I wondered how the authorities would ever gather them in again, for, unlike the gifts of the goddess, the black-coated students were only scattered temporarily. They had all to be put back before dusk. And as it is easier to empty a box than it is to re-pack it, I fell to pondering whether the lid of the seminary would ever fasten down again without injury to "the things contained."

Meanwhile, we nearly ran over several of them. In fact, without tampering with the truth, I may say that our way was studded with vicissitudes. First it was a rut, then it was a Jesuit; and the brougham tacked from side to side like a dainty sailing skiff, trying to make headway in the teeth of the wind. At every swerve I looked out to locate the obstacle, fearful lest I had caused the death of an embryonic prelate, and so laid myself open to the greater excommunication, or—which was only one degree less serious to any one on a dress allowance whose ends never met—in dread of a burial being laid to my charge.

So we drove on with caution, and in successfully avoiding the Jesuits, we fell into the more ruts for our pains. After driving thus for some miles, my companion pulled the checkstring.

"Do you know the way?" she asked.

The coachman touched his hat.

"Shure an' I don't, Miss," was the dignified answer.

"Well, but," expostulated my friend; "why go on?"

To which Phelan offered no explanation. But the day was obviously fine and all nature looked glad. After all, were we not in the enjoyment of the earth and the sky and the elements? And what more could mortal want? Such, at least, was the silent attitude of the box.

"You'd better ask," was the next injunction.

Phelan's forefinger again went up to his hat.

"I will, Miss," said he.

But I noticed that he passed various people without any inquiry being made, and it was only when we breasted a public house that we pulled up short. The stop was suggestive of refreshment; and the fact that Phelan was a professed teetotaler far from allaying suspicion, merely shifted it to the interior of the brougham. My friend was distinctly annoyed at this untoward situation. But rigid and righteous sat Phelan, sublimely unconscious of any incongruity.

Hearing the clatter of hoofs, a small boy craned his neck out from behind the door of the public house, but at sight of a cockade the head was hastily withdrawn.

"Little boy!" we implored; whereupon he reappeared on the instant, like a Columbine in the last act.

"Do you know where is Dun Emer?"

He paused a moment for reflection, then looked up shyly, and said:

"'Tis mesilf that doesn't know, Miss."

There was something ingratiating about the small boy. His attitude and his phraseology radiated with a subtlety of suggestion; a combination of apol-

ogy and regret that in this matter he was unable to serve us.

"Dun Emer?" he repeated. "I don't just 'be knowin'—"

With that he vanished—as though on second thoughts he might possibly have mislaid it behind the public house counter and would like to reassure himself on the point. Meanwhile, his mother replaced him in the doorway.

"Dun Emer?" She shook her head. She had never heard of it.

Evidently the inhabitants of Dundrum lived too close up for clear vision.

Before crossing the Irish channel, an enlightened Englishman had said to me: "When you go to Ireland, be sure you visit Dun Emer; it is an interesting point of departure; a centre of industrial activity. In fact," said he, "Dun Emer is sacred to the revival of Irish arts and crafts." Yet along the white road which ran past its gates it was still unknown—an attitude which struck me as characteristic of the Island of Saints.

During my recent travels in Ireland I sometimes had occasion to mention to my friends why I wanted to visit some un-get-at-able spot.

"What!" they used to say, "more developments?" And apart from satire, it was to them a matter of surprise that there were any such. And if ever I had the temerity to speak of some new social or industrial movement, they used to appear more amused at my enterprise than interested in my information.

"How do you come to know these things?" they asked. "We have lived in Ireland all our lives, and have never even heard of them!"

"That may be why," I answered; "or, perhaps"—and I eyed my relative in a frank spirit—"perhaps it is because you are all saints. Not," as I hastened to add, "that a saint must necessarily be a contemplative to be a saint, but in my experience of the Island of Saints there seems to be a very large proportion of contemplatives"—a fact which amply

accounted for my being still on the road to Dundrum.

So we drove on until we came to what Phelan described as "a bit of writin' on the gate," and there, in Gaelic characters, was Dun Emer.

It was a picturesque old country house with rounded bays and latticed windows, and it stood back in a world of green. From beyond its borders there came no sound to tell of an outer world—of a sad, blundering world, which plans and plots and then grows sullen, forgetting that it was not for sin that the earth was accursed, but for our sake. And so, leaving the world and its tears behind, we entered through the lodge gates of Dun Emer, where the birds were singing in the cool of the trees like so many choristers in a mighty cathedral. For was not this one of nature's cathedrals, with its aisles of green foliage and its arches of living wood; and in lieu of windows, did not the sunbeams glimmer through the branches; and for roof did not the heavens serve? So the feathered brethren sang joyfully, chanting, as it were, the office of a glad Easter Day. And the flowers stood in reverent worship, and from a hundred censurs there rose up sweet incense before the throne, each bright thurible being swung to and fro by the loving hands of the breeze. Thus, breathing out their soul's strength, do the flowers die—in life as in death, love's victims. First the seed, then the bud, finally, the flower; and the flower dies to give birth to the fruit. Lo! this is the beginning and the end; the end and the beginning. It is a great mystery. Perchance it may be, as a modern writer suggests, that "not only the change which we call death but probably the whole of this our mortal life is but a slow and difficult and painful birth into a higher existence; the very breath we draw is part of the travail of creation towards a yet but partially fulfilled aim."

It has been said of the Elder Tobias that "he made use of two great faculties:

the sense of proportion, which enabled him to appraise life and its accidents justly, and the gift of inseeing, which led Socrates after him and Blessed John in lonely exile on Patmos, to look through the things temporal to the hidden meanings of Eternity."

So the birds sang in the old garden—singing their hearts away, and the flowers opened wide their petals and poured out their fragrance in a wealth of love, just as the woman with a lavish hand once consecrated the spikenard—the echo of which deed is even now flung back from the walls of time, and shall continue to resound until the earth has fled away and time itself has ceased to be.

Service. This is the keynote of Christian life. It is by service that we purge away the dross. It is by labor that we wrest from the machine its secret and from the loom its store. Yea, and if we will, we may do more than the sum of these, for by yoking toil with praise we, who erstwhile were the slime of the earth, but now as gods—knowing good from evil—may pierce the heart of the heavens, thus linking world with world.

It is in a setting such as this and in a spirit which recognizes the dignity of Christian toil that the work at Dun Emer was inaugurated. To encourage industry and by improving the conditions of labor to enable the workers to earn a livelihood within their own country—this was the objective of the scheme. To this end it was decided to found a practical school for the revival of Irish arts, crafts and industries, where the workers should not only obtain their training in craftsmanship, but should at the same time earn their living. The system on which this venture is based is one which will appeal to every Christian Socialist. It is cooperative; that is to say, each worker is paid a minimum wage and, after current expenses are paid, has a share in the profits. Thus *every worker is practically a shareholder*

with a personal interest in the success of the undertaking.

Then, again, it is interesting in these days of lifeless mechanism, where the intelligence of the workman is rarely brought into play—for is not the factory "hand" a significant title?—to study the advantages of the older method.

Here the idea is the individual as opposed to the machine. Each piece of work undertaken is a personal effort; the same worker begins it and sees it through. It is the work of her own hands and she takes a personal and intelligent interest in it. The idea seems quite un-economic, being based almost entirely on the humane. Thus, no two pieces of work are alike, unless specially ordered so. Therefore, whether it be a piece of tapestry or a carpet or a hearth-rug, each is worked from an original design.

The scheme, as a whole, owes its initiation to a gifted Irishwoman, Miss Gleeson, who, in addition to her artistic gifts, happily possesses the qualities of a social pioneer. And, thanks to her patriotism, the talents which up till then had lain dormant in her country people have now an opportunity of development.

Before long other clever Irishwomen joined in the new scheme, and the combination thus formed has greatly contributed to its present success.

Among the different branches of art work carried on at Dundrum, the first to be established were the art tapestry work and the carpet making, the latter being woven by means of hand looms. The designs for these, when not of Persian origin, are from the pencil of the foundress. The wool is Irish—from Athlone, and it is dyed in the same locality.

On the occasion of my visit I was struck by the beauty, both in color and design, of the work done. The memory of one rug in particular remains with me. It represented the crest of an ocean wave

in which rich sapphires were blended into softest greens, and just where the wave broke there was a curling crest of foamy white—the whole forming a perfect harmony in color. A sanctuary carpet, too, rather appealed to one's sense of the fitness of things. In texture it was a Persian, and the design, in graceful, curving lines, was worked out in symbols suggestive of its ministry in the house of prayer. And the young Irish girls who come down each morning from their mountain homes to sit before their looms, work away with busy fingers and bright, understanding faces. With these young daughters of Erin, to labor is indeed to pray.

A not unimportant feature in this Irish revival is that the spirit of Ireland, of her religious history and worship, is woven, as it were, into the daily life of Dun Emer, folk lore and saintly legend being translated into the work which is fashioned by Celtic hands. Thus, on one tapestry panel, St. Brendan is seen scudding past in his frail craft. "Whither away, oh, saint?" "Hush," whispers the legend, "he is bound for the land which lies behind the sea."

For it is related that in those days the Saint was troubled and his heart was sore, for he had seen in vision a far-off country filled with mighty peoples, whose civilization was such that they knew all things save the one thing necessary. Therefore these peoples lived in darkness, waiting for the tidings of some Fair God, spoken of by pagan seers, Who in the fullness of time should come across the sea of immensity, bearing in His hand a New Code, which thenceforth was to be established in all their cities.

Then did St. Brendan hesitate no longer. And having cut the moorings of his little craft, lo! the passing breeze filled his solitary sail and a flight of angels came down, like so many doves on the wing, and with gentle cords of hope they guided the prow of St. Brendan's

craft. In such manner they sailed and sailed, in sunshine and in storm, and the Saint knew no fear—no, not even in the deepest troughs of the sea, for his barque was upheld by the mighty love which he bore to souls.

And thus we see him, his hand shading his eyes while he scans the horizon for a sight of the distant shore—the ambassador of the Fair God; and so with love he carries the great message of Redemption to the people of America.

The next development in the Dun Emer scheme dates from the establishment of the embroidery school by Miss Yeats; and of a hand printing press by Miss E. C. Yeats.

When one has seen Irish girls elsewhere laboring in less happy surroundings, one begins to appreciate the advantages of a Christian setting and to realize to the full what "the blessing of the curse" may be.

In an English factory the air is foul—physically and morally—and the factory girl who bends over her daily toil is an unwilling victim. It is not often that she will speak of her work-a-day life, but there are times when the walls of silence are broken down. Then, provided she trusts you as a friend, she will give you an insight into life as she knows it. The verdict is always the same: "It is hard to be good in the factory." And the girl, with a break in her voice, will draw her shawl over her head while the bitter tears gather in her eyes.

There are the Irish girls who live in London slums, the children of parents who have emigrated years ago. These are they who now stand at the cross-roads, hesitating whether to follow in the footsteps of the saints, or to swim with the tide in a modern city.

Having in view these countless numbers of Irish exiles who daily struggle and strive after higher things in English cities, I looked with fresh interest on their happier sisters who were here at work under the shadow of the Irish hills.

No unwilling victims were these. Each took an intelligent interest in her individual work. And to enable the embroidery girls to better appreciate the beauty of line and color, and so that they might ply their needle to better effect, they are taught to draw and to paint. Leaf and stem and root; such are the themes given for their careful study. The result is a freedom of line and a fidelity to nature which to me was a revelation in the art of Irish embroidery. But besides pictured landscapes and embroidered hangings, there are at Dun Emer sacred banners on which are depicted many of the early Irish saints, their names being inscribed in Gaelic. Or, again, it is a decorative panel—perhaps a flight of white swans winging their way across a broad expanse of satin.

Would you know the story of the swans? Then harken to the old legend. It was away off in the mists of time, before Christianity was, and before the Milesian occupation. Nay, 'twas further back still, for the Firbolgs were then unknown and the Dedannans had not yet been transformed into Irish fairies. It was long, long ago, in the days when King Lir mourned. And the sad tidings having come to Bove Dery, chief among kings, he summoned Lir and bade him choose for a wife one of his three foster children. At sight of so much beauty, we are told that King Lir hesitated, but finally his eye rested on the second maiden.

"Eve shall I choose," said he, and that day they were wed. Then were the halls bright with garlands, and the king's bard sang as never before, awaking sweet melody from his sleeping harp-strings; and for twice seven days the voices of minstrels were heard in the land. And so amid the joy of two kingdoms Lir brought home his bride to his own palace where they lived as in a garden of paradise. In the course of time *she bore her lord four children—and*

then she died. Throughout the land there was deep sorrow, and great was Lir's grief. Indeed, were it not for the love he had for his children it is said he would have ceased to live. And Bove Dery was also sad, for she had been to him as a daughter. But so that Lir might be comforted in his sore affliction, he gave him as a second wife Eve's sister. And Ruth, too, was beautiful, and she tended the children carefully. But after a few years she became jealous of their father's love. Whereupon she essayed to kill them. But the sword trembled in her woman's hand so that she was unable to strike. Therefore she took them to the edge of Lake Darva (now Lough Derravaragh) and, touching them with a magic wand, she turned them into snow-white swans. Then she spread out her arms and chanted over them the fairy dirge, beginning:

"Out to your homes, ye swans, on Darva's
wave,
With clamorous birds begin your life of
gloom;
Your friends shall weep your fate, but none
can save,
For I've pronounced the dreadful words
of doom."

And the children of Lir were sorrowful because they might never more return to their father's house. But Ruth was glad, and continued her chant in which was embodied the prophecy:

"Through circling ages of gloom and fear,
Your anguish no tongue can tell,
Till faith shall shed her heavenly rays,
Till ye hear the Taillkenn's anthem of praise
And the voice of the Christian bell."

Now, when Lir heard of the fate of his four beautiful children, he was so wroth that with a wave of his kingly wand he turned the wicked Ruth into a demon of the air, who with a piercing scream flapped her horrid wings and flew straight away into the air, where she lies embedded in a storm-cloud forever. And Lir and the Dedannans came and encamped on the borders of the lake so as to be near to the swans; and after the

Dedannans had passed away, the Firbolgs came, and finally the Milesians. For, in spite of the wicked spell which deprived them of their human shape, the children retained the use of their Gaelic speech and their song had power to lull every monster of the deep, and to give sleep to those mortals whose hearts were sorrowful.

It is told of the little nightingale that once, when the world was sleeping, he flew past the gate of heaven, and as he flew there floated out upon the breeze the voice of angels. Then with trembling wing he returned to earth, his soul filled with melody, and thus he sang the song of deathless love—which song, it is said, Death once heard as he waited in the shadow, and hearing it he stayed his hand.

In the same way was the gift of song bestowed upon the swans. They learned it on the wing, right up in the blue. And when they came back to earth, lo! the mourners smiled with new-born hope and the scrowls of men were healed.

And thus for three hundred years were the children of Lir chained to Darva's Lake; and for three hundred more on the Sea of Mogle, and again for three hundred on Irros Domnann, the wee isle which is lapped by the waves of the West.

Now, it came to pass in those days, that the nine hundred years of the curse had barely elapsed when the holy man, Patrick, set sail for Erin, and the saintly Kemoc for Innos Glora. Then a hush fell upon land and sea—the waves were hushed and the breeze tarried among the listening trees. Hark! a sound comes from afar. 'Tis the echo of the Sanctus bell. Then the swans bent their heads upon their breasts in recognition of the Presence and when the bell had ceased ringing they sang a strain of fairy music, so sweet, so glorious, that it was like an anthem from the invisible world. And Kemoc hearing it gave thanks that his

quest was not in vain, for it was to bring redemption to the children of Lir that he had journeyed thus far. And going to the edge of the lake he called to them: "Come ye now to land and trust in me," said the saint. And full of faith and love, they came and abode with him, learning from his lips the words of life.

Howbeit their destiny was not yet accomplished, for they had not dwelt long with the hermit before Decca, the Queen of Connaught, desired the magic birds. But the saint said nay, at which Queen Decca was wroth and commanded the king to take them by force. And Largen, wishing to do the queen's bidding, entered the sanctuary and seized the swans by their silver chains. But what was this? At his touch the white, feathery robes faded and disappeared, and in place of the swans there stood four decrepit human beings. Bent with age and feeble of limb were they, and in their faces were the accumulated wrinkles of nine centuries—seeing which the king fled. Then the children of Lir, knowing that their end was at hand, prayed that they might be admitted into the fold of Christ, and St. Kemoc having opened to them the Doors of Life, they entered in. And while the saint raised his eyes to heaven, behold! he saw a wondrous sight. For there in a flash of light were the four children of Lir, young and beautiful as in the days of their early childhood, and their faces shone as the sun, and amid the shimmering of angels' wings they entered into the kingdom.

So says the old legend. And there, across the expanse of satin in the embroidery room at Dun Emer, are the snow-white swans.

Adjoining this room is the printing press. Here Miss E. C. Yeats and her assistants were busy setting up type. Young as it is, this printing press has already done good work. As an art, printing has, unfortunately, been but little practiced in Ireland since the

eighteenth century, and it is interesting, therefore, to know that the font of type which was cast for Dun Emer belongs to that period. The paper is Irish and of linen. It is made without bleaching chemicals and is issued from the Saggart Mill, in the County of Dublin.

The chief aim of the Dun Emer Press is the publication of Irish poems and Irish prose works. Some of these, as for instance, the ancient Love Songs of Connaught, translated by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the founder of the Gaelic League, are of singular charm and originality. Indeed, both as regards the grace of their literary form and because of the beauty of the hand-printed volumes, it is hoped that these Irish works may find their way into the hands of those to whom Ireland itself is still an uncut book.

Among the more recent undertakings in connection with the work of revival is the school of Irish bookbinding, managed by Miss Fitz Patrick. Here, again, originality of design is aimed at, both in line and tooling, and many are the dainty works now issued.

There was in this department an atmosphere of linen tags and leather chips which might have daunted any one but a journalist. However, imagining myself to be a scapegoat, and a distant editor, the Jewish High Priest who had set my steps in the wilderness, I picked my way through much leathery debris and then looked about me. The artist bookbinder was at work. Enveloped in a long cotton overall she bent over a mysterious machine, while backing her up in her labor were two small boys. The latter were arrayed in butcher blue smocks such as are usually sacred to the Continental "onbrier." The small boys were working like Trojans. Evidently bookbinding was not a thing to be trifled with. At sight of so much solemnity I made a strenuous endeavor to be serious, but a ripple of laughter was the net result of the attempt, whereupon the binder-in-chief ceased work.

But not so her assistants, who seemed to have neither time nor inclination for social amenities.

To apologize to the small boys was my first instinct; after which I inquired if they had any valid objection to being made into copy. There was no reply to this. Only from the eyes of the farther small boy did I notice a passing twinkle which suggested that in his private capacity he might have stooped to lesser things.

On the occasion of my last visit to Dun Emer, I was fortunate in assisting at the birth of a new industry—art enameling. The studio devoted to this work was suggestive of a small beginning. And yet, the whitewashed outbuilding beside the orchard, with its window blinking over the kitchen garden and the scent of the flowers stealing in, seemed to me an ideal setting for any art scheme. On the shelves there were rows of dry colors in bottles, an oven with a crackling fire behind its bars, and lying about were other implements of industrial warfare. On the table were scattered pansies in rich golds and tender purples—waiting to be reproduced in softest enamel by the cunning hand of the artist.

Thus the days slip by in the shadow of the hills—days wherein the toilers study to reproduce the beauties of nature, which is the garment of God. "If I could but touch the hem," said a certain woman who realized that even in the hem there was healing. And so with busy fingers and minds alight with faith do these daughters of Erin labor, weaving into their daily life the story of saint and hermit. It is an atmosphere of sacred memories. And after all, as Michael Fairless says, "What do we ask of life, here, or, indeed, hereafter, but leave to serve, to commune with ourselves and with our fellowmen, and from the lap of earth, to look up into the face of God?"

And beyond Dun Emer rose the heavenward hills.

That Boy Gerald

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(GUTHBERT)

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XIX.

THE CLASSROOM AND A "DARE."

THERE was a great commotion when Gerald Albury re-entered his classroom. For a space of seven seconds Mr. Somers did not attempt to check the hand-clapping. He himself welcomed the returning boy very cordially. Gerald was quite excited at the unexpected reception. He was a little paler than was usual with him, owing to being in the house for some time, but the paleness and the rosy blush on his cheeks only served to bring out more prominently the beauty of his large, clear eyes. He certainly was very glad to be among his schoolmates again.

After recess that morning it happened that the next subject to be taken up was catechism. Remembering the suggestion of the President, Gerald raised his hand and began snapping his fingers.

"At your old tricks again, I see. What do you want?"

"Please, sir, the President said this morning that if I asked you you would perhaps tell us a story about a martyr."

"Tell us a fairy story, sir," asked another boy.

"No, boys, I have no fairy story for you, nor is this the time to tell fairy tales, but in honor of a boy who was brave enough to study while he had a broken arm, I might, just for once, give you something better."

"Better than a fairy story! Can that be, sir?" asked Granville.

"Yes; a story of real life and of events that once really happened.

"To real people, like ourselves, sir?" asked another boy.

"To real people, like ourselves, only much better."

"Better than you, sir?" asked Gerald, who could not imagine such a state of things possible—just then.

"Aye, as much superior to me as are the June roses to the simple daisies, or the chaste and regal lilies to the blue-bells of the hills."

"Oh!" said Gerald, only half convinced.

"You shall judge for yourself, Albury. My story is about the martyrdom of a brave young girl of about your age. Now if we come to something you do not understand you must ask for an explanation."

"What is a martyr, sir," promptly asked Gerald, thus evading the not very congenial task of thumbing the dictionary. Several hands went up.

"Can you answer the question, Granville?" asked Mr. Somers.

"A martyr," said Granville, at once, "is one who without resistance suffers death, or pains sufficient to cause death in the natural order, for the cause of Christ, or any Christian virtue."

"Gee!" said Gerald in a whisper, "that's great, Jigs."

"Where did you learn that definition?" enquired the teacher.

"From my uncle, sir, when he visited us last summer."

When the boys had settled down into perfect silence Mr. Somers began his story. All were soon listening with eager eyes and parted lips. There is nothing in the world—candy and baseball excepted—that a boy delights in so much as a good story.

The teacher told of the beautiful constancy under torture and of the final

martyrdom of Prisca, in the reign of the Caesar Claudius. Irrespective of the wonderful miracles which took place during the young maiden's trials, there was something in the story which appealed to the listening boys. Even Mr. Somers was surprised at the effect the story had on the usually restless boys now crowding around him. There was an unusual silence after he had finished, every boy busy with his own thoughts. Boys do not often weep, but the teacher had noticed once or twice a more or less hysterical catching of the breath. Many eyes were brilliant with excitement. The story of Prisca had made a deep impression. All the little mercurial lads were, for the nonce, more than usually thoughtful.

Young Albury sat at a desk immediately in front of the speaker. He did not once remove his eyes from Mr. Somers' face. His cheek was resting on his closed hand. When the story came to an end, the teacher glanced down at the boy. His eyes were hot and dry, and yet there was a far-away look in them. A new world had been revealed to Gerald.

"A penny for your thoughts, Albury."

"Oh! sir, I was thinking—"

He stopped suddenly. A bright crimson wave spread over his face, and his eyes became brighter. He still hesitated.

"Thinking of what, my boy?"

"That I should like—to be Prisca."

At these words he blushed more violently than before, and yet none of the others laughed, except one boy.

"Do Catholics suffer martyrdom now, sir?" asked Granville.

"No, my boy, except in very rare instances. They do not suffer by way of open persecution, but, believe me, the Church always has her covert enemies. If she suffer not at present from open violence, she is still, and ever will be, the victim of inimical legislation; restricted in, if not deprived of her rights, and her *children made to feel, in social, civil and commercial life, the pin pricks, the stings*

and smarts of the innuendoes of her open or secret enemies. Her martyrdom now is moral rather than physical."

All the boys of Mr. Somers' class, in conclave assembled behind the ball alley, that day voted him "great." For a long time he was daily importuned for another story, but it was many weeks before he again consented to tell one, owing to something which happened in which our young friend figured all too prominently. It happened in this way.

The half-yearly examinations were held towards the end of December. Of course, in this particular test all the Preparatorians were anxious to do well. The results, you know, might make a considerable difference in the quantity and quality of those things which a certain white-haired, happy-faced old gentleman is supposed to bring down the chimney on Christmas Eve. We are not accusing Gerald Albury, nor John Ignatius Granville, nor Blatchford Darce, or any other boy, nor Willie at the Sisters' school, nor Blanche at the Mesdames' academy of being influenced by any such motive, but was it not strange that the professors at the college, the sisters at the parish school, and the mesdames at the academy, by some means or other as yet unexplained, found their students, boys and girls, all so studious! How nicely and neatly the home exercises were done during the month of December! How few absentees there were during that month! How remarkably well-behaved everybody was for two or three weeks before Christmas day! I wonder whether the boys and girls who read this story can give any explanation of all this. It has puzzled a great many people, and I am sure that if the young folks would vouchsafe an explanation of so great a change for the better just at this time of the year, the older folk would consider themselves under great obligations to them for the information!

Gerald Albury was extraordinarily cautious, but that may be accounted for

by his broken arm, which was now mending nicely and promised in a few weeks to be as well and strong as ever.

On the day of the arithmetic examination, the teacher went to the classroom before time, to write the questions on the blackboard. When he had finished, several boys saw him leave the room and lock the door. It happened to be a rainy day, and the corridors on these occasions were used as promenades. When Mr. Somers, therefore, locked the door, he gave little heed to six or seven boys who were walking up and down.

"He has all the questions written out," said Darce, "and I bet they are hard."

"Wish I could get a sight of them," remarked a boy named Gilbert Chertsey, the same boy who had laughed at Gerald when, in his enthusiasm, he declared he would like to have been a martyr.

"You can get sight of them," said Darce, "but that won't do you any good."

"How can I?"

"Stand just in this spot; so. You can then see the reflection from the blackboard in the glass transom over the first door."

Chertsey took the position suggested, and although he could see a certain reflection, the figures appeared all upside down. While they were scrutinizing the lower surface of the transom in the vain hope to learn the nature of the sums that were to form their test for the coming examination, Gerald Albury and John Granville came along the corridor.

"What are you staring at?" asked Granville.

"I guess Chertsey has seen a ghost," remarked Gerald.

"Ghost, nothing," answered the boy referred to. "Did you not see Mr. Somers come out of this room just now? You know he has put all the questions for our arithmetic competition this afternoon on the board already. We are trying to see them."

"Oh! come!" said Gerald. "You cannot look through a wooden door. It's locked, too."

"Isn't he smart, boys?" said Chertsey. "He just thinks he's the thing."

"Well, you can't see through a door, can you?" asked Gerald.

"Didn't say I could, Smarty. Not going to try."

"Well?"

"Well. Just look up there. Stand about as far away on this side as the blackboard is on that. Can't you see the sums on the glass?"

Gerald looked up, and saw, as the others had done, a confused mass of fractions, out of which he could make nothing. The striation of the cheap glass threw the inverted figures into illegible shapes.

"You cannot make out anything from that transom," said Gerald.

"That's just where it is too bad," said Gilbert Chertsey.

"I don't know about that. We have no right to know those sums beforehand, have we?"

"I tell you what," was Chertsey's answer to Gerald's question. "I tell you what. If I wasn't so big and heavy I would climb up over that door, through that transom, and get the questions."

"Would you?" sneered Gerald. "You are always going to do something but for an 'if.'"

"I ain't neither," said Chertsey, whose grammar was as poor as his class standing.

"Yes, you are. If you are so daring, being big ought to help you. You are only talking."

"Am I. You wait and see."

Gerald Albury did not like this boy Chertsey. In class and in the yard these two had occasional tilts. Whenever Albury was in any kind of trouble, Chertsey had a peculiarly annoying way of snickering, which always made Gerald angry, for the effect of this peculiarity on his nerves was particularly irritating. That

very morning, when our young friend had been sharply reprimanded by his teacher for attempting to draw in ink a horse on the broad collar of the boy in front of him, the hateful snicker of Chertsey had made him retort:

"You shut up, Chertsey; mind your own business. What are you grinning at me like a monkey for?"

There would have been further trouble, and perhaps a declaration of war, had not the teacher's authority intervened. Even from not very high motives, therefore, Gerald disapproved of Chertsey's sentiments. The remark "wait and see" met with a sharp reply.

"Oh! yes," said Gerald, "with you it is always 'wait and see.' Guess we'll have to wait a long time."

"If I were as light as you," said Chertsey, "you would not have to wait long."

"For what?"

"For what! Oh! that's good. For those questions. If I could climb over that door I would get them in a hurry. But you—you're afraid to do anything like that for the fellows."

In justice to the "fellows" it must be stated that with the exception of Chertsey himself, there was not one of them who would have taken advantage of the chance had it been offered.

At the taunt, Gerald's pulse began to beat rapidly.

"You say I'm afraid."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I'm not afraid one bit; it's wrong to steal the questions and I'm not going to do it, that's all."

"That's all!" said Chertsey, in a mocking tone. "That's all! I guess that is all—all talk. A fellow who can't swing on the horizontal without breaking his arm is not likely to climb over there."

Now this was mean. It must be remembered that when Gerald broke his arm, it was his first attempt on the bar. His success on the first trial had made him famous among the small boys, and *the talk for some time among the seniors.*

The accident had but added lustre to the feat. All this glory Gerald had keenly enjoyed. Now here was all his prestige tumbling about his ears at the words of an ill-natured boy. He became angry.

"I can climb if I want to," he said, his face crimson.

"No, you cannot."

"I can."

"You can't; you are afraid, and what is more, you are too much of a coward to try."

Chertsey knew what he was doing. He was well aware that no boy of spirit will allow himself to be called a coward. He was quite sure that the high-strung, sensitive Albury would resent such an imputation. At the word "coward" Gerald felt as if he had received a blow in the face. In his anger, he said:

"Coward! coward am I? You will pay for this later. I'll show you. Here, you big bully, just help me up to that transom. I'll show you whether I am a coward. I don't excuse myself, either, on the plea that I am too big."

Under the influence of passion, he did not see the leering smile of satisfaction on Chertsey's face as he lifted him high enough to enable him to climb over the lintel and into the room through the open transom. The feat was a difficult one because he had to be careful not to break the glass, and not to injure his wounded arm. It was an easy matter to drop down to the classroom floor. As he did so, he heard a snickering laugh from the other side of the door, a scurry of feet, and then all was silence.

Horrors! there was the sound of the first bell for ranks! How was he to get back! Anger is a very false guide. Gerald was now in a sad plight. Was he to be caught there as a sneak-thief by Mr. Somers? The boy saw that his action was no meaner than misconduct during study time when, and merely because, the study-keeper's back was turned, but he knew that it would look much worse.

One thing he was determined to do.

Amid all his anger he had never for a moment intended to look at or take a copy of the questions on the blackboard. That was not his intention at all when he accepted the "dare" from Gilbert Chertsey. He determined to show the unprincipled boy that he was no coward, and was not afraid to do risky and even dangerous things. In all the turmoil of his angry thoughts, and in the plight in which he now found himself, he held tenaciously to one idea. He would have nothing to do with stealing the questions, and he did not once raise his eyes to look at the blackboard. He had, as far as the other boys saw, acted the burglar's part, merely to show that he possessed a species of courage. He now realized that appearances were much against him.

Gerald had worked hard during his detention at home, and since, and he had great hopes of leading the lists in the half-yearly examinations. Now he saw his hopes fading away. How could he explain his presence in the classroom to Mr. Somers. Would that gentleman credit the explanation given? It was Gerald's first experience of how far an act whose motive was anger, could place a person in a false and extremely difficult position.

Oh! if he had but one chance! If Mr. Somers would come, as was his custom, a minute or two before the boys arrived! He could then explain all. It happened—awkward things generally happen at critical moments—that on this afternoon Mr. Somers did not come to the classroom until the boys arrived. The first couple of boys was close to his heels as he entered the room.

It is quite certain that Mr. Somers was never so surprised in his life. He saw, as he entered, sitting before him, a disconsolate boy, whose hands and face and clothes were dirty to the last extreme. Gerald, in getting over the lintel, had carried with him large quantities of dust. His collar and pink silk bow were irre-

trievably ruined. The natty blue suit, in which he took considerable pride, was now fit, apparently, for the old clothes store.

"What on earth is this!" exclaimed the professor, catching sight of the forlorn looking boy, out of whose eyes had now gone all the angry flash.

"Is this you, Albury. How came you in such a plight?"

Gerald Albury remained silent.

The teacher's quick eye traveled all over the boy, who was sitting at the nearest desk to the door, and then from him along on the ground, on which there was a quantity of dust, and finally up to the transom. As his eyes ascended he understood it all. The boy had stolen through the transom to steal the questions, of course, and—was caught.

"Well! well! Here's a pretty state of things! So you stole into the room to get the questions."

Gerald looked up fearlessly. At least he was not guilty of that. Gilbert Chertsey, who had been put into a front seat in order to be near the teacher's hand and eye, sat in the next row. He was excessively nervous, and, as Granville said afterwards, "was blushing as red as a beet." He was certain that he was now in for trouble for his share in the transaction, momentarily expecting that Albury would reveal everything.

"No, sir," said Gerald, with his head erect, "not to get the questions. I never once looked at the board."

"Eh!" said the teacher, "you climbed over the door into the room! What for, pray, unless for that purpose."

"I have not looked at the board, sir. I want you to believe me."

Mr. Somers, a fairly good judge of character, saw something in Gerald's eyes, and in his face, dirty and dusty as it was, that forced him to believe that the boy was speaking the truth. He was the more puzzled on that account.

"But you entered the room dishonestly. Did those who helped you get

over the door—you must have had help—expect you to get the questions?”

“I suppose they did, sir, but I cannot help that.”

“Did you intend to give them the questions?”

“No, sir.”

There was a little movement of surprise among the boys most interested.

“Nor use them yourself?”

“No, sir.”

“Who were the boys that helped you up?”

“I don’t want to say, sir. I will take the penance.”

Gilbert Chertsey looked up sharply. Such generosity was quite beyond him. He could scarcely believe his ears. Had he been in Albury’s place at this moment, other boys, certainly, would have had to suffer as well as himself.

“Well, that is generous, in a way. But why do you not wish to say?”

“I don’t want to, sir. The boy that helped me up did it to oblige me. I was ‘dared’ and called a coward, and I am not that.”

“Who dared you?”

“I don’t want to say, sir.”

“Who helped you get up?”

“I don’t want to say.”

“Who called you a coward?”

“I don’t want to tell, sir. I don’t think he meant it. It was the way he made his ‘dare.’”

“Hm-m. The matter is not quite so bad as it looked at first. There was no conspiracy to get the questions, as far as you were concerned?”

“No, sir, none.”

“Then, considering the fact that your exploit has made you look like a North American Indian, and that you will have to settle accounts at home over a spoiled suit of school clothes, I think I can let the matter drop, with a warning that you do nothing so foolish again. You might have seriously injured your broken arm. I suppose that is not overstrong yet.”

“Thank you, sir.”

With regard to the arm, so recently out of the sling, that is precisely what Gerald had done. It was now giving him acute pain. Hating expressions of sympathy, boy-like, he carefully refrained all that afternoon from showing that he was suffering.

“Come, let us get to the arithmetic questions,” said Mr. Somers. “I shall rub out these questions and put fresh ones on the board.”

Gerald stood up in great excitement.

“No, sir, no. If you do, it shows you don’t believe me. I have told you the truth.”

“But the other boys, Albury.”

“No one saw them until it was the proper time to see them. Please, do not rub them out, sir.”

“I see. Very well. Go on with your examination, boys. We have lost five minutes already.”

Gerald, in thus saving Gilbert Chertsey, so astonished that boy, that, at first, he did not know what to make of it, but all that afternoon he thought about it. After class, a company of boys in the yard were excitedly discussing the event. Among them, a head taller than the rest, was Gilbert Chertsey.

“I just tell you what it is, fellows,” said he, “Gerald Albury is all right! Ah! here he comes now.”

Chertsey walked up to Albury and held out his hand.

“Albury, I want to thank you for saving me from getting into trouble. You are a better boy than I am. I want to be your—your friend.”

Which was a great deal—for Chertsey.

XX.

THE GAME AND THE END.

Every one who has followed Gerald Gregory Albury through these pages will be willing to admit that, at present, he is not a perfect boy. As yet he was a long way from growing wings; nevertheless, one can see that our young hero

those manly qualities, which, with aid of religious instruction, and if properly cultivated and directed, will make of him a good man of sound principles, and a useful and honorable citizen—one of those such as Lawyer Watson had so emphatically assured Judge Albury were so much needed in the world to-day.

Gerald was not perfect. No one who knew him would say that of him. Martha, the cook, would have told you that the boy and Master Gerald were yet very great distance apart. She admitted that now there were no more misdemeanors committed in the pantry, no more dirty, muddy boots "traipsing kitchen floor," no more immediate threats for the safety of her bakings and confections. She did, however, live in constant fear of future outbreaks, and of her hostilities. She regarded Gerald's good behavior in the light of a truce of armed neutrality, believing the boy, so far as the pantry was concerned, was ready at any favorable moment to put aside peace measures and engage in predatory warfare. In other words, she was distrustful, and one can easily blame her when it is remembered how much this faithful domestic suffered in bygone times at the hands of the son and heir of the house of Albury before he decided to be awful.

Lawyer Watson, who knew more about Gerald than did the cook, was delighted with his progress. He saw the makings of a "great little man" in his young friend, and was not restrained by bashfulness from declaring his conclusions. But every one concerned knew the lawyer was prejudiced in the boy's favor. Judge Albury smilingly shook his head at the rapturous prognostications of Watson regarding the brilliant future of his young friend. The lawyer had already selected a seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court for Gerald. It was a long way

from the Preparatory class of St. Mark's to the highest legal honor of the land, but then Mr. Watson was nothing if not sanguine. Life was always rose-colored with him.

Judge Albury was now pleased with Gerald, but he rarely praised. He saw an earnest effort on the part of his son to do well, both at home and at college. The Judge was not of so sanguine a temperament as Mr. Watson. Seeing so much of the dark side of life, as unfolded day after day in a criminal court room, he was rather inclined to look on the dark side of everything else, too. While pleased at his son's decided improvement he was, much as Martha was, always in a state of expectancy of some sudden outbreak.

Mr. Laffington was in high good humor with Gerald. Just before Christmas the regular monthly musicale took place, and Gerald took the audience by storm. Never had so clear and so beautiful a voice been heard by a St. Mark's audience. Gerald fairly electrified every one.

After a long consultation with Mr. Watson concerning "the secret," the lawyer advised Gerald to relinquish his plan of a private concert at home, and to give his whole attention to Mr. Laffington's training for the December event. When his phenomenal voice was "discovered," invitations poured in from many quarters to sing in choirs, and at concerts, to all of which the Judge sent a polite but peremptory refusal. He did not want his boy spoiled, nor his head turned by popularity. He realized that a good education was of far greater importance than the ephemeral fame arising from the possession of a good voice, something in Gerald's case which would, in all probability, not last more than twelve months longer.

"If I had a son with a voice like that, Judge," said a lady near him during the St. Mark's concert in December, "I would take him to New York where he would carry everything by storm."

"And come home a prig, a conceited young puppy," answered the Judge.

"But he would be so popular, you know."

"Madame, I would rather have a boy of mine pure than popular, a scholar than a singer, a good boy rather than be able to reach the high C. I hope no one will put foolish notions into his head."

"But he is such a phenomenon!"

"It is a rare case, believe me, where these infant phenomena do not turn out spoiled and useless men. Even now the boy is getting too much flattery and attention, but his mother has something to say, of course."

Christmas came, and with it a great surprise for Gerald. He reaped the fruit of the industry he had shown while he was home with the broken arm. Mr. Somers gave him notes for all his home work. Notwithstanding the escapade of the transom, he made good notes in the arithmetic competition and in other branches, with results that were entirely satisfactory to his father and to himself. There can be no greater satisfaction for a boy at Christmas time than to possess a college bulletin containing a record of high notes. This was the case with Gerald, and he knew it might be the cause of anything happening.

What really did happen was this. On Christmas morning, on returning from early Mass, he found on his plate a red morocco case containing a handsome silver watch. After breakfast Gerald confidentially informed his brother William that it certainly paid to be good, and for once that singular young man agreed with him.

Christmas and all its pleasures soon passed away, and the remaining weeks of winter glided swiftly by, so that before any one seemed aware of it, there were signs of returning spring. It is with an event in spring or early summer, in which Gerald figured we wish to close this narrative of a boy's striving for *manliness, and character and goodness, not-*

withstanding there was many a slip and many a fall.

If what is now about to be recorded appears to be a retrograde movement on the part of our young friend Albury, it will be necessary to remember that virtue is a habit, a general disposition and a tendency towards the right, rather than a total exemption from failure. Were it other than this, virtue would be impeccability, which is a state which Gerald or anybody else has not yet acquired.

Spring came, as has been said, and with it, of course came perennial baseball fever. Of ball team organizing at St. Mark's there was no end. There were the first, and second and third college teams, and class teams in abundance. Among the valiant Preparatorians Gilbert Chertsey was a leader, organizer, pitcher and captain of one team. Gerald Albury was a similar Poo Bah in an opposing team, composed of those boys who had attained high, or fairly high, notes in examinations. Chertsey's men were, like himself, generally laggards at their books, but by no means so one the diamond.

These little fellows of the two teams were shrewd. Long before any college teams were ready for a match game, they had secured the privilege of the yard diamond for a certain day. As they were the first applicants, the yard prefect had promised them the ground on the first Thursday in April, provided it was in a fit condition to be used.

When the day came everything turned out just as the players had wished. Albury's and Chertsey's teams turned out in all the pomp and glory of fresh new uniforms. Being the first game of the season, a majority of the students were present, most of them declaring that they had come to encourage the youngsters. Many of the older boys were inwardly fuming that the Preps. had stolen a march on them in securing the ground. The prefect had promised. His word

was law against which there was no appeal.

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire, a member of the first college team, who had consented to act for the occasion, and that happy season which is the joy of every genuine boy's heart, had begun. These two words have sent more thrills of happiness through young frames, have caused more ecstasies of delight, and have been the signal for and the beginning of more pleasure than, perhaps, any other two words found in the dictionary.

Gerald won the toss and sent the opposing team to the bat. Cheers and shouts and ample noise from "rooters" were not wanting. The game was played with spirit. It was certainly highly amusing to watch the little fellows mimic their seniors in gesture, pose, and even grace of movement. Small boys are proverbially imitative. To see young Albury, with the air of a most experienced player, watch the different bases, twist his fingers around the ball, raise his left leg when in the act of sending it over the plate, etc., was indeed delightful. If one could prescind from the idea of size, and the effectiveness—or ineffectiveness—of Gerald's curves, little imagination would be required to fancy the great Rogers of the First Team was pitching, so perfectly did the youngster model his pose and motions on his great hero.

Chertsey's men were retired with three runs in their favor. Albury went to the bat, and his team tied the score before they went out. It is not the intention to give a detailed account of the game, for after all, nearly all games, and consequently the descriptions of them, are about alike. We are more interested in an incident which occurred at the close of the game, which, however, to be completely understood requires some account of the progress of the play.

Throughout the afternoon the scores ran evenly. In the beginning of the

ninth inning, Chertsey went to the bat with a score of eleven to nine in his favor. He came home safely, and the next batsman made a two-base hit, but was put out on third, which he tried to steal. The third man fanned out at once, and the fourth reached second base, and with the assistance of the succeeding player reached the home plate. When the side was out, the score was thirteen to nine.

Four runs to tie was what faced Gerald and his men, as he took the bat in the last inning of the game. Gerald was lucky and made three bases on his first hit, and came home as his successor at the plate reached first. Thirteen to ten!

"Keep cool! Don't get excited. Keep your head," said Albury to the next man who went to the bat. Unfortunately the advice was not heeded. The boy was a little near-sighted and quite nervous. He went out with zero to his credit. The next player bunted the ball. The first and second bases were occupied—and one man was out. Granville came to the plate. He seemed quite confident, and was, in consequence, perhaps a little careless. The ball dropped easily into the right fielder's hands. Two men out—score thirteen to ten! The last man must make three runs to tie. "Good luck, Alf. Keep a steady eye on Chertsey's curves. They are getting easier all the time. His arm is weakening."

Alfred Dutton was a fine player, and his side placed great hopes in his being able to pull them out of the hole. He sent his ball clear across the field and brought home the two men on bases, and he was left on second. Thirteen to twelve!

"Hit high! hit low! bunt! Let the first ball go. No, strike at once!" and a dozen other instructions from all sides confused the lad on whom all hopes of the game now rested. There was great excitement everywhere. Chertsey took occasion to further increase the confu-

sion of the last batsman by the usual comedy of whispering to this one and that, and it all ended in the poor fellow fanning out at once.

Thirteen to twelve against the Alburies! Gerald was deeply mortified, the more so that Mr. Watson and his father had walked into the grounds during the game. They were talking to the President and some of the faculty. The pitcher of the losing team could scarcely keep back the tears of mortification. Cheer after cheer was given for the victors, in which Gerald and his men had the generosity to join. If their voices were not as hearty as usual, some allowance must be made. They cheered; that was the great point.

"Sorry you were defeated, my boy," said the President, heartily, "better luck next time."

"I do not see how you could pitch like that when you broke your arm not less than six months ago," remarked his father.

"Oh! pa. It was the other arm, and that is quite well now."

"Dear me! how could I make such a mistake!"

"Are you sorry you lost, Gerrie?" asked Mr. Watson, in a half-jesting way, as he shook hands with his favorite. Of course it was a foolish, and almost unfair question to ask at that moment, and under such circumstances; but—

"Oh! no. I don't care!"

And then Gerald Gregory Albury, who boasted of his truthfulness—who compelled others to believe him—blushed more crimsonly, more furiously than he had ever done in his life before.

Mr. Watson eyed him with a curiously scrutinizing glance for a moment, and then turned to talk with the President.

His father, who had heard his answer, looked vexed, and coughed in that peculiar way people have when they want to cover over a breach of manners. The President had not heard the answer. John Ignatius Granville stared at his

friend with wide-open, questioning eyes, in which Gerald imagined there was a world of reproof. Several other boys, who were within earshot, and who were of coarser clay, laughed aloud at what they considered Albury's bluff.

That evening, not far from midnight, Judge Albury heard a timid rap on his study door.

"Come in; who is there?" he said wonderingly.

A boy in a sleeping robe, with bare feet and tousled hair, and with traces of tears on a very sorrowful face, stood before him.

"Oh! papa! I can't sleep! I've been so bad to-day, and I feel so wicked and so mean."

"What is wrong, my boy?" asked the father, willing to let the boy tell his own tale.

"I told Mr. Watson, this afternoon, that I did not care. That was not true. I never told a lie before, and oh! oh! papa! I am—so—so—sor-ry!"

The little head dropped to his father's knee, and there came a flood of tears. Judge Albury gently stroked the penitent lad's curly hair. By and bye, when the storm was passed, he talked long and kindly. At the end he asked:

"Now, Gerald, what are you going to do?"

"Ask your pardon, papa."

"Very good! Anything else?"

"Yes, I am going to beg Mr. Watson's pardon."

"And is that all?"

"No; I am going to beg God's pardon before I get into bed, and I'll go to confession to-morrow."

"Good boy, Gerald. That is the best of all. We cannot do without God's help and grace. May God bless you! I see you are trying to grow up a good boy."

When the Judge implanted a good-night kiss on his son's brow, why were his eyes so dim?

THE END.



CLOCK-TOWER AND MARKET-HOUSE, LEDBURY.

A Quaint Old English Town

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

THE American in England is an indefatigable sightseer, and not only indefatigable but appreciative. It is he or she—she, perhaps, as a rule—who discovers hidden beauties and explores regions unfrequented by the English themselves, but it is possible that even so the picturesque old town of Ledbury, in Herefordshire, is merely a name to them—and it deserves to be very much more.

Its antiquity is undeniable. We are told that in the Domesday Book it is chronicled as Leideberg, and in those far-off days it was an appanage of the See of Hereford. During the Civil War, Ledbury was the scene of a smart engagement, fought in 1645, when Prince Rupert encountered the Parliamentary troops in the streets and the churchyard. The marks of the bullets are seen to-day on the walls of the ancient and beautiful church, and several of the missiles them-

selves have been extracted from the doors and other portions of the building. There is an air of mediaevalism, of remoteness from the rush and turmoil of the twentieth century, about this black and white gabled town, which with its quaint old market-house and its exquisite architecture forms such a happy hunting-ground for the artist. Usually it wears a somewhat deserted appearance, as that of a "land where it is always afternoon," but on Saturdays, market-day, it presents a scene of bristling activity. It was King Stephen, by the way, who granted the favor of a market to Ledbury, and this privilege was continued by Queen Elizabeth in a charter of 1584. The market-house itself is a thing of beauty. The original edifice, said to have been erected by John Abell, in the reign of Elizabeth, has naturally undergone considerable restoration, but it is still one of the greatest architectural

beauties of the place, and stands upon the sixteen huge pillars of chestnut wood brought centuries ago for the purpose from Malvern Chase.

The church is perhaps the next most important feature of this old-world town, and bears the distinguishing mark of a detached tower and spire; the

heavy, square piers, the latter most unusual and a subject of much contention amongst archaeologists. They date from the year 1060. The church abounds in interesting monuments, which include a table erected by Elizabeth Barrett Browning to the memory of her parents, and outside, in the adjoining "God's acre," but without any monument to mark his resting-place, lies the dust of Jacob Tonson, the publisher who gave to the world the works of Otway, Dryden, and Pope, and whose name is associated with the famous Kit-Cat Club. Several members of the Biddulph family are also buried here. Their residence, Ledbury House, as shown in an illustration, is a half-timbered mansion, a perfect model of black and white Tudor architecture, which has been in their possession for two centuries, and in the surrounding park are to be found some of the finest elm trees in England.

To return to the church. A lovely chapel in the north aisle has a series of windows belonging to the Decorated period, lavishly adorned with those ball-

flower ornaments so eminently characteristic of that period and this district. It is dedicated to St. Catharine, not the saint of the Wheel, nor of Siena, nor Bologna, but, as a modern writer who discourses charmingly of Herefordshire



CHURCH LANE, LEDBURY.

flower ornaments so eminently characteristic of that period and this district. It is dedicated to St. Catharine, not the saint of the Wheel, nor of Siena, nor Bologna, but, as a modern writer who discourses charmingly of Herefordshire

and Worcestershire tells us, of a purely local saint. "There are,"* he writes, "several saints of the name of Catharine besides Catharine of the Wheel, but the legendary saint of Ledbury is one who has so far penetrated, as far as the present writer is aware, into no menology, and affords an interesting example of the purely local cultus of some holy person. Catharine Audley, who lived in the time of Edward II, is the person to whom this chapel is said to be dedicated. The tale is that she settled down at Ledbury because she was told to re-

be called, seems to have attracted a great deal of attention on account of her piety and good works, and Camden tells us that the king "on consideration of her birth or piety, or both, granted her an annuity of £30." Near the town there are still two adjacent pieces of ground, known respectively as "Catharine's Acre" and "Mabel's Furlong," and there is also a Hospital of St. Catharine in the High Street, which seems to have been founded by Bishop Hugh Foliot in 1232; but if the ascription of that building is contemporaneous with its founda-



THE MARKET-HOUSE, LEDBURY.

remain at a place where the church bells should ring at her coming without the agency of human hands, and such is declared to have happened here. Her maid Mabel accompanied her and settled down in the neighborhood, each occupying a kind of little hermitage, and subsisting on herbs and milk. "Blessed Catharine of Ledbury," as she came to

tion, it must belong to another St. Catharine than her of Ledbury. The Ledbury saint is also associated with some curious markings in the sandstones which are locally believed to have been made by the feet of the mare and colt by which she was conveyed to Ledbury.

In the chapel of St. Anne we see a handsome Saunders tablet, by Westmacott, and below, one to the memory of William Miles, by Flaxman. An old tomb bears an inscription to James

* "The Malvern Country,"—Bertram Windle, F. R. S.

Bailey, a corvisor (shoemaker), aged a hundred, who died in 1674, and on the floor of St. Anne's chapel we read the following:

"The world's fashion defied
Our Lord's Passion applied
His bliss only in this descried
Ould Richard Hayward died
An. Dom. 1618."

A quaintly worded epitaph is also inscribed on the pillars by the organ:

"Say Paternoster for Sir W. Callow,
Who loved God well and All Hallows.
Dead, yes, and worm'd; admit to be, what
then?
He lives enclosed within ye harts of men.
Earth myst to earths, and here that part's
confinde;
His purer part by Angells is enshrinede."

Alas! times are changed in the old church of Ledbury; no "Paternosters" are murmured nowadays for the souls of those whose dust lies within its walls, and England can no longer claim the proud title of the "Dowry of Mary."

The tower, as is more usual in Herefordshire than in other places, is separate from the church; possibly to avoid damage if the spire fell, or, as some say, for purposes of defence. The base is Norman, and the steeple two hundred and two feet high. The peal of eight bells chimes by machinery, and Ledbury is one of the very few places where the custom of ringing the curfew is still continued.

Another interesting memorial of the past is "St. Katharine's Hospital," a picturesque almshouse founded by Bishop Foliott about 1232, reestablished under Elizabeth in 1580, and re-regulated by Act of Parliament in 1819. The chapel, part of which was used as a stable by Cromwell's soldiers, is a fine specimen of the early English style. Several ancient mansions, one with carved lintels supposed to have been the

Bishop's palace, ornament Bye Street, and in the Homend, Abbey House, a half-timbered building, remains in excellent preservation. Time was, we are told, when Ledbury produced a wine of its own, probably much appreciated, as in the year 1288 "Vinea de Ledebur" was valued at eight pounds a pipe.

At the corner of the Lower Cross once stood an old tannery, as well as various half-timbered houses, but in 1892 these were destroyed in order to make room for the Barrett-Browning Memorial. It is a handsome structure consisting of a clock-tower and institute with library reading-room. As my readers are no doubt aware, the celebrated poetess spent her girlhood in this part of the world, and the memorial to her genius was chiefly raised by the efforts of Mr. C. W. Stephens, of Ledbury.

The town forms a capital centre for excursions. Birts Morton Court, a moated grange of the sixteenth century, connected with Wolsey, is six miles off, the ancient Gothic church of Bromes Berrow is at a distance of four miles, and one mile out is the Hazel Farm which is alluded to in the Domesday Book. Eastnor Castle is about two and a half miles from Ledbury, and there are other points of interest in the neighborhood too numerous to mention. Even the principal hotel, "The Feathers," partakes—so far at least as its outward appearance goes—of the prevailing mediaevalism of the place. It is a gabled house of Tudor origin which has been in existence for over three centuries, and was one of the ancient inns of the coaching days. Several of the rooms are furnished with old oak, and the black oak staircase will prove a joy forever to the artistically inclined.

Here, however, the mediaevalism ends, and my readers, when they visit Ledbury, will find it combined with that modernity, as regards culinary and domestic details, which spells the comfort of one's daily existence.

Cardinal Pierotti, O. P.

By GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

THE object of my present sketch is one which should be especially interesting to readers of **THE ROSARY**, for Cardinal Pierotti has worn for many years the white habit of the Dominican, and is altogether a shining light in that always luminous Order. Raffaele Maria Pierotti was born at Sorban del Vescono in the smiling Tuscany valleys and not very far from the picturesque and historical old town of Lucca. At a very early age he evinced marked symptoms of a vocation to the religious life, and when he was sixteen he became a son of St. Dominic, and made his novitiate under the care of Father Colles. One of his companions in the novitiate was Cardinal Zigliara, now dead. His studies were begun in Perugia, one of the most beautiful towns in Umbria's fair province, and completed in the Eternal City. He was professed on the 9th of January, 1853; in 1860 he took out the degree of Lector in Theology, and between that date and 1870 we find him officiating as Master of Novices in Rome. The present General of the Minerva, by the way, was a novice under Padre Pierotti in the year 1869. From 1870 till 1873 he acted as Regent of Studies at the Minerva Theological School, and then took up the manifold and arduous duties of parish priest of the Minerva parish, which office he retained for several years.

It was in the month of May that he succeeded Cardinal Bausa as Master of the Sacred Palace. This post is one which can only be filled by members of the Dominican Order; it includes amongst other things the spiritual supervision of the Vatican officials, and the priest appointed bears the title of the

"Pope's Theologian." It is related of Cardinal Pierotti that once in his student days he defended a public thesis, not only with great eloquence but also, which is rarer, with a thorough knowledge of the point at issue. Amongst his audience was one Guiseppe Pecci, afterwards Cardinal Pecci, who now occupies the throne of Peter. He also took part in the spiritual debates which followed young Pierotti's speech, and formed on the spot a high opinion of the youthful Dominican's talents and opinion, which after events fully justified.

On the 30th of November, 1896, Raffaele Maria Pierotti received the red hat of a Cardinal, an honor which was unanimously pronounced to be well deserved. He belongs to the following congregations: Bishops and Regulars, Propaganda, Index, Rites, Indulgences and Sacred Relics, and is, moreover, Visitatore Apostolico dei Luoghi Pie, Protector of several religious and pious institutes, and Cardinal Deacon of the church of Saints Cosmas and Damian. His Eminence combines the humility and unassuming manners of a Dominican Friar with the dignity due to his lofty position as a prince of the Church. And the result is very charming. He is a clever theologian,—but that goes without saying of a Friar Preacher "c'est son metier"—and he is also exceedingly pious in the deepest, most significant sense of that much abused word. He is tall and imposing looking, with the face of an ascetic, but his health is at the present moment causing his friends and the public in general a little anxiety.

Owing to the recent death of Cardinal Pierotti, this sketch, which is full and authentic, is reprinted from **THE ROSARY MAGAZINE** of May, 1903.—(Ed.)

A Sketch From Nature

By ANNA C. MINOGUE



HERE is a narrow path up and across the steep hill, a field dimpled with tiny hollows, whither, in autumn, the leaves are carried by the wailing winds for burial. Through the valley below, a broad, shallow stream curves, its murmuring voice and the song of the birds alone breaking the country quiet. I climbed the hill one morning while the flowers, lifting their heads shyly from the leaves and grasses, were still adorned with gleaming dewdrops, and I roved through the old wood where I had played in childhood and where each tree was a friend, well-known and loved. In the deepest part of the wood—where the hill slopes on the other side to a dell where the undergrowth is thick and a grove of young birches lift themselves, questioning, with youthful imperiousness, what are the great secrets which the oaks and ashes, towering over them, hold in their enduring bosoms—a brook, tiny, silvery, wanders.

Here I paused, gazing silently at the thread of water curling past my feet. It did not chatter as it flowed, but slipped on noiselessly to join "the brimming river." Further up was a miniature cataract, and the water falling over this into the basin below sent back iridescent reflections of the dancing sunbeams, as a woman's grateful heart transforms the love it receives into a thousand tender joys for the giver. I pushed aside the tall grasses, and, crouching on the bank, fell to watching this tiny stream which, for aught I knew, had been forced ages ago from its hidden place to find a passage to the

sea or be lost irrevocably. Now its channel was smooth and certain, but I thought of the rill's first feeble, and at times seemingly futile, effort to mark out its pathway. How the tall, thick grasses, like these growing on its bank, obstructed its path and appeared like obstacles insurmountable! And the pebbles! I wondered were there not times when, meeting them, the brook would fain turn aside and wander aimlessly among the grasses or lie stagnant at their roots? But it durst not waste itself, so, dividing, it passed around the stone over which to-day it glides.

In places the channel was deep, and here the water gleamed in the light like plates of polished silver. In other places it was shallow, and here the few broad blades of grass, pushing themselves up from their sandy bed, caused the water to break into ripples, which, catching a straying sunbeam, would make one think that a crowd of baby goldfishes were playing at hide-and-seek underneath. Sweet woodland flowers decked the bank on either side, their fragrance and beauty giving the last needed charm to the place. It was too beautiful a spot, I thought, to be hidden here in the heart of the unfrequented wood, shrinking into insignificance before the majesty of the ancient trees. It was like a tender, sweet-faced child, roaming through a ruin where sat grave Chaldean sages wrapped in awful mystery. Why had it not been sent through more congenial scenes, some lady's garden, where its loveliness would receive the admiration it merited, or through some low meadow-land, where the bare-

footed children would love its silvery waters? Here its beauty, and utility, also, were wasted.

As thus I thought, a long-eared rabbit hopped out from its nest and coming fearlessly to the edge of the bank sipped leisurely of the cool water. The creature, so timid when near the habitation of man, so cautious when passing through the fields where his fellow animals peacefully abide, showed here no sign of alarm. The hill's rich bosom gave it food, the stream, drink, and the undergrowth, a home. As it left, a red-bird, whose glad, wild song had been filling the wood with music, fluttered down and cooled its tired throat with the sparkling water, then perching on the swaying bough of one of the young birches, caroled its gratitude to the hidden stream. After that other birds came and drank and bathed, and carried off a mouthful to the little hot throats in some shrub or lofty tree. Was there waste of beauty and utility, I now questioned. And my heart answered: No, not while there were eyes to gladden, tongues to cool, albeit they belonged but to birds and rabbits.

Like that brook flowing in the dark wood is the life of a woman I know. Her home, a rambling, quaintly built house, still suggests the prosperity and ease of the Southerner of the past, who, though possessing rich plantations and numberless slaves to till them, shifted the responsibility of his wealth onto the shoulders of another and spent his life pleasantly and carelessly. Wholly unlike the members of that aristocracy, so gradually but none the less surely being displaced in the South, is the tall, graceful woman who at my entrance rises from an old-fashioned armchair and clasps my hand in welcome. Her hair is snowy white, her face is colorless, and there is a transparency about it that suits the form from which grief has chiseled all youth's roundness. Her

mouth is large but perfect in shape, and when she smiles, as she often does, one sees teeth, white, small and even.

Like the outside of the house, the room in which she generally sits bears traces of better, happier days. The carpet, in whose velvety softness the foot once sank, the painting of walls and ceiling, and the few pieces of rare old furniture, all tell of a departed prosperity. There is a great fireplace, which in summer is a mass of foliage, a high carved mantelpiece, above which hangs a portrait of General Robert Lee. There are other pictures on the walls and a few pieces of precious bric-a-brac scattered around; but the numberless scarfs and cushions with which so many women love to surround themselves are not found here. But what holds the attention longest in this interesting room are its many bookcases. It was the local fame of her fine collection of books that first made me anxious to know her, but in after days, when she admitted me to her friendship, they became a secondary matter.

"The Compriers were always a studious people," she observed one day, as we sat there, she busy with her darning and I engrossed with an ancient Shakespeare. "Some books in the collection were brought by my great, great grandfather from Maryland, but my father and brother Joseph, who now lives in Mobile, purchased the greater number of them. For my part, my life was spent among them. On evenings when Nell and Lettie would be in the parlor, singing or dancing, I would be out here reading with father and the boys. They used to tease me unmercifully, call me old maid and bookworm, and sometimes Charles would snatch away my book and bear me off to the parlor to waltz with him. A happy family? Ah! yes, my dear. There were seven children; now there are only four, and two of them separated from themselves and

the other two by many hundreds of miles. That is the bitterness of living—to be far away from our loved ones. It may seem strange to you, but those who are dead feel nearer to me than any of the others, excepting Henry,” and her beautiful eyes went to the window which showed us the hammock in which her invalid brother lay.

“I don’t mourn my dead now,” she continued, after a brief pause. “I miss them all, especially Nell, but the bitter grief that once weighed down my heart is gone. How much happier they are than those who remain! When I think of what Henry has suffered, and still must suffer, of Lettie’s sorrow-stricken home and of my own trouble, I am glad they are at rest. Often, when the cares of earth press me down, I go to their graves for consolation.”

Here she broke off and, returning to her former subject, talked about the books, until a question brought her back to personalities again.

“I think I must have been the torment of my father’s life,” she said. “He was a deep scholar, a great reader, and I never knew any one with his profound respect for books. He had gained a high place in knowledge, but by the most indefatigable study. His was not one of those quick minds that grasp and comprehend things without an effort, but one that works slowly and painfully. So it must have been strange to him to see a girl of eighteen coming over the ground by strides where he had traveled by such careful steps. Sometimes when he would lay down his book, I would pick it up, and after a while would begin to jot down notes on the paper which he always kept for that purpose. Dear father! I can see the expression on his face now as he read them.

“Oh, yes, I used to write. I don’t know how it happened that I should have thought of such a thing, for in *those days women were expected to be*

learned for the home alone, not for the wider circle of magazine readers. But I wrote verses, essays and stories, and many of them were published. I well remember my joy over seeing them in print and my great desire to show them to my father, yet, fearing to offend him, I refrained from doing so. I planned a great career for myself. The field was not so crowded then, and as I had some natural talent to aid me, I felt confident of success. About that time there came a great financial crash and, like many others, father lost all his money. Not many years before, the war had crippled our fortune, and this destroyed it forever. My father did not long survive, and when he died he left us helpless and almost penniless.

“Until then my life had flowed in a peaceful channel, but after that it entered into the dark and hard places. The estate was involved seriously; the boys knew comparatively nothing of managing it, and so we did what I have since regretted—parcelled it out to tenants, while they started to earn a fortune for themselves as bookkeepers and lawyers. Three of the boys were older than I, and the youngest brother, Charles, was studying for the ministry. His vocation must not be interfered with, we determined, but there were the two girls to be educated. Nell was even then a musician of no mean ability, and a few more years would render her proficient and place her in a position to gain a good livelihood. It was then my knowledge proved a useful friend. I applied for and taught the district school for a number of years, thereby educating Nell and Lettie, besides providing many a little necessary for the home.

“My own plans had been rudely broken in upon, but I set them aside until the present difficulties were surmounted, thinking with youthful optimism that the old time of plenty and leisure would be restored, when I should live out my golden dream. What trust

the young heart has in the future! Nearing now my half a century of life, I tremble at the thought of what the future may still hold for me and I cannot realize that it was really I who, on the threshold of time, looked forward to the years with such confidence and longing.

"True, after a while, there came a summertime of happiness. The love that perfects woman's life was mine. We were happy together once more. The girls and Charles were home for their vacation, the boys, who had positions in the town, were with us in the evening, and, to complete our joy, Joseph brought to us his young wife to love and cherish for his sake."

She showed me the portrait of her brother's wife, and a sadness crept over me as I looked at the lovely, childish face, the pure, limpid eyes, gazing out so confidently on the future opening like a vista before her.

"You do not think it strange that in a short time we grew to love her as if she were our own sister? She wound herself so completely around our hearts that we would gladly have given our lives for her. But all that love and tenderness could not keep the beautiful soul in its fragile dwelling-place. When she died, it seemed that the rarest part of our happiness was buried with her. Her death was the beginning of a series of other troubles. The next one to leave us was our mother. Ah! my dear, after our brief spell of happiness there came a direful visitation. In one short month we saw the trappings of death twice in our home, and the flowers were scarcely wilted on Virgie's grave when mother's was made beside it. Then separation followed for those who remained. Joseph, whose heart was broken by his double loss, went to Mobile, and I was alone with Lettie and Henry, whose delicate constitution had been ruined by his close application to work. I put from me all thought

of my own happiness, for the present, and my betrothed was noble and generous. I have heard of men so selfish as to demand that their sweethearts should disregard the most sacred of duties for them; but he aided me in my efforts to make smooth the paths of my child-sister and invalid brother.

"Oh! those were dreary days! Henry was in the prime of manhood, full of ambition, eager for the pleasures of life, and he could not reconcile himself to his lot. Oh! the wrestling with that soul, the striving to bring it into perfect harmony with God's dispensation, the fighting against the power of darkness that threatened to overwhelm it! But," the beautiful eyes kindling with a holy light, "my prayers and pleadings and God's great grace conquered, and when he took my hand one morning, and said to me, 'Sister, I am resigned, and you made me so,' I knew that I had not lived in vain. My dear, it was that knowledge, and the thought that there was yet work for me, that carried me through the next terrible calamity, which for a while seemed to sweep away from me everything that had sustained me under other trials."

She passed a slim, blue-veined hand before her eyes and for a moment said nothing, and I knew that she referred to the time when Dr. Spellman, her betrothed lover, in a heat of passion caused by hearing a word slightly spoken of her, struck the speaker a blow—for which blow he paid the next morning with his life on the duelling-field. I had heard this tragic part of her story from others, and that the shock of her lover's death had turned the brown hair white and impaired forever the hitherto splendid health.

"It was the heaviest cross of all," she said, looking at me with eyes that told of a soul that once had stood on the edge of despair, "not so much his death as the knowledge that I had caused it. Looking back from where I stand to-

day, I wonder how my young heart endured it. I could not, I now realize, if I had not had Henry. You know those lines of Longfellow:

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us sad, funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps."

"Deep in my heart, I had thought at first that it was hard that Henry should be cut down in the vigor of manhood; but when I was thus bereft, I knew that his invalidism was for me indeed one of Heaven's distant lamps."

The mist came into her dark eyes as they sought, with the solicitous affection of a mother, the occupant of the hammock. She paused, then continued in her calm voice:

"But, though happiness and I had parted company, there was work to be done. I had to be both mother and father to the younger children; even the boys, though older than I, still looked to me for advice and help. The management of the estate devolved entirely on me, and it was no sinecure. The tenants were, for the most part, of an inferior class, who scrupled not at the basest actions to gain a slight advantage. I tried for years to improve them, but, with a few exceptions, failed. Then death came back, and took first, Charles, in the first year of his ministry, then John, and lastly, Nell. If I had a favorite it was Nell. She had been more my companion in childhood and youth, and she was one of those sunny natures that always find the bright side of things. Through all our trouble she was cheerful, although I knew she, too, was suffering. But her pain was so great that, fondly as I loved her, I thanked God when she was dead. Is there anything harder than this, I wonder—to kneel for hours by the bedside of one whose life is far dearer to you than your own, begging God to send *her His release!*"

She again became silent. The long, slim fingers drawing the needle through the glove she was mending, trembled slightly, and I knew that the downcast eyes saw not the work before them but the anguished face of the dying sister.

"Aren't our hearts tough things?" she asked, looking up. "Thinking of the sorrows of others, we wonder how they can endure them; and yet when our time comes we do not succumb, but eat and sleep and work as before. It seems impossible to us at first that we shall ever know happiness again, but scattered along our way are many joys, if we will accept them. Sorrow can make us selfish, if we permit it. It comes to us disguised as an enemy, but we may transform it into a holy friend. Do you remember what Madame de Stael says? 'What is it to be resigned? It is to put God between ourselves and our troubles.' In those few words she has expressed all. And whoever meditates on the example given us by the Man of Sorrows," she continued, lifting her eyes to the crucifix on the mantle-piece, "must grow resigned patiently to follow in His steps."

After some further conversation, she referred to her original idea of what her work should be.

"Although I have been waiting many years, the time to follow what I once fondly dreamed was my calling has not arrived. There are still duties which I may not neglect, and what spare time I have I give to Henry."

The summer afternoon was waning as I rose.

"Come and see Henry," she said, leading the way over the green yard to the hammock, swung low between two old locust trees.

"Please don't rise," I said, noting his feeble effort.

"You see how illness and years change us!" he said, taking my hand, a smile—so like his sister's—lighting up his face. "I could once spring out of

asily as the lambs yonder spring
it brook; but now I must ask
ardon me for not rising. I am
I have come to see us. I trust
I come often. Sister sees few
m the outside world. Her life
I spent in waiting on a sick old
who can make her no return
r."

as standing near his head, and
was speaking one delicate hand
othing back the clustering locks
s high forehead, her eyes and
mile resting on his face.

your love," she said, gently,
his thin hand sought hers.

all walk with you as far as the
all," she said, as I was leaving.

black dog left his place by his
and coming to her side, looked
face with affection in his brown

nd I are great friends," she said,
; to caress his big head. "He
tes himself my body-guard
go over the farm."

ath led us down the lawn, in
among the great trees. The
ie wall that separated the lawn
e pasture-land was almost cov-
th dark-green moss and vines.
vas a pretty knoll to the left
by an ancient oak, while clus-
out its feet like children around
-headed sire were a number of
lings. The ground was a mass
: violets.

"This was my favorite nook in what I
now call my sentimental days," she said,
gathering some of the pale blossoms
for me. "Here none would intrude, and
what an amount of time I used to spend
on its ornamentation! I could not grow
flowers in beds because of the tree, but
I had them in swinging baskets of every
size and device, until a stranger would
be forgiven for thinking that he had
chanced upon a modern Babylonian
flower-garden. But I rarely come here
now. Memories cluster too thickly
around it, memories of my brief season
of hope and happiness."

When I reached the brow of the hill,
I paused. The summer sun, attended
by a train of fleecy little clouds, had
passed through the western gate, and
the land was steeped in the glory of his
departure. I looked back at the old
house nestling among the trees. I could
see the moss-covered roof and ivy-clad
gable, the rich red roses swaying in the
evening breeze. Its mistress was stand-
ing by the hammock, her hand resting
on the rope. Before her was the dog,
his huge form defined against her gray
dress. In imagination I saw the smile
that was illuminating her high-bred face,
and the tender light of the great dark
eyes as they rested on her brother. As
I recalled some of the words she had
spoken to me that afternoon, I remem-
bered the lesson I had been taught by
the brook in the wood, and it answered
all my questioning.

Regina Rosarii

By Mary Teresa Waggaman

Her children weave through myriad hours,

Rose garlands for her throne of gold—

While on their holy hearts she showers

Celestial sweets untold.



GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE.

Florence

By HON. MAURICE H. DONAHUE



FLORENCE is preeminently "The City Beautiful." Nature and art have both contributed with prodigal hand all the resources of their respective treasuries to the beautifying and the embellishing of this city destined by fate, or at least by conspiracy of events, to be the cradle of the Renaissance.

When the visitor looks upon Florence, either from the heights of Fiesole, San Miniato, or the terrace of the famous Villa Mozzi, he understands better than he can be told in words why this city, so long devastated by the fratricidal strifes of Guelph and Ghibelline, cursed by feuds of faction and family, swept by an awful scourge wreaking upon a hapless people the wrath of an angry God, should be the one city to give reincarnation to the arts and sciences and produce masters seemingly possessed of the unused forces of centuries; masters, the lustre of whose fame shall perish only with the loss of the love of humanity for the true and the beautiful; masters who, even with the accumulated learning of all the intervening ages, have had few equals and no superiors.

Of course the Renaissance was not confined to Florence, but rather Florence was distinctively the city of this new birth, and from there its influence permeated all Italy, and from Italy it spread to other peoples and to other lands.

Florence from either of the points named, and, indeed, from many others, presents a view of surpassing beauty and grandeur—a perfect blending of the best of nature and art into one harmonious whole that awakens all the latent powers and slumbering aspirations of

the soul of him who looks thereon; and he may drink and drink of the inspiration, but the contents of the cup held out to him never grow less.

But Florence is not equally beautiful in all of her parts. The palaces and castles that are so closely identified with her history, many of which are now the storehouses of her wonderful treasures of art, are but ugly masses of stone unrelieved by any architectural ornamentation. They were built in the days of feuds, revolutions, and warfare, and were intended as much for fortresses as for palaces. Yet, notwithstanding their frowning, uninviting exterior, there is nevertheless a rugged grandeur about them. Their forbidding exterior is softened by their surroundings, so that in the contrast alone there is beauty, and it is this contrast of the rugged and the frail, the strong and the weak, the ancient, the medieval, and the modern, that makes Florence, as a whole, distinctively beautiful.

It is situated in the valley of the Arno, one of the prettiest valleys of all Italy. The river divides the city into two unequal parts and is spanned by many handsome bridges, but the one of special interest is the Ponte Vecchio. This bridge belongs to the period greatest in the history of Florence, and upon it all the great men and women that Florence gave to art, literature, and science, and whose memory still lives undimmed by the lapse of ages, crossed and re-crossed the Arno.

They have stood upon its arches and watched the softly flowing river, gliding ever onward to the sea. They have seen the moonbeams kiss the waters and have listened to their rippling murmurings of love in response to the moon's caresses.

and the vision of majestic strength and peaceful beauty has brought to them solace in affliction, quietude from all

gentle beauty, the serene, sublime grandeur of the place quieted their aching hearts and weary brains and dispelled



FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.

unrest, and hope and aspiration for the future.

This old bridge whispers to all mankind its wonderful story, but our own Longfellow caught the message and gave it voice and meaning to the less gifted of his fellows in these lines:

"Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me, as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it over-
thrown

My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago,
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelph.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself."

Tradition says that many, discontent with life, have sought the Ponte Vecchio *intent on self-destruction*, but that the

their deep despair; and they turned from death back into life, peacefully happy and buoyantly hopeful.

Though the valley of the Arno is beautiful, yet its beauty is but the beginning of a far grander loveliness. The undulating highlands, from which rise the rugged and broken hills, cultivated to their very summits, their sides studded with elegant villas and magnificent gardens, present a scene the beauty of which you may see and feel but cannot tell, and in the center, Florence—Florence, with her ancient buildings, the walls of which are frescoed within and without; and there is nothing more pathetic in all Florence than these same old buildings. They by no means prove that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases,
It will never pass into nothingness."

These old walls look like some sin-cursed face that once was fair and good

to look upon, but that criminal practices and debauchery have set their seal-sinister upon forever, and the remnant of beauty here and there breaking through the wretched mask, only adds to the pathos of the tragedy written thereon.

The public buildings of Florence, as a rule, have no great architectural beauty, but of course the rule has its exceptions. The Baptistry, Campanile and Duomo, or Cathedral, form a group of beautiful buildings of which Florentines are very proud.

The Baptistry is one of the oldest buildings in Florence. It was built in the seventh century with the materials of an ancient pagan temple, but was restored and covered with marble in the thirteenth, and in the sixteenth the lantern on the top was added. It is octag-

tistry of peculiar beauty. These gates are very massive and of paneled design; each panel is filled with raised figures, startlingly perfect, not only in outline, but in expression. The one by Pisano represents the life of St. John the Baptist. The one by Ghiberti is far superior. It represents: The Creation of man; Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise; Noah after the deluge; the walls of Jerico; the Queen of Sheba in Solomon's palace; the battle with the Ammonites; the promise to Abraham; the sacrifice on the Mount; Esau selling his birthright, and Joseph and his brothers. The door on the north is also by Ghiberti, and represents the life of Christ. Our admiration for these beautiful works of art is only equalled by our astonishment that one so young as Ghiberti then was—only twenty-three years



THE PONTE VECCHIO.

onal in form, and was at one time used as a cathedral, but is very much smaller than the present magnificent one. The bronze gates, one by Pisano and one by Ghiberti, are the only parts of the Bap-

of age—could so early become a master of his art.

The Campanile stands directly opposite the Baptistry and adjoining the Duomo. It is a rectangular bell-tower

nearly, if not quite, three hundred feet in height. This structure was designed by Giotto, one of the first great masters of the Renaissance. Each of the upper stories is a little higher than the next lower one, so that, observing it from the ground, all seem to be equal.

The Duomo is the really great structure of Florence, perfect in its detail and beautiful in its completeness. It was commenced in the latter part of the thirteenth century, but finished only in the latter part of the nineteenth. It has been used, however, as a cathedral since the middle of the fifteenth century. The decree ordering its construction directed Arnolfo, as chief artificer of the commune, to make a design of "the most eminent and sumptuous magnificence that the mind of man could conceive," and these instructions were literally obeyed, not only by the architect to whom they were directed, but by those who followed him; the result is all that could be desired even by those wise and patriotic Florentines who counselled that "Matters of the commune should not be undertaken unless it be to make them corresponding to a heart which is rendered great by being composed of the souls of many citizens united in one will."

The walls are one hundred and thirty feet high, supporting a dome so majestic in its proportions as to excite the wonder and admiration of all who behold it. This dome is the work and the masterpiece of the great Brunelleschi, and so long as it stands, or even the memory of it remains, he needs no other monument to attest his greatness. The immensity of this dome is better understood by comparison of its parts with smaller structures. To illustrate, the marble lantern that surmounts it, forming merely the apex, is seventy feet in height, nearly twice the height of the average buildings in any city.

The Jewish synagogue is a magnificent modern building, by far the finest

Jewish place of worship in Europe. It is in Moorish style, elegantly ornamented. The polychrome decorations within are very beautiful, and an elegant cupola rises to a majestic height.

Many houses of Florence are famous on account of the illustrious men and women whom they have sheltered. The homes of Dante, Alfieri, Galileo, Amerigo Vespucci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Ghiberti and many others are of special interest, but none more so than the house in which the English poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, lived and died.

But all this is not Florence. Florence to the student, the artist, the historian, or even the fairly intelligent tourist, does not consist of its buildings, its bridges, its environments alone; nor does it consist of the two hundred thousand souls that people it to-day. All these are but the physical Florence, the framework or, rather, the body of the soul of Florence. Florence is the accumulated energy, ability, genius, inspiration, execution of centuries that sent Vespucci across the seas, that created The Divine Comedy, that carved in marble and committed to canvas all that was great and all that was best in the life, the thought, and the sentiment of her people.

Florence without her memories, without her heritage from the past, with all her beauty would still be commonplace.

Of the literature of Florence I shall not speak; that is the common property of all, whether they visit Florence or not. Nor shall I attempt any detailed description of her art. One's memory of the art treasures of Florence is like a memory of the perfumes of springtime—blended so pleasingly and perfectly in nature's laboratory that we think only of the composite fragrance and not of its parts.

"The grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome" perished, and with their fall came not merely the decadence but the death of the arts and

sciences that illumine and elevate the human intelligence and bring to man some comprehension of the beauties and harmonies of heaven and earth.

Under the ruins of Hadrian's villa—crushed into eleven distinct pieces, as if typical of the centuries it was to lie hidden there—lay the wonderful masterpiece of Grecian sculpture, the Venus de Medici, waiting, as it were, the signal-trumpet of its resurrection. To-day it stands, with other examples of the best Grecian art, resurrected and restored, in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, looking its greetings across the black chasm of the Dark Ages to its companion pieces of sculptured marble, children of the Renaissance, absolutely of kinship in conception, but with no line of descent in the masters who wrought their beauty and fashioned their perfection.

There are many treasures of art in Florence, but the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti are the two largest and most important. These are, in fact, but one, being connected by the enclosed passageway over the Ponte Vecchio, which forms, as it were, a second story to that venerable structure. This passageway was originally constructed by the Medici when that family occupied the Palazzo Vecchio and the Pitti as a means of travelling unobserved from one to the other, and is in itself a gallery of art. Its walls are covered with pictures of no mean standard of excellence. The most interesting of these are the portraits of the men and women of the Medici and of many other persons prominent, not only in the history of Florence and Italy, but also of all Europe. Besides these two galleries there are eight other public and five private galleries, so that it truly is no exaggeration to say that in Florence there are "miles of pictures and acres of statuary."

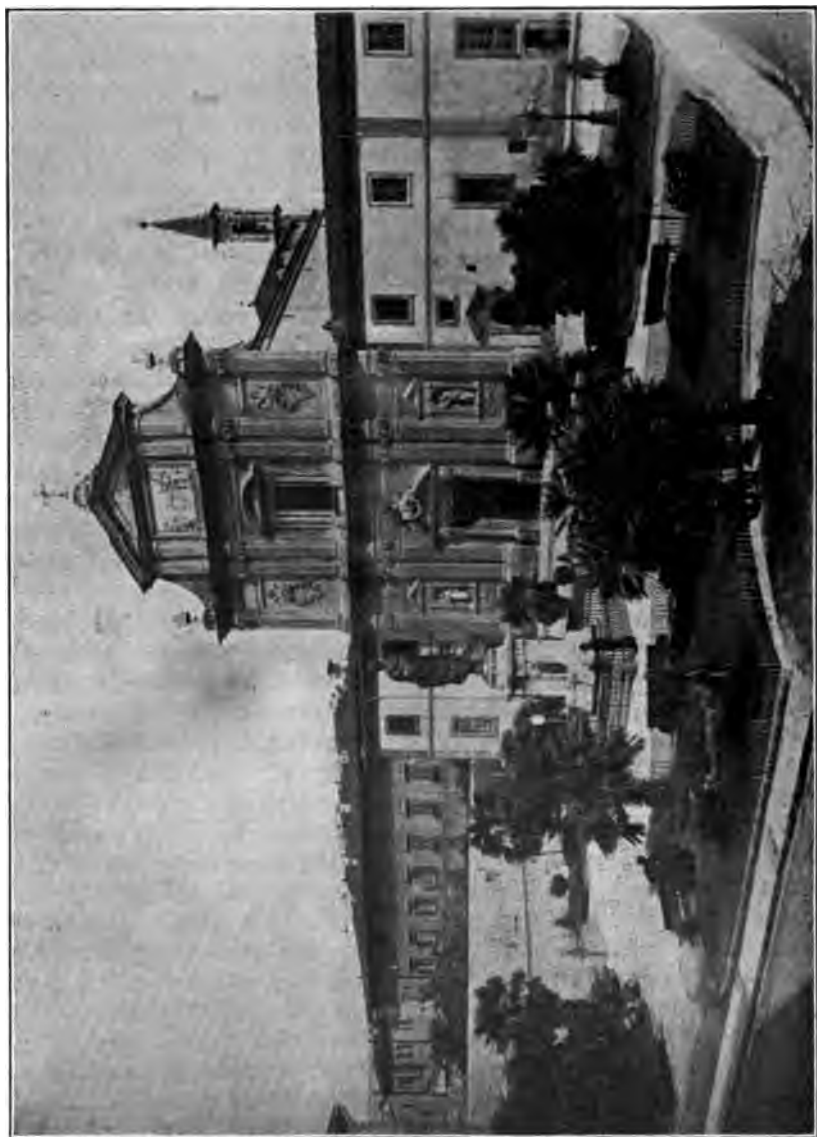
In the Uffizi are four hundred portraits of the celebrated painters of all

nationalities, painted by themselves, from the fifteenth century to the present time, and there is no painter of this period known to fame whose portrait is not found in this most interesting collection.

It is impossible to mention in detail all the paintings of particular excellence in these galleries. Every picture there is eminently worthy of its place and its association. There are many by Raphael, among which is his celebrated "Madonna della Seggiola," second only to his "Sistine Madonna" in Dresden. There are two other Madonnas by Raphael of almost equal merit, but less famous than this. His "St. John in the Desert" is a wonderful production, and his portrait of Cardinal Dovizi is said to be the most lifelike portrait that the brush of painter ever committed to canvas.

There are also a great many fine paintings by Andrea del Sarto; one of the very best of this collection is his "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalen." This subject has been handled by many of the ablest artists the world has ever known, but none have ever approached, much less equalled, this wonderful production of the great del Sarto. The collection in "The Hall of Original Drawings" is also enriched by eighty of his productions, and these alone would make this collection famous. Indeed, to contemplate this enormous collection of art's richest treasures,—forty-four thousand four hundred works of all the great masters—is simply bewildering.

"The Three Graces" and "The Holy Family," by Rubens, are each fair expressions of that master's skill, and "The Repose in Egypt," by Van Dyck, shows the pupil to be worthy of the master. Two pictures by Perugino, "The Descent from the Cross" and "Jesus in the Garden," are works of peculiar excellence, and Allori's great picture, "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," shows the wonderful possibilities of expression, not



ST. MARK'S PUBLIC SQUARE,

only of the human countenance, but even its counterfeit presentment.

Rembrandt's "Portrait of An Old Man" is another very interesting picture. Its companion piece, "Portrait of An Old Woman," is in the National Gallery, London. "The Head of Medusa," by Leonardo da Vinci, "The Judgment of Solomon," by Vander Werff, and "The Fates," by Michael Angelo, are exceptionally fine pictures.

There are three pictures by Botticelli entitled to more than passing notice: "The Birth of Venus," "Adoration of the Magi," and "Judith." There is also a "Judith" by the senior Palma that is of equal merit with the "Judith" of Botticelli.

"Mary and Martha at the Feet of Our Saviour," by Carpi, is a work of rare excellence, and "The Marys at the Sepulchre" and "The Crucifixion," by Paul Veronese, are of the very best efforts of that celebrated artist. True, he has painted many large canvases, particularly battle-scenes, containing many hundreds of figures (one is said to contain three thousand), and has in these pictures clearly portrayed life in its most active and terrible aspects, and upon these, perhaps, his fame more securely rests; but these particular paintings I have just named emphasize the versatility of his art and show that he could comprehend the Divine and pathetic in human nature as well as the satanic and terrible.

Here, also, is found the famous "Wedding at Cana," by Tintoretto, and also his "Sacrifice of Abraham"—in every way the equal of the former, but less celebrated.

"The Deluge" and "Jacob Meeting Rachel" are very fine paintings by Bassano, as are also "Jephtha's Vow," by Le Brun, "The Transfiguration," by Savolli, and "A Dead Christ," by Bellini.

Cagliari's great painting, "The Creation of Eve," is his masterpiece, and Correggio's "Head of St. John the Baptist"

is every way worthy of that great artist.

Another very magnificent painting is a triptych by Froment. The centre is "The Resurrection of Lazarus;" to the right, "Martha at the Feet of Our Saviour," to the left, "Magdalene Washing His Feet." The galleries of Florence contain not only the best production of the Tuscan and Italian schools, but also of the Dutch, Flemish, German, and French.

In the many halls of these galleries are cabinets of gems containing some of the richest and rarest jewels in the world. In the second hall of the Uffizi is a cabinet with four oriental alabaster columns and four "verdi antico." It contains six cases filled with over four hundred pieces of workmanship in fine stones, rock-crystal, malachite and lapislazuli, ornamented with pearls and diamonds. Columns of Siennese agate, busts of hyacinth and jasper, vases in sardonyx, cups in plasma of emerald, and a casket in rock-crystal, on the inside partition of which is engraved scenes from the life of Christ. And this cabinet is but one of many, all filled with jewels, precious stones and works of art, the value of which is absolutely beyond computation.

In many of the rooms, particularly of the Pitti, are tables of oriental alabaster, Barga jasper, malachite, and of petrified woods inlaid with lapislazuli, alabaster and Florentine mosaics, every one of which is worth a king's ransom.

In a small room of the Uffizi is a sanctuary of art that is one of the rarest in the world. There are more masterpieces crowded into this small space than in any like space elsewhere.

This room, known as the Tribune, contains "The Venus de Medici," "The Wrestlers"—copies of which in marble and plaster are scattered broadcast throughout the civilized world—"The Dancing Faun," by the great Praxiteles, and "The Arratino," a magnificent statue found at Rome. Here,

also, are paintings by Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck, Titian, Perugino and many other great masters. The very atmosphere of this room is sacred, and even the most ignorant in letters, the most uneducated in art, can not enter this shrine without a feeling of reverence nor leave it without a feeling of regret. It is said that a visit to this room, alone, richly repays a trip to Florence, even from the most distant lands.

The Hall of Niobe in the Uffizi also contains some very fine Greek statues of Niobe and her children, also "The Pedagogue," and a "Psyche." Niobe defending the youngest of her children is, perhaps, the finest of this collection. The sculptor has indeed given to this legend of mythology all the pathos of real tragedy, and the features speak the frantic agony and despair of the mother as she

that the gods in pity turned her into stone; but that even could not stop the tears that continue to flow from the insensate eyes, still turned to Olympus in mute appeal to save her child.

In the National Museum are some very fine reliefs, particularly a high-relief representing "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," and a bas-relief representing "The Risen Christ." The sculptors of these splendid works are unknown.

The most celebrated statue in all Florence, except perhaps the "Venus de Medici," is "David," by Michael Angelo. It is now in the Tribune of David in "The Ancient and Modern Gallery." On the walls of the Tribune are photographs of all the paintings and drawings of Michael Angelo—the only collection of the kind in the world.

In the "Loggia Dei Lanzi" (Portico of



SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, A DOMINICAN CHURCH OF FLORENCE.

realizes that the last of her children is wounded to death by the pitiless arrows of the children of the jealous Latona—*agony so terrible in its helplessness*

The Lancers) is the celebrated group by Giovanni da Bologna, "The Rape of the Sabines." Here also is found one of the finest productions of modern art by

Fedi, "Achilles and Polyxena." Here also is the bronze "Perseus" of Cellini, holding aloft the head of Medusa. This "Perseus" is supposed to be typical of

beauty and elegance. The figure of "Fame" on the right, pointing with her left hand to the figure of Dante surmounting the sepulchre, is a handsome



PUBLIC SQUARE, FLORENCE.

the triumph of the Medici family, who claimed direct descent from Perseus.

In the Church of Santa Croce, sometimes called the Italian Pantheon, are the tombs of Alfieri, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Nicolini, Manin, the tenantless tomb of Dante, and many other tombs of famous Florentines.

The monument of Nicolini, by Fedi, is very modern (1883) and is a splendid piece of work.

Only a little less modern is the tomb of Alfieri, by Canova, the great creator of the famous "Venus" in the Pitti Palace.

The tomb of Michael Angelo is complicated and majestic in its architecture and the sculpture, by Cioli, is of the very highest order.

The tomb of Dante, by Ricci, is also a very modern work and is of superb

piece of work indeed, but in Florence where there is such an abundance of great productions it is in no way remarkable. The figure of "Poetry" on the left, weeping the loss of Dante, is beautiful beyond description. One can hardly realize that it is but cold and lifeless marble, so lifelike it appears. The seemingly transparent draperies—revealing, beneath, the rounding of the limbs and curves of the body—equal if they do not excel the marvellous "Polyxena" of Fedi in the Portico of the Lancers. This weeping figure no doubt suggested to Byron these lines:

"And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Caesar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more;

Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
 Fortress of falling empire; honored sleeps
 The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
 While Florence vainly begs her banished
 dead and weeps."
 —59th stanza Canto 4th, "Chil'e Harold's
 Pilgrimage."

In the Church of San Lorenzo are two very magnificent tombs by Michael Angelo. They are the tombs of Julian de'Medici and Lorenzo de'Medici. They are one work and one plan, each being supplementary to the other. Each tomb is surmounted by a statue of its tenant, but it is said that the features are the fancy of Angelo and in no wise true to life. On the sarcophagus of each are two recumbent figures: "Day" and "Night" on one, "Twilight" and "Dawn" on the other. Unfortunately, like many of the works of this famous sculptor, architect and artist, this work is unfinished. The face of "Day" is merely in outline and is entirely lacking in expression, thereby detracting much from the beauty and completeness of the whole.

If Michael Angelo accomplished all that is attributed to him it is little wonder that many of his works are unfinished. It seems that it is the fashion in Italy to attribute everything excellent in painting, sculpture and architecture, when the real artist is unknown, to Michael Angelo. One is led to that conclusion by the universal manner of expression employed by the guides. The usual statement is, "That is by Michael Angelo," varied once in a while by this formula: "That is the authentic work of Michael Angelo." So it would appear that where the first formula is used the work is not authentic.

There are so many things attributed to him that the remark of a little girl returning with her parents from Italy is very amusing. The child had evidently heard as much of Michael Angelo as had her elders, and one day when *they were passing one of the new ocean liners recently put into service, her*

mother, in admiration of the ship, happened to say, "Isn't it elegant." As quick as a flash the child answered: "It was probably designed by Michael Angelo, Mamma." There were many abroad who had been visiting in Italy and the humor of the remark was irresistible.

Though Florentines are proud of their vast treasures of art, they are prouder far of the great men Florence has given to art, science, literature and statesmanship, and have faithfully committed to marble the form and features of almost all her great sons. In the Portico of the Uffizi alone there are twenty-eight modern statues of illustrious Tuscans. This is the largest collection of statues of famous men in Florence, but there are many others to be found singly and collectively, and small busts are as plentiful as could be desired by the most patriotic Florentine.

Their fealty to the memory and their jealousy of the fame of their great men is not exceeded—and I doubt if it is equalled—anywhere in the world.

If you ask a Florentine who discovered America, his answer is, "Amerigo Vespucci," and it is idle to attempt to convince him that Columbus is at least entitled to share the honor. He will not believe it.

Ask him who is the greatest painter the world ever produced; he will answer, Raphael. The greatest sculptor? Michael Angelo. The greatest poet? Dante. The greatest scientist? Galileo. The greatest reformer? Savonarola. The greatest soldier or the greatest philanthropist? Garibaldi; and so on. There is no modesty in the claim of a Florentine as to the worth and excellence of the great men of Florence, but, nevertheless, we must admit that he is often right. In his beautiful ode to Florence Byron was also right when he said:

"Thou art the home
 Of all art yields or nature can decree."

THE FATHERS OF THE ROSARY*

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

There was a time—a bitter, bitter time,
When through the Isle of Saints no Mass was sung;
Silent the Church's chant, the Church's chime,
Across the emerald vales no Mass bell rung.
For it was treason (the English law declared)
To preach or practise Patrick's ancient faith,
And wolves and priests an equal portion shared—
The selfsame price was offered for their death.†

And did that bitter time, those iron laws,
Deter the priesthood from their holy toil?
Did persecution kill the sacred cause?
Was Irish faith stamped out from Irish soil?
Ah, well we know the answer. Fire nor sword
The faithful shepherds from their flock could part;
All things they suffered, as their suff'ring Lord,
But kept the faith within the Irish heart!

Honor to all who bore for Christ's sweet sake
The persecution of the tyrant's power,
Who scorned to flee from danger, and forsake
The hapless people in their helpless hour.
Full well we know, though hunted down like beasts,
Their suffering people always found them true—
And none were kinder friends or braver priests,
Oh, Fathers of the Rosary, than you!

None ventured forth more fearlessly to teach
The little children in some valley wild;
No tongues than yours more eloquent to preach
The faith of Jesus and His Mother mild;
None knew so well what treacherous dangers lay
Among the mountains, in the dark morass,
Yet none more sure than you to come and say
For faint and faltering hearts the holy Mass.

But many a time the Mass could not be said;
No preaching then, and hardly time to pray;
Ah, then you took the blessed beads instead,
And taught the little children what to say.

* Because of the use which they made of the beads in ministering to the people in the Penal Days in Ireland, the Dominicans earned for themselves this affectionate name.

† It is a well-known historical fact that under the Penal Code the same reward, five pounds, was offered for the head of a wolf and the head of a priest.

You gave them then a hope for their despair,
 A charm to soothe their madd'ning misery,
 And so they named you for Our Lady's prayer,
 And called you Fathers of the Rosary!

And while Old Ireland stands in wave and wind,
 Her unforgetting heart will not let go
 How in those dreary days long left behind
 St. Dominic's sons were with her in her woe.
 And whensoe'er the faithful Irish-born—
 Or there at home, or far in distant scenes—
 Behold the habit of the Order worn,
 Their hearts up-leap, remembering all it means!

A Song of Mary

By Theodosia Garrison

Now wheresoe'er she came
 The lilies, like white flame,
 Sprang up to meet her feet,
 And everywhere the stir,
 The mystic rhyme and beat
 Of music, moved with her,
 (Oh, Virgin, meek and sweet!)
 Long days before the morn
 When the Lord Christ was born.

Whoe'er she looked upon,
 The meanest, humblest one,
 Grew wonderful to face;
 The child she bent to kiss,
 Of her exquisite grace,
 Stood with God's lips on his
 For that dear moment's space,
 Long days before the morn
 When the Lord Christ was born.

And wheresoe'er she went
 The blossomed branches bent
 Above her head for shade,
 Knowing herself the spring.
 Oh, Maiden unafraid,
 Wherein the blossoming
 Of the whole world was laid,
 Long days before the morn
 When the Lord Christ was born.

St. Francis de Sales and the Rosary

Translated From the French of the *Annales Salesiennes*

By S. F. J. F.

AS a result of the beautiful Encyclicals of Leo XIII, the month of October has been definitely consecrated to the salutary devotion of the Rosary.

Originating at the time of the Albigensian crisis—true social war prelude to the terrible social war of to-day—the prayer of the Rosary, according to historians, was even more active for the defeat of Satan than were the valiant arms of the Crusaders.

“Guided by this thought,” said Leo XIII in his first Encyclical on the Rosary, “and by the example of our predecessors, we have believed it opportune to establish for the same cause at this time solemn prayers, and to try, by means of supplications addressed to the Blessed Virgin in the recitation of the Rosary, to obtain from her Son Jesus Christ, like help against the dangers which menace us. You see,” continues the Sovereign Pontiff, “the grave trials to which the Church is daily exposed: Christian piety, public morality, faith itself, which is the supreme good and the source of all other virtues, all that is each day exposed to greater peril. * * * We have in our time as much need of divine aid as at the epoch when the great Saint Dominic raised the standard of the Rosary of Mary with the design of checking the evils of his age. This great Saint, enlightened by a celestial ray, clearly foresaw that to cure his century no remedy would be more efficacious than that which would bring men back to Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life, and urged them to address themselves to that Virgin, empowered

to destroy all heresies, as to their patroness near God.”

The Rosary appears then, to-day, as it did six centuries ago, the supreme resource of the Church and of society. It seems that it has come, with a more pressing need than ever, to replace ancient forms of social prayer which alas! are no longer to the taste of new nations. It has come at least to fill the void made larger each day by the lack of public intercession.

“If we could penetrate into the secrets of God and of history,” says Donoso Cortez, “I believe that we would be filled with admiration at the amazing effects of prayer, even in human things. For the repose of society, a certain equilibrium, known only to God, must exist between prayer and action, between the contemplative and the active life. I believe, so strong is my conviction on this point, that if there were a day or an hour when earth would send up no prayer to Heaven, that day or that hour would be the last day or the last hour for humanity.”

In many places the holy psalmody has ceased. Religious men and women have been banished; liturgical, official and social prayer is silenced;—at least it is constantly lessening. Now, the Holy Spirit does not wish the equilibrium to be compromised; He wishes likewise to protect for the isolated souls of our sad times, the essential of that life of prayer, of faith, of Christian virtues, formerly maintained among Christian nations by the public and repeated celebration of the great Office; and this is the part confided henceforth to the humble chaplet.

Undoubtedly, long before the thirteenth century popular piety made use of what has been called the "lay psalter," namely, the Angelic Salutation repeated one hundred and fifty times, but it was the dividing of these Ave Marias into decades, ascribing the consideration of a particular mystery for each, which

it turned aside ignorance, fosterer of heresy, and taught anew the "paths consecrated by the Man-God and the tears of His Mother." This is the language of the great Pontiff who, in deep anguish, pointed out salvation where already more than once our fathers had found it. * * * * *



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES SAYING MASS.

constituted the Rosary. Divine expedient, simple as the Eternal Wisdom which had conceived it, and of such great capacity; for at the same time as it drew *to the Queen of Mercy* misled humanity,

To the authorized voice of **Leo XIII** let us unite, in loving obedience, the teaching by word and action of him whom we have taken for **Father and Master**, St. Francis de Sales.

From his youth, Francis de Sales had formed the habit of saying his chaplet daily. Later, he made a vow to do so "in order to obtain deliverance from a troublesome temptation which molested him," and it is the only vow of the kind found in his life. To recite it, he employed a considerable time which seemed to him brief,—an hour said St. de Chantal,—lingering in pious consideration on the mysteries of the Rosary; it was a familiar, childlike talk with his heavenly Mother, and he readily forgot himself near her. By his regulations, the chaplet was to be recited after Vespers; but this rule often yielded to the solitudes of the episcopal charge. Fearful of being unfaithful to his vow, when affairs deprived him of leisure to say this prayer during the day, he detached a long chaplet laden with blessed medals brought from Rome and Loretto from his girdle, where it was habitually worn, and fastened it on his arm as a reminder to recite it before retiring. However great was his fatigue, he never shortened the prayer vowed to Mary.

On one occasion extraordinary occupations had not permitted him to say the chaplet at the hour appointed; the night being already advanced, he prepared, notwithstanding excessive fatigue, to fulfil this pious duty. His secretary, having perceived it, begged him to consider the extreme need he had of repose, and to defer his chaplet till the morrow. "My friend," answered the Saint, "we must never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day."

He was exact, said the Annalist of the Visitation, in assisting every month, chaplet in hand, at the procession of the Confraternity of the Rosary, of which he was a member. —

When sick and unable to speak, he had the pious prayer said by another, and accompanied it mentally. On his death-bed, at Lyons, after having received Extreme Unction he placed his

chaplet on his arm, wishing to die thus and appear before God and the Blessed Virgin Mary with the arm of prayer in his hands.

* * * * *

The holy Doctor loved to recommend and propagate the daily use of the chaplet, a practice so dear to him.

"The chaplet," said he in the "Introduction to a Devout Life," "is a most useful manner of praying, provided that you know how to say it properly. For this purpose, procure one of those little books which teach the manner of saying it."

In tracing a rule of life for the Baroness de Chantal while in the world, he wrote: "I desire that the chaplet be said as devoutly as possible every day either at Mass or at some other time."

He loved the chaplet to be said at low Mass. Meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary unites the faithful as intimately as possible to the prayer and action of the celebrant. "At Mass," he wrote to the Abbess of Puy d'Orbe, "I advise you to recite your chaplet in preference to any other vocal prayer, and you may interrupt when necessary to observe the points I have marked for you at the Gospel, the Credo and the Elevation, then resume where you had stopped. Do not doubt that it will be better said through all these interruptions; and if you cannot finish it at Mass, do so later in the day, continuing where you had broken off."

The chaplet is not only for devout persons, it is suitable to all; it is the breviary of the simple, the ignorant and the poor. St. Francis de Sales recommended it to everybody. He readily preached on the Chaplet, the Rosary. Mention is made in the Journal of his Episcopacy of a sermon delivered at Annecy, October 1, 1608, on devotion to the Rosary which might serve as an introduction to the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. In the year 1606, during his pas-

toral visit to the mountains of Faucigny, his delight was to preach the chaplet to these poor people. On the fourteenth of August, visiting the parish church of Aulph, he taught an affected and charmed multitude a method of saying the chaplet. Some days later, at Ville-en-Salaz, he again spoke of Mary and the chaplet. On that occasion, an extraordinary fact occurred, related by Mere de Chaugy:

"The Octave day of the glorious Assumption of Our Lady, St. Francis de Sales preached in the parish of St. Sebastian and St. Pancratius in Salaz. His sermon was in a catechetical form on the honor due to the Mother of God, in order to instruct the people more familiarly on what they should believe and do to be true children of Mary, retrenching all the superstitious opinions of these good souls, to whom he distributed so large a number of chaplets that it could not be imagined where he had procured them. M. Favre, his valet, deposed that they multiplied miraculously, as it was impossible for the Saint to procure so many; and that he exclaimed with joy that the Sacred Virgin had favored his inclination, furnishing him wherewith to distribute chaplets to the multitude; because every one, poor and rich, great and little, desired to receive from his hands. He gratified all, and still possessed many chaplets."

He propagated Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary. The verbal process, written and signed by himself, for the erection of the Confraternity in the church of Petit Bornand can yet be seen.

* * * * *

What was this method which he taught to the people of Faucigny, and to which he undoubtedly made allusion when he said: "The chaplet is a very useful manner of praying, providing you know how to say it properly."

One of his historians, Pere de la Riviere, gives us this method in detail,

and in early editions of the "Introduction to a Devout Life" it was added at the end of Part Fifth. The following has been taken from one of the oldest editions:

"Kiss the cross of your chaplet after having signed yourself therewith, and place yourself in the presence of God, saying the Creed.

"On the first large bead, beg God to accept the service you wish to render Him, and to assist you by His grace to accomplish it worthily.

"On the first three small beads, implore the intercession of the Sacred Virgin, saluting her on the first as the most cherished daughter of God the Father; on the second, as Mother of God the Son, and on the third, as beloved Spouse of God the Holy Ghost.

"At each decade think of one of the mysteries of the Rosary according to your leisure, remembering it principally when pronouncing the holy names of Jesus and Mary, with great reverence of heart and body. If any other sentiment should animate you (sorrow for past sin or a purpose of amendment) meditate thereon throughout the chaplet as well as you can, recalling this sentiment or any other that God may inspire in a special manner when murmuring the sacred names of Jesus and Mary.

"On the large bead at the end of the last decade, thank God for having been permitted to recite your chaplet. Passing to the three following small beads, salute the most holy Virgin Mary, entreating her at the first to offer your understanding to the Eternal Father that you may continually consider His mercies; at the second, supplicate her to offer your memory to the Son that your thoughts may constantly turn to His Passion and Death; at the third, implore her to offer your will to the Holy Ghost that it may ever be inflamed with His holy love. On the large bead at the end, beg the divine Majesty to accept all for His glory and the good of

His Church, asking Him to keep you ever in its pale and to bring back those who have wandered; pray for your friends, and conclude as you commenced by the profession of faith, the Creed and Sign of the Cross.

"Wear your chaplet at your girdle or in some other prominent place as a protestation of your desire to be a servant of God our Saviour, and of His most Blessed Virgin Spouse and Mother, and to live as a true child of the holy, apostolic, Roman Catholic Church."

* * * * *

Formerly it was a custom, even among seculars, to wear the chaplet at the girdle; now only religious Orders retain this practice. Let us at least be faithful to carry it about us, and above all to recite it exactly and devoutly, meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary as far as possible without interruption, for this is an essential condition to gain the magnificent indulgences of the Confraternity of the Rosary.

Without binding ourselves by vow,—for it is said that St. Francis de Sales, who had made this vow, did not readily advise souls under his direction to do the same,—let us attach ourselves unfailingly to this pious practice. It is the thermometer of our spiritual life.

When the entire day has been occupied, it is sweet at evening to recollect one's self close by the tabernacle, and at the feet of our heavenly Mother.

Nothing is more consoling than this devotion. The monotonous repetition of the Ave, like to the rocking of our mothers when we were little children, soothes our sorrows and is a balm for life's wounds; little by little, as the holy crown glides silently through our fingers, troubles are appeased, calm penetrates the soul, a sort of spiritual refreshment revives the fatigued body and ushers in a night of repose. Who has not experienced this, and how sweet it is to speak to God and to Mary after having long tarried with creatures?

"Dieu soit beni!"

Handwriting and Forgery

By JAMES I. ENNIS, LL. B.

II.



ONE of the most difficult things for an expert on handwriting to determine is whether a check bearing a signature unlike the usual signature of the person signing is genuine or not. If the check be genuine and the teller refuse to pay it, the drawer of the check invariably feels affronted,—a person naturally resents the idea of having his check refused. If, on the other hand, the teller pay the check and it turns out that the signature is forged, the teller loses prestige and the

bank loses money, both of which events are mortifying to an institution which prides itself on its business acumen and conservative management. Very frequently a man will sign his name under such unusual circumstances as to cause his signature to appear to be forged. And, oddly enough, there are many cases where staid, methodical business men who have signed their names for many years in one particular style have, through some unconscious caprice or through some unaccountable whim, entirely changed their style of signature on, maybe, one check and resumed their

normal signature on those following. One illustration of this will suffice to show how a person's surroundings may affect his handwriting. There lived in Chicago for many years a very learned judge who was a model of strictness, a rigid disciplinarian, a great stickler for forms and precedents, regular as clock-work in all of his movements, opposed to fads and fancies, and, withal, a most able man of broad attainments and lofty character. But his greatest characteristic was his preciseness of action. We shall call him Judge William Brown, although that was not his name. He had done his banking business for thirty years at one bank, and his checks were always signed "W. Brown," the signatures being so exact as to resemble copperplate text. It happened one day that while the paying teller was paying the clearing-house checks, he came to one signed, "William Brown." The handwriting closely resembled that of the Judge, but never before had the teller seen one of the Judge's checks signed with his given name as he always used simply the initial, "W. Brown." On close comparison with the other checks in the bank signed by the Judge, several variations were observed in the writing, not only of the signature, but also in the body of the suspected check. The teller took all of the checks, including the one under suspicion, over to the cashier of the bank, who was one of the best judges of handwriting in the city, and submitted the checks to him for his inspection. He said: "The check is a forgery. I have known Judge Brown for thirty years. He is most methodical. He never signed his given name to a check in his life."

But the teller said: "I think the check is genuine. I'd hate to throw it out; the Judge would be very much affronted, and I really believe that he wrote it."

Just at that moment the Judge's bailiff, who had been with him for over twenty

years, appeared in the bank and the check was shown to him.

"Judge Brown never signed that check," said the bailiff. "He never signs his full name to a check. He invariably signs 'W. Brown' to his checks, but always signs 'William Brown' to deeds and legal documents."

Still the teller was not satisfied, but went with the check over to the office of the Judge's son, who was a practicing attorney and very close to his father in all business matters.

"Father never wrote that check," said the son. "Father never signs 'William Brown' to his checks. Why, you know father! He never varies in anything that he does. Why, say, father never wrote that! Look at the writing—look at that capital W. You can see for yourself that he never makes a W like that. You haven't paid it, have you? Say, I'm surprised at you—I thought that you were an expert on handwriting. Why, any one would know that the 'pater' never wrote that check."

"Well," said the teller, "I haven't paid the check yet. It came through the clearing-house and I have until half-past two to return it, but I think that he signed it, and I'm going over to court and show it to him."

The son tried to dissuade him, declaring that his father would "fine you for contempt of court if you ask him any such fool question." But the teller felt that his judgment was at stake, so he persisted and went over to court, where he was told that Judge Brown had not been holding court for a couple of days as he had an attack of "la grippe" and was confined to his bed. As he lived but a short distance away, the teller boarded a cable-car and in a few minutes was at the home of the jurist. The check was sent up to his room; in a few minutes the nurse came down and said that the Judge had signed the check while in bed.

He sat up and wrote the check on a board laid over his knees. She volunteered the remark that the Judge was just ill enough to be in a very irascible temper, and that he had said, very testily, that he hoped that after he had kept his account with that bank for another thirty years maybe his signature would be known. Probably this is an extreme case, but there are numerous instances of a like nature. It not infrequently happens that people misspell their own names, and, stranger still, sign the names of the person to whom they are making the check payable instead of their own. One man made out a check to a firm in Lynn, Massachusetts, and instead of signing his own name to the check, he wrote, "Lynn, Mass." The teller recognized the writing and, turning the check over, he saw that it came from the city of Lynn and immediately grasped the situation. Calling the drawer of the check up on the telephone, he notified him that one of his checks was not properly signed. The depositor then came over to the bank and signed the check. But it would have been impossible to convince the man of his mistake if he had not seen "with his own eyes."

In a celebrated contested will case in Chicago several years ago, the whole question hinged on the genuineness of the signature to the will. An elderly lady died, leaving an estate valued at half a million dollars. She was rather eccentric, and when a will was filed bequeathing the bulk of her property to charitable institutions, her relatives went into court and contested the will, claiming that it was a forgery. The probate judge refused to allow the will to be probated. The heirs then had the two witnesses to the will indicted for forgery; they were tried, convicted, and sentenced, one to nine years and the other to three years in the penitentiary. But, pending a motion for a new trial, it came to the ears

of the attorneys for the convicted men that the paying teller of the bank in which the deceased lady had kept her bank account for many years had been over to the probate court, examining the signature to the will in company with the attorneys for the heirs at law. That this teller was not put on the stand to help convict the two alleged forgers was considered significant by their attorneys, so they hastened over to see the teller. He was asked if he knew the decedent's signature. He answered that he did—that he had handled her accounts, had paid her checks, knew her very well, and knew her signature probably better than any one living. He was asked if he had examined the signature to the will. He answered that he had. They then asked him if he considered the signature genuine or forged. He answered: "It is genuine without a doubt." They were thunderstruck with their good fortune, but still afraid, apparently, of some trap, as one of the heirs had kept an account with the bank in which the teller was employed and was on the best of terms with the bank's officials. They then asked the teller on what he based his conclusions in arriving at the decision that the signature was genuine. In reply he said: "I was convinced of the genuineness of the signature the instant I saw it; and the longer I examined it the more certain I was. It is true that her heirs had possession of all of her cancelled checks, and they gave me, as a basis of comparison, hundreds of her checks which were as unlike the signature to the will as they could select. But in the signature to the will the lady exhibited one or two very marked characteristics which she had not shown for over ten years. The attorneys told me that I was mistaken—that they had all of her writings and documents; but they forgot the deposit slips which she had made out daily for fifteen years and which were filed in the vaults of our bank. I went back

to the bank and dug out deposit slips of ten years ago, and there found the marked characteristics which she exhibited in the signature to the will. When she signed that will, disposing of half a million dollars, it was a momentous thing for her, and she unconsciously lapsed into some of her old mannerisms. A forger would have taken one of her ordinary signatures as a model. He never would have selected a signature ten or fifteen years old. Then, again, if he had he would not have traced the signature, as they say, and selected one twice as large as that on her checks. You ask me why she wrote such a large signature? Simply because the will was written on a large, imposing sheet of legal-cap and a large space was left for her signature, while on the checks, which were of the 'pocket-check' variety, there was but scant space for the signature. Besides that, the signature to the will was doctored."

"Doctored," cried the attorneys for the convicted men, "what do you mean by that?"

"Why," said the teller, "the attorneys that took me over to examine the signature insisted upon my looking at it through a powerful magnifying glass. When to please them I did so, I noticed that there were very minute holes, like pin-pricks, at the extremities of the letters. They told me that the forger had measured off letters from an original signature and then connected the marked points with the pen. I asked where was the original from which the measurements were taken if, as they said, she never in her life had written her signature as large as was there written. They were nonplussed for a moment, but they told me that forgers always left some weak point. But the pin-pricks were put in after the signature was written to cast a doubt on its genuineness. How do I know it? Easily enough. If you make *holes in a highly sized piece of paper like*

legal-cap and connect these pin-pricks with an inked pen, the ink immediately fills up the holes, making a tiny blot which is very apparent under the magnifying glass. If, however, you punch a pin or other sharply pointed instrument into a written line or word, the line is pushed down with the pin, but there will be no blot. That is exactly what happened in this case. The pin-pricks and indentations were made after the signature was written, with the very evident intention of making the judge and jury believe it spurious."

The attorneys for the prisoners were dumbfounded. "Would you go into court and testify what you have told us, or are you bound to the other side?"

"I am perfectly willing to testify," said the teller. "I frankly told the gentlemen on the other side that the signature was genuine, although they tried to prejudice my opinion as an expert by telling me what they could prove, although I had warned them that I did not care to hear the merits of the case nor which side they represented. I plainly told them that I should hold myself free to testify on the side which I considered right. I impressed on them that I would simply tell them whether or not, in my opinion, the signature was genuine or forged, and beyond that I was a free moral agent. They agreed to my terms. I believe that they have suppressed evidence to send two men to jail, men who are perfectly innocent. I will be glad to testify, but I wish you to say not one word in regard to the pin-pricks, not even to your clients. I wish that to be brought out in the cross-examination."

When the arguments for a new trial prevailed, and when the trial came, the teller testified as has been stated. When he was asked on cross-examination about the pin-pricks and gave his testimony, there was a sensation in the court room. The attorneys on the other side asked for a continuance, saying that they were taken by surprise. The court

granted a recess for a few hours. At its conclusion the court, a high-minded Christian gentleman, announced that he had spent the entire recess in making the experiments of connecting pin-pricks with pen and ink, and that the teller had told the truth. The signature had been tampered with to cast doubts on its validity. The leading advocate on the other side, who had been retained for his eloquence and reputation, but who was no party to the conspiracy, withdrew from the case. The conspirators asked for a longer continuance, then made overtures to the convicted men, agreeing to "nolle pros" the criminal cases and in addition to pay them fifty thousand dollars, and on these terms the case was settled. But in reading over this celebrated case one cannot help being struck with the varied attainments necessary to make a man really an expert on handwriting.

Some time ago one of Chicago's celebrated judges, a man who is noted for his knowledge of law and for his wonderful insight into human character, one of the most celebrated public prosecutors of the Illinois bar before his elevation to the bench, in a conversation with a friend in the Judge's chambers, said, talking of handwriting and forgery: "Handwriting, the genuine handwriting, cannot be counterfeited successfully. There is nothing so like the thing as the thing itself. Handwriting is like truth. It cannot be successfully counterfeited. Sitting as I am here on the criminal bench, trying criminals all day long, it is wonderful how my ear becomes attuned to the truth. A witness will go along, telling the truth until he reaches a certain point, when he begins to lie, and as true as I sit here, something in his voice rings false, and I know by intuition that he is lying."

But there are forgers, you will say. Yes, there are, but their individual careers are successful for but a very short time. Most of their time is spent

behind prison bars. They can be successful only when operating in gangs, and, like counterfeiters, their methods become so well known to the police that when a "trick is turned" the sleuths can say positively, almost, "That was 'Bill the Penman,'" or, "That was 'Dutch Pete,' he just got out of Sing Sing." The banks themselves are kept informed of the liberation from prison of all of the forgers, safe-breakers, bank-sneaks and swindlers. Their every movement is watched and telegraphed all over the country. The banks are organized into a powerful, compact league known as the American Bankers' Association. They pay for the most complete police and detective service that human ingenuity and vigilance can provide. It is part of their creed never to compound a felony, and any criminal who swindles one of the members of the banking fraternity belonging to the association is hounded and dogged all over the world until they get him. And when they do, no influence, however mighty and powerful, can save him from conviction and imprisonment. And even after he has served his sentence and emerges from jail, their solicitude for his comings and goings remains unabated. He is carefully watched and his little journeyings to this city or that are telegraphed ahead, and if he disappoint the people who are expecting his arrival, there is such solicitude felt until he is finally located. One would think that he were a crowned head, so patiently are his movements followed.

Owing, then, to the care and skill exercised by the banking fraternity in the accepting of new accounts, the improved means of keeping in touch with their depositors' methods of doing business, the precautions used by banks in paying money to strangers, and the organization known as the American Bankers' Association, the crime of forgery has been reduced to a minimum.

THE GARDEN BENCH

THE first lesson we receive is in manners, and he who keeps the instructions fresh in his mind by constant exercise finds life facilitated thereby. Always we shall see that the lady and the gentleman are least subject to annoyance, and that they come out of situations which prove the undoing of the unschooled with their natural or acquired serenity undisturbed.

Many of the teachers of morals have also been the teachers of manners. Socrates and Aristotle did not disdain to turn aside from philosophy to remark upon behavior, and St. Paul laid down its necessity with his lessons on religion; Lord Bacon wrote an essay on manners, and Emerson made them forever beautiful and desirable. Even our Lord and Master pointed out their worth, and rebuked His fellow guests for rudely thrusting themselves into the first places at the banquet.

A duty which we owe to ourselves as individuals and members of society is the cultivation of manners. By it we are improved and made agreeable to those with whom we associate, and the company in which we move is also improved. Let the well-mannered man be cast among his less cultured brethren, and whatever of native worth and refined sentiment they possess will respond to him as naturally as the eye is attracted by the light. The most successful explorers are always gentlemen, as they best know how to deal with the native chiefs; to send an uncouth, rude-mannered missionary to heathen countries would be to court failure.

Self-control is necessary. Without it we are avoided by our fellow creatures.

Even the faithful dog will fly from the passionate man, and society has no place for him. But manners that rest solely upon control are like houses built upon the sand.

The true and lasting foundation of manners is kindness, or, better still, unselfishness, cemented with optimism. The man who sees only good in others, entertains only love for them, is bound to draw forth whatever of good and love they possess. Bad manners is another name for disagreeableness, and we know there would be no disagreeable people if every one everywhere encountered nothing but goodness and love.

Society is the intercourse, social and intellectual, of persons for entertainment and improvement, and it implies equality. Be we ever so democratic, we shall always find that something mightier than we has drawn those firm lines which separate the human family, making some princes, others clowns.

It is not the place into which one is cast by birth that determines the circle in which one is free to move, but one's self. The girl who has never left the farm, whose life has known but simple ways, may be drawn up into the higher places, and, after the first feeling of strangeness wears off, she finds that she has but come into her own sphere; while another, born to that high position and drilled in the outward observance of its requirements, is always an interloper.

Society ever defends itself. The influence of wealth or political position may force good society to open its doors to the unworthy, but the limitations which the persons themselves have made are not thereby destroyed. Though the

newspapers announce their reception into society, they realize, and society knows, that the impassible gulf still lies between them.

The frantic effort made by many men and women—women especially—to get into society is pitiable. It is so much strong effort plainly wasted, for, even should the goal be attained, it may not bring happiness. Instead of making such a humiliating spectacle of themselves, the newly elevated to wealth and position should wait and let society seek them. In the meantime, let them create good society where they are. The one who is able to do this will find the innermost circle of society opening its doors and extending the glad hand of welcome. Familiarity is one of the characteristics of a low social tendency. To a self-respecting person, familiarity from a superior can be never other than distasteful; from an equal, he resents it, and looks on it as insulting from an inferior.

Though they belong to different stations of life, there is no difference between the boor who, in the dance, chucks his partner under the chin, and the well-dressed man who presses her hand whenever he has the opportunity; while the kiss which the former openly takes is less unpardonable than the wink which the latter slyly gives. Even between men, a wink is in bad taste.

Familiarity in the family circle and among friends is the prolific cause of much unhappiness. We should never forget that though we are closely united to persons, their self-respect and our own demand reserve. In such relations we should maintain a close watch over the ease that comes naturally to us when in the society of those we love lest it slip into familiarity, and "from familiarity to indecency is but one step."

Distinguish, however, between friendliness and familiarity; the former is the

natural upspringing of a kindly nature, the latter, the expression of coarseness, curiosity, or indifference.

Everything savoring of pretension or display is vulgar. The poor man who pretends to be wealthy, the rich man who boasts of his possessions, the working-girl who imitates the dress of a woman of leisure, the woman of leisure who is ostentatious—all proclaim their innate vulgarity.

The desire to appear other than one is prompts a man to speak of his modest home as his residence, to imitate the manners and accent of a person of higher social rank than himself, to interlard his conversation with the names of the distinguished people he has met, and never to miss the opportunity of referring to the former greatness of his family. If he have such an ancestry he should let them sleep, and refrain from calling them hither to witness before others their dishonor in begetting such servile offspring.

Bad society is not confined to any particular place or class. It does not need definition, and all that should be said of it is the warning to keep away from it. We cannot touch pitch without becoming defiled, and those whose morals are bad, even though their manners are faultless, should be avoided by all who wish to preserve the white flower of stainless manhood and womanhood.

It would seem, in view of existing conditions in much of what is called the best society, that morals are no longer one of its chief requisites; yet it will always be true that the perfect flower of courtesy grows only in the heart that is cultivated by the virtues. Truth, honor, temperance, hospitality, are indispensable in the social relations. They are the groundwork of civilized society.

Good-breeding and education go hand in hand, and both should begin in the

nursery. During the first few years of life, bent is given to the character; if this be in the wrong direction, it will later call for strenuous effort on the part of the child and others to effect a change.

Good-breeding inculcates agreeability, meekness, peace, self-denial, self-forgetfulness, which are not less the attributes of a good member of society than of a good Christian. Modesty is its key-note. If one have accomplished something of note, let one keep silent about it. Though the lamp may be hidden under a bushel, there will always be a crevice through which the light will shine, leading some one to discover it.

Education, in training the faculties, cultivating speech and taste, storing the mind with useful knowledge, and waking in it the desire to increase that knowledge, whether by the experiences of others or one's own, completes the harmonious blending of mind and heart necessary for perfect development.

* * * * *

The disinterested observer of the domestic relations is often struck by the fact that the tenderness of the father for his offspring falls off, or hides itself, as soon as the children are grown. There can be scarcely anything sadder for both parent and children. Certainly at no time does the boy need the love and wisdom of his father more than on his approach to manhood; yet the cases where they continue the comradeship of earlier days are rare indeed.

That this is often the fault of the son is true. In the imperiousness of youth he would push aside everything savoring of restraint, as the bud thrusts off the old leaf. He will not see in the counsels of his father the wisdom which is the precious fruit of experience, but regards them, instead, as foolish fears or attempts to curtail his liberty.

Disrespect, too, creeps into his feelings, and the father who was his ideal in childhood and boyhood is now an old fogey. How seldom do young men and women carry their hopes and plans to their father! The mother—oh, yes! she never wants for confidence, but often the father learns of his children's intentions only through her wifely talks.

Oh! you say, father would not be interested. How do you know that he would not? Because he does not question you as your mother does? You must remember that curiosity, even interested curiosity, is not a characteristic of the masculine mind. But because of this, men are not the less eager to know of the interests of their children, and not until you are a parent yourself will you realize what it is to wait, day after day, for the little confidences that prove that the childish love and reverence still live.

Sometimes it is the fault of the father. At the first indication of self-interest on the part of his child he seems to think they are henceforth opponents, and he is inclined to treat his son with as little regard as he would another commercial rival. This is all wrong. By the law of nature the child must sometime assert his individuality, and if the parent would look back on his life and recall how trying that period was to himself, he would adopt a different method in dealing with his boy.

We find the world harsh enough without having to endure anything additional from our own. The child who feels that it has the loyalty and unshaken interest of father and mother behind him can afford to bear the blasts of adversity, however wildly they may blow.

* * * * *

As you pass by the great city parks, your eyes are attracted by the men and women sitting there, idle, listless, apparently without hope or ambition.

Sometimes you feel an irritation against them because of their shiftlessness, especially if you are resolute and energetic, finding the day too short for your work.

Instead, they should call for your pity, these people who were left behind in the race that the strong run. One moment's yielding, one step from the white path, and lost forever is their place in the breasting ranks. And how slight an object will lure them whom the wealth of Midas could not tempt, the fame of Alexander dazzle! A dewdrop, destroyed by a touch; a flower, withered by a breath; a rainbow, mocking a moment before it fades: then, despair!

It should not be said that one must despair among a Christian people, who accept the distinct enunciation that salvation is for him who loves his neighbor as himself. Annually the prisons and reformatories of our land turn out hundreds of men, women and children to re-begin life under the sense of public shame, and no hands are stretched forth to lift them out of the world's scorn and their own remorse. On the contrary, they are sunk even lower.

"There goes a man who served three years in the penitentiary for stealing,"

some one will observe as the ex-convict passes. Well, he sinned and paid for his sin, and the hand thus lifted to throw the stone should be stayed by the thought that its own day of reckoning is to come.

O you strong, eager runners in the race, when you see a comrade wavering, throw out your arm and hold him up until the fatal hour of temptation is passed. And when, as you hasten on, you behold one standing below, irresolute, despairing, thrust your clean hand into his and draw him to a place beside you and hold him there, by your own strength if need be, until he regain high-hearted courage to keep pace with you.

Do not fear contamination! He who has been through the fire comes forth purified. Do not, through criminal negligence of yours, or base fear of what a de-Christianized society may say and think, fail to respond to the desperate need of your brother, "who has but stumbled on the way thou hast in weakness trod." Act the Christ-part toward him. You do not know what may be before you on the road, when this man, whom you have rescued from despair, may save you from grave evil.



CURRENT COMMENT

Poison Through the Mails

The Catholic Standard and Times

The part played by the mail service in the diffusion of moral poison is a subject of the most momentous importance. We note with gratification that several attempts have been made on the part of the postal authorities to check the practice of debauching the mail service for the benefit of rogues and quack doctors and other vile criminals. It is a proof that the postal authorities are fully alive to the dangers that lurk in the mail-box, and are determined to minimize them, so far as their legal powers will enable them. But they have only touched the fringe of the evil. There is a vast deal more that is not so easily grappled with.

A new form of public demonstration has suddenly grown up and assumed most alarming proportions. This is the immoral and indecent postal card. It is omnipresent. In the shop windows of every street this vile output of the Devil's workshop flaunts itself in the face of the public, attracting crowds of callow, sickly youths by its bold appeals to all the animal and the gross in degraded humanity. It is a most deadly, audacious pest. The Post-office very properly has taken this evil by the throat. It will hold up every card that is objectionable. This is quite right and quite commendable. It remains for the public authorities everywhere to strengthen the hands of the postal officials in trying to choke off this monstrous pest. In Chicago strong steps are being taken by the authorities toward an abatement of the nuisance, and similar measures are being adopted in parts of New Jersey. They should be adopted in every municipality and town.

Now, if the Post-office can act as the *Censor Morum* in regard to objection-

able "art," why should it not be equally puissant in regard to print? The foul print is not a whit less excusable than the lascivious card.

It might be well that this grave subject were taken up at the meetings of the Catholic Federation. It is one of the highest Christian duties to check the spread of indecency in art and literature. Such stimulus is swiftly leading the youth of this generation, male and female, down the slope of ruin, whose end is the suicide's grave and the convict prison.

We are culpable if we do not do our best to withdraw the stumbling blocks from the path of easily-tempted youth. We acquiesce in the making of the pitfalls into which they are blindly plunging. It is useless for us to pray not to be led into temptation while we do naught to prevent the weaker souls from being so led. If we fail in our duty, woe be to us in the hour of arraignment.

Boston's Mourning

The Pilot

It is sixty years since a mayor of Boston has died in office. When Mayor Davis passed away in 1845, mourned and honored, this remote successor of his was an Irish babe of a year old. Boston was a strictly Protestant city. The people of Irish blood within its borders were accounted exiles and strangers, the Know-nothing agitation was rising, transforming passive to active dislike of the "foreigner;" and he had been surely stoned like an unwelcome prophet of old who had dared to predict an Irish mayor, also to die in office, with such love and grief to mark his passing as public servant never had before in Boston.

The future Catholic mayor of the then

Puritan stronghold found Boston a few years later an inhospitable place, which he was soon glad to leave for a time for the broader-minded West.

Whoso questioned kindly that mighty host of the immigrants of '48-'49 might have won from them much the same answer as to their portion in the building of America which their poet-laureate later spoke for them:

"O willing hands to toil;
Strong natures tuned to the harvest
song, and bound to the kindly soil;
Bold pioneers of the wilderness, defend-
ers in the field,
The sons of a race of soldiers who never
learned to yield.
Young hearts with duty brimming as
faith makes sweet the due;
Their truth to me their witness they can-
not be false to you."

These things were what Collins and many of his compeers brought to the New Land; but not only was their worth to the country for a time unrecognized, but they were distrusted, misjudged, yea, persecuted by men whose eyes were held.

It was the privilege in an eminent degree of Patrick Collins to demonstrate in his own person the worth, industrial and intellectual, of the immigrant; and to come back to Boston, and to lift his voice in her State House to liberalize her laws, and make sure that none who came after him should suffer the sorrows of his boyhood.

He helped to clear the long obscured vision of the sons of the Puritans. Step by step he rose in their confidence and esteem. They made, as is their just fashion, ample reparation for ancient wrong; and they helped in 1901 to put Patrick Collins in the highest place in the city's gift, and two years later to return him to the same office by such majority as was never before received by the successful candidate in a mayoralty campaign.

They mourned for his untimely death. The city's two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary came as he lay cold in his coffin, and she passed it by unmarked—for sorrow for this beloved adopted son. The sons of the Puritans joined with the sons of the Irish pioneers to give the Irish-American mayor obsequies that a king might have desired. The tribute of Protestant minister was as ungrudging as that of Catholic priest.

Honor to the man who, rising, lifts his own up with him. The strength of Patrick Collins was that he stood with his own, not to keep them a class apart, but to share with them his own gains, and to demonstrate to those who once had questioned and doubted that all his people, even as he, were whole-hearted Americans, and as such worthy of all that America can give to her true lovers, and the most enthusiastic exponents of her spirit.

Boston will name a schoolhouse for Patrick Collins. She will tell his story to the young Italians and Hebrews and Poles who seek her citizenship, and for his sake she will continue to smooth the way to freedom for the Old Land which breeds for her such men as he.

Effective Answer

Catholic Union and Times

While the carping critics were finding fault with Catholic priests for not attending meetings to talk about means to quell the yellow fever raging in New Orleans, the priests were busy attending to the stricken ones, both spiritually and corporally; hearing their contrite confessions, whispered with contagious breath; and, on bended knees beside their plague-covered bed, holding up the crucifix to the gaze of the dying, and breathing words of comfort and hope through the plenitude of the Redeemer's mercy.

This is what Catholic priests were doing while their spectacular critics were talking; and many of them—beginning

with their noble Archbishop—as well as several of the brave sisters who stood fearlessly at their posts to nurse the sick and console the dying, fell victims to the terrible plague and received martyrs' crowns for their heroic charity.

Yellow Journalism and Its Remedy

The Catholic Mirror

An interesting step has been taken by the Holy Name Society of New York, which in large measure is a pioneer effort in its peculiar direction.

At the quarterly meeting of the Archdiocesan Societies, just closed, vigorous resolutions were passed denouncing the evils of yellow journalism in strong terms and calling for an organized Catholic effort which may truly be called a boycott.

The resolutions recite the facts that the press of New York, while admirable in some respects, not infrequently goes beyond the limits of decency; that despite the fact that there are over one million Catholics in New York City, their public enterprises of every character receive paltry notice, and further recommend that those papers only, be patronized which maintain a high standard in the purveyance of news and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the editors of all New York papers.

The resolutions close as follows:

"Resolved. That this Union appoint a press committee of five to act in a supervisory capacity along the lines suggested by His Grace, and in accordance with the the purposes of the International Catholic Truth Society, such committee to report its findings at each quarterly meeting for appropriate action by the Union."

* * * * *

The reference made to His Grace, Archbishop Farley, in the above lines, gives the key to this crusade, for it was he, in an address delivered before the *graduates* of St. Francis Xavier's Col-

lege, who gave the first inspiration to this movement. He said on the occasion of his remarks:

"We are partly at least responsible for the character of our newspapers. We are told that the newspapers reflect in a great measure the lives that we live. I am sure that if we made it plain that we did not relish certain kinds of matter that was offensive to us, the newspapers would not print it.

"If no attention is paid to such protest, then drop the subscription. You must protect the morals of your children and your families by not subscribing to such papers as offend public morals."

These are the words which led to the action taken by the Holy Name Society, quite radical in a way and practically amounting to a threat of boycott, the outcome of which will be watched with considerable interest.

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It is pertinent here, to ask—Who is responsible for the form which our present day journalism has taken? In fact it is only when we have truthfully answered this question that we can begin to correct with any possible hope of ultimate success, the pernicious conditions which now obtain.

Says Archbishop Farley in answer to this question: "We are partly, at least, responsible for the character of our newspapers." We would go further than this and say we are wholly responsible for it. You do not like this—possibly you do not believe it; yet it is true. You personally and individually may not be wholly responsible, but understanding by "we" the tastes of the majority of the people, there can be no question of it. And why?

Did the same conditions prevail now which were common in the early part of the eighteenth century there would be a different answer to give. If the newspapers and magazines of those days were less up-to-date, they possessed, at least,

that charm which has been lost for time out of mind—individuality. The editorial column stood for something; it represented the ideas of the editor, who was in most cases part or whole owner of the paper.

In such circumstances the public could not with any show of justice be blamed for the character of the paper since its ideals were those of its editor.

What do we find to-day? The modern newspaper is owned by that non-entity or shade-like being, the corporation, which knows no morals, no ideals, no right or wrong—only the dollar sign, which shuts out of its vista every other object and dictates its editorials. The editor is a hired stenographer who pens at the corporation's dictation those columns of wishy-washy rot which will bring the best financial returns.

There are some notable exceptions to this, it is true, but they are so few and far between that the universal character of the statement need hardly be changed for their benefit.

Having eliminated every other consideration but that of money from the field, it is not difficult to see how it ultimately comes back upon the public. If the newspaper is in business for money, it will cater to those from whom the money comes. These are not its advertisers, for the advertising value of a sheet is in direct proportion to its circulation. The circulation list, therefore, while it may not by any means represent the largest income of the paper, is nevertheless the keystone of the arch without which the rest is impossible.

If yellow journalism is rampant to-day it is because the people want it and subscribe for it.

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We do not by any means wish to be regarded as looking askance at the efforts which are being made by the Holy Name Society of New York in the cause of pure, clean journalism. It is a grand crusade and we wish it godspeed.

Indeed, the course of action which the Society urges—that of the individual cancelling his subscription if offensive matter is persistently published—is the only course which will be thoroughly effective.

What we would lay especial emphasis on, however, is that this is what might be termed a proximate remedy. The important consideration still remains: what reasons will urge the individual to cancel his subscription? If these reasons are all to be found in the Society's recommendations, then large results cannot be looked for.

In other words, an educational campaign must be inaugurated and carried vigorously forward against yellow journalism just as any other evil would have to be combated. The public must be brought to recognize the baneful effects which the circulation of this sensational reading has upon the childish mind and what a degrading influence it exerts upon those of mature years. Above all, the children who are to be the fathers and mothers of to-morrow must be brought up in an atmosphere in which vicious tastes will be rooted out before they crowd out with their rank-growing foliage those tenderer plants which grace with perfume and blossom the garden of the mind.

The mythological labors of Hercules were as nothing when compared with those that confront education to-day. Take what you will, the corruptions of the day find their source in a perverted system of education which ignores the real for the perishable, and plain as is the connection of cause and effect between our school system and our morals, the Protestant world for the most part refuses to see it.

In the efforts for clean journalism, education must be the prime factor, fostering in the public a literary sense, however humble, capable of distinguishing the good from the bad, quickening, above all, the activity of that inborn

moral sense, the natural law, whose precepts God has written with His finger on the human heart.

'Tis a great work, this, for education, but it needs only the time, and with its achievement is bound up also the passing of the yellow journal.

Victory for Catholic Schools

The New World

There was a time once, and not so long ago, when certain Catholics affected to believe that Catholic schools were of little use. Some of these people yet exist. Last week a New World representative found a Liberal Catholic out in another state who flatly asserted that Catholic schools are no good.

People of this class ought to be made look in this direction. It will not, we think, be contended that the Chicago Normal school has any particular fondness for Catholics. Some of those connected with it have, in simple truth, come before the public with hints of Catholic persecution.

Nevertheless, there was an examination the other day of young people who seek to become teachers. Entrance to the Normal can be gained only by a trying examination, in which no favor is shown any one. What, to Catholics, was the result of that examination? Here it is, and it is significant:

St. Gabriel's Catholic high school: Miss Callahan received an average of 93.5; the other pupils an average of 90. All passed.

St. James' High school: Seventeen took examination. All passed.

St. Mary's High school: Eight took examination. All passed.

Providence Academy: All who took examination passed.

Academy of Our Lady of Longwood: Two took examination. Both passed.

Now, if this is not a remarkable record we beg to learn what it is. In the four schools so far heard from not a single failure! And bear in mind that in

these examinations the pupils of those Catholic institutions were in open competition with the pupils of the public and high schools of the city of Chicago and that the latter cannot truthfully boast such record. They had many failures.

It is a striking victory for the Catholic school. It is absolute proof that it educates.

The American Magazine

The Republic

The American magazine, as it now exists, is the result of a long process of development. Its crude beginnings were defaced by hideous wood-cuts and desecrated by type that was an affront to the eye. The literary tone of the essays and tales was a dim echo of what the essayists and novelists on the other side of the water were doing. It is still a mystery how Americans could take delight in those staring and vulgar pictures or those insipid stories that invested the English squire and the amiable vicar with a glory that seemed a trifle absurd to those who had outgrown the colonial's awe of the people at "home." But times have changed, and our periodicals have shown the grace of growth. The stupidly violent lack of art has given place to a chastened feeling for form, and the fiction that is now given us is not infested by the Church of England clergyman, who takes his devotions three times a day in a weak dilution of rose-water.

The best of our magazines are handbooks of culture. Both in pictures and text they are admirable. They are thoroughly American, with just a tinge of the foreign infiltration to show that we are cosmopolitan. Magazines such as we have are the fine flower of a complex civilization, and the early American, half horse, half alligator, that Mrs. Trollope knew, could no more have anticipated their appearance than he could have foretold the trolley car or the horseless carriage.



IBEX AND YOUNG.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

ZOO BABIES

ZOO babies are very fascinating, and crowds always collect about the cages and enclosures where there are young creatures. Nearly all zoo babies are pretty, from the infant polar bears to the tiny white mice nestled up against their snowy mother.

They play all day long, except when sleeping and eating, and they bite their mothers' ears and tumble over her to the evident delight of the mothers.

At the New York Zoological Park, in the Bronx, there are always young animals of some sort to see, no matter what time of the year it may be.

Of all the zoo babies, the young bears seem to be the most charming—they are such rollicking, topsyturvy sort of babies—rolling over and over each other, climbing on mother bear's back, and act-

ing exactly like very playful kittens. They are soft, pretty little creatures and always good-natured, never snapping or biting as some other zoo babies do.

They have a very babylike way of sucking their paws and making little comfortable grunting sounds such as little pigs make when their backs are scratched.

All the little bears in the New York Zoo are given a bath



PET CUBS.



THE WEEKLY BATH.



A DEER KID.

each week. Some of them like it and some do not. When they are very young they seem passive enough, but when half-grown they protest and try to wriggle away from the keeper.

In one of the photographs shown here, a young brown bear is having his bath in a basin, and in another two young polar bears are about to be ducked into the pool. The man carries them as a cat does her kittens—by the back of the neck.

In another photograph may be seen two more polar bears which are being fed by a devoted admirer of theirs, a lady who pays them frequent visits and is permitted by the keepers to enter the bear cage and give them the dainties. They look for her very eagerly and seem to be strongly attached to her.

Lambs and kids are such beautiful, dainty little creatures that they always win children's hearts immediately. They are timid and gentle and keep close to their mothers, but in the warmth and sunshine of spring they skip and prance about in a most graceful fashion. They have large, beautiful eyes and the softest of ears, all downy within.

In one of the photographs is a young kid of the fallow deer, with its tan and white spotted coat and soft white scrap of a tail. All the white spots will disappear in a short time, and he will be all a soft tan or fawn-color.

Two little kids of mountain deer, or ibex, are shown in another picture; soft little creatures with ears like the other little kid. They are on the rocky ledges of their enclosure in the Bronx, where they have a large space to roam over and are not made to feel that they are in captivity.

Baby porcupines are not at all the formidable, prickly things their parents are, but are fluffy little creatures with soft little noses and blue eyes. Their quills are just long, coarse hairs, that later grow stiff and sharp. There is one of these little creatures being fed by the keeper.

In another photograph are two little timber-wolves. They are soft and woolly like puppies, and they are panting from fatigue, for the photographer caught their pictures just as they had finished a rough-and-tumble game with each other. They are a soft gray, and have



YOUNG COYOTE.



PORCUPINE AT LUNCH.



A COLD PLUNGE.

dear little ears and big, soft, clumsy paws.

The little creature which the man is holding out in his hand in another photo-

graph is a little half-grown coyote. He is a soft gray and very gentle and playful. He looks like a little dog, with his blue eyes and soft black nose.



BROTHERS.

BEFORE THE REFORMATION

By M. F. N. R.

John Aubrey, the English scholar, living in 1678, has left some interesting notes as to the condition of things before the Reformation in England. Among them is the following:

"Before the Reformation there were no poor rates, the charitable doles given at the religious houses and the church-ale in every parish did the business. In each parish was a church house, to which belonged spits, pots, crocks, etc., for dressing provisions. Here the house-keepers met and gave their charity and were merry. There were few or no almshouses before the time of King Henry VIII, but in every church was the 'poor man's box,' and the like at great inns."

PRACTICAL PIETY

By M. F. N. R.

St. John Capistran, whose feast is celebrated October 23, was so eloquent a preacher that seven thousand Hussites were by him persuaded to abjure their heresy, and in one sermon he converted one hundred and twenty young men who went afterwards into the religious life. But St. John was not content with talking. He ate but one meal a day, he slept but four hours each night, he disciplined himself constantly, he walked miles, footsore and weary, in the hope of converting a single soul. Small wonder is it then, that men listened when he preached!

SAINT DENIS

By M. F. N. R.

St. Denis, or Dionysius, as he was properly called, was the missionary who had the honor of introducing Christianity into France. He penetrated into farthest Gaul and fixed his episcopal see at Paris, of which he was first Bishop. Put to death during the cruel persecutions of Valerian, legend relates that

after being beheaded he rose up, took up his severed head and walked with it some distance. His body, with those of his companion martyrs, was buried by a noble lady, a Christian named Catalla, and above his grave a church was built, which afterwards became a famous place for pilgrimages.

The Church of St. Denis became the burial place for French Royalty, and within its hallowed walls lie long lines of royal tombs, preserved and restored, though the vandals of the revolution unroofed the sacred edifice and used it for a stable.

St. Denis' feast is celebrated on the 9th of October.

HOLY POVERTY

By M. F. N. R.

Buonsignore Cacciguerra was the forerunner of St. Philip, and was one of the holiest of souls of the land of saints.

He was so in love with holy poverty that he would not accept a gift no matter if it was from a dear friend.

A prelate who was a devoted friend of Buonsignore visited him one day at San Girolamo to discuss plans which they had in common for the salvation of souls. Upon his departure the prelate removed his ring and asked the priest to accept it as a keepsake.

"Thank you, no. I will not have a price put upon our friendship. I love you with my heart, not my purse," said Buonsignore..

The visitor persisted in offering the ring only to be again refused. When he departed, therefore, he left it upon the table, smiling to himself that he had compelled his holy friend at last to accept a gift.

A few days later Cacciguerra returned it, saying: "This is a present from myself and I hope you will accept it as a reminder of that compact we made about our common work for souls."

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

THE LESSON OF ROSARY MONTH.



It is, no doubt, a sign that bespeaks the motherly instinct in the Church that she sets before us, ever and anon, feast days that are rich with meaning and, as it were, "family events." In these days of specialized interests we are apt to overlook a truth that was intimately wound about the Catholic heart of the medieval man. Then, all were certain that the Church played an integral part in life. The loss of interest in the feast days of the Church unmistakably indicates a waning faith. In the seventeenth century the oracle of Ferney, Voltaire, could give no surer evidence of his hostility towards Rome than the abrogation of Sunday and holy days.

Our Holy Mother, the Church, consecrates particular seasons to the practice of devotions dear to her heart. The life of Christ can never be fully fathomed, though its lessons are ever urgent. What wisdom, then, to devote a month especially to the meditation of Jesus' life and death.

May was the month of budding promise in nature. It heralded, in the spiritual order, a hope of early deliverance—it was the month of Mary, the Mother of our King. October is the month of full granaries. So, also, it is a month of special graces.

October is a quasi-prelude to Christmas-tide. Only a lull of a few weeks between the dying days of October and the break of Advent. A month is certainly not too long a time to devote to the study of Christ's life in its entirety. It may be well and useful to dwell oftentimes in meditation on one virtue or act of the Man-God in order to bring it home to ourselves. But we can never appreciate as we ought the full measure

of Christ's love for us unless we take a comprehensive and all-embracing view of His life and death.

This comes easy through the Rosary. There, in fifteen mysteries, is portrayed the story of Our Saviour against the angel-white background of Mary, His Mother. She is inseparable from Him in life, and so, too, in the Rosary. The Rosary is a compendium of the Gospel, an epitome of the New Testament. Jesus is there in His birth, life, death and resurrection. For this reason the Rosary is a prayer of thanksgiving. Gratitude is impossible without a lively recollection of our indebtedness. In studying the life and death of the Redeemer we ever keep in mind the terrible burden He bore for us. And if our prayer does not abound in specific terms of gratitude, still gratitude will be its essence.

"FATHERS OF THE ROSARY."

From a panegyric on St. Dominic delivered by the Most Rev. John Clancy, D. D., Bishop of Elphin.

"Now, while the history of the Dominican Order in every part of the world possesses an interest for us, naturally we are more deeply concerned in its successes in Ireland than elsewhere. In the year 1224, twelve years after the death of its illustrious founder, the first house of the Order was established in Ireland; and ever since, through varying vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, it has carried on its noble work. At the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, there were thirty-eight houses and over six hundred members of the Order in Ireland; but, when that ill-starred reign closed, the number of houses was reduced to six, and the members who had escaped death were banished far and

wide. From that time until the passing of the Catholic Emancipation, the fortunes of the Order waxed or waned according as the waves of persecution were hushed to silence or grew into an angry storm. During that period in the history of our national Church, the Order furnished many Bishops to Irish sees; and whenever circumstances permitted, the Dominican friar, in the black and white habit of his Order, was found amongst the people, in the barren mountain or the lonely moor, confessing, catechizing, preaching, offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—a bulwark of the faith by his words of instruction and encouragement, and a source of sanctification to many by the ministrations of his priestly office. As in the case of their illustrious founder himself, the weapon used by the friars was the Rosary of Mary; and hence they came to be spoken of amongst the people as the 'Fathers of the Rosary.' If the faith has been preserved unsullied through those dark ages of persecution, and now beams out refulgent with beauty, a hundred-fold intensified because of the trials through which it has passed, we are indebted, under God, for these beneficent results to the prayers, the labors, and the sacrifices of the Irish Dominicans. They have realized the wish of Our Divine Lord in reference to our race and nation, and have established an indefeasible claim to the heraldic arms which they bear: 'I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be enkindled.' "

INDULGENCES FOR OCTOBER.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the great indulgence (Toties Quoties) of the feast of the Holy Rosary, kept on the first Sunday of October. It is the amplest indulgence that has ever been granted; and, so far as we know, there are but two others that are equal to it, namely, that of the

Portiuncula, and that of the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows in the churches of the Servite Fathers. This special favor, which is confined to Rosary Sunday, is a plenary indulgence applicable to the souls in purgatory, which may be gained by every visit made to the altar of our Lady of the Rosary (in memory of the victory of Lepanto), from the first vespers of the feast until sunset of the day of the feast itself, that is from about two o'clock on the Saturday afternoon until about six of the afternoon of Sunday. The conditions for gaining this indulgence are: (a) Confession and Communion; (b) distinct visits to the Confraternity Altar; i. e., the person must leave the church after each visit; (c) prayers for the Pope's intention.

A plenary indulgence, once on any day selected within the octave of the feast of the Holy Rosary, can be gained by all who visit the Rosary Altar, and who during their visit pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A plenary indulgence once, also, during the octave for having said the five mysteries every day, and a visit to the Rosary Altar.

To all who attend devotions during the month of October a partial indulgence of seven years and 280 days is granted. To all who have attended ten such exercises Leo XIII grants the remission of all punishment and penalties for sins committed. It is allowable, when impeded from attending public devotions, to have private devotions at home. These answer the obligation. Those who say five mysteries ten times during the month may gain a plenary indulgence on any day they choose. Conditions: Confession, communion, visit to Rosary Altar and prayers for the Pope.

The usual indulgences of the first and third Sundays may also be gained.

October 10, St. Louis Bertrand, O. P. Plenary indulgence, under usual conditions.

WITH THE EDITOR

Welcome to all the faithful, and to Rosarians in particular, should be the month of October, the month of Our Lady's Rosary. Almost seven hundred years ago the august Queen of Heaven vouchsafed to the world the priceless gift of her Rosary. The favored recipient of this heavenly boon was the great St. Dominic. Armed with the Rosary and provided with the invulnerable armor of God's love, this illustrious champion of the Cross, burning with love for souls, went forth bravely and alone to give battle to the mighty hosts of Satan. The history of that conflict and its glorious results are known to all and need not be recited here. Though vanquished, the enemy was not effectually conquered. Error ever lifts its hateful head and the trail of the serpent is still upon the earth. Heresy abounds, sin is rampant. Let us then, in fullest confidence take up the Rosary of Mary, as did St. Dominic, and earnestly and fervently pray for our own advance in sanctity, and also for the conversion and enlightenment of all those that sit in darkness. Let us cultivate assiduously devotion to the Rosary Queen, the Queen of Heaven; and let us see to it that no October day goes by without the recitation of at least a decade of the blessed beads.

The reopening of the schools brings home to us again the painful and undeniable fact that the public school authorities in our larger cities are utterly and confessedly unable to furnish adequate accommodations for large numbers of children seeking instruction. Public moneys are lavishly expended yearly on school buildings and equipments. But despite it all we are pre-

sented with the sad and humiliating spectacle of thousands of children of school age running the streets and squandering their precious time in idleness and vicious companionship—the public school officials the while bemoaning the unfortunate situation and weakly pleading helplessness in the premises. Catholics, meanwhile, are providing and maintaining their own schools at enormous expense and untold sacrifice. They are bearing the double burden of the public schools and their own—yet they receive no credit and no thanks from the state. How long, we wonder, shall such conditions obtain, such flagrant violation of elementary justice continue? It would doubtless surprise, and possibly convert, those who have eyes and see not, and ears that hear not the cry of justice, if all Catholic, and sectarian, and private schools were closed for a season, and their pupils turned over to the tender mercies of the public school authorities. These worthies and the makers of our laws might then realize what they now seem not even to suspect—that the Church is rendering a distinct and notable service to the state, not only in educating a vast army of the youth of the land and moulding them into moral and upright and religious men and women and staunch and patriotic citizens, but also in the carrying of a heavy and well-nigh insupportable financial burden which the state should in justice and as of right assume.

The civilized world rejoices on the return of Peace to the Orient. Too long did the terrible conflict rage; and out of all proportion to its benefits was the cost of the war in treasure and in blood. To our strenuous Chief Executive is

accorded, by common consent, the credit of bringing about peace. He Who brought peace on earth to men of good will has called "blessed" the peacemakers. Certain it is, then, that of all his distinguished achievements this last of the President is easily the greatest, and best entitles Mr. Roosevelt to the gratitude of mankind.

Though preeminently the month of the Rosary, October is also dedicated to the honor of the angels. On the second of this month is celebrated the feast of the Guardian Angels, those bright and glorious spirits who guard us in a special manner by Divine command. We should cultivate devotion to those blessed spirits and should allow no day to pass without familiar and devout communion with them.

Cardinal Raffaele Pierotti who died recently in Rome, was the last of the Dominican Cardinals. He was one of the seniors of the college, and while not as well known beyond the walls of the Eternal City as some of his colleagues, his career was no less distinguished. He had a prodigious capacity for work, exceptional tactfulness and an irresistible suavity of manner, but above all he was characterized by an exceeding humility and great holiness of life.

Again we ask our readers to extend to us a helping hand in our work for God and His Blessed Mother. Rosary month is a time most suitable for our friends' cooperation. If each subscriber would interest even a single friend and induce him to subscribe for THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, it would mean much to us—and it would entail small trouble on the part of our loyal friends. THE ROSARY is admittedly improving from month to month, from year to year; and its improvement shall continue to be commensurate with the support and encour-

agement which it receives from subscribers. Every new subscriber is an element of strength which makes for devotion, for virtue, for purity in the literature of the home. It is within the power of all to aid us in our work, and those assisting can rest assured that their efforts shall not go unrewarded.

With the present issue of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE closes Father Copus' fine story, "That Boy Gerald." But the facile pen of the brilliant Jesuit and charming writer has not been idle. His articles on "Chicago's Under-World," now running in THE ROSARY, are attracting the attention they so justly deserve; and these shall be followed shortly by other studies, equally interesting and important, from this keen and careful observer and student of life who is forging rapidly to the forefront of literary fame.

Miss Anna C. Minogue, the brilliant and popular Southern essayist, novelist and poetess, has in preparation a new story which bids fair to outrival "Unentered Ports" and "Cardome" and to equal even her splendid "Son of Adam." The story will appear serially in THE ROSARY, beginning with the November number, and we can assure our readers that a real treat is in store for them.

This from the cell of a "respectable" forger recently convicted can be profitably pondered by young and old alike:

"Boys and young men, don't play poker. Don't start when you are young sneaking back of the barn with other small boys and friends and use corn for poker chips and learn to play. Don't, for God's sake, smoke cigarettes. Don't drink your first glass of beer or whisky. Don't, because you hear of some neighbor making money at the races, bet on horses. 'Your sin will find you out.'"

BOOKS

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By Thomas à Kempis. A new translation. The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. Price, 25 cents.

The translation is by Sir Francis Cruise, an eminent physician of Dublin and a deep student of "The Imitation." It is the best version in the English language and is published in excellent style.

The purpose of the Society in publishing the book is to introduce it to the Catholics of the United States generally. "The Imitation" should be the handbook of every Christian but it is surprising how many people have not so much as heard of it. It is gratifying to know that the Truth Society has disposed of ten thousand copies in a few months. The edition should be in every Catholic family.

ERNEST RENAN. By Wm. Barry, D. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. pp. 240. \$1.00.

The Church has ever had her enemies. By a blessed fatuity they attack Christ's Spouse, thus calling forth apologists and doctors who discover to all her benignity and the need we have of her mother's caressing stroke. Each age, however, gives tone to the hiss and anathemas of its high priests of unbelief. Julian and Celsus, Voltaire and Diderot are brothers. Though of the same family, Renan has no twin-brother. If he differs from these solely in his tactics it is only because the fetial fury of the past were innocuous now. And to be a decrier, antiquated and harmless, no one proposes to himself, for a scotched snake is a thing of scorn.

Renan is a solitary figure. Nursed in the bosom of the Church, he forsook

her sanctuary just as he stood on the brink of the priesthood because of his indecision and the horror he had of binding himself to her service for aye. The Renaissance, with its deification of mind and its curse on faith, reaches its apogee in him. He is our modern Abelard, brilliant and versatile. He has no unsoundable depths when logical and consistent, and free from German and Hegelian intellectual coma. Certainly there is a vast show of erudition in his works, but no one accepts him without caution, for he failed to conceal his capriciousness. He is a flatterer, and patronizing towards his heroes. He sympathizes with every one out of the ordinary—for he hated men made after a pattern. But he makes Christ man on this account, forgetting, at the time, that beyond the confines of this world there is another sphere. Hence, with a sublime capacity for contradictions, he puts Christ and Marcus Aurelius in the same category. Morality with him did not distinguish men, one from the other. He disliked St. Paul, because the Apostle was too direct, dogmatic and unswerving.

Father Barry has written a polished, popular and sufficiently exhaustive study on this apostle of atheism. He has succeeded in being impartial. His attitude is one of sympathy. But no amount of impartiality can put an aureola around this Breton atheist's head. Though we may disagree with the author on many points, no one can gainsay his present success, nor fail to admire his style, which is eminently literary. He is widely read, and his contrasts and comparisons of Renan with other men are keen, incisive, just, unusually interesting and highly instructive. It is well that, finally, Catholics can study Renan under the guidance of a Catholic priest who, whilst he does not judge solely from a theological standpoint, still is not so

to belittle the literary perfection of the worst and most insidious of mod-elievers. The educated and dis-must appreciate this well-got-book. —

THONY'S ALMANAC FOR 1906. Franciscan Fathers, St. Bonaven-, Paterson, N. J. Price, 25 ; reductions in lots of twenty-and over.

third number of this annual, pub-y the Franciscan Fathers of the e of the Most Holy Name, has eared. It is an Almanac which s instruction with recreation. mns contain articles of interest r one. There are several short sketches, poems, and many oncerning St. Anthony of Padua. all the articles are handsomely ed.

es the worth of the Almanac, something more that urges our tion, namely, its charitable end. ofits accruing in course of time e publication of St. Anthony's c are devoted to the education g men, destitute of means, de- study for the priesthood in the Province of the Order of Friars

VEN. GABRIEL, C. P. By Rev. nth Hage, C. P. H. L. Kilner , Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 275.

s the second edition of one of the ographies ever written, and we / hope that many more editions exhausted. The Venerable Ga-ssenti is a young man of our es, some of the immediate mem-his family still being among the His life was not of that kind one might call discouragingly tural. But it was, until the time ntrance into the religious state, of an ordinary man. He had

his love for pleasure; he was not free from all the weaknesses of human kind. It is, however, most beautiful and edify-ing to notice how, when once he had left the world, he began to move along the way of perfection with an astonishing rapidity, so much so that though only five years of religious life were vouch-safed to him, he, nevertheless, in that short time attained to the state of perfec-tion. His life is encouraging and im-itable, and therefore do we commend its careful and frequent perusal to all who live in the religious state. But not only to religious but to those as well who live in the world do we recommend the fas-cinating story of his life, borrowing the words employed by Cardinal Gibbons in his excellent introduction to the work: "Whilst showing the excellence of the religious life, it is hoped that this little book will be an encouragement to those whose vocation is in the world, showing them that holiness is not to be sought for in wonderful deeds but rather in the ordinary duties of life when sanctified by the love of God; in this alone essen-tial perfection consists."

THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR ALL SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS OF OB-LIGATION. Arranged by the Very Rev. Richard A. O'Gorman, O. S. A. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Bros., American Agents. 16mo. pp. 265. 50 cents net.

Our thanks to Father O'Gorman for editing this collection, for there is a special need of this kind of a book. The Gospels and Epistles are not selected at random by the Church—they are all beautiful and have a special fitness for the time in which they are read. They are read aloud at the Masses to be sure, but their wonderful meaning and lessons would be more deeply instilled if all the faithful had a copy in hand to follow the priest and to read and re-read during the day at home.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of **THE ROSARY**, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of **THE ROSARY** will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix, or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed: on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say, Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and Our Father once, Hail Mary ten times, Glory be to the Father once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the Hail, holy Queen is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar, C., C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary Procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in **THE ROSARY**.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

XVII

NOVEMBER, 1905

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No. 5

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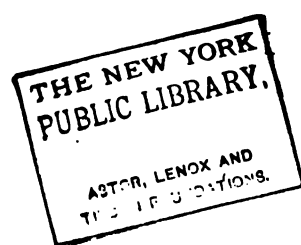
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EDITORIAL ROOMS
AND
BUSINESS OFFICES

SOMERSET, OHIO

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GENERAL PHIL H. SHERIDAN

The famous cavalry leader and hero of the Civil War, to whose memory the State of Ohio has erected a monument at Somerset, his boyhood home. The statue, which is of bronze and represents the celebrated Winchester ride, cost \$10,000, and was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on November 2, in presence of distinguished statesmen and officers of the Army and Navy and Grand Army of the Republic.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 5

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY,

TOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Through the Holy Land on Horseback

By REV. M. A. QUIRK

THE questions we are asked most frequently about our trip are: How did you like the Holy Land? Is it hard to travel there? Did you feel repaid for your expenditure of time and money?

I hope in this article to give, for the benefit of the readers of *THE ROSARY*, our views on these questions. The trips that may be made by rail, such as I have already described, and the journey from Joppa to Jerusalem are easy and inexpensive, as are also the carriage drives over the few fine roads which the Holy Land possesses.

The most interesting parts of the Holy Land are to be reached only in the saddle. Over some routes ponies may be used; on others even the sure-footed donkey is none too safe. On the trip to Emmaus, we often felt that walking was best of all.

Cook provides a trip overland with every comfort—and little satisfaction. His parties are usually made up of persons not congenial to each other. His guides know all about every spot relating to events chronicled in the Old Testament, little about the New Testament localities, and absolutely nothing about any locality or incident made memorable by their connection with the Blessed Virgin and the saints. They have been

trained by the non-Catholic tourists, who love to linger over Jacob's well or Abraham's tomb, but who flippantly scoff at the stories about the life of the Holy Family. Finally, Cook's tours are slow and very expensive. As I wrote last month, we made the trip on our own responsibility. It cost us very little financially, but a great deal otherwise and much loss of comfort. I would not advise any one not inured to hardship to attempt to ride overland through Palestine. We left Nazareth on a beautiful morning in March determined to reach Jerusalem in three days, partly because the fourth day was Palm Sunday, and partly because we could thus spend the nights at priests' houses. As they were the only persons along the route known to the Fathers at Nazareth who could talk French (and no one in that country talks English), it was important that we should spend the nights with them.

We set out from Nazareth at 6 A. M. with a "moukari" (a muleteer) who furnished three ponies for three days, carrying our baggage on his own, and provided his own food and lodging for twenty dollars. As it would require two days for him to make the return journey, it meant four dollars a day for his services and that of his three ponies. He added to this by carrying mail, un-



THE PIER, INSIDE THE HARBOR, CAESAREA.

stamped and contraband, between the different towns, and by bringing back freight from Jerusalem to Nazareth. As he could speak no word of any language known to us, we were spared the loquacity and misinformation of the average dragoman.

We said good-bye reluctantly to the good Fathers at Nazareth, and took one last look at the hospice, which, by the way, is called "Our Lady of America" in grateful acknowledgment of the generous Americans who made its erection possible. We were most sorry to part with our good friend Frere Lazare, who had been our companion on the trip to Cana, Tiberias and Mt. Tabor. He had partly promised to go to Jerusalem with us, but the rain and hail of the preceding *day had, he said, started the rheumatism*

in his old bones, while we (so he said) were young. After that last remark, we forgave his desertion. So few tell us that nowadays! When I bade my pony to get up, he promptly got down on all fours on the slippery pavement. That was encouraging in view of what was before us, but, to give him his due, it was his only misstep. For three days he carried me safely over many dangerous spots. One of the worst places we met was in descending from Nazareth to the plain of Esdrelon. The sharp declivities, the rocks worn smooth by running water, and the loose stones, made travelling slow and dangerous. The plain of Esdrelon is a very fertile stretch of bottom land stretching south-eastward from the Mediterranean at Caifa to the Jordan. It is about thirty-

six miles long, and, at its widest part, covers fifteen miles. Like all the valleys of the country, it seems made up of the soil which once clung to the hills, which have been washed bare through the centuries. Unless these hills, now bleak and barren, were at one time covered with soil, it is impossible to explain how the great numbers mentioned in the Old Testament could have lived in this country. The plain is as flat and uninteresting as an Illinois prairie. We crossed it by noon and arrived at Jenive, the town where our Lord healed the ten lepers. It is a town of three thousand persons, sixteen of whom are Catholics, the others being Mohammedans. We alighted for lunch in a little grove near the town beside the clearest stream we saw in all Palestine. Our moukari asked us by signs which satchel contained our lunch. We looked at each other in blank consternation. Some one had

blundered, and after six hours in the saddle, with six more before us, we had nothing to eat. The moukari extracted from some mysterious pocket in his flowing robes a flat cake of unleavened bread and offered to share it with us, but we were not to be tempted by the unsavory, soggy stuff. We visited the town, but as we could converse with no one our search for food had little result. We found two hard-boiled eggs and about half a pound of sweet wafers; also a can of sardines, which I suspect had been abandoned by some party of Cook's tourists. The sardines were certainly abandoned — wanton, even — and one plunge of a pocket-knife through the tin forbade all further investigation. It was the eve of the feast of the Annunciation and, willy-nilly, a fast day for us. We did not rest long after lunch in the hope of hastening the hour for dinner. Our way during the afternoon lay through a



NAZARETH.



THE VALLEY OF NAPLOUSE (SICHEM).

broken country, with small patches of fertile valley surrounded by barren mountains. The little valleys were planted in wheat, and goats covered the mountain sides. The peasants raise just enough of grain to support themselves. The unleavened bread, the goats' milk, with an occasional taste of goat's flesh, constitute their entire bill of fare. Sometimes they may indulge in chicken, but not often. In all the small towns we saw goats' heads, boiled, for sale. They looked like skulls devoid of meat, yet the people were buying them everywhere. Zababdie, where we spent the night, was perhaps no more wretched than many other towns in Palestine, but a close inspection of it disclosed the miserable hovels of six hundred human beings, one-fourth of whom are Catholics.

The town is on no map which I have ever seen, but it has a stone church and school, a resident pastor, and two sisters of St. Joseph. The priest is a fine little gentleman, a native, who studied at Jerusalem. The sisters are also Arabs, and one of them speaks no language but the Arabic. The expenses of the church and school are paid out of the Holy Land fund, as the poor people have scarcely enough to support themselves. At my Mass, on the feast of the Annunciation, there were about seventy-five persons present, including the children of the school, of whom there were about twenty-five. There was not a pair of shoes or slippers among them, and their persons and clothing looked as if soap and water were unknown amongst them. After eighteen centuries of Christianity,



JACOB'S WELL.

the only Catholic parish between Beth and Naplouse, a distance of more than sixty miles; and this cultured and these two gentle sisters are; their souls trying to keep alive mark of faith in this little band of Christians, surrounded on all sides by followers of Mahomet, in the land holy by the footsteps of the Son of God.

After travelling through the Holy Land the American Catholic returns to the maligned Chicago, with its million without Catholics, convinced that this is indeed, God's country. We took a party of the school children at Zababdie the early morning, before starting for Naplouse. The way in which

Father Amalchite bade us good-bye, and the pathos with which he said: "If you only knew what comfort you have been to me, you would prolong your stay," filled us with sympathy for him, deprived as he is entirely of the company of his fellow priests. He told us that he received the daily papers two or three times a year from his brother in St. Louis.

After leaving Zababdie, we rode again through many mountains with small valleys between. On one of the steepest and most dangerous hillsides, we met a party of Cook's tourists. Two ladies of the party whom we had met in Egypt, one a lady of seventy-two years from LaFayette, Ind., the other a younger

woman from Westfield, Mass., were riding in palanquins. These were mere boxes hung between two poles, which were fastened fore and aft to either side of diminutive donkeys. The donkeys were not big enough to keep the bottom of the contrivance far above the ground, and the ride was a succession of humps and jolts against boulders, with the constant danger of being upset or pitched over a precipice. The hill leads to the town of Sebaste, or Samaria, which was the capital of the kingdom of Israel in the days of Amri, a thousand years before Christ. We visited here the tombs of John the Baptist and the prophet Eliseus. The ancient capital became later the home of Herod the Great. He built here a great palace and temple, and installed a garrison of

six thousand men. It is to-day a wretched village of three hundred inhabitants. It occupies a commanding site twelve hundred and forty-eight feet above the Mediterranean, which can easily be seen some twenty miles away. During the rest of the day's ride the most interesting thing to us was the macadam road, which we reached two hours before arriving at Naplouse. We jogged over it at a good pace, and because of it were able to visit the Samaritan quarters of this city of thirty thousand people before dark. Naplouse is the ancient Sichem, known from the very beginning of the Bible narrative. Under Jeroboam, it was the capital of Israel. Overhanging the city is Mt. Garizim, the central point of the Samaritan religion. Long and bitter was the



BETHORON—SUPERIOR VILLAGE.

contention between Garizim and Jerusalem as to which was the real center of the true religion. When the Samaritan woman said to our Blessed Lord: "Our fathers adored on this mountain, and you say that at Jerusalem is the place where men must adore. Jesus saith to her: Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when you shall neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem adore the Father" (John iv, 20-21).

Long ago that hour came to Samaria. To-day this city of thirty thousand people has sixty Roman Catholics, five hundred schismatic Greeks, one hundred and eighty Samaritans, sixty Protestants, seven hundred and forty orthodox Jews, and the remainder are Mohammedans. The Samaritans are a pathetic sight. Here at the fountainhead of their religion, this remnant still clings to an idea.

Hidden away in a dark, filthy corner of the town, the high priest Joseph Aaron lives, surrounded by his few followers. The boys and young men (we saw no women or girls) were so gentle and kindly and helpless in their appearance that our hearts went out to them. The old priest showed us the scroll containing the five books of Moses, the only part of the Bible they accept. It was a roll of parchment in a silver case, engraved with Old Testa-



WOMEN OF PALESTINE.

ment pictures. The high priest told us the parchment was then three thousand five hundred and seventy-two years old. The guide-books warn the Christian tourists against the fanaticism of the Mohammedans at Naplouse, but we two unprotected travellers met only kindness during our stay.

We left the town before 6 A. M., as we had a long ride before us if we hoped to reach Jerusalem that night. The road to Jerusalem is by this time a fine

macadam. A year ago it was in process of construction and we were compelled to skirt it, much to our discomfort. We had a good view of the process of roadmaking in Asia, and were compelled to admit that, in this particular, even Palestine is ahead of America. For the honor of our country, I wish to add that I prefer our poor country roads to those better roads of Europe or Asia when I recall how these latter are built. In Italy we saw women and girls helping in the making of roads, and in Pal-

gan I should not know where to stop. American women should never cease thanking God that their lives are cast in most pleasant places.

It is said Socrates thanked the gods every morning because he was not born a slave or a woman. Since I visited Greece, I know how to sympathize with Zantippe, and I am sure that if Socrates had lived in America he would have tasted hemlock earlier in his life.

Our first stop after Naplouse was at Jacob's well, sunk by that patriarch



DAMASCUS GATE.

estine, on this road from Naplouse to Jerusalem, we saw no others doing the hardest part of the work. Women and girls, barefooted and bareheaded, were breaking the stone and carrying it on their heads in baskets, often half a mile to the spot where it was needed. Men superintended the work but did none of the lifting or carrying. The condition of women in the Eastern hemisphere is *a subject* I dare not touch. Once I be-

1739 B. C. It was here that Our Lord talked to the Samaritan woman (John iv, 3). Over the well is the ruin of a church. The well itself is seventy-five feet deep and the water is anything but good. As we inspected the well and the garden about it, two young Russian peasants, who were travelling to Jerusalem on foot, entered the enclosure. We had seen them several times as we came from Nazareth. In fact, we met several

thousand Russian pilgrims, Greek Catholics, during our trip through the Holy Land. They were almost all of them making the journey on foot. They slept usually on the ground. They seemed to live on bread and tea. Their piety was something I have never seen equalled. These two young men, for example, entered the church, in which is Jacob's well, on their knees. They kissed the well and the cup from which they drank; they kissed all the cheap prints picturing Biblical scenes which hung upon the walls; they showed a spirit of deepest reverence for everything about them. Many Christian tourists ridiculed the piety of these simple peasants and pronounced their reverence for their icons as idolatry. These same Christians accept without question the healing of the sick woman who "touched the hem of His garment," the restoration to life of the man whose bones came in contact with the body of Eliseus; and some whom we met revered Mrs. Eddy of Boston, Mass., more than they did the Mother of their Saviour, and mocked at those who showed respect for the holiest spots of this Holy Land. I should not care for close communion with the Russian peasants we met in the East, but I take off my hat to them for their deep faith and profound piety.

About five in the afternoon, we came in sight of Jerusalem. We were so tired after our week in the saddle that I thought nothing could rouse us, but the view of the city, whose roofs were glistening in the evening sunlight after a shower, filled us with enthusiasm.

The Holy City, the holiest of cities, was before us, and the desire of our hearts for many years was about to be fulfilled! I shall always be glad that I came to Jerusalem as we did, as Our Divine Lord did, as all the prophets and patriarchs did, instead of in a railway

train. How many times had our Blessed Lord entered the City of David from the north, as we were then entering it? The first time of which we have a record was when He came from Nazareth at the age of twelve to be present at the feast of the Passover. But St. Luke relates (ii, 42) that His parents came to Jerusalem every year for this feast. Therefore, from childhood till He began His public life at the age of thirty, at least once a year Jesus passed over these hills and paused I am sure, as we did, somewhere on these summits where across the intervening valley He could see the house-tops of the City of Zion. During His public life, whenever He went from Judea into Samaria or Galilee with His apostles and disciples, His returning footsteps must have led Him close to where we were. What a pitiable creature is the little fellow who, standing anywhere within the confines of the Holy Land, persists in demanding proof that upon this or that spot some particular event narrated in Sacred Scripture occurred! I think I have already expressed my opinion of this class of tourists, but if I have done so ten times, it is still less than one in ten compared to the times we met these cheap skeptics, who seem to travel chiefly for the pleasure of being able to break into every revering group with their "Prove it." We were fortunately, free that afternoon from these pests and at liberty to gaze undisturbed over hill and vale, every inch of which might cry out as did Jehova to Moses from the burning bush: "Put off the shoes from thy feet, for the spot on which thou standest is holy ground."

During the following weeks, we looked upon Jerusalem from Bethany, the Mount of Olives, from the roads to Emmaus and Bethlehem; but that first view will ever remain the one enshrined in our memory.

Chicago's Under-World

The Criminal Aspect

By REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

III.



IN the two previous, but by no means exhaustive, sketches of the conditions of this great city's under-world, mention has occasionally been made of the criminal element. It stands to reason that among so many thousands of unemployed, and unwilling to be employed, many criminals could be unearthed if search were made for them. Nor would the search be laborious for one who knew how to set about it.

For obvious reasons no mention is, or will be, made in these pages of the slum's immorality as distinguished from its criminality.

One of the most thriving of the "industries" of the locality is that of picking pockets. Now it is quite certain that these gentlemen of dexterous fingers could not thrive were it not that they find easy disposal of their booty, "and no questions asked." Fifty per cent, at least, of the pawnbrokers in the slum districts of Chicago are known to the police as "fences." According to law, pawnbrokers are required to take the name and address of the one who pawns an article to show the police every morning, together with the article pawned. This law is seldom complied with. In a large majority of the pawnshops no questions whatever are asked, and consequently the business of the light-fingered gentry flourishes amazingly.

Occasionally a "fence" is arrested by the police, but this never occurs unless there has been some public stir, either in *police circles* or in the press. Not long ago, a young and not overbright hobo

picked up in the street a gold brooch set with ten or twelve small diamonds. He took it to a Clark Street pawnbroker, who threw it on one side, offering ten cents for it, and finally paying fifteen, the finder being deceived into believing that his find was mere imitation jewelry. The young fellow saw the brooch advertised for on the following day. He went to the owner and gave information. Of course there was no record of the transaction on the pawnbroker's books, and all knowledge of the deal was strenuously denied. Ultimately the brooch was found in the safe in the rear of the store, and the pawnbroker was arrested. This was not a case of petty theft, but it illustrates the ease with which articles are disposed of.

The Chicago petty thieves are mostly young Americans. They form themselves into regular bands for their operations. They dress well, many of them—often with yellow overcoats, fedora hats and tan shoes. They are sharp and keenly alive. They never drink, at least during "business hours." They are bright, intelligent, and generally fairly well educated, although they are moral degenerates of a very pronounced type.

The storm centres of this special business are Van Buren and State, and Harrison, Wabash and State Streets. Should you pause and look into a store window almost anywhere along Van Buren Street, night or day, you are pushed against, perhaps by one, or it may be two young fellows who are also interested in the display windows. Most probably one will apologize to you for crowding and pass on—with your watch or purse, and in all probability your property will have changed hands five-

or six times before you have even realized your loss.

Most of the operations, however, of the pickpockets are conducted on the street-cars of the trunk lines, and during the rush hours morning and evening. Saloons afford a fruitful field, especially those near the large railway depots, which are more or less frequented by the "country-cousins." This kind of work is done chiefly by young men from eighteen to twenty-five. The older hoboes are not in this business, having long ago lost their cunning. Jewelry, watches and fobs, and, of course, purses, form most of the loot. Not much clothing is stolen, although there is always a trade in this species of goods carried on in the pawnbrokers' shops. Much of the second-hand clothing bought in Chicago is "fixed up" and disposed of in the smaller towns.

Many arrests are made among this class of petty criminals, but, unfortunately, few convictions ensue. "You put me in office, and if you are in trouble, call on me," is the saying attributed to a certain politician representing a section where criminals most do congregate, and the saying is never forgotten when one is "pinched." A peculiar method of paying what is designated as political debts prevails. A politician himself, or his secretary, daily attends the police court of the district. A bail-bond man is always waiting to help those in the "bull-pen," and around whom the toils of the law are tightening. Bonds are easily and readily furnished. A fee of one dollar goes to the judge, who turns it over to the city, and another dollar goes to the bail-bond man, who for that meagre amount furnishes bail on a bond of five hundred dollars. As to the defendant—well, the Indiana state line is not far away from Chicago. The operator can afford to make himself scarce for a few weeks until the "affair" blows over.

On those rare occasions when a hobo has money, he knows that his pocket is

not a safe place in which to keep it. Necessity is the mother of invention. He finds a new place for his wealth, which is none other than his shoe. Now, as all hoboes know of this strange kind of purse, if one finds another asleep in an alley or on the sands at the lake front, he will industriously rob his brother 'bo, and then with perfect nonchalance invite the deprived one to come and help drink up his own money. No hobo goes willingly to a policeman. Such functionaries are not needed, or at least not desired in Chicago Hobodom, which has a law and a certain peculiar code of its own. The victimized hobo never informs. He regards the loss of his money as a piece of ill-luck, and goes complacently with the robber to the saloon, where he gets value at least for half his money, and he regards, with true tramp philosophy, half a loaf better than no bread—or beer, in this case.

Of late years Chicago has become famous, or rather notorious, for the number of hold-up men within her borders. These men are not native to the city except in very limited numbers, but come from outside. They generally work in pairs. Numberless cases of this kind are never reported to the police.

Although the veterans of this nefarious kind of work do not belong to Chicago, yet there is an extremely dangerous element growing up in the city which may correctly be regarded as a product of yellow journalism. Those who compose this class are absolutely reckless of life, and their one ambition is to see their pictures in the papers, and to be recognized as the "real thing" in the line of desperadoes. A newspaper apotheosis was not long ago accorded to a set of car-barn bandits. Notwithstanding that all of them were executed, young imaginations became inflamed. Numerous bands sprang up composed of young fellows many of whom were scarcely more than children. For a time there was a positive reign of terror.

An experienced highwayman uses his pistol as a last resort. He is after gain, and does not desire to take life. Crude youngsters, half crazed by reading the ultra sensational papers and yellow-back literature, fire almost before they think, and often when no resistance is offered. They are, consequently, extremely dangerous. The native hold-up men of Chicago are all young; most of them who have been caught were good looking, and had they not been self-spoiled and ruined by improper up-bringing would have been capable of making decent wages at honest work.

It may safely be stated from information supplied by those who know the slum district thoroughly, that the professional burglar does not make his home in the slums. A few may be found in this charmed district, but they do not infest the rooming-houses as do the hordes of petty thieves. As the cracksmen whose field of operation lies chiefly in and around Detroit, Michigan, form a "respectable," and "law-abiding" colony across the river, in Windsor, Canada, so those of the mask and dark lantern fraternity of Chicago are found, not among the thousands of the unemployed, but, it may be, three or five miles away from the heart of the city in some quiet, old-fashioned streets where one would least expect to find them. They do not, therefore, legitimately find place in a sketch of the criminal aspect of the slums.

Mention has previously been made of the yegmen and bindle-bums. There is another product of the slums of Chicago which is half-way between the rank of imposter and the criminal. This is the peddler, and his name is legion. Reference is not made here to the legitimate and licensed peddlers of fruits, vegetables, etc. These are a recognized institution everywhere, but Chicago is particularly blessed (or otherwise) with the shoe-string, or pencil, or collar-button *peddlers*—a class of men who are, to all

intents and purposes, beggars. They frequent the down-town, busiest portion of the city by scores of dozens. Glib-tongued and remarkably soft-spoken, they are never so happy as when you listen to their tale of woe. Every one has from seven to ten children to support, and if they see any mark of sympathy or compassion on your face, they have no compunction in adding to their hard lot a great-grandfather, or a crippled grandmother. The fact is they are in the business for the drink there is in it, ever with the exception of the five or ten cents they know they must save in order to have a place whereon to lay their head at night after their extraordinarily strenuous day's labor.

Another kind of criminality, found to exist in every large city, flourishes in the under-world here. It is the administering of knock-out drops to the unwary saloon customer. One of the "boys" spots his victim and looks wise at the barkeeper, who knows his business. No words are exchanged. There is no occasion for them. The little tablet, containing a strong dose of codine, is dexterously dropped into the glass, and the victim is unconscious for two or three hours.

"Is not the drink spoiled by these drops?" was innocently asked of an intelligent informant of many phases of under-world life.

"No drink is ever spoiled for a 'bo. There is no such thing as bad beer for him; some is better than other, that is the only difference," was the reply.

"The police," he continued, "appear to be unable to touch this crime. Of course its purpose is robbery. It is very difficult of detection. The effects are not fatal, but merely temporary. Little notice is taken of a man reduced to insensibility in a slum saloon."

"Smart job that! they done that guy all right," is not an uncommon remark made by saloon patrons, and when in an hour or two the victim returns to con-

sciousness, the soreness over being "touched" (as to pocket) hurts far more than the effect of the drug. A very small percentage of these cases comes to the official knowledge of the police.

The Chinese population of Chicago is conservatively estimated at five thousand. Among the Chinese there are many opium joints where one can "hit the pipe" with comparative impunity. Some of the places are handsomely and—according to Chinese canons of art—gorgeously fitted up; others are squalid to a degree. It would be interesting, were one able to prescind from the contemplation of the ruinous effects of the use of the product of the poppy, to witness with what dexterity the native of the Celestial Empire dips his little stick into the can of thick opium gum, and twists and turns it over a thin wire gauze above a lamp until it is cooked enough to be smoked. It is then rolled into the shape of a little pill about the size of a small pea. This is put into the tiniest of pipes and handed to the expectant smoker, who is already reclining on the cushions of a lounge or bunk. Three or four "draws" of inhaled smoke and the pill is burned up, and the consumer is in the land of pleasant dreams, floating ecstatically on pink-tinted clouds until the effect of the deadly fumes begins to wear off and he returns to the land of stern reality. The reaction creates a craving for more, and the smoker is in an incredibly short time a slave to the habit.

No pill is ever cooked for less than a quarter of a dollar. Those engaged in the business soon grow wealthy. Occasionally the public press makes a startling revelation of white women being kept prisoners in these dens, having gone there in the beginning of their own free choice. It is generally conceded that the police, of late years, have fairly well covered the opium joints of Chicago, and that their palmy days are over.

Many of the Chinese are ostensibly

in the laundry business, but in these days of steam laundries this is considered merely as a "blind" by the knowing ones. The Celestial is an inveterate gambler. In the front of a Chinese store may be seen a small hand laundry; further back are bunks for the patrons of the pipe, and in the rear is a gambling room where fan-tan and bung-lo are played day and night.

Danger to the morals of young men and young women lies in the "chop suey" houses, or Chinese restaurants. Working boys and girls after a visit to a cheap theatre—in imitation of their betters, and with the jejune idea that they are "seeing life"—will visit a "chop suey" house. Frequently one of the party, in mere bravado, will make the suggestion: "Let us go down the line."

This means a proposal to visit one after another the various Chinese restaurants, which decrease in respectability as they are located farther south on Clark Street. One can easily imagine with what results the "going down the line" is accompanied. The police department has promised to "get after" the "chop suey dump," as it has promised, and has already begun, to regulate the dangerous and immoral fruit stores.

There has recently been instituted in Chicago a police campaign against the indiscriminate sale of cocaine. In this city the cocaine fiends, like the poor, are ever with us. In the under-world district, especially, can be found its victims. They are young men, mostly, whose blue lips, ashen-colored faces and haggard countenances tell with what deadly effect the dangerous drug is doing its work. On Clark and on Wabash the "little red box" can be purchased with the utmost facility, and in the procuring of it no more questions will be asked than the pickpocket is asked by the professional fence. All ages and both sexes are patrons of cocaine in the district of Chicago's under-world.

A picturesque but non-criminal aspect may find place here. In the neighborhood of Polk and Clark Streets and in a few streets running parallel to Clark and west of it, there is a large Arabian settlement. This nationality is found also on Boiler (now Pacific) Avenue, between Harrison and Twelfth. It is a strange fact that the peddling business among the Arabians is carried on mostly by women. Hundreds of these may be seen early every morning starting out with their red valises, and scattering themselves all over the city. They are peaceable, quiet and honest. They carry towels, knick-knacks and small household goods such as housewives would be likely to purchase. Private detectives say that the Arabian quarter of Chicago is a quiet and law-abiding locality.

From the time of the Chicago Columbian Exposition the city has had a large Syrian contingent. Many Syrians have settled in various Canadian towns and are engaged in the fruit business with success. Chicago has many of them engaged in the same trade, but the majority of the race here, both men and women, are peddlers, the women selling small household goods and the men dealing in cheap jewelry. The Syrians are generally moral and law-abiding, and most of them have large families. They attempt to make an honest living, and thievery is seldom known among them.

Custom House Place, near Taylor, is the Chicago paradise of the Italian organ-grinder, or hand-organ man; not that the Italian resides there in any great numbers, but it is the neighborhood where hand-organs can be hired. Some fairly well-to-do Italians own a large number of these instruments and rent them by the day, or send the "grinders" out on commission. With the organ frequently goes the little dark-eyed Italian, often scarcely more than a mere bambino, in her picturesque yellow headscarf, her tinselled bolero, and highly-colored skirts. Judging from the

amount of machine music heard on the streets of Chicago on any summer day, the organ business must be a lucrative as well as an extensive one.

Comparatively few Italians reside in the slums. The population of this nationality in Chicago is immense, and constantly increasing by immigration and the absence of race suicide. There are already probably a dozen Italian Catholic churches in the city, each with a large congregation. One of these has a Sunday school with fourteen hundred children. The difficulty hitherto has been to supply Italian priests, but the problem is now in a fair way of being solved. A number of Italian-American youths are being educated at St. Ignatius' College and in other Catholic colleges of the city, who will in a short time supply a native-born Italian clergy. It cannot be said that the Italians of Chicago form a constituent part of the slum element, although among the thousands where almost every nation under the sun is represented, a few from the land of blue skies and sunshine may, of course, be found.

It is desired that these sketches be not regarded as exhaustive. They have merely skimmed the surface, as it were, of some sociological conditions of a section of a large city where there are unique features worth considering. No attempt has been made to render the descriptions picturesque. If anything, an apology is due for too many merely bare statements, yet these will probably reveal to many a world hitherto unknown and unsuspected. The knowledge of existing conditions will, it is hoped, move many to lend a helping hand rather than to stand aloof and criticize; to give personal service in this vast field where, indeed, the harvest is great and the laborers, zealous as they may be, are far too few, rather than to gather our robe of self-complacency around us and remain in satisfied inactivity.



"BESIDE MY NATIVE RIVER."

The Land of Youth

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

"A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

—Longfellow.

FAR off across the weltering waves of the Atlantic is a verdant Irish valley through which flows a river of not very much importance to the commerce of the world. Vast and opulent fleets of argosies do not float upon its bosom, nor do its flashing waters furnish power to mighty, many-windowed factories. It is what the contemptuous American, having in mind the mighty Mississippi and the lordly Hudson, might call a one-horse stream; and he might apply the same epithet to a small town upon its banks, of which more will be written anon. Yet there are many, many hearts, exiled amid the rush and bustle of American life, and lonely amid the crowds, which sigh for that small but peaceful river, and for the unprogressive town by which it flows.

Of course these hearts are fond and foolish; for what can be more desirable than the noise and nervous haste of a roaring American city? And what normally constituted modern man would wish to exchange a cramped flat in a clanging street for a quiet home in a

town uninvasion by the American trolley-car and the American extra edition?

But there are some hearts, not afraid to be called foolish and abnormal, which would gladly make the exchange; for the spell of the old home and of the old land—the Land of Youth—is strong upon them, and through years of exile they can not shake it off. What poignant memories visit such hearts at times! How often do those within whose breasts they beat walk mechanically and with unseeing eyes through the daily round of their present life, while pictures of the past throng the halls of remembrance! How many, many times, the miles of streets and the towering sky-scrapers fade from a gaze which sees, instead, the little town nestling in the valley! In bygone days as children, climbing, time and time again, the hills that encircled it, such exiles used to look back upon the town which held all that was dear to them, and now they look back through the mist of years upon the selfsame scene. They see again the whitewashed walls shining in the sun; they see the river winding through the valley, embracing the town as if it loved each house and heart therein; they see the bell-tower of the church, lifted like a finger to

warn all who would climb the hills against straying too far.

In that old town, by the way, Hallowe'en was not Hallowe'en—it was "Colcannon Night," or "Snap-apple Night," so-called from the two things for which to young minds and hearts it was chiefly memorable. Colcannon—a most delicious dish (which people who don't know any better confound with ordinary mashed potatoes), for which the mouths of young and old watered the whole year round, was served in unlimited quantities on the Eve of All Saints. To the grown-up folk, the young men and women of marriageable age, eating the colcannon was considerably exciting, because usually a gold ring was concealed somewhere in the dish, and the young man or woman who was lucky enough to get it in his or her portion might take it as an augury of marriage before another "Colcannon Night."

But the younger folk did not bother much about such fooling. They enjoyed the colcannon for the colcannon's sake, and not for any significance attached to tricks with a ring. How delicious that colcannon was, and how well worth waiting a year for! The orthodox way to eat it was to have it in a pile on your plate roughly approximating to a cone; then to make a hole in the very centre of the pile into which a generous lump of butter was placed, which, quickly melting, made a luscious golden well; then around the outside of the colcannon to pour as much cream as possible without offending against manners by having it overflow your plate; then to take a spoonful of the luscious mixture and add still further to its lusciousness by dipping it in the "well" of molten butter aforesaid; then—but why go on? One who has eaten colcannon as a youth knows what followed. Those who have not had that felicity can not imagine the ambrosial character of the mouthful.

But colcannon was not the whole of Hallowe'en. There were, besides (when

the colcannon feature of the evening was passed), various games, some of which are as well known in this country as in Ireland, such as diving for silver pieces in tubs of water, or trying to capture with the mouth, unaided by the hands, apples floating in the same liquid. There was a great deal of uproarious fun in these games. They pleased the children mightily, and even the children of larger growth were not ashamed to take part in them at times. For youths and maidens sentimentally inclined there was lead to be melted and nuts to be burned to ascertain facts(?) of the future; but the very best of all the sports, so far as the children were concerned, was snap-apple. It was the most spectacular and the most exciting. The snap-apple contrivance was hung by a string to the ceiling; two rosy apples were affixed, alternated with two candle ends lighted; then the affair was set revolving briskly, and the fun began. And this fun was not confined to the small folk. Young men and women, staid men and matrons, and even the old folks sometimes took part in the merriment. Each and every one tried to "snap" an apple. Few, very few, were successful; the candle was always treacherously close to the apple, and some of the most venturesome carried away smarting reminders of that fact.

"Snap-apple night!" How many memories crowd into the mind at the mention of these words! How many voices, long since silent forever, ring again with jest and laughter! How many faces, long since mouldering in dust, appear again, glowing with good-nature and bright with happiness! How tenderly again we seem to feel the touch of a vanished hand! Snap-apple night! Night of harmless fun and frolic, night of innocent feasting, night of mystic spells cast over loving hearts! What an occasion of bliss and brightness you were to us in the old days, and how vividly we recall you now that we have

passed beyond the circle of your light forever!

It was good to be a boy in that old town. Summer and winter held many things to make a boy glad he was a boy there, but summer time was, of course, more particularly the season of boyish pleasure and adventure. For then there were birds' nests to be discovered, orchards to be explored and their fruits sampled (contrary, alas, to the wishes of their owners), barefoot excursions to be made to the surrounding woods and fields, cricket to be played, berries to be picked,—and the river, through the long summer days, gleamed and glistened enticingly to hot and dusty youths tired from roamings and ramblings.

Swimming was, indeed, the favorite pastime for boys in that town. Scarcely had a boy arrived at the dignity of knickerbockers when he took as naturally to water as a duck. With the river and its tributary streams at everybody's door, it was hard for mothers to enforce the non-swimming rule so often made by mothers, but so often broken by boys. It was more than mortal boy could bear, the allurements of that river. How invitingly cool it flashed in the summer sun, and how hard it was to set one's face toward school and leave its enjoyment behind! Some boys, indeed, found it too hard, and succumbed to the temptation of spending the day along its banks instead of in school. Such boys found the master's belt and the master's heart very hard and unympathetic as to the boyish delight of swimming, but even corporal punishment could not correct the "marching," or truancy, habit which was a regular summer complaint among the boys, and the blame for which should have been laid, as many a boy must have thought, on the river.

That river has not been forgotten by those who lived beside it, listened to its song, went swimming in its clear waters, and sometimes, perhaps, even

played truant to enjoy its beauties; and one such has written of it:

"When I am sick of fortune's quest,
And tired of life's endeavor,
I hope I may return and rest
Beside my native river.
Beside the softly-flowing stream
Whereon the sunbeams quiver,
Where breezes play the livelong day,
Beside my native river!

"I know a place where willows grow
And leaves of aspen quiver,
Where, in the days of long ago,
I sat beside the river;
A pledge of love was giv'n me there,
Ah, God be with the giver,
Who lies to-day, not far away
From that beloved river!

"I should be happy here, they say,
With friends that love me ever,
But truer friends are far away
Beside my native river.
New friendships here may wax or wane,
But nothing can dis sever
My heart from those remembrance knows
Beside my native river!

"The city of the stranger here,
Ah, I can love it never!—
Oh, fonder still and far more dear
I hold my native river.
The strangers' land is rich and grand—
But may my soul deliver
Her latest sigh to God on high
Beside my native river!"

And that the beauty of the river and the valley through which it flows is not a fancy fondly held in the minds of those who first saw the light of day there, and who therefore are partial to the place and its surroundings, the following words, from a letter written a month or two ago by the famous San Francisco priest, Father Yorke, who is visiting Ireland, are testimony:

"To imagine that a few show places constitute the beauty of Ireland is to deceive one's self grievously. Dr. Hennebry took me up one afternoon from Carrick on the brow of a hill on the Waterford side of the river. There we lay on the purple heather and looked down on the valley of the Suir. The fitful Irish wind blew in little warm gusts; the wild bees droned among the heather hills; from the distant sea the



"A great place for boys with the dreams of ancient Irish days stirring their souls and kindling their imaginations."

ancient tide crept by the immemorial wood of Mount Bolten through the passes of the eternal hills to the very feet of Sheve-na-mon. The slopes over against us were tawny with ripened meadows, as are the mountain flanks of California in summer; on the flat the brilliant green of the cultivated fields gave promise of an abundant harvest; and Carrick, famed in folk-song, stood between, its ancient church and mossed castle gray and sleepy in the drowsy afternoon. O King of Grace, on such a day is it not good to be alive and in Ireland!"

Such is the place and there are in Ireland so many places similarly

beautiful and peaceful!—which is to the writer of these lines the Land of Youth. Such is the home of his heart, the place of his dreams, the scene of those "long, long thoughts" which Longfellow writes about. Father Yorke's reference to the mossed castle recalls to mind the belief held by the youngsters in the town that a certain Robin Goodfellow haunted its halls, and was likely to pounce out at any time upon any chap who happened to be too boisterous in passing the high wall which bounded the demesne of this old stronghold of the Ormonds. Robin Goodfellow is an English sprite—he is mentioned by Shakespeare, it will be remembered, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" how he ever strayed over to Ireland, and into the imaginations of Irish boys it is hard to say. But there he is in Carrick Castle, "that shrewd and knavish sprite," a very potent personage.

The older part of this castle was erected in 1309 by the powerful Anglo-Irish family, the Butlers, whose descendants still number it among their large possessions in Ireland. The newer part was erected in 1516. The stone bridge which crosses the river at some little distance from the castle was built in 1344 and still stands, weather-beaten and ivy-clad, as staunchly as when first built. The old castle has many interesting historical associations,



THE HAUNT OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

and there is a tradition that Anne Boleyn was born within its walls. But these historical facts, associations and traditions did not receive much attention—more's the pity!—from the youthful population of the old town. They knew hardly any more about it than that it was the abode of the aforesaid Robin Goodfellow, and hence a place to be avoided.

But there was another old castle, or tower, or keep, about two or three miles from the town, which was haunted by no such ungracious ghost as Robin Goodfellow, and it was the Mecca of many a boyish pilgrimage and the scene of many a boyish frolic. It was a famous gathering place for parties of boys, who explored at will its nooks and crannies; clambered up its rude stone winding stairway; peered out of its narrow port-holes; received romantic thrills exploring the secret passages in its walls; peered, horror-stricken yet delighted, down a dark, well-like enclosure which was reputed to be a "murdering hole" in the "good old times" of Cromwell, and shouted to the free winds of heaven from the top of its ruined battlements. Ah, that was a great place for boys with the dreams of ancient Irish days stirring their souls and kindling their imaginations! Of this castle also the boys knew but little historically, but standing an ivy-covered ruin four square to every wind that blew, its very appearance of rugged strength made them feel that it had its place in the dark and bloody history of the old land, and that within or without it, daring deeds had been done for Ireland.

Many a Sunday afternoon was spent searching for the opening to the underground passage which tradition said led from this castle to—who knew where? and many were the hopes of the more imaginative youngsters that, finding and exploring this subterranean passage, they might come across whole armories of weapons secreted in the old days, or light upon "crock o' goold,"

hid by the Danes or by the fairies, or, perhaps, suddenly find themselves in the presence of some of those sleeping warriors who rest in slumber until the day comes when the battle is on again for Irish freedom, but who then will arouse themselves, buckle on their armor, seize their swords and lend a "lamh laidir"—a strong hand—to the men who are fighting for the old land.

It is curious how persistent is the remembrance of the Danish occupation of Ireland in the Irish mind. The power of the Danes in Ireland was broken by Brian Born in 1014, at the great battle of Clontarf, yet nine hundred years later we find the Dane living in the legends of the people. By the common run of the population the Danes are given credit for nearly all the old castles, forts, etc., existing in Ireland. Those who are learned in these matters, however, say that the legends deal not with the Danes, but with the "Tuatha Da Danaans," one of the races which preceded the Milesians in Ireland. The "Tuatha Da Danaans" were magicians, skilled in sorcery and such arts. Be that as it may, however, the people uninstructed in this distinction say Dane and mean Dane. One of the stories about the Danes that was familiar to the writer in his youth was that they had the secret of making beer out of "fraioch," or heather, but the secret died with them. He must say that he never considered this much of a calamity, but it was felt to be a great deprivation by the old man who used to tell the story.

Danes and fairies were always pretty badly confused in the writer's mind as a boy. He somehow or another felt they were all the same sort of folk. He knew that they existed, and he felt at any turning that he might come upon a "leprechaun" busily tapping away at a little red shoe. In common with the rest of his playmates, when he saw a little whirling cloud of dust approaching him, he turned his back upon it, for

he knew that a fairy might be riding in the very centre of it; and he wouldn't venture into a three-cornered field in the month of May for all the money in Christendom, for wasn't it very well known that fairies in Maytime were particularly touchy, and that they resented any trespassing on three-cornered fields, which were peculiarly their property?

Many people here in this hard-headed land of America may smile at these little superstitions of boyhood in the old country, but the Irish superstitions are simple and engaging compared to the silly and gross beliefs held here by men and women who consider themselves highly-cultured. "Every man," as a writer in a New York paper said the other day, "has his private superstition. He may talk condescendingly of 'the Christ myth,' and still may shudder as he sits down to a table of thirteen." The fact seems to be that the belief in fairies is so harmless as to be attractive, and the writer knows one who will grieve when the modern spirit "explains them away" out of Irish life.

In the Land of Youth the belief in ghosts was firmly held also. Every boy had heard about ghosts since he could hear anything. In the long winter nights about the fire, with the wind howling lugubriously in the wide, dark chimney, what would the talk be about principally? Why, naturally enough, it

would turn on ghosts and ghostly happenings. There was no dearth of such stories, and told at such an hour and in such surroundings they were particularly impressive. Often when the hour for bed for the little folks came, said little folks would be in such a state of terror that they dare not venture upstairs to bed. And yet this terror had a fascination and a delight to it which they would not miss for the world.

Of all the ghost stories, I think the "headless coach" was the most terrifying to the writer of these lines. This described a certain coach which went whirling over the lonely roads at night, but woe to the unfortunate whose curiosity impelled him to look out at it. His sight was blasted by the appearance of a black coach drawn by coal-black horses, all without heads, and driven by a man also without a head! The horror of that coach was so strong in the writer's mind that often he has covered up his head in bed and stuck his fingers in his ears lest he should see or hear such an awful conveyance. And never now does he wake at night and hear a passing team but that he feels a faint thrill of this horror of his boyhood days.

But these terrors only lent piquancy to life. What good is a boyhood which has no mystery? What pleasure is there in living when everything is explained, when everything is reduced to



THE ALLUREMENT OF THE RIVER.

the dull, cold formula of fact? The best thing about the Land of Youth is that there is in it such an atmosphere of the unknown and the unknowable. "A land without ruins is a land without

memories." The spiritually-minded Celt could not get along without memories or mysteries. It is they which make the Land of Youth so dear to those who have lived and loved there.

Tuesdays With Friends

The Agnostic Speaks

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE Lady of the House and the Young Lady from Virginia were about to go out for a walk when the Judge came up the lane. He seemed much disappointed.

"I thought this was almost the hour for tea," he said, "and it's near that hour, as I see by the four o'clocks in the garden there."

"Both you and the four o'clocks are right," said the Lady of the House. "I wonder whether the four o'clocks are always right, and whether the pinkly-purplish crepe myrtle does always bloom when the watermelons are ripe? We're going off because we are not wanted—the Man of the House is smoking with the Agnostic on the lawn—and talking."

"Too intellectual for you?" asked the Judge, with evident irony.

"You understand the situation exactly," said the Young Lady from Virginia, with a courtesy. "Now, we go!"

The Judge found the Agnostic and the Man of the House at the tea-table, on which the cigars were piled.

"There is no religion now; there's a philosophy," the Agnostic was saying. "I learned that at college. It is in all the young blood of our time. I went into college a good Baptist, but I soon learned that I couldn't hold the fact of evolution—"

"The hypothesis" — corrected the Judge.

"The theory"—said the Man of the House.

"It's more than that," said the Agnostic, who was young, with some heat.

"A dogma, then," said the Judge, sarcastically.

The Agnostic smiled.

"We leave dogmas to you," he said.

"You would be more logical if you did," said the Man of the House, "but I think I heard you say a moment ago that you believed evolution,—as presented by Wallace and Darwin,—to be absolutely true."

"Well," said the Agnostic, smoothing his pointed beard into shape, "I think I can repeat it. Now, don't imagine that I am ignorant of what you religious people hold,—you needn't explain your terms to me; I was once a staunch Baptist myself, as I told you. I know what you mean by 'absolutely.' You ought to hear our Professor Weisermeith demolish dogma in the philosophy classes without even naming it. It's impossible to reconcile Christianity and evolution, as he teaches it!"

"Evolution has its value as a scientific method," said the Judge, gravely, "but as a dogma—"

"Oh, you don't understand," smiled the Agnostic. "You were brought up before the splendor of evolution was known as—well, as what it is. I don't know one intellectual Protestant man of my own age.—I know intelligent ones, but not one who can be ranked as intellectual. When they can't fall back on the mys-

terious claims of your Church," he turned to the Man of the House, "there's no logical course left for them but to do as I have done."

"Enter the Agnostic sect?" asked the Judge.

"Sect?" repeated the Agnostic, with fire in his eyes.

"Well," said the Judge, "you can't call your 'assembly,'—or 'group,'—or 'school' scientific, since you say that evolution in the infidel sense is absolutely true. Now, a scientific law can not be absolutely true, since it is only a law while it is supported by discoveries—the result of sincere researches—which prove it. When new discoveries disprove the older ones, your law goes. Your theory of evolution is a working hypothesis, and will be only that until the chain of physical facts is complete."

"Nonsense!" said the Agnostic, flushing. "I believe in evolution absolutely. It runs through all methods of study—"

"Certainly," said the Man of the House, "it is an excellent working method;—but when you make a dogma, founded on faith, you must pardon me if I doubt whether you are even an Agnostic,—a man who knows nothing absolutely, but whatever he knows he knows relatively and holds to in reverent scientific expectation."

The Judge laughed.

"You'll have an Agnostic ritual after awhile," he said.

The Agnostic dropped his cigar.

"Why not?" he exclaimed, warmly. "That is what we need."

"An altar to the Unknown God," said the Judge. "With ceremonies modeled on Robespierre's famous feast of religion during the French Revolution!"

"You are unkind," said the Agnostic, as if hurt. "That sort of talk is bad form; but there is no doubt that the tendency among Agnostics is towards a solemn ritual as it is among orthodox *Protestants; but the Protestants have*

this advantage,—they can borrow all sorts of splendors from the Catholic Church, while we can't. Professor Wiesermeith himself thinks that we need a ritual."

"Come, now," said the Judge, sarcastically, "isn't that a little too strong,—an altar to Nothing-that-may-be-Something, with an act of faith in a scientific law that may be no law to-morrow? It's all as strong and logical as Robespierre's paper flowers!"

"It's as logical as Protestantism," said the Agnostic, turning fiercely to the Judge. "You people talk of logic, accept the Incarnation and refuse to believe in Transubstantiation! Logic! I know a thing or two!"

"You know too much,—for an Agnostic!" said the Judge, dryly. "I'm not a Protestant."

"I thought you were!" exclaimed the Agnostic, disappointed. "Oh, I admit that you Catholics,—your premises once accepted,—are logical. But the Agnostics will have a ritual of their own yet."

"No stations of the cross," said the Man of the House, "but a series of pictures of progress from the protoplasmic stage to the highest form, which is yet unknown,—hey?"

"It's not impossible!" said the Agnostic, while the Judge laughed again.

"And daily prayer offered for the survival of the fittest."

"No prayer, Judge," said the Agnostic.

"Richard Wagner once said that the age was out of joint when an artist could appeal only to the understanding of the world,—and that philosophy **must** be so indeed, when its final appeal is only to the darkened mind of men. If you have faith, my dear boy, don't attempt to put your trust in the physical, **changing** facts of earth;—but here come the ladies,—good gracious!—**clear the table!** They'll think we are Pagan Barbarians!"

"We do," said the Lady of the House, "table-cloths are not made for cigar ashes."

The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

XXII.

THE tidings that the young war correspondent had been found and rescued after two months' imprisonment, reaching England soon after the New Year.

His uncle heard it as he was coming out of church on a Sunday morning. Almost overpowered by emotion, the brave old General turned back and re-entered the church, where he knelt down to return heartfelt thanks.

So he was well and safe—Philip, his boy! And it was not yet too late for him to win some honor and renown. The General went home and read the papers carefully. Mr. Everdeen was with Sir Redvers Buller, and it was hoped he would be able to get despatches through to Cape Town regularly. The Times commented on his imprisonment and regretted it, adding that his first letter from Estcourt had been a brilliant and interesting one.

After that General Hales was not disappointed; the letters from the seat of war were teeming with interest and written in a masterly and graphic manner. Sent from the Tugela to Cape Town, they were despatched to the London paper as fast as possible.

Then came the joyful tidings that the first step to decisive victory had been won, and relief for Ladysmith was near. Unable to contain himself, General Hales hastened to London and put up at his club so as to receive the news from headquarters more quickly.

Coming down to breakfast on the first of March, he was met by the tidings

that Ladysmith had been relieved on the preceding day. The General took the paper that was handed to him, and meeting an old Indian brother officer, Colonel Witham, he invited him to take their morning meal together. The two men sat down at a small table near a window looking out on the street, and while the waiter poured water and placed napkins in front of them, they conversed enthusiastically, wondering how much longer the war would last, and commenting on the splendid action of the Irish regiments, of which Colonel Witham—whose mother had been a Nugent of County Westmeath—was very proud.

"I have not yet read the details," said the Colonel when they had nearly finished breakfast. "Shall we look over the papers, Hales?"

"By all means," answered the General, who had been rather impatient of the enforced delay.

They shook out the morning papers as they spoke, and disappeared behind them a moment later. There was a slight exclamation from Colonel Witham; just then the General dropped his paper and stared at his companion with a face that had suddenly become ghastly pale. Glancing down the column of the Times, the following paragraph had met his eye:

"We regret to learn that during the engagement of Majuba Day, on February 27th, Mr. Philip Everdeen, war correspondent for ——— was shot and almost instantly killed. Mr. Everdeen had only lately escaped from a two months' captivity on a Boer farm, and gave promise of becoming a brilliant jour-

nalist. Among the terrible losses sustained by the British force, this cutting short of his career is not the least lamentable." Here followed a brief record of Philip's life, age, and manner of education. In some overwhelming and crushing sorrows the full agony of realization does not come until later, and the General at first was too stunned to be able to grasp his loss.

"My dear old friend," said Colonel Witham, rising, "have courage, perhaps there is some mistake; let us go to the War Office."

The General also arose, and steadied himself by grasping the table.

"It cannot be true," he said, "my boy—my brave Philip; and it was I who sent him to Africa!"

He moved toward the door, supported by the Colonel and followed by several acquaintances who had been in the room and had quickly rallied around him.

"I—I—think I will go to my room," he said. Once there, his brain cleared, and with it came the desire for the help that is not human.

"Leave me, all of you, for a few moments," he said. "You are very kind; but I would be alone."

The alarmed friends moved to the door, some of them even wondering if grief had unsettled the old man's mind and made him contemplate suicide.

"I will go to the War Office at once and come right back," said the Colonel, patting his old friend on the back as if he were a boy. He closed the door as he left the room, and the General moved to his bed and fell on his knees. No human eye saw the old man in his sorrow and bereavement; there are some spirits of suffering and anguish that learn resignation to the Divine Will only by prayer and fasting. The moments *passed*; but General Hales took no *heed of the time*; in spirit he was stand-

ing by the rood of the Cross on Mount Calvary, near that Mother of Sorrows who was mourning for her only Son.

Perhaps it was half an hour later when there came a knock at the door; slowly the General arose from his knees and sat down in an armchair before he said, "Come in." A waiter entered and handed him a card on which was written Father Basil's name.

"Ask him to come up here," said General Hales, to whom this friend seemed as a ray of light in his darkness. A moment later the priest entered the room.

"*Misereatur tui Omnipotens Deus,*" he said, making the sign of the cross over the stricken old man, who had knelt down as he came in the room. And then with infinite tenderness and strength Father Basil put an arm around his friend and helped him to arise.

"I heard the news only an hour ago," he said, "and came here at once. Have courage, my dear old friend. Remember that 'he being made perfect in a short space, fulfilled a long time; for his soul pleased the Lord, therefore hastened He to take him away from among the wicked.'"

The General bowed his head, and bitter, scalding tears, the first he had shed, rained on his clasped hands.

"Oh! Father," he said, "pray for me—pray for him, my Philip—the joy of my old age. To me it seems as if this was retribution because I opposed his taking Orders."

"My friend," said the priest, "have no fear about that. I counselled delay; and I would do it again even if I *knew* the end would be the same. The boy was not meant for a priest. Besides, Philip himself told me you *never* actively opposed him, but left him perfectly free."

For an hour they sat and talked—the younger man, whose almost daily and hourly duty it was to meet and soothe suffering, and the old man, whose few weeks of relief and joy had been turned to such cruel pain. Father Basil arose just as Colonel Witham entered with the news that the War Office knew no more, as yet, than the few details published in the morning papers.

"I think you had best return to Canterbury at once," said the priest, to which the General agreed.

"Let me go with you," said the Colonel, "so, as there was nothing to wait for, the General, accompanied by the kind-hearted army officer, was back in Canterbury that evening, alone among the familiar scenes, every step of which recalled Philip.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Father Basil made his way to Hammersmith, where he had an engagement to preach a week's retreat to some ladies living in the world. The portress who opened the door allowed herself to utter an exclamation of relief.

"It is you, Father," she said. "Reverend Mother has been looking for you. Miss Blackwood is here, and in such terrible grief."

Father Basil divined at once the cause of the trouble. Natalie had heard, and was overwhelmed by the tidings of Philip's death.

He was shown into the reception room, and in a moment Mother Catherine entered and closed the door behind her.

"It is that poor child, Miss Blackwood, Father," she said. "She came to me ten days ago, after telling her father and uncle that she had decided to become a Catholic. She has only been waiting to be received by you after the retreat; and now has come the news of Mr. Everdeen's death which seems to have crushed her."

"Poor child," said the priest. "I guessed her secret, I think, before she knew it herself; but I am glad she decided on becoming a Catholic before she heard this news of Mr. Everdeen's death."

"The same thought came to me," answered the Mother; "the news that he was safe and well appeared in the papers not long before she came here. It led to her telling me of her feeling toward him. She said he was the noblest and most high-minded man she had ever met, and that his earnestness and devotion to the Church first drew her toward it."

"Philip was one in a thousand," answered the priest, with deep emotion—"a gentleman 'sans peur et sans reproche'; and a Catholic of the loyalest type."

"How few like him," sighed the Mother—"and that he should be taken!"

Father Basil walked to the window, then turned around and glanced at a fine engraving of Notre Dame in Paris that hung on the wall opposite him.

"I have often thought in the past year," he said slowly, "that if the Comte de Chambord had been entirely surrounded by men like Philip Everdeen, he would have been King of France, and the present unhappy war against religion would never have existed."

"I suppose, Father," said Mother Catherine, "that in almost any country we could lay our hands on some man, nobler and better than his compeers, and say, 'Had there been more men like this, such and such a wrong would never have existed.'"

"Doubtlessly," answered the priest, "mine is probably a Utopian dream."

A bell sounded in the distance, and the Mother arose.

"Shall I send Miss Blackwood to you now, Father?"

"Yes, do," he answered, and the Mother courtesied and withdrew.

Left alone, Father Basil locked the

door and knelt for a second in prayer. He needed strength to deal with this wounded and sorrowing soul about to seek him.

Five minutes later a nun tapped lightly on the door, and then held it open for Natalie Blackwood to enter, closing it after her. The priest and the young girl stood for a second, and then she knelt.

"Give me your blessing, Father," she said.

Who that has known the healing comfort and mercy that a good priest can give to the storm-tossed heart can doubt that in this dark hour Natalie Blackwood found peace for her soul and victory over her last doubts and fears. By special arrangement she was received into the Church by Father Basil two days later on the memorable third of March, when the English army entered Ladysmith.

* * * * *

On the same day General Hales sat in his study with his head bowed in his hands; he had just returned from a long walk, during which he had been trying to think how he would take up the threads of his life without Philip. Rapid steps ascended the porch, and there followed a hurried ringing of the door-bell. Presently his housekeeper entered with a telegram.

"A message for you, sir," she said. The General took the yellow envelope and adjusted his spectacles, while Mrs. Fletcher, who had been his faithful housekeeper ever since Philip was a small boy, stood by waiting to see if there was any answer. Her master broke the seal and unfolded the enclosure; the words were few and brief:

"General Hales, Canterbury:

"Cable just received from Cape Town. Mr. Everdeen alive and well. Case of mistaken identity.

"———, Secretary,
"War Office."

The lines before him grew black; the room swam around, and the brave old man, who had faced a hundred perils unflinchingly in the past, now for the first and last time in his life—fainted.

XXIII.

A run of nearly seventeen days from Southampton brought Paul Morgan's ship to Cape Town. It was early on a beautiful morning in late January that they passed the barren shore of Robben Island; a few hours later they entered Table Bay, and, steaming slowly, came to anchor about midday. Cape Town, its streets, its quays and houses, shone brightly under the African sun as every one prepared to disembark. On all sides Paul Morgan heard nothing but talk about the war. Since he had left England the dash for Potgieter's ferry had been made by the army under Redvers Buller; the battles of Spion Kop and the five days' action at Venter's Spruit had been fought, and still the Boers remained invincible; the power and wealth of the British army had failed to break the line that led to Ladysmith. It would be decided soon, men said; meanwhile, the hospitals at Cape Town, Durban, Frere and Pietermaritzburg were crowded, and new detachments of the more or less severely wounded were being received almost daily. Those who could be moved from the hospitals further north were despatched to Cape Town, so as to make room for the ones who were dangerously injured and could not be carried so far.

The young clergyman drove to the Mount Nelson Hotel where he remained two days. The morning after his arrival, as he descended to the dining-room, he came face to face with the Duc de St. André. Their acquaintance was slight, nevertheless the recognition was immediate and cordial.

"I did not know you were in Africa," said Paul. He divined that the Duc's presence there must have something to do with his wife.

"Yes," answered the Duc, "I have been here nearly two weeks, and tomorrow I leave for Pietermaritzburg where my wife is acting as nurse in the military hospital." He did not add that it had taken him some time to locate her.

"Ah," said Paul Morgan, "it was very noble of the Duchesse to volunteer at a time when nurses are so much needed."

The Duc gave rather a melancholy smile. His family troubles he kept to himself, so he did not pursue the subject, but asked if the clergyman had seen anything of Cape Town.

"Hardly," was the answer, "as I only arrived yesterday and my duties here will take up all my time. There is some talk of founding a branch of our Order in Natal, and I have been sent to view the ground, and, incidentally, to be of any use I can in the military hospitals."

"There will be work of that kind in plenty," answered the Duc; he then invited Paul to breakfast with him and they spent the rest of the day together, driving around Cape Town. The young clergyman had been instructed by his Superior to offer his services in the hospitals while attending to his other duties, so the following morning he began his ministrations to the stricken men, many of whom were maimed for life by the terrible Boer bullets and shells.

Late that evening he received a telephone message to return to the hospital at once, an urgent case having just been brought in. Paul lost no time in responding, and found that the patient he was called to see was in one of the private wards.

"We cannot make out what is the matter," said the head nurse, who had come to the reception room to conduct him to the ward. "The patient is an officer who came here perfectly quiet,

and in possession of all his senses, although quite seriously wounded; but as soon as the sister who is attached to his ward came in the room, he started up in bed, and then fell back in a faint. Since then he has been muttering and raving. He seems under some hallucination that he has known the sister, though she says she never saw him before."

"Very strange," said Paul; and then he asked if the doctor considered the patient in danger.

"Not immediate danger," answered the nurse; "but this excitement, whatever it is, is very bad for him. So we sent for you, thinking you could quiet him."

She led the way across the hall as she spoke, and Paul soon found himself entering a long corridor built with rooms on either side, and with wide glass doors at either end, opening out-of-doors. It was a cool and attractive looking place, and the nurses, secular and religious, who were flitting around seemed to have all they could attend to. The nurse led them to a door at the end of the corridor; opening it, the clergyman entered quietly and bowed to the doctor, who just then stood between him and the iron cot on which the patient lay. A black-robed figure came forward, and Paul Morgan found himself face to face with Madeline Sargent. He had known of her being in Natal, so was not surprised. With perfect frankness and simplicity they shook hands, and in a low, sweet voice the sister said:

"I trust you can quiet my patient; the doctor says it is so essential."

She moved toward the bed, and the clergyman followed her. The next moment he could scarcely forbear an exclamation; on the narrow iron cot, a shadow of his old self, but still perfectly recognizable, lay Gerald Wynville. Paul comprehended it all in an instant. Arriving at the hospital weak from his wounds and loss of blood, the young

officer had seen Sister Madeline; and recognizing at once her likeness to Anita had fainted, and ever since had been the victim of a hallucination that it was Anita who was ministering to him. The sick man's eyes were closed at that moment; hastily motioning to the sister to follow him, Paul left the room. Closing the door, he turned to the young sister.

"I think I understand the trouble," he said. "This is a very old friend of mine—Captain Wynville. I have reason to know that he takes you for your twin sister; the only remedy is a change of nurses."

Sister Madeline gave him a startled look. To what depths of wrong-doing had her wayward sister descended, she thought. Her trust in Paul Morgan was implicit, so she asked no questions and made no comment.

"I shall have to go and tell the Sister Superior," she said; "but it will not go beyond us."

She departed, and Paul Morgan returned to the room. The sick man's eyes opened and looked at him with surprise—then recognition.

"Is it you, dear old fellow?" he said. "I had no idea you were here."

"Do not talk," said Paul. "I am here, and will see you every day, Wynville. By and bye you can tell me everything."

He sat down by the young officer as he spoke, and presently a strange sister entered. Gerald Wynville turned his head for a moment to scrutinize her, and then looked relieved.

"I have had a bad dream," he said; "but I feel better now that you are here."

He turned over and closed his eyes, and presently by his breathing nurse and friend knew he was asleep.

Paul arose and passed out of the room. In the corridor he met the Sister Superior, who conducted him to the reception room and sat down.

"I think Captain Wynville will be all right now," he said. "I am glad I was

here to solve the trouble. Please send for me again if I am wanted before to-morrow afternoon."

With a few more words he departed; but after that he paid daily visits to the Captain's bedside and was delighted by his steady and rapid improvement. The young officer had been seriously but not fatally wounded and in about two weeks was able to sit up. One evening, when twilight had stolen into his room before the lights were lit, Paul told him about Sister Madeline, and of his hallucination in regard to her. Gerald Wynville heard him to the end before he spoke.

"I thought it was all a bad dream," he said, "but now I understand." And then he added, with a tone in his deep voice that did not escape Paul's ear:

"Do you know where she is, Morgan? Is she happy?"

"She is here in South Africa," answered the clergyman, "and so is her husband, though they are not together. I judge from that that the happiness is lacking."

The electric light was here suddenly turned on. It shone full on the strong, patient face of the wounded man—wounded both in body and soul—and Paul Morgan knew that although he could endure, he would never forget.

XXIV.

The Duc de St. André stood at the door of his tent, looking out over the smooth, rolling downs of Pietermaritzburg. He had come to Natal fully equipped for any sort of hardship that might be required of him, even to roughing it on the veldt, so, finding the little town full to overflowing with the sick and wounded, he had put up his own tent on one of the hills and had then gone in search of his wife. He had not far to seek. Mrs. André, by which name she was known, was nurse at the military hospital, so, watching his chance, the Duc joined her one evening about six

o'clock, when she was off duty and had started for the nurses' quarters. He walked a little way behind her before calling her name, thinking, as indeed he might, that in her nurse's cap and gown she was ten times more beautiful than when he had last seen her. The Duc himself had laid aside his deep mourning for his mother and appeared entirely in white; his handsome, melancholy face was a shade more serious than usual as he surveyed his wife's graceful figure. Well he knew that she would not be pleased at his unexpected appearance on the scene; but he had a brave heart and an undying love for the woman he had made his wife, and he did not despair of yet winning her.

Anita de St. André's thoughts were on the scenes and sufferings she had just left—which had sobered her not a little—when she heard a well-remembered voice calling her, "Anita;" and turning suddenly she beheld the husband she had supposed was some thousands of miles away. For a moment she stood motionless, surprise, anger, resistance, all chasing each other across her face.

"I did not expect to see you here," she said.

"I arrived two days ago," said the Duc—his voice was calm and his manner quiet—"and finding the town overfull I have pitched a tent on the other side of this hill. Perhaps you will come there with me, as I would like a talk with you."

"I cannot do anything so irregular," she replied, coldly. "I am on the staff of nurses, with certain duties, and am not at liberty to come and go without permission."

The Duc had journeyed from Paris to Natal prepared to exercise all the cardinal virtues, so he enlarged his stock of patience now, the while he abated not one iota of persistence.

"I understand you are off duty at present," he said. "Go to the head nurse

and tell her your husband has arrived, and that you want to go outside the hospital camp with him. I will bring you back at nine o'clock so you can retire at your usual hour."

Anita knit her brows; there was an assumption of calm authority in the Duc's tone that was new. Perhaps had he shown less love and more authority in the first year of their married life she would not so soon have tired of him.

"Very well," she said, "wait here and I will come back in a few moments." She walked toward one of the white-tented pavilions and in five minutes was back.

"I can go with you," she announced; "please lead the way."

The Duc was not without a sense of humor, but he concealed any signs of it, and obediently turned in the direction of his tent. He stood aside for his wife to enter, and offering her a camp-stool, sat down opposite her on an upturned box.

Again was Anita surprised: the Duc made no reference either to her leaving him or to her possible return, but began talking about the war and asking her for some of her hospital experiences.

"I suppose you know," he said presently, "that Madeline is at the hospital in Cape Town?"

"No, indeed," she answered, "I supposed she was still in London."

"We came over on the same steamer," continued the Duc, "though entirely by accident. Madeline has the same work in the Cape Town hospital as you have here. She told me, if I found you, to give you her love, and tell you to come to see her when you reached Cape Town."

Anita stirred uneasily; the conversation was approaching the subject she dreaded.

"I found Cape Town full of familiar faces," said the Duc. "Only the day before I came here I met at my hotel Morgan, the good-looking Anglican

parson whom you introduced to me at the time we were married."

"Indeed," said Anita, "what is he doing here?"

"Looking around to find some good ground for founding his Protestant Mission," answered the Duc, "and incidentally attending the hospital patients. And, by the way," he added, "Mr. Morgan had quite a curious experience; he was called to the hospital late one night, about a week before I left, to see a very sick man—an officer who had come in seriously wounded—and he found it was a very old friend of his boyhood—a man to whom he seems absolutely devoted."

"Everybody meets in Natal," said Anita, indifferently. "What was the man's name?"

"Captain Wynville of the —Regiment," answered the Duc. "A splendid fellow, Morgan said. He could not talk enough about him, and he seemed to imply that the man had had some terrible set-back in his life which he had borne like a hero."

If the Duc had not just then gone to the door of his tent to arrange the canvas curtain he must have seen the violent start Anita gave—the rush of color to her face, succeeded by unusual pallor. Was it only now her Nemesis had begun? The woman shuddered and trembled. Then, by a violent effort, she regained her self-command as her husband again sat down facing her.

"How long will you be here, Henri?" she asked. The coldness in her tone had vanished, and her voice had its old caressing sweetness; the loyal heart of the Duc beat a little faster. Was his self-restraint and patience to be rewarded? He threw down the gauntlet.

"It depends on you, Anita. You know I have only taken this long journey to find you. Will you come back to me now?"

"It is hard to leave here at present," she answered, "nurses are sorely needed; but I will go with you, Henri, if you will

stay in Cape Town for a while until we see the end of the attempt to relieve Ladysmith."

The Duc was in the seventh heaven.

"We will go anywhere you wish," he said, with deep emotion. "The 'Mount Nelson' at Cape Town is very comfortable."

"I am used to roughing it," she said with a dewy smile, as the Duc rose and, taking her face in both hands, reverently kissed her. Was this the end of his loneliness and sorrow? He took her back to her quarters under the light of the brilliant African starlight, with the understanding that she would hand in her resignation on the morrow. Then the Duc sought his tent again and slept long and soundly—the sleep of utter relaxation and content. Not so Anita; for hours she lay awake, a prey to remorse that was never again to leave her, mixed with unutterable longing for a sight of the dark, strong face of the man who was now lost to her forever.

XXV.

The battle of Spion Kop was only the beginning of a series of engagements between Briton and Boer lasting over a period of one month. The combats of Vaal Krantz and Hussar Hill gave no decisive victory to the English, and it was not until the attacking party abandoned its work on the enemy's right and shifted the scene of action to the extreme left that the power of the Boer defense was broken.

The high, mountainous country of Monte Cristo and Cingolo, near the location of the Van Wouter farm and the scene of Philip Everdeen's capture, proved the weak point in the Boer armor.

The lofty, wooded ridges of Monte Cristo and Cingolo once in the hands of the English gave them the key to the Ladysmith road. Indeed, from this position they could look right down

into Ladysmith. Only eight miles away stood the little town that for nearly four months had been the centre of interest to the whole civilized world, and for whose sake so many brave soldiers had given life and limb. There it stood—twenty acres of tin houses and blue-gum trees that had sheltered some of the noblest soldiers in the world.

The final victory by which Ladysmith was relieved was not gained without fierce fighting, even after Monte Cristo was taken. To reach around the enemy's left, on Tuniskilling Hill, it was necessary to cross the Tugela at a point above Alangwain. This difficult and dangerous task was entrusted to the Irish Brigade commanded by General Hart, one of the bravest officers in the army. The Dublin Fusiliers (always in the front), the Tuniskilling Fusiliers, the Connaught Rangers, and the Imperial Light Infantry composed the force—in all about three thousand men.

Severe things had been said of General Hart at the beginning of the war. He was called reckless and daredevil, and was blamed for the great loss of life in his brigade; but his real courage and success in subsequent action caused men to forgive him all that had gone before. Nor was the General lacking in true Irish humor. During the first day at Spion Kop he came upon one of his soldiers sitting well protected behind a rock, and some distance from the scene of action.

"Good-afternoon my man," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"Sir," replied the soldier, "an officer told me to stop here, sir."

"Oh! Why?" questioned the General.

"I'm a third-class shot, sir."

"Dear me!" said the General, after some reflection, "that's an awful pity, because you see you'll have to get quite close to the Boers to do any good. Come along with me and I'll find you a nice place!" and the luckless soldier moved on.

The glorious dash on Tuniskilling Hill proved to be the Irish Brigade's baptism of fire—two colonels, three majors, twenty officers and six hundred men fell before the terrible Boer bullets and shells. It was a scene of blood and fury as the brave Irish troops stormed the heights where the Boers fired from trenches, and rather than retire, the Irish soldiers perished by the score. Tuniskilling Hill, however, remained in the hands of the Boers. If a brave and stubborn defence of the country they regarded as theirs merited reward, the Boers should have been the final victors in the long and bloody war that gave South Africa to the British Empire.

As in the attack on Spion Kop, Philip Everdeen was detailed to carry despatches and reconnoiter the ground; but so far the fighting had been too close and fierce to allow him to send any despatches to his paper; indeed, even the carrying of communications from one general to another was done under such heavy fire that time and again his life seemed saved only by a miracle.

Yet on the final battle, called Majuba Day, the victory by the English was won. Barton's Hill, Railway Hill and Tuniskilling, one after another gave way, attacked by the infantry and swept by the English guns from Monte Cristo and the Hlangwani Spur. In the last charge on Tuniskilling, led by the Lancashire Brigade, Philip advanced alongside of his friend, Captain Blake. On all sides the burghers were flying in full retreat toward Bulwana, and the air was rent by English cheers. Fewer and fewer grew the slouch hats peering over the entrenchments as the infantry charged up the hill. Some were in retreat, while countless numbers had fallen and were dead or dying. Breathless with climbing and excitement Philip gained the top of Tuniskilling, and with the true military spirit he and the soldiers and officers present gave all their time and attention to the dead and

wounded, who strewed the top and side of the hill or lined the entrenchments. More than a hundred men were taken out of the trenches, while forty wounded were collected by British ambulances. Having helped to carry one Boer soldier to an ambulance, Philip started up the hill again, when he heard Captain Blake call him:

"Help me lift this man, Everdeen," he said, "he seems only just alive."

The two young men bent over the wounded man, a mere boy, and lifted him tenderly; something in the face of the prostrate Boer, war-stained and covered with blood though it was, struck Philip—he was like—yes—undoubtedly like Franzje Van Wonter. Philip remembered that Van Wonter had two sons fighting in the Boer army. Could this be one of them? He recalled also the kindness he had received from his Boer hosts, even though he was their prisoner. It behooved him, therefore, to find out if this young man, who was evidently mortally wounded, was one of them.

"Leave him here a moment, Blake," he said, "and get one of the ambulance doctors, I think he's past moving."

The Captain hurried away and Philip commenced with quick, skilful fingers to give the Boer sips of brandy from his flask. His efforts were successful, for, with a sigh, the wounded man opened his eyes and looked up at the strong, compassionate face bent over him. Acting on his supposition, Philip did not hesitate, but, addressing the man in French, asked him if his name was Van Wonter. There was a look of surprise and relief as the wounded man answered faintly and in the same language, "Yes."

"Ah!" said Philip, "you are Franzje Van Wonter's brother. Have you any messages? I know your father, mother and sister. I was a prisoner under their roof for two months, and I would like to return some of their kindness by doing all I can for you now."

"You are good," said the young Boer—he seemed such a mere boy! "If I do not recover, give my love to my father, mother and Franzje; tell them it was a brave fight with a worthy foe." His voice died away to a whisper. Again Philip poured some brandy down his throat, while he longed for water to bathe his face and hands. Presently, a gray shadow seemed to overspread the boy's face; there was a gasp, and a slight convulsion of his whole frame.

Philip knelt down. "Into Thy hands, O Lord, we commend his spirit," he said; and then he commenced aloud the "Our Father."

Captain Blake came hurrying up with a doctor.

"I fear it is too late," said Philip, as he arose and gave place to the surgeon.

"He is dead," said the latter, after a moment's rapid examination, "shot through the lung, nothing could have saved him." He hurried away to other urgent needs, and Philip proceeded to tell Captain Blake who the dead boy was.

"A strange coincidence," said the Captain, not without emotion, "that you should have met this one man out of so many thousands."

"I think I will search his pockets," said Philip, "and send whatever I find to his father as soon as the chance offers."

"Do," said the Captain; and a moment later an officer ran up with the intelligence that the road to Ladysmith seemed clear, that Sir Redvers Buller had sent a message into Ladysmith by heliograph, telling of their victories, and that he expected to reach them in a day or two at the latest.

"The General thinks the Boers will congregate at Doorn Kloop and give us one more battle," said the officer; "he has ordered the army to rest to-morrow (the 28th) and attack Bulwana on the first of March."

He hurried away, and the two young men, only pausing to hand the Boer's

body to some waiting soldiers, were soon speeding after him, eager to hear more news. They soon met one of the commanding officers, who stopped and told Philip that Major Gough had scouted and found the ridges on the road to Ladysmith unoccupied. It was now six o'clock, and the officer had determined to take the risk and push on to Ladysmith with two squadrons who were already scouting in front. He offered Philip a mount and invited him to accompany him.

"Lucky dog," said Captain Blake, "I must stay behind with my regiment; but a war correspondent is free to accept invitations."

"'As far as you can, as quickly as you can,' is the war correspondent's motto," answered Philip, as he vaulted into the saddle and cantered off with a wave of his cap toward his friend.

What follows is best described by a letter of Philip's to his uncle.

"Then we set spurs to our horses and were off. The ground was rough; but the evening was glorious. Onward we flew, up and down hill and through thorn bushes, Major Gough with his two squadrons, the Natal Carabineers (among whom was my friend Vavasour) and the Imperial Light Horse in the lead, until finally we turned the corner of the last hill, and there before us lay Ladysmith! I could have raised a shout for joy, and my companions were not a whit less excited. We were galloping through the bushes near Intombi Spruit when there came a challenge:

"'Halt, who goes there?'"

"'The Ladysmith Relief Column,' we answered; and thereupon the trenches were cleared as a body of men came cheering toward us, waving caps, and some were even crying. They were a dreadful sight, half-starved, tattered and worn; many of them so feeble that we wondered they were able to man the trenches. Soon we were riding into the

town, and out came Sir George White to meet us. Not even the terrible privations they had been through had quenched the brave spirits of these men. I look at them and marvel; pale faces, hollow eyes, and bodies that have been starved to emaciation. A daily ration of biscuit and horse-flesh has been all their food for weeks. On March 3rd Sir Redvers Buller and his army marched into Ladysmith and, passing through the town, encamped on the plain beyond. It was a scene to live in the world's history. In front of the little Town Hall, the tower of which had been battered by the Boers, sat Sir George White and his staff; on their horses, opposite to them, were drawn up the pipers of the Gordon Highlanders. Every one was thin, pale and happy! Even the horses left in Ladysmith show all too plainly the result of the siege. At eleven o'clock the relieving army began to pass through the town. Near the head, as a recognition of their devoted service, marched the Dublin Fusiliers, 'all that was left of them.' Many of the soldiers had fastened sprigs of green to their helmets in remembrance of their Emerald Isle.

"The noise of cheering rose higher and higher, and the soldiers, forgetting the rules of the army, waved their helmets and rifles, and some even broke from the ranks to greet old friends. What men the relieving army showed: Dirty, travel-stained, war-weary, their uniforms in rags, their shoes falling off their feet; but all alive with enthusiasm that the long struggle was ended, and that here was Ladysmith and its devoted garrison before them!

"I rose on my horse and cheered again and again, and thanked the Giver of all gifts that I was present to see the day. The enthusiasm came to a climax when two battalions of Devons—one that had formed part of the garrison, and the other of the relieving army—met, and old friends broke from the ranks to grasp each others' hands and rejoice in

the glory of meeting, with the final triumph won.

"The war is not over, dear uncle; but Ladysmith is relieved, and what is left of the gallant garrison shares with us the honor. My first act after entering the town was to inquire for Leonard Blackwood. They told me he was in the hospital at Intombi Spruit, so hither I went and found him—the mere ghost of the bright, handsome fellow I remembered—but, like every one else, rejoicing at the end of the siege. The doctor told me he only needs change and good food to be himself again, so he is to be sent either to Durban or Cape Town as soon as possible. There are two thousand sick and wounded in this hospital camp under the shadow of Bulwana—a fifth of the entire garrison. Six hun-

dred graves, marked by crosses, are on the hills beyond Ladysmith. Few died of wounds; most of them fell victims to fever and lack of proper nourishment. When I saw these men who are left, haggard and hungry, and then looked at the long line of army wagons, bringing them food and comforts, the relief of Ladysmith seemed worth the great price we had to pay.

"So, dear uncle, these weeks of fierce and bloody fighting, without shame to either side, are over. As soon as possible I go south again, and will write you when I reach Cape Town, where I will await further orders from headquarters.

"Your affectionate nephew,
"Philip Everdeen."

(To be continued.)

Uncle Toby's 'Possum Hunt

By CHARLES HANFORD, JR.

UNCLE TOBY scraped his right foot, then, remembering his manners, he scraped his left foot and pulled his forelock.

"Mawnin', Mistah Johnson. Right smart, t'ankee, suh, 'siderin' ole age an' rheumatiz—yes, sah. Uh, Mistah Johnson, I kim ober toh see ef yo' doan want go er 'possum huntin' toh-night, suh? De dratted warmints am 'bout toh consume all mah chickens, an' I 'clare 'fo' Hebben I gwinter stop it—sho'! Yes, suh—oh, yes, suh; I'se got two ob de bess 'possum dawgs wot ebber trot on two laigs—fo' laigs, I mean. Yes, suh, dey's sho' nachel bo'n hunters."

"Well, Toby, I'd just as lief go as *not—ain't had any shooting in a long*

time, anyhow. Come by for me to-night."

"All right, suh; I sho' will. Uh—is yo' got er triflin' li'l' scrap ob 'bacco w'at yo' don't want, suh? Yes, suh; t'ankee, suh! Uh—well, mah bess respects toh yo' an' de lady, suh. Good-mawnin' toh yo' bofe," and Uncle Toby scraped his feet and pulled his forelock again.

He shuffled off down the path quite briskly, his tight, homemade jeans showing a pair of legs unusually bowed; one narrow strip of bedticking passed diagonally across his back for a suspender, fastened at each end with a wooden peg.

Mr. Johnson had forgotten to ask him if he had any ammunition for his old gun, so he called him, "Toby—Toby!"

The old man stopped quite still, made a cross mark in the road and spat in it to keep the devil from following, then he answered, "Yes, suh," and turned back.

When he returned home that morning he took his old gun from the corner behind the bed; it was an ancient affair, to be sure, but Toby would not exchange it for one of a newer make—not that gun!

Huh! hadn't he killed fifteen and twenty squirrels with it many a day? Hadn't it felled the biggest buck ever known in that section? And didn't he remember killing two bears with it in one night? Well, then!

Toby was willing to sell or exchange anything he possessed—Aunt Juba included—but not that old gun.

He muttered many a blessing upon its rusty lock and barrels, and his hands caressed it reverently.

"Toby, wha' yo' gwinter do?" inquired Aunt Juba, coming in from the pig-pen with an empty pail in each hand.

"Gwine 'possum huntin' toh-night—speck I'll fotch in 'bout er dozen ob de warmints, too," he replied.

"Uh-huh-h! I'll sho' be glad, kase we ain't had no 'possum meat in er long time. Uh—it'll sho' go putty fine wid dem nice sweet 'taters we got banked," and Aunt Juba smacked her lips in fond anticipation.

"Juba, wha' Snowball gone toh?"

"Dunno, Toby, but I specks dat he's gone fishin' down toh de crick."

Snowball, be it known, was their youngest son, not quite a man in age, to be sure, but a strapping big fellow—quite the darkest snowball I ever saw, or you either. The old-time colored people evinced a strong vein of irony in selecting names for most things.

Daylight was fast waning; mosquito-hawks were buzzing and darting deliri-

ously about in the air, but they were devouring countless mosquitoes and gnats; the bull-bats were flashing about, too, giving forth their pleasant, long-drawn cries as they came dashing toward the earth with a reckless swish.

Snowball came in with a few small fish dangling on the stem of a palmetto leaf; in one hand he carried a black gum fishing pole, the chief characteristics of which were big knots and crooks. He brought a couple of large, waxy-looking magnolia flowers which he had climbed high to get. The fragrance of the creamy blossoms was powerful, and even matter-of-fact Aunt Juba praised their beauty and sweetness.

"De Lawd—ain't dem bullbay flowers fine! Dey 'minds me ob er putty li'l' w'ite baby, dey does," and she brought out an empty pickle bottle to serve as a vase.

Snowball proceeded to clean the fish, while Aunt Juba prepared a hoe-cake and set it on the hearth before the fire; then she fried some bacon and left the grease in the "spider" to fry the fish in.

When supper was over Uncle Toby and Snowball called up the two dogs, Dandy and Flora, and prepared to depart.

"Wish 'twould drizzle some, kase de 'possums ingen'ally rove 'round dat sorter wedder," the old man soliloquised.

It was an exceedingly pleasant, balmy, dewy night, and the air was filled with glowing lightning-bugs, which made one think stray moonbeams were darting through the cool darkness.

Some industrious spiders had already constructed their tangle of webs from tree to tree across the roads and paths, and every time one of these would strike Uncle Toby in the face he would say "damn it" quite softly; but I wouldn't like this repeated, because he was a deacon in his church.

Mr. Johnson was quite ready when they reached his house, so the trio started out to exterminate the marsupial invaders of the chicken-coops.

Dandy and Flora paid strict attention to business, keeping their sharp noses close to the ground and their long tails horizontally straight behind them.

Every now and then one of the men would get his foot entangled in a bunch of wire-grass, and then would ensue some words taken at random from the Hindu language.

Flora was the first to scent game, which fact she made known by a great deal of fierce barking.

"Uh-uh! jess lissen toh dat—de dawg done jump sump'n a'ready," cried Uncle Toby.

About this time Dandy started up loud music in another direction near-by.

"Uh-uh! now wha' yo' call toh dat? Dis sho' gwinter be er lucky night! Snowball, yo' go ober dar toh de leff han' dawg, an' me'n Mistah Johnson'll go toh de right."

They went their different ways, and it was not long before two fine 'possums were put into the game-bag.

"Dis do beat all—sho'!" Uncle Toby declared, forgetting all previous successes.

"Dis 'minds me ob de time us went coon huntin', pa—on'y yo' nebber kill 'nuffin, an' I kill seben," was the gentle reminder from Snowball.

"Boy, yo' lie! whoffer yo' wanter tell dat lie, nohow? Shut up yo' mouf an' hole toh dem 'possums," the old man muttered.

Snowball knew a thing of two, but he wisely held his tongue. After a while he wandered off a little distance from the others, but it was not long before he came rushing back.

"Hurry up an' climb er tree, less'n yo' bofe wants toh git eat plum' up—dere's two ob de biggest sorter b'ars comin'

tearin' down dis way—done see 'um wid bofe mah eyes!" Snowball then shinned up the nearest tree with great alacrity. The others stood quite speechless for a moment, but a terrible scrambling in the bushes near made them decide quickly. They forgot their guns in their desire to escape immediate danger, and they were not tardy in following Snowball's example.

There they were, each one perched like a frightened owl in a different tree. It was intensely dark, but they could easily discern the two big bears walking around beneath them, and snorting whenever the dogs came too near.

"Drat dem fool dawgs!—dey'll sho' git tore plum' toh pieces," this from Snowball.

Uncle Toby was frightened, and he admitted it freely. "Do, Lawd, sabe mah rotten ole hide—drat dem dawgs! Lawd, I ain't nebber gwinter lie no mo'—Dandy, yo' ain't got de sense of er July rabbit! Do, Lawd, sen' dease hyear b'ars off—Snowball, is yo' dar, son? Doan yo' be afeared, chile, kase dey won't hu't yo'. Oh, Lawd, I'll do w'at ebber yo' say, ef yo'll jess leff me go dis time—Mistah Johnson, doan be afeared, kase I'se prayin' foh yo' bofe, I is." Toby kept on praying and swearing with great zeal, and once in a while the others would make a few similar remarks about things in general.

Day was breaking at last, and by the first feeble rays of light they made a startling discovery: There they had been cramped up in those trees more than half a night, keeping out of the way of two festive, innocent cows!

Mr. Johnson laughed heartily and Snowball declared that he had not been frightened a single minute, but Uncle Toby was the maddest man I ever saw.

Without a word to anybody he kicked the two dogs soundly, then picked up the game-bag and started for home.

Last Hours of the Temporal Power

By "VERITAS"

AWAY! You are whitened sepulchres. I know you not, and will not know you," cried Pius IX with righteous indignation to the envoy of Piedmont, who stood before the Papal Throne.

The nobles and ecclesiastics of the Roman Court were struck with astonishment, for it was the first angry sentence they had ever heard from the gentle old man. They knew one of the things which the Pope found well-nigh impossible was to allow the greatest provocation to ruffle the equanimity of his soul. But on this occasion, no human being could brook the cool effrontery of the message which the now thoroughly abashed courier had just delivered. It was no less than a nicely worded epistle from King Victor Emmanuel asking the Pope-King to deliver up the patrimony of St. Peter, and promising, forsooth, liberty and protection to the Church of God in the person of its Head! This demand of a fifth-rate prince—the puppet of a certain number of discontented Italians and intriguing Masons of France and Germany—was soon to startle the Catholic world.

To understand the precise situation, we shall take a bird's eye view of European politics at the time, as regards the Papal States.

After the retaking of Rome for the Pope at the Revolution in 1849 by the French, the people of that chivalrous nation insisted on keeping a standing army beside the Vatican to guard the person of the Sovereign Pontiff and prevent a recurrence of Italian raids. While the body of Frenchmen remained within the walls of Rome, Italy was at peace.

For a long time the promoters of Italian unity had been casting hungry eyes on the Eternal City. If they could only get Rome, the City of the Emperors—

the latchet of whose shoes, pagans and persecutors though they were, the degenerate Italian "warriors and statesmen" were not worthy to loose—their desires would be satisfied. The sentimentality of making the once "Mistress of the World" the capital of a United Italy tickled the fancy of the modern kingdom builders.

The French garrison, the only real obstacle to the realization of their plans, was soon to be got rid of without any effort on their part. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon III began to show a marked leaning towards the cause of Victor Emmanuel; and the more the fortunes of war favored the Prussian banners, the more sympathy did the French monarch show to the ambitious intentions of the Italian party. At length, to pacify Victor Emmanuel, whose attitude became bolder according as the French eagle was being subdued in the field, Napoleon III withdrew his soldiers from Rome and left an open road to the Italians. "En passant," it may be interesting to remark that as soon as the Italian king saw France writhing in the talons of the Prussian eagle, he rushed to embrace the conqueror and vow eternal friendship with him. The disgrace and dethronement of his late abettor had no place in his thoughts. Bismarck was the victor; that was sufficient.

In the August of 1870 the last of the French garrison took its departure from Rome, leaving the now helpless Pontiff a prey to his enemies. Left quite defenceless, he turned to the right and to the left, but found no help. His own army, though improved of late, was but a handful, and not a match for the fifth part of the enemy's troops. Now was the hour for the completion of Victor Emmanuel's schemes and it was quickly

availed of. Scarcely had he forwarded his courier to the Eternal City demanding the surrender of the papal territory than the eager king set his army in motion towards Rome from three different points. "Rome or Death," was the cry of the Garibaldians, and it reechoed fierce and deep through the other parts of the Italian army.

But Christendom could not stand by and see the Universal Father despoiled ruthlessly without interposing on his behalf. The Powers refused to do anything in his favor; some of them would not, more of them could not; therefore it was left for individuals to rally to his aid. And nobly was the call to duty responded to. From nearly every country a contingent of Catholic volunteers set out for Rome to swell the papal army. These men were in most cases the sons of respectable old Catholic families, who threw up either comfortable positions or brilliant prospects in their gallant endeavors on behalf of the Holy Father. Old Romans yet testify as to their conduct within the walls of Rome during the struggle; strict discipline, the reception of the Sacraments, their endeavors to quiet the fears of the people—all conduced to gain the complete confidence of their officers and the love of the Romans. Home, country and occupation had been thrown aside for the magic name of "Pio Nono," and they were determined to prove themselves worthy of their Pope.

The morning of the 19th of September, 1870, found 70,000 Italian troops at the walls of Rome, encamped on the slopes of Monte Mario, about the spot on which the Emperor Constantine had seen the emblem of salvation and victory appear in the heavens eleven centuries previously. Many times before had the Eternal City been invested by barbarous hordes, pagan armies, and ruthless squadrons; but never had she been *threatened* by more dangerous or more *relentless enemies* than those now at

her gates under the flag of a king claiming to be "a loyal son of the Church."

The heroic bands from every part of Europe, though numbering only ten thousand half-armed men, hastily completed their defences, and then manned the walls. Sums of money, promises of future posts of honor and emolument were made use of by the Pope's secret enemies within Rome to induce them to betray their trust and desert to the enemy. But to the everlasting credit of those gallant fellows, scarcely one relinquished the weak side for the strong. No time was lost in bringing matters to a crisis. A little after daybreak, General Cadorna—once a zealous monk, now Commander-in-chief of the Italian army—demanded instant surrender of the city to His Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel. The answer he received was characteristic of Pius IX: "Though we may not be powerful enough to keep the invader from our homes, we shall let him see that he shall never enter with our consent. If he persist in acting the part of a robber, we must treat him as such; if he will use violence and overpower us in our honest efforts to defend our property, our altars, and our firesides, let him do so in his true character." This manly, dignified response of the Pope, who, with all his gentleness and benignity, could be firm and strong as occasion demanded, enraged the Italian general. A deserter or renegade must be always foremost in fighting for the cause to which he deserts; for he dare not return to his first allegiance, and he is always an object of suspicion to his new masters. We are not surprised, then, at the assiduity with which the renegade monk hastened the overthrow of the Sovereign Pontiff. Before noon he had all preparations complete, and appointed the following morning for the opening of the attack.

That evening Pius IX was sad and heavy. He could not bring himself to think that Divine Providence would

allow Rome—the city of the Popes and martyrs for nineteen centuries—to fall a prey to an army of bandits. He remembered the tradition how Peter and Paul appeared with flaming swords in the heavens and drove Attila and his hordes back from its walls; how the mere request of one of his predecessors had been sufficient to induce another invader to leave undisturbed the devoted city. And were not Rome and its inhabitants as dear to Heaven now as ever? From the Vatican Palace he was able to see, on the one hand, an army—powerful and merciless as that of Attila—ready to sack his city; on the other, a crowd of raw, enthusiastic recruits swelling the ranks of the Papal Zouaves, ready to die for it. Nothing less than a miracle could save Rome, and this the saintly Pontiff determined to seek. This need not surprise us in our materialistic age. The investigation which is going on at present as a preliminary step to the process of his canonization will elicit the miraculous occurrences attributed to him. Indeed, a foreigner will not be in Rome very long until he learns of the strong belief the Rome of the day of Pius IX had in his supernatural powers. Ordering his carriage, the sorrow-stricken Pontiff drove to St. John Latern's, his cathedral church, "Mater omnium Ecclesiarum omnis Urbis et Orbis" (Mother of all the churches of the City and the World), and there, prostrate before the tabernacle, poured forth his entreaties to the Man of Sorrows amid floods of tears. After half an hour the holy old man arose, and surprised the noble guards and attendant ecclesiastics by the radiance of his countenance and the joyfulness of his general bearing. "Drive, now," he said, "to the Scala Santa." On reaching the "Scala Santa," or "Holy Stairs," down which Our Saviour went after being condemned to the death of the Cross, the Pope prepared to make the penitential ascent in orthodox manner. For over a thousand

years, millions of Catholics from every corner of the globe have been climbing the Holy Stairs consecrated by Christ's footsteps, and one of the most beautiful sights even Rome can present to the Christian tourist is that of the thousands who climb the sacred steps on their knees with so much fervor and devotion on Good Friday. Notwithstanding his age and weak state of health, the Sovereign Pontiff commenced the ascent on his knees as an ordinary pilgrim. At every step he recited the usual prayers with the greatest devotion, pouring out his great, loving heart to the Crucified One. All the racking anguish of mind which had troubled him all day now returned, and his limbs began to fail him. Still he struggled up to the topmost step. There, before the papal chapel, which contains other precious relics of the crucifixion, he threw himself on his face and redoubled the fervor of his prayers. Surely, could King Victor Emmanuel, or the renegade Cadorna, or even his arch-enemy, Garibaldi himself, have seen the quivering form of the Vicar of Christ entreating his Crucified Saviour for help against them, their hearts should be softened. In a low, wailing voice, a pathetic prayer for mercy was given forth: "O Great God! my Lord and Saviour! Thou of whose servants I am the servant and unworthy representative, I implore Thee by the precious blood shed of old upon these very stones, by that blood of which I am the supreme dispenser, by the anguish, by the sacrifice of Thy divine Son, Who willingly ascended these selfsame stairs of opprobrium to offer Himself as a holocaust for the people who insulted Him, who were about to slay Him; O have pity, I beseech Thee; upon Thy people, upon Thy Church, which is Thy well-beloved Spouse, and upon me—Thy unworthy servant. If it be Thy holy will, hold back Thy chastising hand, turn away Thy just anger. Do not permit the sac-

rileigious feet of the enemy to desecrate Thy holy places. Spare my people, for they are also Thine. If there must be a victim, O then, dear Lord, take me, but spare them. Sacrifice Thy unworthy servant, Thy undeserving representative. I am old; too long have I lived; let me be sacrificed. Mercy, O my God, mercy! But come what may, let Thy holy will be done."

This is part of his long prayer, taken down privately by one of his attendants. Rising from the marble steps, he descended by another stairs—for no foot is allowed to touch the "Scala Santa"—to the open air; but before entering the carriage the persecuted Pontiff took a long look at the enemy's preparations against him and Rome. The slopes of Monte Mario and the great plain of the Campus Martius were covered over with the tents of his seventy thousand enemies; the mouths of their cannon gaped ominously in his face; the ribald songs and shouts against the Papacy were wafted over the walls to his ears. He tried to speak, but a flood of tears prevented his uttering a word. Instead, he cast a look back towards the tabernacle, and afterwards at the small papal army drawn up on the Piazza of St. John Latern's.

It was only then the presence of the Holy Father was known, and immediately a concourse of laity and military surrounded him. A scene of the utmost enthusiasm followed. On seeing in their midst their aged Pope-King, whom they loved with all the strength of their bright, passionate natures, they became almost frantic with joy. They crowded about him, asking his blessing; they fought to kiss his hands with the liveliest demonstrations of love. "Why do you expose yourself to the enemy's guns, Holy Father!" they cried. "Don't you know how anxious they are for your death!" Then, as if by magic, the vast *multitude* became silent and fell on the *ground, as if only one individual*, to re-

ceive the Pope's blessing. Slowly and sadly, with that smile of angelic sweetness that scarcely ever left his face, the Father of Christendom blessed those faithful subjects. Then he drove off amid resounding cries of "Viva il Pio Nono! Viva il Papa e Re!"

On the way to the Vatican Pius IX remained silent. He felt sad and heavy for his people and his beautiful city, but bestowed not a thought on himself. He had offered his own life to Heaven for his subjects' deliverance; it only remained now to see if the sacrifice would be accepted.

When the little company entered the Vatican Palace evening had already fallen, and the Pope was requested to partake of his evening meal. More through habit than inclination he adjourned to the supper room, but not a morsel passed his lips. After a few moments he retired to perform his evening devotions, thence to his sleeping apartments, giving strict orders to be called the moment the Piedmontese attacked the walls next morning.

What passed that night in the Pope's bedroom never has been, and probably never will be, known to the world; but it is believed the hours were passed on the floor prostrate before the crucifix; for next morning the attendants, entering the room at five o'clock—the hour at which the cannonade commenced—found the Pontiff, fully dressed, standing at the window. He was gazing out at the flashes of fire with an expression of unutterable sadness and desolation. His thoughts were with the people among whom he loved to mingle as if yet a simple priest, with the city he had done so much to beautify.

While the Holy Father celebrated the unbloody sacrifice, his attendants remarked that all appearance of affliction was absent. Though the booming of cannons reverberated through the papal chapel, every rubric was as scrupulously observed, every prayer as slowly and

distinctly recited as if the disturbance came only from a target practice. During the time passed in hearing a Mass of thanksgiving after his own, the serenity of his features became so striking as to lead all present to believe Rome was saved. "Surely something must have happened unknown to us," they whispered, "the Holy Father seems confident of victory." But they were mistaken. In humble submission to the Divine Will the peaceful countenance and firm expression had their origin. After nearly another hour passed in silent prayer, the Pope arose and proceeded to the audience chamber where the Diplomatic Corps by request awaited his arrival.

THE STRUGGLE AT THE PORTA PIA.

We shall leave the Vatican for a few moments to glance at the scenes that were being enacted at the old Aurelian walls. A careful inspection of the fortifications of the city showed the Italian officers that the most vulnerable spot was that beside the Porta Pia. Here, accordingly, all their efforts were concentrated, and for four hours the struggle had been carried on with fierce determination on both sides, until the powerful artillery of the invaders succeeded in battering down the weak point in the ancient fortifications. Instances of the utmost gallantry had taken place previous to this occurrence. The little papal army, though outnumbered by seven to one, performed prodigies of valor and seemed quite regardless of danger; indeed, the hardest task the officers had was to keep their men from throwing away their lives. Considering the varied character of the army, we are led to conclude national emulation had much to do with this eagerness. The cries of the French were drowned by the cheers of the Italians, and these again by the hurrahs of the Irish. Rarely have two armies of such widely different characters faced each other.

The best and noblest blood in Europe fought within the walls; the offscourings of Italy attacked them; on the one hand were unselfish men who had abandoned easy lives and high positions to become common soldiers of one who had nothing but his blessing to give them in return; on the other were desperate men eager for the spoil promised to them; cool, steady fighting characterized the one; furious onslaughts, amid oaths and blasphemies, marked the other. Now the battle had reached its height and both sides prepared for the final struggle.

* * * * *

As soon as Pius IX entered the audience chamber his countenance was observed to change and assume an appearance of intense mental agony. Motioning aside the members of the Court who, fearing sudden illness, offered assistance, he mastered his emotion and took his seat on the papal throne amid a profound silence. For several minutes not a word was said. At length the Pontiff began to speak in gentle, measured tones.

"Once before," he said, "the Diplomatic Corps gathered about me to aid me in an hour of tribulation and sorrow. It was in 1848, not here, but in the Quirinal. Then, as now, their presence consoled and cheered me. I have written to the king, but I do not know if my letter has reached him. But whether it has or not, I have now no hope of touching his heart or of arresting his ungracious proceedings. Bixio—the notorious Bixio—is here at our doors supported by the Italian army. He is now a Royalist general! Years ago, when he was a simple Republican, he made a promise that should he ever get within the walls of Rome, he would throw me into the Tiber. In an hour or two he may fulfil his promise. Were it not for the sin which he should entail upon his unhappy soul, I would not make an effort to thwart him. May Heaven forgive him!

"Only yesterday I received an account from the the young gentlemen of the American College, begging—I should say, demanding—permission to arm themselves and become the defenders of my person. Though there are few in Rome in whose hands I should feel more secure than in the hands of these fearless young Americans, I declined their generous offer with thanks, and bade them devote their kind efforts to caring for my wounded soldiers.

"Yesterday, on my way to the Chapel of the Holy Stairs, I saw the flags of the different nationalities waving over their respective establishments throughout the city. I realized with pain that these colors were flung to the breeze by these people to save their property and lives from the invaders, to extort from them that security and peace which my poor flag is no longer able to afford. I would be glad, gentlemen, to say I rely upon you and upon the countries which you have the honor to represent for deliverance from my difficulties and for the restoration of the Church, as was the case in 1848. But times are changed. The poor old Pope has now no one on earth upon whom he can rely. Relief must come from Heaven. Still, gentlemen, remember that the Catholic Church is immortal."*

The Holy Father ceased speaking. During the address lurid flashes of artillery lit up the sky, and the roaring of cannon punctuated his sentences. Several times he had stopped and looked out on the terrible scene, only to turn away calmly.

At this moment a messenger arrived at the Vatican from General Kanzler to announce the breach made at the Porta Pia, and the diplomatists left the hall in order that the Holy Father and Cardinal Antonelli might confer in private as to the course that should be pursued. After a few minutes they were recalled,

and the result of the conference was announced by the Pope in a heart-broken voice.

THE FALL OF ROME.

We shall once more leave the Vatican Palace to view the terrible struggle that was going on with varying results between the combatants, and the efforts made by the papal soldiers to save the Eternal City from the clutches of the enemy.

The sight of the gaping breach in the walls seemed almost to madden the Zouaves. Quickly they massed together and passed the word from rank to rank: "While two of us are left able to shoulder two muskets—as long as a pint of blood remains in our veins—we fight. Yes, fight to the death!" And as the resolution was translated into the different tongues, those brave fellows swore to adhere to it—to die for the interests of the Church and the liberty of their beloved Sovereign.

It was an hour of intense excitement, for both sides knew that upon the issue of the next hour's fighting probably depended the fate of Rome. "Avanti!" "Forward, and cut down every foe!" cried the now furious soldiers, each in his own tongue, with all that righteous fearlessness and vehemence which a good cause and hope for the next world, in case of defeat, can impart. Relying on their overwhelming numbers and superior equipment the enemy now prepared for a grand assault. The picked men of various regiments were brought together and ordered to charge for the breach. "Rome or Death," was the cry, but they gained only the latter. With a mighty shout they dashed forward, only to be met by the galling fire of the gallant defenders. Officers tumbled from their saddles, veteran soldiers bit the dust, and with their courage thoroughly dampened the survivors fell back in confusion to the shelter of their comrades' guns. The papal army now

*"*Life of Pius IX.*"—Brennan.

waxed fiercer and more defiant: "Long live Pius IX! Long live our Pope and King! Death to the robber Piedmontese!" rang loud and long from those brave fellows who, begrimed with blood and gunpowder, had no thought of self, but all for victory.

Trusting, however, in their numbers, and filled with love of plunder and hatred of the Papacy, which Garibaldi's harangues for a quarter of a century had inspired them with, the discomfited Italians plucked up lost spirits and re-formed their ranks. Preparations were made for another charge on a more elaborate scale. Inside the fortifications the papal heroes had already formed themselves into a splendid phalanx, strong and steady, though of diminutive size. Both stood ready for the onslaught, yet a long silence intervened. Travellers from the Indian and African jungles tell us how the most ferocious beasts sometimes seem entranced and incapable of motion under the influence of the human eye. Such seemed to be the situation on the present occasion. The large army, wild with fury, was ready to dash forward, and yet appeared to be fascinated by the small body of devoted men who opposed them.

During this pause, fortunately or unfortunately, the Pope's message arrived commanding his troops to lay down their arms: "I have given orders, gentlemen, to capitulate. Although we are able to hold out longer, such a course would be worse than useless. Abandoned by all the great Powers, we should be compelled to surrender sooner or later, and I do not wish to shed another drop of blood to no purpose. You are witnesses, gentlemen, our enemies are entering by violence; that if they break in my doors, they do it with arms in their hands; but yet not without an effort on our part to save our homes from destruction and pillage. We have done enough to define the righteousness of our position and afford the present gen-

eration and all posterity an opportunity of pronouncing a just and impartial judgment on this day's proceedings. History will vindicate the claims of my dutiful subjects to loyalty and obedience. But I must try to forget myself. Gentlemen, I am deeply concerned for the safety of those devoted sons of the Church who have come from foreign countries to defend the citadel of Catholic unity. You will please look after their interest. Save them from the violence of the Garibaldians, and, if possible, forward them speedily to their respective countries. My own soldiers I now absolve from their oath of allegiance to me. For the rest, I beg of God to grant me courage and strength."

Such were the words Pius IX addressed to the Diplomatic Corps when that body was recalled to the audience chamber as soon as the Pope's brief conference with Cardinal Antonelli was over. Ten minutes later General Kanzler had the order to cease fighting.

While the two armies stood ready to renew the combat, a flag of truce was advanced to the breach to prevent the coming charge of the Italians. Through the papal army were heard murmurs of discontent. "What! lay down arms after driving the Italians back! After six hours' hard fighting! Surely Pio Nono has not sent such orders!" They were the first words expressive of discontent that had come from those brave fellows; but in love for the Pope alone they had their origin. It was but too evident the order had come from the Pontiff himself, so they accordingly let fall their arms. The white flag appeared to effect the enemy very slightly. With a loud shout they leaped upon their opponents, who were taken completely by surprise by such base proceedings. Not content with wounding the helpless men and dragging their small arms from them, the Italian horde actually rifled their pockets and then dashed for the heart of the city. That moment a crowd of hire-

lings, long since bribed for the purpose, cried out a welcome "in the name of the Roman people." Too plainly did the Romans disavow all connection with those strangers and sympathy with the conquerors: they rushed to their houses and left the highways to Victor Emmanuel's soldiery.

Between General Kanzler and Cadorna a hurried parley now ensued; the latter, as persons who spring suddenly from obscurity to power usually do, making the conquered soldier keenly feel his position. "The surrender of the city of Rome with its complete armaments, its flags, magazines, and everything-connected with the Papal Government to His Majesty, the King of Italy," was demanded with all the haughtiness born of triumph. No other alternative was left to the brave Kanzler than to reluctantly consent and deliver up all power in his keeping. Thus the Eternal City fell, and the government of the Papal States, which had been in the safe keeping of the successor of St. Peter for over a thousand years, was violently wrenched from his hands.

ROME AFTER THE FALL.

The Romans, who had declared themselves against the invaders from the very start, now became the prey of the enemy. They and their beautiful city, with all its religious and historical associations, were now left to the tender mercies of a licentious rabble, in comparison with which the Vandals and Goths might have been called gentle and God-fearing. The motley army of seventy thousand soldiers, gathered together from various parts of Italy, from five to six thousand camp followers—always the vultures of war—the secret agents of Victor Emmanuel in Rome itself, and the denizens of the jails, who were quickly set at liberty, mingled in the streets to commence a reign of terror and wild extravagance.

Last April the Roman people celebrated the anniversary of the foundation

of the Eternal City. During the 2658 years since Romulus ploughed out the dimensions of the future Mistress of the World, what scenes of violence and barbarity have taken place within her walls! And yet the excesses and cruelties committed at the end of the much vaunted nineteenth century by the victorious army of Victor Emmanuel, under the eyes of the European Powers, can take a prominent place among the most atrocious. For a period of two days and nights Rome was one vast theatre of wild orgies and debauchery. Private houses were looted; persons suspected of papal sympathies were sometimes either stilettoed or flung into the Tiber; the clergy had to fly to places of hiding; the churches were broken open, and pews, confessionals, and missals were brought out and set fire to; statues, crucifixes and priceless paintings were carried in mock procession by drunken soldiers. Now they would surround a house and through sheer love of destruction wantonly raze it to the ground; again they would taunt the wounded and try to force them to cry out for Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Mazzini, or some other moving spirit of the revolution. One vast scene of uproar and confusion, of barbarity and debauchery, kept the citizens in constant terror during those forty-eight hours.

At length the orgies ceased. Satiated by their excesses, the army sat down to their rewards at the hands of the usurping prince, while the Pope's defenders got orders to depart.

THE LAST BENEDICTION.

With unalterable meekness and dignity Pope Pius bore the outrages and insults which were being heaped upon himself and his devoted people. Though forsaken by the world in his hour of need, he could not bend under calamities, sustained as he was by the conviction of having done his duty to Heaven and to Rome. Then commenced the

lifelong seclusion of the "Prisoner of the Vatican" that has continued ever since. The last act in the sad drama—the departure of his faithful soldiers—was now awaited by the aged Pontiff.

With little show of decency the victorious Italians hurried on the moment for this separation, feeling too nervous to take any radical steps for the future of Rome while the papal heroes should remain within the walls—even as prisoners of war. The hour having arrived when they should quit the city, the entire army assembled in the great square of St. Peter's to take a last farewell of him whom they loved so strongly. At the word of the commanding officer arms were presented and a mighty shout of "Long live Pius IX," in every European tongue, rent the air. Not until the white-robed figure of the Holy Father appeared at an open window of the Vatican did the enthusiasm reach its height. The poor fellows seemed almost frantic—with joy at seeing him, and with sorrow at having to leave him. The Pontiff, trembling with agitation, stretched out his arms and then brought them towards his breast, as if he were folding them all collectively to his heart: a moment afterwards he signed them to kneel. Then he blessed them solemnly, and all was over. Springing to their feet, the men fired off their muskets as a royal salute, and after casting another yearning look at the aged Pontiff began their march from the Eternal City. They had found it difficult to contend against seventy thousand Italian soldiers; but they found it far more difficult to leave "Pio Nono" to their mercy.

Out the Flamminian Gate the sorrow-stricken army marched. Deep mutterings and wild resolutions could be heard from their ranks; and so violent were the emotions that shook the men that the commanding officers feared they would insist on returning to guard the Pope's person. But they little knew the weight "Pio Nono's" wish had with

the soldiers: the final benediction was a signal of good-bye for ever.

Another affecting scene was taking place at the Vatican Palace. At the open window the now helpless Pontiff remained standing, gazing after the retreating army with an expression of intense sadness and affection. While the men were in view he stayed looking after them. At length, when they turned a corner and became lost to his gaze, the Holy Father with a deep groan fell back in a swoon. After being borne to a couch by the members of his Court, he recovered in a few minutes and requested to be left alone with his own sad thoughts. He next went into one of the magnificent picture galleries and paced up and down with an expression of intense mental anguish, and so utterly absorbed was he in his grief as not to notice the presence of General Kanzler, his wife and several members of Court, until they threw themselves at his feet. A moment sufficed for him to master his feelings. His first question was—not about himself or the Holy See, but about his wounded soldiers, their number and their comforts. "Prepare every comfort for them," he said calmly. "Poor fellows! may Heaven bless them, for they loved me well. Oh! this is an atrocious crime! I find it hard to forgive the perpetrators." Then he retired to his private apartments and remained absorbed in prayer for several hours.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Twelve days after this an election was held at the Capitol. The result of that farce is represented to-day by a living lie in white marble on the walls of that ancient building where so many instances of bravery and magnanimity had been shown of old. The question to be answered at the poll was, whether Romans were willing to relinquish the rule of the Sovereign Pontiff for that of Victor Emmanuel. All were obliged to record their votes—officers, common sol-

diers, the five thousand camp followers and riff-raff of Italy—all were free but the Romans themselves. These abstained from taking any part in the mockery, partly through disdain and indignation, and partly owing to the intimidation of bands of roughs hired by the Italian party to keep them away from the booths.

When the election was passed the results were engraved on marble and set up at the Capitol, proclaiming that "40,785 votes had been recorded in favor of Victor Emmanuel's rule over Rome and Italy, and only forty-six against it." Experienced politicians well-versed in electioneering business were afterwards inquisitive enough to make a calculation as to "what time should be necessary to record the above number of votes at the given number of booths, allowing the usual time to each voter." The result of the problem was that several days should be necessary, although a few hours had sufficed for the election itself.

But the mock election satisfied the tender consciences of the usurpers; for that same evening a decree was issued proclaiming papal rule at an end, Rome of the Popes and martyrs snatched from the Holy See and incorporated with "United Italy." Thus fell the temporal power of the Popes in the person of gentle old Pius IX after a period extending over a thousand years, during which it has witnessed the rise and fall of numberless dynasties.

After thirty-five years of "United Italy" regime, it should be interesting to compare the positions of the despoiled and the despoiler to-day, as well as the manner in which Divine Providence has dealt with each. The year 1905 has shown forth the Holy See to be more powerful, more far-reaching in its influence, more saintly and prosperous than it ever has been since that day, *twenty centuries ago*, when the Lowly *One handed the keys to the Galilean*

fisherman. That on one side the order, "Go ye, therefore, teach all nations" has been faithfully executed, and on the other, the promise, "Behold, I am with you all days" is being loyally observed, may be seen in a striking manner by one standing at the great bronze door of the Vatican for one hour. Prince and beggar, rich and poor, the learned and illiterate of every station in life pass under its portals to throw themselves at the feet of the Universal Father. The world pours its money and its love into his hands; while its rulers seem to vie with each other in doing him honor. When Leo XIII received the Triple Crown scarcely a sovereign in Europe was on friendly diplomatic relations with the Holy See; now, not only are connections most cordial, but nearly all look to the "Prisoner of the Vatican" as common arbitrator. Experience shows us the truth of the concluding words of Pius IX to the Diplomatic Corps as to the immortality of the Catholic Church. After being exposed to the storms and rains of nineteen hundred years, the "Rock" stands as firm and impregnable as ever. And with the flag bearing the motto of "restoring all things in Christ" floating above it, a new soul—or rather, the old one rejuvenated—seems to inspire it anew.

But how do things fare with the occupants of the stolen palace on the Quirinal Hill? With the exception of a crowd of mercenary satellites and an occasional tourist anxious to see the interior of the buildings hallowed by the residence of so many Popes, all pass them by either with indifference or contempt. The sovereign of United Italy has been always one of the most miserable men in the kingdom; for as his throne was set up by violent means, it has now to be maintained by armed force. Universal strikes and unveiled discontent constantly menace the Parliament, whilst Parliament, in turn, threatens its master. The wild vapor-

ings of Socialists, Anarchists, Garibaldians, and Masons keep the air redolent of revolution and the people in a state of alarm. The efforts of the Government in aping the manners of a first-class Power makes Italy only too frequently a subject of banter, as a slender purse can but badly meet the demands of the pride-swollen Government. What wonder is it then to hear that the Dowager Queen Margherita—who is so well and so deservedly loved by all classes in Italy, and particularly in Rome—had almost succeeded in inducing her consort, King Humbert, to abdicate his shaky throne. Perhaps no more unsettled people with higher ideals can be found in the world to-day than those of Italy. Well aware that their country is at least fifty years behind many of the other Powers, they are absorbed in elevating her to a high level, but are impeded by political intrigues and ambitious factions. Such will be the state of public affairs in United Italy, in the opinion of profound thinkers and sharp politicians, while the Vicar of Christ has to remain the "Prisoner of the Vatican." For months past the atmosphere of the Eternal City has been full of rumors regarding the prospect of a no distant reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal—and none are more alive to its necessity than the two parties themselves. However, many, very many, things of moment must come to pass before such a happy state of affairs can be brought into existence.

But why is Italy behind the rest of the world? Italians are naturally highly intellectual; their minds are full of religious ideals and longings after truth and justice. At whose door then must the blame be laid that, from a scientific standpoint, many other parts of the world have left them, as a body, so far behind in the race for learning and material progress? The answer is that the revolution of 1869 threw back all attempts at progress. The expenditure of

"scudi," that were very badly required for other purposes, in helping Victor Emmanuel to overthrow the Papal Government beggared the state; the propping up of his throne by the hard, grinding taxation on all classes makes efforts at progress to a great extent ineffectual. To these reasons may be added two others: one is the inane attempts of the Italian Government to pose as a great Power and imitate the actions of such countries as America, England, Germany: the other is the want of cooperation on the part of Italy's numerous progeny of political factions to serve the mother country. With regard to the first cause, we must remember that Italy is financially pauperized; yet mammoth monuments must be raised to her revolutionary heroes; her king is one of the best paid monarchs in the world, and vast sums are voted for the reception of princes who may deign to visit her officially. Take one instance to illustrate what we state—the "huge and hideous buildings of the new 'Ministero della Finanze,' commonly called the 'Public Debt,'" as Rev. Mr. Hare (the bigoted Protestant clergyman who rarely lost an opportunity of attacking everything connected with the Papacy, who died a fervent Catholic, and whose last regret was that he could not live to revise his books and expunge everything anti-Catholic in them) designates it. Listen to Marion Crawford speaking of this building: "The Roman curses it for the millions it cost; but the stranger looks, smiles, and passes by a hideous building three hundred yards long." Such is the edifice necessary to hold the national purse. As to the second reason, little explanation is required. In Rome itself, Monarchists, Socialists, Republicans, Anarchists and Masons may be seen constantly at dagger's ends; while the Papacy, to save the supporters of the usurping king from being crushed out completely and thus destroy the last vestige of law and order, has permitted

all Catholics in Italy to join hands with the Monarchical party under the direction of their Bishops. This generous act of Pius X towards his enemies on the Quirinal Hill in the interest of law and order saved Italy from a perilous position and has given her a new lease of peace; but how long she will be able to enjoy it is a question that might well puzzle the keenest observer of public affairs.

Though the government of temporal matters does not now pertain to the Vatican, the policy of Pius X resembles in many respects that of Pius IX. Firmness and forbearance are its chief characteristics, the only difference between them being that, while the latter was "deserted by all the great Powers," the former has the hearty support of the world.

Chanting of Monks in the Distance By Julie Caroline O'Hara

OFTEN a succession of tones appeals to one with greater force than a sermon. Music, at times, will have a hundred tongues where the spoken voice would carry only an over-familiar message.

Loitering here in Italy, I chance upon many an out-of-the-way haven of seclusion. This evening at dusk I have crept into an old cathedral—what matters its name or the exact spot where it is passing from a hallowed old age into its final rest?—and there is no one here to remind me that I am in an every-day world. I am alone with the giant pillars, each one a dumb historian of all the ancient glory and sacred associations that it has been the witness of. Unconsciously I bend my head and with closed eyes lose myself in meditation.

Soon a faint tone seems to form itself in the stillness. I listen reverently—and an unpreached sermon sinks into my soul. Through an open door of the church leading into the vaulted cloisters, there comes the far-away sound of many voices in subdued, harmonious unison. The monks are chanting at eventide.

Greedily I strain my ear that not one note of the medieval chant may be spilt as it is wafted to me here in the furthest shadow of a transept. A steady flow of melody, faint but uninterrupted, reaches me in its unbroken rhythm; only the echoes express any human emotion. The music does not swell, nor vibrate, nor thrill. It quavers not, nor melts into delicate tones, nor flares up in paroxysms of pain, nor does it burst forth in a rhapsody of gladness. No: with gentle insistence it voices the nothingness of earthly things; it expresses by its convincing evenness the inevitableness of life; it breathes the calmness that comes from resignation; and it bears aloft in its reassuring vibrations the blessed hope of a happy future.

The tranquil voices of the monks carry to me the message: "Restlessness, begone; peace, enter in—forever and ever, for time everlasting." Suddenly the cloister door slams to with a rude bang—and I am left alone with the hollow air and the unfruitful silence, as, by a single breath, all of the melodic prayer is mercilessly hushed.



Michelle's Quandary

By JOHN J. O'SHEA



It was Lady Day in August. A beautiful day for a beautiful fete, but torrid. In Paris it can be torrid; but even though it be very hot, one does not mind on a fete-day, because there is joy in the air and the undrunk wine of delight courses in the veins of the light-hearted throngs who are out to enjoy the happiness of the children.

The children are the lords and queens of creation on these festival days. They are the idols of the hour; yet they are not spoiled by the idolatry that is lavished on them by parents and relatives and friends. They are French children, and so they can never be rude or impolite, even in the height of their play. They may become semi-delirious with the enjoyment of the game of romps, but they will not yell or get angry or play the greedy or selfish. They are too well trained to forget themselves so.

It was, by a charming coincidence, Michelle Colbert's birthday, too. She was ten years old that happy fete-day. So she came, attended by a troop of little maidens nearly about her own age, schoolmates, to attend the grand High Mass in the glorious Church of St. Sulpice, in many-mooded Paris.

Michelle's mother would gladly have accompanied her idol to the great church on the occasion but for the fact that she must remain at home to prepare the forenoon meal for her husband, who was the captain of the Pompiers for the district. His hours were strict; he must be at his post punctually lest a fire-alarm should be sounded just after the departure of his lieutenant. The service is military, and military precision marks the arrival and departure of members of the corps, both officers and men.

But, much as she would have loved to be with Michelle at church that Lady Day, a thousand times more would Madame have given were her husband there, too. But, alas! that was beyond her hope. Captain Colbert, though a loving husband and tender parent, was afflicted with that indifferentism toward the future which is the heritage of Voltaire and the Revolution. He never attended church save when he was compelled to do so by some extraordinary public ceremony. The fact that he was a pompier—that is, a fire-fighting commander—always gave him an excuse for staying at his post.

And, oh, the pity of it! He was so good a man, so sober, so fond of his neat home in the old house on the Rue de Vaugirard—the old house which had once been an appendage of that Carmelite convent where fell hundreds of priests imprisoned there when first flamed out the fiery breath of the Revolution, in the memorable September of 1792. There must surely be something hallowing, Madame thought, in the atmosphere of such a place. Others might regard it with awe and shuddering, but she believed it to be holy, and so she never suggested that their quarters be changed. As for Captain Colbert, he had no sentiment on the subject one way or the other. He was, or had been, a fighting man, and death or its associations had no terrors for the soldier who was also the unbeliever.

Strange inconsistency of human nature! While Captain Colbert was thus indifferent or apathetic about man's greatest concern in regard to himself, he was quite the reverse as regarded his pet, Michelle. On Sunday mornings, if he thought she was lingering overlong at breakfast or at her toilet, he would

call out to her a warning that she was in danger of being late for church, and bid her hasten. "It is such bad form," he would say, "to be late going in at any public function." Madame noted this fact, and noted it with secret pleasure, but prudently made no outward comment on it. She was a wise woman—one of the rare ones who could keep her thoughts to herself when necessary.

It was enough to look at Madame to be convinced that such was the case. Large and stately in form, unlike most Frenchwomen, her face was sweetly grave and thoughtful, and her eyes, which were gray, were beautifully spiritual and tender in expression. Michelle inherited her physical gifts to a large extent; but from her father she had taken the bright vivacity and happy adaptativeness which made her a general favorite among her youthful companions. It was a charming sight to behold a bevy of these at home when some parent gave a birthday party. Here some of their male companions used sometimes be invited to join in the gaiety; and it was amusing to behold the incipient spirit of coquetry in the behavior of these "petites dames" and little cavaliers. Michelle moved among these gay spirits with the grace of a leading sprite, attired in gauzelike white dress, with a wide blue or pink sash, sometimes an exquisite band of lace around her throat—one of her mother's family treasures; and her crisp curls—of an indefinable color, sometimes golden-brown, sometimes hazel in the shade—bound in a rippling knot with a rich fillet of crimson or green ribbon. Such delightful pictures do these French children present at these happy reunions that it is little wonder they are looked upon by their adoring parents as beings of a brighter sphere than this.

One trait of Michelle's especially endeared her to her mother—her great *gift of piety*. This developed at an *unusually early age*. The glorious stained-

glass windows and pictures in St. Sulpice she would gaze at with rapt delight for long stretches. On one painting in especial would she often linger. It was that of the Virgin learning to read. This creation of the artist possessed a kind of fascination for the meditative "enfant de Marie." Its exquisitely thoughtful eyes seemed to be gazing into her own—into her very soul, she used to fancy—and claiming her as her own. At night-time often did they haunt her dreams, and sometimes she used to fancy that that sweet childish maid spoke to her in dulcet, lisping accents, but in a strange tongue, as though she would have her do her some favor.

On the great plaza in front of the church were seated several visitors, waiting for the bell to peal out its majestic note of preparation for the High Mass from the great northern tower. The pavement was almost dazzling from the fierce brilliancy of the sunlight that beat on it; and the shadows of the tall, broad plane-trees that line the approach showed dense purple as they fluttered to and fro over the blindingly white floor. Still, hot though it was, the senses were cooled by the sight of the soaring waters of the great central fountain, and by their plashing turbulence as they were thrown back from their assault on the blue dome above into the spacious cool basin, where, in the niches of the sculptured inside rim, stand the statues of Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon and Flechier, lending a sense of tranquillity to the scene, suggestive of cool retreats and mossy cells where monk and hermit loved to meditate, in the heart of the scorching desert, beside some salubrious oasis.

An elderly lady was among those who had been waiting for the bell to announce the beginning of the service. She was seated on a bench beneath one of the trees. Many others had sought similar shelter all around. A grave-looking gendarme, in green jacket and

red cap and white trousers, sauntered slowly up and down the plaza, furnishing an artistic element in the picture by the gay colors of his dress. When Michelle and her companions came, in their snow-white attire, set off with the virginal blue sashes and ribbons, the scene was complete. It was a delightful spectacle for the moment that the eye rested upon it.

"We are too early; let us get under the trees," said Michelle to her companions. The three little maidens made sudden movement like three graceful white doves toward the seat back of that on which the lady had sought shelter. The swish of their airy garments aided the illusion: it was like the sound of fluttering wings.

"I saw your papa this morning," remarked Celeste Bardin, the older of Michelle's companions, as they settled themselves.

"You did? When?" queried Michelle.

"At six o'clock, when they sounded the *réveille*," replied Celeste. "The bugles wakened me up, and I ran to the window to see the *Pompier*s turn out and salute the incoming guard. Your father reviewed both squads as they stood in line. My dear, he does look handsome in his brave uniform. But he looked, I thought, a little sad as he moved away when the inspection was over and the men had marched off."

Michelle turned her head aside to hide the sudden tear that started as her companion said this. She knew the reason her idolized father seemed to look sad that day. Her mother had told her, and had made her promise before she left home that her prayer at the communion should be offered up for her father's consolation and the return of his faith. This promise was most readily given; Michelle's promises were to her always as vows.

"And why should he not look sad?" chimed in Blanche Gerault, the youngest of the trio. "I think you would

look sad, too, Celeste, if you had to be out, dressed and accoutred, without time to get even a cup of coffee, at that hour of the morning."

The other two sprites could not help laughing merrily as Blanche said this. She was so dreadfully serious in tone and manner. Blanche wondered why they had suddenly grown so hilarious. She could not realize the effect of her Portia-like demureness. Then all at once she suddenly began to laugh, too—for laughter begets mirth even without any apparent cause.

The gaiety suddenly stopped. A dull sound on the pavement interrupted it, and a hurried movement of feet, together with exclamations of pity and alarm. The girls turned their eyes toward the other side of the seat.

On the ground lay the elderly lady whom they had noticed coming in. She had fallen prone, stricken, apparently, by the intolerable heat.

The solemn-looking gendarme suddenly became animated and alert. In a moment he was in the midst of the group, making them all fall back as he stooped to examine the lady's face. "Air, please," he said to the sympathetic bystanders, "the lady wants all she can get."

A neat cartouche box was fastened to his belt. From this the officer took a little lump of sugar, and on this proceeded to pour some drops of liquid from a tiny vial, which was also produced from the box. These little medicinal helps are part of the French gendarme's usual equipment for cases of sudden illness in the streets.

Opening the lady's mouth, he placed the sugar within. In a few moments relief had come. The lady opened her eyes and murmured faintly, "I fear I am dying. Take me home to—"

She could not finish the direction. She had swooned off again. The gendarme with the help of the bystanders lifted her to the seat and then ran across

the square to the Mairie near-by, to fetch the stretcher and get help.

Soon it came and Michelle's two companions were among the little crowd that followed to the Mairie, where there was a temporary hospital. When they returned it was to tell Michelle that the poor lady was past help when brought there. She had expired on the way.

"During their absence Michelle had picked up a neat little prayer-book—so small that it had escaped observation as it lay in the corner of the seat in a little fissure. It was open, and as she took it up a couple of cards dropped out. One was a mortuary ticket. It contained the name, "Henri Lamont." On the back was written: "I go to pray for my son's soul to-day, Lady Day. It is the anniversary of his death—killed in a duel. I may be stricken, and if you who find this be a Catholic, I beg for the love of God and our Blessed Lady that you make my wish your prayer to-day, and I shall pray for you. Marie Lamont, No. 7, Rue du Bac."

"Poor soul!" said Michelle as she read the request. "I shall certainly carry out what you should have loved to do." Then she stopped and gasped. "Oh, what do I promise? My God, what shall I do now?"

For the moment she had forgotten the promise made to her mother that morning. As it now flashed back upon her memory, a great fear seized upon her heart. She was overpowered by the consciousness of a sacred and awful duty. Unable to endure the anguish which began to grow upon her over the day's "contretemps," Michelle made an excuse to her companions as they went into the church. She passed around back of the high altar and hid away in a dark corner of the transept to pray silently for help and guidance in what she found to be a fearful dilemma—a thing that concerned her own soul's *safety no less than the others'.*

She prayed to our Blessed Lady—the Virgin learning to read. She, too, wanted to learn to read—to read the page of duty in this terrible dilemma of her young soul. She prayed fervently and repeatedly. But still no light dawned upon her mind. It was too soon, perhaps. She ceased, and sorrowfully she sought a further corner because it was more in the shadow. On the floor of the transept is traced the line of the meridian of Paris, which traverses the site of the church. The mathematician Lemonnier fixed the line, and arranged an opening in one of the windows so that the light from this opening projects a large, luminous circle on the floor. This circle of light moves around with the sun's course, so that at noon the meridian line cuts the aureole in equal parts.

The bright prism caught Michelle's eye as she sat down. She had never been in this part of the church before, and so knew nothing of the strange appearance on the tessellated floor. But she heeded it not, so absorbed was she in the quandary in which she found herself placed by a rash promise. She sat motionless for a long time, listening, unconsciously and rapt, to the sounds of the glorious psalmody rolling from the great choir of St. Sulpice. When she opened her eyes again they rested on the luminous ring. It had moved, she perceived with astonishment; it was now approaching the brass line traced on the floor. Though she wondered a little, she was too much preoccupied to give the phenomenon any thought.

One of the frescoes near-by represented the efficacy of prayers for the dead. On this she fastened her eyes after she had deciphered the inscription. It augmented the poignancy of her grief as she reflected on the possible loss to at least one poor soul caused by her thoughtlessness.

Again she became semi-oblivious, and she did not feel the flight of the mo-

ments until the swelling paeon of the "Sanctus" from the choir burst upon her ear. Then she sank upon her knees and joined in the prayer: she found no words, but only worship. A moment or two afterward she woke up and looked around.

The ring of light was now crossing the meridian line. It appeared to be cleft in twain for a moment as the dark streak bisected the prism. Then the divided colors reunited and the ring seemed, to her rapt and excited fancy, to move toward the fresco of prayer. She closed her eyes and sank overpowered upon a prie-dieu, in an angelic trance.

The clang of fire-bells startled the worshippers toward the close of the service, but none of them heeded the sound save Michelle. She experienced a shock of terror as the harsh, penetrating notes smote her ear. A vague fear crept over her heart; she shivered, despite the heat of the noonday: why, she could not tell, for she had often heard the same clangor before. Involuntarily breathing a hasty prayer for lives imperilled, she left the church by a side-door and walked rapidly homeward.

Her mother awaited her with blanched face on the landing. "There has been a great fire," she said, "at the Rue du Bac. I saw the blaze from the windows here. Oh, may God grant that no one fell a victim!"

Michelle thought she would faint. "My father—"

She could not finish the exclamation.

"Yes, he was there," cried Madame. "He was off at the head of the corps the moment the alarm sounded. The concierge told me: she saw him pass by the door, driving at furious speed."

The noise of the fire corps returning interrupted the talk. Madame went inside and looked out of a window. A heartrending shriek from her lips brought Michelle to her side. She, too, looked down into the street below.

Behind the fire-engine and the escape ladders moved a truck. On this a man's form was extended, the face being covered, and over the limbs was draped the flag of France. The medals on the breast of the tunic told the rank of the dead. It was the commander of the gallant corps of Pompiers.

Michelle could not scream. The numbing anguish that seized upon her seemed to paralyze all movement of tongue and faculties. She could only remember the unfulfilled promise to her mother, and she already felt like one of the lost.

Yes, the bolt of death had indeed fallen with appalling suddenness upon that happy home. Soon there came the second officer of the company to announce to Madame Colbert the fact that her husband had met death at the post of duty. He had been struck by a falling fragment of masonry at No. 7, Rue du Bac, which was on fire at the time.

No. 7, Rue du Bac! Michelle started. This was the address of Madame Lamont.

"Was he instantly killed?" queried Madame, with streaming eyes and choking voice.

"No; he lived for half an hour after being felled, Madame. He called for a priest and received the last sacraments of the Church as he lay in a neighboring house."

Madame fell upon her knees in an ecstasy of fervent gratitude to heaven. "Merciful God, I thank Thee!" she said. "Michelle, your prayer was granted," she added, as she embraced her trembling child.

Michelle could not endure the silence any longer. When the officer had taken his departure, she told her mother all that had happened at the church.

Madame was thunderstruck. "It is the hand of God, my darling," she cried. "What I asked you to pray for has been granted. It was pardon and forgiveness

for your father, and behold! it has been brought about by his own fulfilment of duty. He had killed the son of Madame Lamont. It was in a duel. He could not help it. You know a soldier cannot decline a challenge and be retained in the army. Your father was in the army then. It was in Algiers. His antagonist forgave him ere he breathed his last. Everything was according to the code of honor. But, oh! to think of noble lives being sacrificed to such a dreadful code—a mere phantom!"

This was a revelation to Michelle. She had not the faintest idea of what her

mother had desired to gain by her prayer—the prayer of seraphic love and innocence. Now that she knew, relief came instantly.

"It was not necessary that you should pray at all, my sweet," said Madame Colbert. "The good God knew what was in your heart, and the favor was granted though no word was spoken. The two requests were blended in the one unspoken desire, and the two were granted at the same time, even as that beautiful light you saw was again made one after it had been dissevered by the meridian line."

The Comforted

By Theodosia Garrison

The angels questioned the white soul
 New come with them to dwell;
 "What is the Fear o' Death, sweetheart,
 Of which the prophets tell?
 And whence the sting called suffering,
 And what the thing called Hell?"

As children beg for tales unheard,
 They clustered round her so;
 "What means the thing called Love o' Life
 In little earth and low?"

On each she smiled as on a child,
 And said: "I do not know.

"Meseems long since I heard these words
 In some bewildered dream;
 A dream that fled and left no trace
 Before the morning's gleam.
 Why should I strive to keep alive
 Those pangs that did but seem?"

"The Love o' Life, the Fear o' Death—
 How should I know these things?"

They looked at her, each questioner
 Beneath his folded wings,
 As wistfully as children cry
 Unanswered questionings.

"Sweetheart, we pray thee answer us!"
 "How should I know?" she said.
 Afar the calm saints beckoned her;
 She rose with lifted head,
 And glad as they went on her way
 Among the happy dead.



THE BLESSING OF THE SEA.

The Fisherwomen of Boulogne-Sur-Mer

By THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph. D.

THE tourist who would see Europe would do well to shun its beaten paths, even though he should thereby fail to jostle the crowds who throng the streets of London, Paris or Berlin, for there is a monotonous sameness in all great metropolitan cities, and human nature, gowned, coated and kid-gloved, has no marked individuality about it either on Fifth Avenue, The Strand, Rue de l'Opera or Frederickstrasse.

But there are bits and corners of Europe where human nature is individual and life simple and picturesque. The trouble, however, is that most tourists who plan a trip to the Continent fancy they have journeyed in vain if they, on their return, cannot catalogue the chief monuments of London, Paris, Berlin and Rome; if they cannot talk glibly about the masterpieces of the National Gallery, the Louvre, the Uffizi Palace or the Vatican. Truly, Turner, and Rubens, and Raphael, and Murillo, are great, but

the life around us to-day is far greater—of more worth in its spiritual significance than the story or illustration of any painter. I would rather kneel with a Breton peasant at a "Pardon," or join in a peasant dance beside the Neckar, or listen to the echoing "yodel" of a Tyrolean mountaineer, than catalogue all the great paintings of Europe. Not, indeed, that I would undervalue the great work of these princes of brush and easel, but rather because I know that there is nothing in art but can be found in life, from its highest tragedy, moulded in tears, to the sunniest smile on Nature's landscape.

A little corner of Europe, quaint, historic and picturesque, is Boulogne-sur-Mer, a northeasterly part in France almost directly opposite to Folkstone in England. It is the chief fishing port in France, and this dowers it, like St. Malo, with an individuality all its own. As subject for poet or painter, the fisherwomen of Boulogne-sur-Mer would be



A FISHER OF SHRIMPS.

unique. Their life is full of the drama of the sea—as strong, as full of upheaval, as deep-set with mystery.

But Boulogne-sur-Mer has other to commend it than its fleets of fishermen and fisherwomen. It has a history which reaches back to the time of Julius Caesar, for it was from Boulogne-sur-Mer, the ancient "Portus Stius," that the Roman general set out with his legions for the conquest of Britain. It was here, also, that Napoleon I cast his eagle eye across the English channel and uttered the significant words: "Let me be master of the sea but for *twenty-four hours*, and England *shall be no more.*" Here, too,

it was that Napoleon I distributed for the first time, on the 16th of August, 1804, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Here the victorious veterans of Marengo, Ulm and Austerlitz gathered, as well as the Boulognese corsairs, bold and intrepid, who had inflicted such injury upon English ships and commerce. The crosses were distributed in the helmets and shields of Du Gueschin and Bayard in presence of Marshal Soult and Admiral Bruix.

The cathedral, or basilica, of Notre Dame de Boulogne is built where a church was erected in the seventh century. Below the church is a crypt which dates from the twelfth century. Among the tombs in the cathedral is that of the great and renowned crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon, who was one of the leaders of the First Crusade.

But what lends unique interest to the Boulogne-sur-Mer of to-day is the fact that it possesses a fleet of some five hundred fishing boats manned by ten thousand fishermen. In truth, it is perhaps the greatest fishing port in Europe.

In February of every year the great Iceland fishing fleet of Brittany sets sail from Paimpol in the northern part of



FRUIT OF THE SEA.

Brittany, while from time immemorial a Breton fleet of fishing boats has annually visited the shores of Newfoundland. This setting sail of the fishing fleet from Paimpol is an event in the life of the town. Yet Paimpol does not compare with Boulogne-sur-Mer in its fish commerce. The Breton bard, Theodore Botrel, has a touching poem on the setting out of the Iceland fleet. The blessing of the fleet takes place with great solemnity before it departs.

Annually, before the fishing season begins, the ceremony of blessing the sea takes place at Boulogne-sur-Mer in

for them. Under a rough exterior and a manner brusque and uncouth, there beats in these children of the sea a heart of great tenderness and faith. They learn to pray through the voice of the tempest that threatens life and bark—they tell their beads rocked by an Omnipotent Power Who stirs and calms the waters at His Will.

But if the hardy fishermen of Boulogne-sur-Mer be interesting, their wives and daughters, with their unique and picturesque costumes, are doubly so. Indeed, I know of no other place in Europe where the costumes of the wo-



FISHERMEN'S CHAPEL.

presence of the hardy fishermen and fisherwomen, who begin their work by invoking God's blessing upon the sea and its riches.

The fishing of mackerel takes place in the English Channel from March to June; the fishing of herring at the Dogger Bank from February to July, and the fishing of Scotch herring from June to September.

The fishermen and their wives and families occupy a separate quarter of the city and have a chapel specially set apart

men are so striking as are those of the fisherwomen of Boulogne-sur-Mer. The women themselves possess a rugged beauty of form and figure which is only the dower of those whom the sea has cradled and nurtured as her children.

Of course there is a life social which belongs essentially to these fishermen and fisherwomen, and nothing could hold greater interest for the tourist than an hour spent at a social gathering of young Boulognese fishermen and their sweethearts, where music and dance and



A BOULOGNE-SUR-MER FISHERWOMAN.



FISHERWOMAN AT DEVOTION.

joyous converse shut out from all hearts the memory of an angry sea.

It is needless to say that the Boulognese have a dance peculiar to their city—that is, of course, I mean the Boulognese of the fishing quarter. Indeed, there is a good deal of character in dancing, as any one will discover if he compares the dance in vogue among the Neapolitans, the Bretons, the Highland Scotch and the Roumanians. To the infinite credit of the peasantry of Europe, I have never witnessed a dance amongst them, however rude or warlike, that had in it the least semblance of coarseness or indecency. It is not to the peasants we look for the coinage of sin—it is the cities, with their advanced civilization and culture(?), that have turned harmless enjoyment into questionable and reprehensible pleasure. It is simply the bitter knowledge of the tree of good and evil of which up-to-date cities have a monopoly. Is it not, think you, sometimes better to be a peasant than a peer?

Perhaps it is the quaint and artistic costumes that give such a setting of beauty to the peasant women of Europe. Whether it be a Hollander from the island of Zeeland, a Tyrolean from the

Brunner Valley, an Arlesian from Provence, a Breton from Quimper or a Swiss maid from Berne—all have about them the charm of simplicity and a beauty superior to every art.

Indeed, were you to ask me where the most beautiful women of Europe are to be found, I would answer you—everywhere. They are at Killarney in Ireland; at Cadiz in Spain; at Siena in Italy; at Dijon in Burgundy; by the shores of the historic Rhine, the winding Rhone, the classic Tiber, the dreamy Guadilquivir—for is not beauty a relative term?

The fisherwomen of Boulogne-sur-Mer wear two distinct kinds of costumes, as may be seen from the illustrations of this paper. Both are very artistic and becoming. In the one case, the head-gear approaches the Norman cap which the Acadians wore at Grand-Pré at the time of their deportation. The other head-gear is large and fan-like, and gives a striking appearance to the face. Neither, however, is as becoming or artistic as the head-gear worn by the women of Arles, whose Celto-Greek type of face and form gives them an individual and unique place among the beautiful women of Europe.

In the Slums

By William J. Fischer

Father of Heav'n! O take into Thy care
These poor, sick children of the reeking street.
And soothe their tired, bruised and burning feet!
Children of circumstance—they mutely bear
The frost and wet of storm, and gladly share
The warmth of golden sunshine, while they meet
The trooping young hopes, with their clear eyes sweet
Upon the fields, where life toils on in prayer.
They are Thy children—Mighty King of men!
So let Thy love light up their early days,
And with Thy arms set Thou their feet aright
Upon the broad, white path of peace! O then
Their lives will blossom forth in various ways,
And Day will dawn to cheer each aching night.

A LEADER OF THE BLIND

By

ANNA C. MINOGUE

Author of "Cardome," "A Son of Adam," "Borrowed From the Night," Etc.

I.



THINK I should rather he—
gambled!"

The voice was low and scornful, the eyes shone with a hard brilliancy, and the fine face glowed with indignation. The old man, sitting in the shadow of the frame house, looked from the speaker to the white road that wound by the fence; but his glance, in travelling, passed over the group of marble-players in the yard. After a moment he said softly, as he pressed more closely to his breast the baby she had laid in his arms:

"I wouldn't say that, Dorothy, if I were you. It is no sin to play marbles, and it is a sin to gamble."

At his words the bright eyes came from the little crowd of men and boys to the old man, and at sight of his white head and tranquil countenance her face lost its young hardness. She hesitated a moment, with softer words fluttering in her throat for utterance, but turned to the open door with them unspoken. As she entered the room into which the door lead, she paused and looked over it slowly, the while the frown deepened on her white brow. It might have been a beautiful and restful room; instead it was an ugly one, and consequently it was disturbing, even to her who had fashioned it. The walls were covered with light, large-flowered paper, the woodwork was painted red, a cheap Brussels carpet was on the floor; the curtains were a poor imitation of lace, *the pictures were travesties on Nature;*

the parlor set was hard to the touch and ungainly to the eye, while the bright-colored pillows and scarfs that ornamented the chairs and sofa were distracting. The only really good and agreeable article in the room was the grandfather's old chair, into which the young woman, after her disapproving survey, sank with a bitter little sigh.

She was scarcely twenty years of age, and had been a wife for three years. Her father was a well-to-do farmer, and under his roof she had enjoyed to its fullest the care-free life of the average country girl. Being disposed to give his only daughter the advantage of a higher education than that afforded by the district school, he had sent her to a convent academy in an adjoining county, but the discipline exacted by the nuns, and the continual absence from home, with its quiet happiness, were distasteful to her; and after a year's trial her dissatisfaction increased. Her father's ambition, backed by a will that insisted on obedience to his authority, would have proven an insurmountable obstacle if Maurice Reed had not appeared in the character of a suitor. He needed a wife; she did not want to go back to the convent; and as her father did not think he should interfere with what he regarded as the manifest destiny of all women, and had no great objection to the son of an old neighbor, Dorothy Bryan's Gordian knot was easily cut.

Besides, she loved young Reed with the fervor and imagination of seventeen. He was handsome, well-bred, and while not as comfortable as her father, he *was*

able to care for a wife and had the future before him. He was an only child, and his father owned a small farm not far from Livingston. His occupation had been that of a trader in cattle, in which he had gained a fair competence without sacrificing his honesty. He had educated his son, who for several years had filled the position of teacher in the schools of the county. Then, seemingly without any reason for his action, Maurice had abandoned his profession, and had taken up the occupation of his father. In the course of time he married and installed his girl-bride in his father's house.

This home, which she was regarding with such dissatisfaction, had been for ten years without a mistress when she came to rule it, and the taste of Maurice's mother, as shown by manner of furnishing her house, did not accord with that of her young successor. If the old man felt any pain as he beheld the familiar time-tinted walls and ceiling hidden, the once prized woollen carpet and muslin curtains disappearing, the quaint old furniture giving place to the gaudy parlor set, he made no sign; for which forbearance the observant son blessed him in his heart.

"The child must succeed the parent—it is nature's plan," he said, on the occasion that Maurice broke the silence in which the one yielded to, the other helped bring about, the great change. "I am glad, however," he added, with a soft twinkle in his comprehending eyes, "that I am left my armchair. I don't believe I could enjoy my pipe in any of the new ones."

As she sat in his chair this Sabbath morning and surveyed the room with which in those first days she had been so highly pleased, unrest began to gnaw more savagely at her young heart.

"I don't like it! I think I hate it!" she cried to herself. "And yet, what's the matter with it? The paper-hanger

told me that all the new houses have that style of paper. The curtains are pretty. This carpet looks nice on other people's floors. I am sure the set is good for we paid enough for it. Yet it's all hideous—except father's chair. And father is the only beautiful thing in my life—and the baby," she added quickly, with a fierce clutching of maternal love at her heart, making her half spring up and fly to where he lay in the old man's arms; but the feeling passed quickly, and as the nervous hands began to fold creases in the stiff gingham apron, she thought:

"I meant it! I'd rather know that he spent his days in the pool-rooms than see him down there on his knees playing marbles. I hate it! It's the way all the shiftless country louts spend their Sunday mornings. I can remember that as a little girl, squeezed in the seat of the buggy between mamma and papa on our way to church, it made me feel angry to see the boys and young men playing marbles in the yards before the shanties along the road. And that my husband should do the selfsame thing! What pleasure is there in it? Why doesn't he read the paper? I would even rather see him reading the books, although for a man that is only one degree better than playing marbles! Why isn't he like other men? Mr. Schmidt or Mr. Nelson?"

As the last name crossed her mind the supple, beautiful figure seemed to wilt, and something like despair came in and sat on her fair face as memory repeated a paragraph from the society column of the paper, which told that among the guests at a recent entertainment given at a fashionable club-house was Mrs. Thomas Nelson, who, as Aurelia Eddenbrock, had been Mrs. Reed's playmate and girlhood friend. Poorer than her friend and less attractive, Aurelia evinced more wisdom by leaving the country, with its limited possibilities, and going

to town, where eventually she had married a lawyer. This much her former friend knew; her imagination, aided by the insignificant mention of her name in the long list of guests at the entertainment, supplied the rest. It showed her an elegant home, fashionable friends, beautiful gowns, and life a whirl of pleasure—all due to the energy and ambition of the lawyer-husband. Imagine him down on his knees playing marbles with a company of half-grown country fellows! She smiled bitterly at the thought, and then the hard scorn came back to her face.

She was eminently better fitted to hold a position in society than Aurelia. She was one to the manner born, while Aurelia was the descendant of poor German peasants; and that she, solely on the merits of her husband, should easily rise so far above her early friend, whose right was unquestionable, and whose days were being passed in the monotonous round of domesticity, made the slow tears rise from her hot heart and creep down her round cheeks. She saw now that she had, in her young impatience, crossed her own destiny, and in that moment, while the knowledge was fresh and painful, she reproached her father that he had permitted her to follow her undisciplined inclinations to a result that was final. Life, as far as she was an individual being with its own quest to follow, was over for her. She was inseparably bound up in the life of her husband and could rise no higher than he should rise; and, sitting there in his father's old chair, with the sunshine streaming unheeded on the new Brussels carpet and the blue velvet of the parlor set, she realized that he had reached the high-water mark of his career. He was a good judge of cattle and could forecast the market change tolerably well, the result of which knowledge yielded him a good living; higher ambitions he had none. Through her tears

she gazed on her life and saw it stretching before her, a narrow, quiet path, without a turn or twist to leave room for a hope of the unexpected. And she had deliberately chosen this way when another had been pointed out to her!

Was she regretting her marriage? She sat upright in the old chair and the hot blood surged into her face, while the wifely affection and fidelity which the fervid and imaginative young love had developed rose up to defend her against the aspersions. It threw a flashlight on the past; the riches of wifehood and motherhood shone with a new beauty, and her heart went down before them. She felt all her being claiming him as the first of all good that might, or might not, have come to her, and she was assured in that moment that destiny held nothing more desired than to be his wife and the mother of their child.

Had she risen then and made that moment her guide, this story should not have been written. Instead, she permitted herself to fall from its exaltation. She did not regret her marriage with Maurice, oh, no! and she dwelt tenderly on the days of their courtship and the quiet happiness of their married life. But did not Aurelia have those things also? If Maurice were ambitious he would not be the less kind and faithful husband; if they were rich she would not be the less true and loving wife and mother. But this would never be. He would follow in the footsteps of his father. They were an easy-going race, just saved from being thriftless, like the majority of their neighbors, by the saving grace of the spirit of industry, which probably had been inherited from a line of energetic mothers. She thought of those other women who had been the wives of those men, some of whom had sat in this very room, tortured perhaps by her pain. What had they done? Evidently nothing but bear the burden in silence and look to their sons for

what they had failed to find in their husbands. But how did they bear their disappointment when they saw their sons falling into their fathers' ways? the hot young heart questioned of the unknown women. Again imagination supplied the answer, and she saw their silent lips and folded hands, and the light of hope still unquenched in their dead faces.

The clock struck. It was new, too, and its pert voice seemed as discordant as the walls and the furniture. As she gazed on its small, insolent face, her thoughts went fondly to the old clock that had stood on the mantelpiece when she had come here as a bride; broad and cheerful was its face, with its long slender hands and Roman figures; slowly moved the shining round pendulum, and soft as the music of memory was its tone as it announced the solemn fact that another of the brief hours of time had been gathered into the storehouse of eternity. Again she thought of those other wives whose eyes used to rest on the old clock until it had gleaned from them their heart's story, giving in return she knew not what words of strength and courage; and she said:

"I shall bring back the old clock to-morrow." Then she rose wearily from her chair to look after the dinner, which was cooking in the big kitchen.

It was a warm day, although so early in April, and when an hour later the food was spread, hot and appetizing, on the table, Dorothy's spirits were low and her temper had risen correspondingly.

"Call them to dinner," she said, briefly, to her father-in-law, and turned immediately from the front door.

"Come to dinner, boys," said the old man in his genial tones, rising as he spoke to carry the sleeping child and lay him in his cradle. At the word, several of the young marble-players sprang up, and after declining the invitation, which was repeated by Maurice, started toward their homes. Two remained, cousins of their host, who had come from another

township to spend the day. Maurice, broad of shoulder and kind of face, led the way into the house and through it to the back porch, where water and towels were awaiting them preparatory to the enjoyment of the meal which the woman had spent the greater part of the morning in preparing. Like the other apartments, the dining-room was large, and as Maurice's funds had failed before his wife's innovating hands had reached it, it possessed all the charm of an unspoiled old room; but this charm was lost in the atmosphere thrown over the place by the half-angry, wholly resentful wife. She greeted her guests with a coldness which they, being young, failed to observe, but which was painfully noticed by Maurice, and which grated into the heart of the old man. It made Maurice deeply attentive to his guests, but his father gave no outward indication that he saw anything amiss. He was glad, however, when the crying of the child gave Dorothy the welcomed excuse to leave her company entirely to their host.

II.

The next morning Maurice rose early. It was "court-day" in an adjoining county, where his business as a cattle-buyer called him. He dressed noiselessly, so as not to disturb his wife, who he knew had spent a restless night, coming with starts out of the fitful spells of sleep. As for himself, he had lain throughout its length in deep but quiet thought. As he reached the door of the bedroom, he paused and looked back at the sleeping mother and the child in its cradle by her side, and went forth with a dazed look on his strong, handsome face. As he was passing the kitchen, on his way to the barn to feed his horse, the red glow of the stove and the singing teakettle stopped him. He paused at the door, watching his father measuring out the coffee, and his lagged

mind went back to boyhood years, when his mother used to stand there preparing their breakfast. Did she ever have bad days and nights, he wondered, recalling her calm, steadfast countenance? Or was she perfectly contented to pass her life by the side of her plodding husband? Yes, the old man was a plodder! Otherwise, with the many opportunities of the earlier generation, he would have been wealthy instead of being the owner of only a petty hundred acres of hilly land, part of which was scarcely worth the tax paid for it. His father turned from the table to the stove, and meeting his eyes, the face of the son lighted with a smile of rare tenderness.

"You shouldn't have done this, father," he said. "I could have gotten my breakfast in Altmont."

"I was awake and might as well be up," said the father. "Bring the cream and butter as you come from the spring-house."

"I wonder if he had a sleepless night, too?" thought the young man, as he strode toward the stable.

They talked in snatches during the light breakfast that followed, for each read on the other's face a question neither durst to ask, and they were conscious of the relief when the moment of parting came.

"You'll be home early, Maurice?" asked the father, anxiously.

"Can't say, father," he replied. "Tell Dorothy not to wait for me. If I am late, I shall have supper on the way."

"All right. Be good to yourself, son," said the old man cheerfully as Maurice rode off.

The young April day was breaking and the land, glowing under the beauty of springtide, was good to look on, but the young man rode through it with bent head and unseeing eyes. In his thirtieth year, he had begun to look upon himself as settled, and knew now that he had been contented. Only once before had he been roused out of him-

self to make a demand of life; had it been granted—

He lifted his head, and swept the landscape with an eye eagle-like in its swift and certain glance. There were youth, then, and strength, and untouched hope; and, back of all, as the fountain of all, a great, sustaining and inspiring love. The man having those can mount to any height; could you blame the man who, having beheld them as his own, and having lost them, found the desire for endeavor slipping from him? He had not lost everything, because of his father. One could never lapse into despair who had that stalworth friend by his side; and so the ambition to be a greater man than his father was converted into the desire to be as good a man as his father. After that he had married.

"I thought I made the right choice," he said to himself, looking between the ears of his horse as it carried him under the boughs of the tall sycamores. "A man ought to marry," he continued, arguing the matter as he had done all the night previously. "He owes it to himself, to woman and the country. It seems to me that it is his next duty to God, after acknowledging Him and loving Him. I don't know that he is excused from this because he met the woman he could best love and honor too late, so long as he does not demand more of his wife than he can give. This I never did. I should never ask any woman to love me as—*as she did*. Dorothy doesn't. It isn't in her nature to love deeply—not even her child. I knew that when first I met her, and when she talked that way about not wanting to go to school, that a woman did not need the higher education to make a man's house happy and comfortable, that her father was interfering with her nature in thrusting her into a sphere for which she had no liking, that only in the home could she be contented,—when I heard all this, I felt that

I could give her as much as she desired. And—I made a mistake!"

He rode on for several miles, his mind held by the sorrowful thought.

"She is a beautiful woman," he said to himself when his mind began to work again. "I never realized how beautiful until I saw her standing there by father yesterday morning, with that scorn of me in her face because I took part in the game. Heavens! I wonder if she thinks I like to play marbles!" and an amiable laugh broke up the set shadow on his face. "It wasn't the marbles that caused it. They were the last straw. And I thought her contented and happy all along! I suppose the driver didn't know the camel was overloaded until its back broke. Either men are blind fools or women are arch-hypocrites. And now, what am I going to do?"

Again he paused, while his mind re-threshed the old thoughts of the night before. He could not continue his present mode of life, that was evident. He had vowed to make this woman happy in her wifehood, and he knew it was his duty to fulfil that vow. She wanted something he had not given her. It was then he asked if marriage is justifiable for any reason but love. Had he loved her as his type of manhood was capable of loving, had she been the woman who could have bound his soul to hers, he would not now be asking himself what he would do to make his wife happy and contented, since she would have been that supremely.

"She's a beautiful woman," he repeated, "and should have the setting her beauty demands. She should have beautiful gowns, rich jewels, and be where these would give her joy in the wearing. How warm she looked after cooking the dinner! And the baby must be dreadfully worrying—crying and fretting, and forever needing her to watch him when he isn't asleep. I am beginning to learn now what men owe to their mothers. But what can I do?"

His head again sunk on his breast.

The day was well advanced when Maurice reached Altmont, for he had ridden slowly. As he entered the town, with its familiar crowd of country people, buying and selling or simply loafing, he experienced a swift contraction of heart, knowing he must soon make himself a stranger to such scenes. He had enjoyed his occupation, bringing him as it did into such close touch with his fellow men, affording him opportunity for a more constant study of human nature—a study which had originated in the reading of a little shelf of strange books, some of which the other woman had given to him, others which she had left to him in dying. There was old 'Squire Watson, shrewd in a trade as a Greek, and, like a Greek, a true philosopher. In a note-book in Maurice's pocket were set down many of the 'Squire's aphorisms, some of which would not have discredited "Poor Richard," while his wit was as mellow as the brown cider he liked so well. The 'Squire had caught sight of the new-comer, and disengaging himself from the crowd that usually surrounded him, he came forward with a welcoming light in his shrewd eyes.

"Late again, Maurice!" he ejaculated. "That's what your father never was. Never got to town in my life Ed. Reed wasn't before me. You've missed some good calves Daily brought in, although as the other fellow hasn't left, maybe you can get 'em yet."

"Why didn't you buy them, 'Squire, if they were so fine?" asked Maurice, swinging one leg over the pommel of the saddle and resting an elbow on it; but he kept the posture only a minute, for he suddenly recollected Dorothy's scornful face.

"Didn't want 'em," returned the 'Squire.

"Neither do I," rejoined Maurice. "Indeed, 'Squire, I only came in to-day

from force of habit. I am thinking of quitting the business."

"The devil you are!" exclaimed the 'Squire. He took off his broad-brimmed hat, and removing a red handkerchief from its crown, proceeded to mop his flushed brow, while under the shelter it afforded him he scrutinized the younger man. He noted the paleness of the face and the troubled eyes, and it disturbed his good-nature. He divined that something had gone terribly wrong to make this change in the genial, even-tempered Maurice, and though he was consumed by curiosity, he refrained from direct question.

"There is no money in it," remarked Maurice, feeling that some explanation was due to his old friend after the confession.

"Your father always managed to make a living and a good one," continued the 'Squire.

"Oh, yes," assented Maurice, adding, "but don't you think, 'Squire, we ought to get more out of our work than a mere living?"

"Oh! we ought to stew and fret, and shorten our lives, to make money for our children to send them to the devil, I suppose!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully. "No, sir! I don't want anything more from my work than a good living for me and my wife. Let the children earn the wealth if they want it. I gave the four of them a better start than my daddy gave me, and I tried to teach them some common sense. If they profit by it, there'll be nobody accusing them of leaving 'tainted money,' I tell you! And there won't be any newspaper talk about preachers refusing to accept their money, for they won't ever have such a surplus on hand. This country is money mad, and that, not race-suicide, is what is going to send it to destruction," and the 'Squire emphasized his prophecy by *slapping* Maurice on the knee, making *the horse start and quiver*.

"Money is a rather good thing to have," said Maurice, dreamily, his eyes resting on the crowds of men and animals. "Another thing, 'Squire," he said, bringing his eyes back swiftly to his listener's face—and the old man noticed how strangely they glowed under the new thought—"do you think we have a right to buy and sell these creatures?"

The 'Squire looked at him, dumb-founded.

"Have we a right," he continued, "to traffic in flesh and blood, because it happens to be in a lower scale of being than ourselves? Do you not think that we have advanced far enough to have left behind us our carnivorous appetites? Do you not think that because we are still slaves to this appetite for flesh and blood is why we are being held back, making us still the victims of passions that we should have outgrown, as the horse has outgrown its wildness, the dog its ferocity? Do you think if we did not war upon the lower animals we should war upon each other?"

"I don't think anything about such darned nonsense!" exclaimed the 'Squire, recovering from his surprise. "As long as nature wishes the weasel to prey on the rabbit, the hawk on the chickens, and the chickens on the bugs and worms, I intend to enjoy my roast pork and beefsteak."

"But is the soul of man no higher, no tenderer, no wiser, than the soul of Nature?" questioned Maurice, and had his hearer been possessed of finer intuition he would have found in the words and on the thoughtful face the key to a soul none, as yet, had found.

"I tell you I think all this nonsense," replied the old man. "Is this why you are going to quit trading?"

"No," said Maurice, and though his tones were quiet, the 'Squire saw the red creep into his brow. "We don't always follow our convictions," he added; "sometimes we can't. We are too intimately bound up with the oppos-

ing minds of others." Then, recollecting his listener, he continued: "I want to put up my horse. I shall see you later, 'Squire."

As he rode on, the old man took off his hat and again had recourse to the soothing influence of his red handkerchief.

"Shouldn't be surprised if it isn't that wife of his that's bothering the young fellow. She is too uppish in her notions for a man like Maurice. He never ought to have left his school-teaching," and with the wise reflection, he turned to his friends.

Maurice mingled with the people as was his wont, but he bought no cattle that day. He lingered in the town until the afternoon was well spent. For once in his life he shrank from turning his face homeward. Again he met the 'Squire, who invited him to join him in a drink before parting. Indifferently, Maurice entered the saloon, half-filled with a crowd of men. The atmosphere was heavy with the fumes of tobacco and the odor of liquor. The attendants looked tired and cross, but the proprietor stood in his place, bland and smiling. Maurice was never a patron of the saloon; he had never been in this one, and the scene it presented filled him with disgust. When he lifted his eyes from the men to the walls, he turned to the 'Squire, and observed:

"Don't you think we are bestial enough without setting those pictures before our eyes to help to sink us lower?"

"Well, now, I've been coming here for years, and I never saw them till to-day," replied the 'Squire. "Say, Aleck," he called to the proprietor, "when did you put up those pictures?"

"Why, 'Squire, it's been so long ago, I've forgotten," replied he, easily.

"If you take my advice, you'll get 'em down as soon as you can," returned the old man.

"Ho! 'Squire, have you joined the Young Men's Christian Association?" cried the proprietor.

"No, but I believe in being decent," rejoined the 'Squire, and without further word turned his attention to his companion. As they stood at the bar, Maurice sipping and the 'Squire quaffing deeply, a man threw down a bill of large denomination in payment for the liquor he and a friend had consumed. The proprietor carelessly took up a small sack, such as holds flour for poor people, and leisurely proceeded to count out from it the change.

"Did you take all that money to-day, Aleck?" inquired the 'Squire, whose sharp eyes missed nothing.

"Pretty nearly," returned Aleck.

"And the day isn't over yet," observed the man who was waiting for his change.

"And this isn't the only saloon in town," observed another.

"Nor the best, by a jugful!" commented his friend, who was evidently dissatisfied with the liquor or the company.

"It's good enough for those who are wanted here," announced the proprietor, his red face showing an alarming increase of color. Maurice was watching the scene indifferently when the 'Squire turned to him and said, in low tones:

"If you want a money-making business, why don't you buy out a saloon in Livingston. By doggie! that reminds me! Al Smith's widow is anxious to sell out. Her husband died about a month ago; she doesn't want to carry it on herself, and she can't trust the clerks. When Al was in good health, it was one of the best patronized in town. His home was a fine brick on Upper Street, and his wife and children were the best dressed in the town. Besides that, Al was a politician and helped to keep things running. Yes, sir, if I were a young man and wanted to get rich in a

hurry, I should by all means buy a saloon."

"Would you give that advice to one of your own sons, 'Squire?" asked Maurice, a slow anger in his dark eyes.

"If I had a son who was anxious to get rich without being willing to work and wait for his riches, I most certainly should advise him to enter the saloon business," observed the 'Squire. "Great wealth, made in a few years, is always dishonestly acquired; and if a man's going to act dishonestly, he might as well take the easiest and quickest way."

Maurice turned abruptly and quitted the saloon, the 'Squire following slowly.

"I don't agree with you, 'Squire," he said, as they reached the pavement and stood for a few minutes before parting. "I think wealth can be accumulated honestly."

"It depends on what you call wealth, and your notion of honesty," returned the old man.

"And so," said Maurice, laughing, "it is all a matter of the individual conscience?"

"Precisely," he replied, drawing out his big silver watch. "To me, wealth is everything beyond a comfortable home, a good living and a few thousand dollars in the bank for a man when he's old or for his wife, should he die; and it would be dishonest for me to make my living as Aleck is making his. But, you know, I am only old 'Squire Watson, and you are young Maurice Reed. New times bring new men, and new men have new ideas. I must be off if I want to get home before milking time. Good luck to you, my boy!" and he passed on, leaving Maurice alone with his perplexed mind.

A little later he, too, was riding from the town, but he went at a snail's pace; and as he was carried along the smooth road, he seemed to see a long sack of money, the earnings of one day in a *small town*. Why should he not buy *Mr. Smith's saloon in Livingston*? At

the question his soul recoiled. He become a saloon-keeper! Why not? presently he questioned himself. Who was he, that he should regard with this scorn a means of acquiring the wealth for which all mankind was struggling? But it was sinful, a voice within persisted. Wherein lay the sin in this, more than in other methods of gaining riches? Is the man who hands out a glass of whiskey worse than the man who sells adulterated food, inferior cloth, or a diseased calf? Was the man who made profit on a barrel of whiskey worse than the man who made profit on the labor of little children, weak women, and toil-worn men? Was Aleck, with his bag of money made by selling whiskey, a greater sinner than the proprietor of the tobacco factory, with his big bank account made from the unpaid toil of the children and men whom he employed? Indeed, the former was less culpable, for his customers were such of their own free will, while the employees of the latter were such from necessity. He told himself he was not defending the saloon-keeper. Why should he, who would rather spend his days under the contempt of his wife than become one? He only wanted to prove to his own mind that public opinion was wrong when it called the liquor traffic iniquitous and extolled the profit system of modern commercialism. Furthermore, if the liquor traffic is a menace to health and morals, it is a legalized menace; and the government that permits the iniquity and is largely maintained by it, and not the man who pays dearly for his privilege to retail the commodity, should bear the brunt of the blame. The government and the millionaire distiller and brewer, and not Aleck, cooped up in a foul-smelling little bar-room, are the sinners. It was neither charitable nor logical to attribute sin to Aleck for selecting the easiest way to acquire wealth, and praise the business talent of

the distiller who made it possible for Aleck to commit evil.

"But," he thought, lifting his head and looking toward the sunset sky, "doubtless the 'Squire is right; it is the way a man looks at things. Unfortunately, the great majority have been trained to look at the business of the saloon-keeper as wrong and the business of the distiller as right, and not until we have a Father Matthew for the latter class may we hope for a readjustment of the lenses."

Now that he was alone in the solemn country, the thoughts of yesterday and last night came up and again filled his mind. They brought to him the conviction that it would be impossible to continue to live the old life with the knowledge of Dorothy's dissatisfaction. He no longer asked himself what should he do, but rather what could he do? To go back to school-teaching would reduce their income; moreover, he knew that, were it more lucrative, he could never again adopt that once loved profession. It was fraught with memories which his peace of mind and his fidelity to his wife demanded should not be disturbed. There was no more money in farming than in trading. It was money he wanted, and as he had not the incentive to work for this, he looked in vain for a way to acquire it speedily, that she might enjoy it while she was young and beautiful.

"If I were lucky, I could take her at her word and turn gambler," he thought, and in spite of himself his heart grew bitter. It was wrong to feel that way toward her, he knew. As he could not sympathize with her desire for a fuller, more exciting life, neither should he expect her to sympathize with his love for the quiet paths. He had refused from the first to reason this matter out; the fact was sufficient that his wife was dissatisfied in the home to which he had brought her. It was his duty to take her to a place where she could find that

which would give her happiness. The things that money could secure would do this. By one of the freaks of memory, he again heard the 'Squire's voice as it told of the beautiful home and the rich attire the late Mr. Smith had been able to give his wife. Again the question presented itself—why should he not buy the saloon? What better was he than Aleck or the hundreds of other men thus engaged? What had he planned for life but to follow in the footsteps of his father? It was a beautiful way he knew, and gladly would he have gone it alone or with a sympathetic companion; but it would be unbearable now, feeling that he was dragging after him his wife as a victim to the irrevocableness of the tie that bound them.

"I suppose it is the best thing I can do," he said slowly, while pain came into his heart. He stopped his horse, and looking across the country, realized how fondly he loved it. The April twilight was on the land. In the woods, not far away, the fond birds were planning. On a hillside the sheep and their lambs made a patch of white. The vale through which the road ran suggested, in its quiet beauty, a sleeping maiden. In the distance, gleaming among its blooming orchards, was a farmhouse where he knew a happy family dwelt. For generations this land on which he gazed had belonged to them, son succeeding father, as the lambs would lie next year where now their mothers slept, and the unhatched birds sing soft and low, as now their parents were singing. It was the natural order, and yet had he not said that very day that man must be superior to Nature? How our philosophy mocks us when the application must be personal! As thus he sat, he thought of his father. There would be no opposition from him, he knew. Perhaps the old man, who saw so far into the state of affairs, would, for the sake of others, even sanction the step; but his son knew what a struggle must first

be made with firmly rooted principles or, perhaps, prejudices, before the commendation would become a mental one. A total abstainer himself, how could he give his blessing to his son, engaged in work that he regarded as unholy?

"Must I bring you to this sorrow, father?" his heart said, and something like a tear moistened his eyes. Yet if one must suffer through him, were it not better it should be the old man, who loved and understood, than the young woman who did neither? And his father had the child; there was that great comfort, and Maurice felt a swift gratitude to the wife who had brought that supreme joy into the old man's heart.

"She deserves our sacrifice!" he said, solemnly, lifting his eyes to the beautiful sky, in which the evening star gleamed. "Yes, the sacrifice even of our lives, if it were necessary. If she approves of it, I shall go to Livingston to-morrow and make arrangements to buy the saloon." Then he rode on, having shut forever, as he thought, the door on his true nature.

An hour later he was in the sitting-room, staring blankly at the old clock on the mantelpiece.

"She took a notion for it to-day," explained his father, "and so I set it up for her. It is actually like meeting an old friend to see it there again. It is foolish the way we become attached to those things."

Maurice turned away, and taking up the child, sat down on the hard, plush-covered sofa. What were all the wrenches the old heart had felt because of his son's wife compared with the one that was to come? He said nothing that night, nor the next day; but as they stood the following evening at the pasture bars, watching the calves feeding, the son began:

"Father, Dorothy is dissatisfied with her life here—or with me—which is it?"

"It is with you," said the old man, *with the beautiful truth* which the son

knew would not fail him in the crucial hour.

"And I can not be different from what I am here," said Maurice.

"I have thought it would be better for you to make a change," he said, slowly; "life is so much longer for a woman than for a man."

"Is there anything you can suggest?" asked Maurice, quickly.

"I suppose you would not care to teach?" he said.

"No," said Maurice, decisively. "There is a good business opening in Livingston," he added.

His father regarded him silently, and it seemed to the son he feared to ask the next question; so Maurice said, quietly:

"I know you will not approve of it, but it is all there is for me to do, and there will be plenty of money. You know what it is?"

The old man bowed his head, and his son turned away from the sight of it. It was an endless moment; then he was aware that his father was looking at him.

"Maurice, you must not," he said, faintly. "There must be something else."

"There is nothing else," said Maurice. "And if there were," he continued, "would it be any better? It might be more respectable if we could buy up a distillery or factory, but would it be more honest? What is the difference between taking a dollar of a man's money in the saloon and a dollar's worth of his work in the factory? The whiskey does not destroy any more of his life and strength than does the unpaid work."

"I see you have argued the question out, although I am not convinced that you have done so to your own satisfaction," said the old man, gently, and then another silence fell.

"Maurice," said the father, "it ought not to be. Will you make drunkards of other men's sons. Think of your boy!"

"God help me! I can't think of the

boy, I can only think of the mother," cried Maurice. "She wants what I can not give her here, what I can not even give her elsewhere; at least, not as soon as she will want them. She must not have to wait."

"I think she would be willing," said the father, gently. "If she thought that you were working for her—"

"Father," said the young man in a hoarse voice, while his face paled, "don't you understand it isn't in me to do that?—and she must have something to turn her mind from me, lest she might ever discover that. My God! I think that would drive a woman mad—a young woman, at least. You know she was so young when she married. It would look as if I took an advantage of her ignorance—she might think I deceived her—I may have done so; but—I deceived myself more."

The confession was wrung from him, and the father heard it, trembling in every limb, for he remembered how he had urged his son to marry this girl.

"Say no more, Maurice," he cried, "for I can not help you. Do your duty, my boy, as you see it. Neither God nor man can expect more of us."

As he spoke he turned, and walking to the house, entered the room where the child lay asleep in the cradle. He fell on his knees and prayed aloud in his sorrow:

"O God! if what he meditates is wrong, let the punishment fall on me, his father, and not upon this innocent child. Spare it, for the sake of Thy Son, Who was once as helpless and weak to protect Himself as this little baby. I urged my boy to marry, although I felt his heart was buried with the other woman. Not he, not that poor girl, nor this child, merits punishment, but I, who brought about the conditions that make this action possible, if not necessary."

Long he knelt there in miserable thought, relieved at intervals by fervent prayer. Finally the child awoke, and as

he stooped over the cradle and lifted it from the pillow, the great calm in which his days had been spent returned to him. Perhaps there was a purpose for good working behind this seeming evil; and he felt that his prayer for the child would be heard.

Dorothy had twice called her husband to supper and still he stood, unheeding, by the pasture bars.

"I don't know what has come over Maurice," she complained to her father-in-law. "He has been standing there for half an hour, while I had to carry in the wood and take a hundred steps that he might have saved me; and now, after cooking the supper, I can't get him to come in and eat it."

Dorothy was on the verge of tears, and the father hastened to bring up the neglectful husband. As he fulfilled his mission, he felt that Maurice could not too soon put his intentions into execution, for the wife was passing through an ordeal that was proving a strain on their marital felicity. He felt relieved when, at the end of the meal, Maurice told her of his project. It was gently worded; one of keener intellect than she would not have suspected that the intention was recently formed or that the step from the old life to the new had been hastily taken. She listened in entranced silence. When his voice ceased, she clasped her brown, hard, little hands over her breast, and cried:

"O Maurice! This is too good to be true!" Her eyes had passed from her husband to his father, and something in his face fell like a stone on her heart. "But father! He may—won't be happy in town!"

"Yes, my dear, I shall," he replied. "I could not but be happy with you and Maurice and the baby. Then I can go to Mass every Sunday, and every day, too, for that matter; and when a man is as old as I am, he ought to be where he can look after the affairs of his soul!"

(To be continued.)

Where Art and Nature Smile

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

THE highway which connects Rome with the valley of the Po traverses the Umbrian plains of Terni and Spoleto and then ascends the valley of the Tevere and Chiascio, until it reaches its culminating point on the Apennines," writes a traveller, and this road was the ancient Via Flaminia, built in 220 B. C. by the Censor Caius Flaminius so that the Romans might command the district of the Po, which had been torn from Gaul. It is little frequented to-day owing to the superior railways, which appeal to modern hurry, yet the traveller who loves the out-of-the-way bit of nature, as yet unspoiled, should seek some of these quaint Umbrian towns, Spoleto or Terni.

Spoleto, the ancient Spoletium, was a Roman colony in 242 B. C., in 217 bravely repelling the attack of Hannibal, after the battle of Trasimene, as Livy relates. Becoming a Roman Municipium, it was rent in twain by the civil wars of Marius and Sulla, and later suffered bitterly at the hands of the Gothic hordes.

In 570 A. D., the Lombard dukes formed a duchy at Spoleto, under Faroald and Ariolf, which duchy flourished bravely. After the fall of the Carolingians, one of the Spoletans, Duke Guido, attained the dignity of Emperor, followed by his son Lamberto. Under Pope Innocent III the city was made one of the Papal States, but, alas! surrendered to the Piedmontese on September 18, 1860, after a brave defense under the gallant Major O'Reilly.

In these few short sentences one may *tell the story of this Umbrian town*, yet

what wonderful tales and adventures lie within the simple facts!—What romance lurks in those narrow streets, ending oftenest in a cul-de-sac, the walls of the houses covered with coats of arms and old Roman inscriptions, so close that leaning from the narrow windows, the Spoletan Montague could touch the hands of his fair Capulet.

From these narrow slits of windows bright eyes gleam to-day as in the old Guelphic times, or one catches a glimpse of an interior, quaint and dark with age, a crucifix upon the wall, an old face sweet with toil and patience, the lips moving, as old and work-worn hands slip gently o'er the beloved beads. They are simple, holy souls, these Spoletan women, in manner gracious and gentle, each seeming to have in her mien some fair legacy of the stately Umbrian dames of those medieval days when the men of this city of Our Lady revered all women for the sake of "Il Jesu's" sweet Mother Mary.

Between the houses often arch little bridgeways, and exquisitely lovely are the scenes of which one catches glimpses; of soft, terra-cotta tiled roofs, of fertile fields and valleys green, perhaps of climbing mountain path bordered with ilex, pine and olive. The town is built upon the steep slopes of the hill, which is crowned by the old castle where O'Reilly made his last stand against such fearful odds, and to it the streets wind up like stair steps through the fine Porta d'Annibale—commemorating Hannibal's defeat, and called also Porta della Fuga—to the Piazza. What Italian town does not boast its Piazza! And what gayety and light focuses upon this city square, scene

esta" and combat! Beyond is the mo, the Cathedral of Santa Maria nta, erected by Duke Theodelapius 17. Its thirteenth century facade five symmetric arches with antique nns, at each side a stone pulpit. ve the entrance is an exquisite rose ow of very old stained-glass in hues h rival those of Orvieto, and which f twentieth century progress seems le to equal. Indeed,

the windows blaze
forms of saints and holy men who died,
martyred and hereafter glorified."

ove this is a large mosaic from the d hand of Solsernus, 1207, repre- ng Our Lord with the Blessed Vir- nd St. John. Within the cathedral he famous frescoes of Fra Filippo i, better artist than man, the An- iation, Incarnation of Our Lord, Death of Our Lady, her Assumption Coronation, all in Fra Filippo's us golden color. His gentle little nnas are always the same, t and girlish, with sweet pathetic and graceful draperies, with filmy : head-dresses such as adorned the entine women of his day. More ing than devotional are these fres-

but they are so badly damaged as use one to suspend judgment as is genius until studying elsewhere nanner. The Spoletans, however, seen them in the heyday of their ing hues, and they felt no doubt t the genuineness of the artist n their gates, and did him honor. re he died in 1469, it is said by n, administered, if all the tale be in a not remarkable spirit of re- e, considering his sins and the in- tion of the Italians of that day to : personal application of the Scrip- quotation, "Vengeance is mine, the Lord."

e admiring Spoletans, however, to overlook his vices for the sake s art, and they protested volubly

when Lorenzi di Medici demanded that his body be sent to Florence, whence he had come.

"Spoleto has few art treasures," said the Chapter, "let us keep this painter forever," and the complaisant Lorenzi not only consented, but himself built a fine tomb for Filippo in the Duomo at Spoleto.

Besides the cathedral there are a few churches of special interest, the most remarkable thing about them in the way of architecture being their assimilation of Roman remains. Ancient columns stand in St. Andrea and San Guiliano, and fragments of a temple of Concordia are welded into the walls of the Chiesa del Crosofisso.

An old Roman ruin of the palace of Theodoric is most picturesque, moss and lichen grown, and here one comprehends why the poet apostrophises Italy as:

"The garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, an ' Nature can decree,
E'en in thy desert. what is like to thee?
The very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fert lity,
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruins graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be
defaced."

Above everything else interest centers in the superb Aqueduct della Torre, built by Theodelapius, third duke of Spoleto, in 604. Viewed from the fortress above the old city gates and wall, the aqueduct is a marvellous piece of masonry, two hundred and ninety feet high, two hundred and thirty-one feet long, and the gigantic structure spans a ravine two hundred and seventy feet deep between Spoleto and the Monte Luco, and serves as a bridge to unite the two. Built of brick, it is an imposing structure resting upon ten arches; midway in its course a window grants a most glorious view of all the surrounding country. To the left, upon a wooded height, is the beautiful monastery of San Guiliano, beneath, San Pietro, and a

glimpse of the Capuchin monastery hidden behind the dense foliage of the mighty trees. Above slopes Monte Luco, densely wooded, and ascending the slope, one is repaid by the glories of nature which burst upon the sight in a scene which combines all the grandeur of the Pyrenees with the soft and almost tropic luxuriance of the south.

Here lies the fertile valley of the Clitumnus, with vistas of Treti, Foligno and St. Francis' beloved Assisi; be-



FORTRESS AND AQUEDUCT DELLA TORRE.

yond is Perugia, with the rocky crags of the Apennines toward Citta di Castello. At the other side loom the mountains near Spoleto, all gazing up at the king among them, snow-clad Sebiila, pure as some Alpine edelweiss, now white as chastity, now rosy with the first glance of the sun at early dawn, and now dyed deepest red with the good-night kiss, while "Spoleto, ringing the Angelus, salutes Mary, the Mother of the God Who died to save so beautiful a world."

Beyond the slopes of Monte Somma the path reaches to Terni, another Umbrian town scarce known save to those *who love Italy well enough to seek her*

hidden treasures. To Terni itself, apart from the fact that there Tacitus was born, and the Emperor Florianus, little of historical interest attaches. The town itself is a cheerful, pleasant little place, boasting an episcopal palace with the remains of an old Roman amphitheatre, a fine Palazzo Publicola, palaces of the Umbrian nobility adorned with inscriptions from old Roman days, and a beautiful promenade on the ramparts, from which one obtains a matchless view of the valley of the Nera.

But the chief reason for coming to Terni is to see the magnificent waterfalls near-by, "La Cadute della Marmore!"

A most enchanting driveway stretches from Terni to the Nera, after which one follows the high road to Rieti, past flowering gardens and olive plantations along the river valley. All along are fine views of wooded slopes, crowned with castles, and above them the rocky heights of the mountains, with Monte Somma over all.

All along the route are

the ever-present Italian beggars, importunate, yet grateful for the least "sou," and one cannot help a keen pleasure in scattering small coin plentifully, like corn to the pigeons of San Marco's, despite inward doubts as to sociological theories upon "encouraging pauperism."

Past the matchless garden of the Villa Graziani, with its orange and lemon trees, its violets and roses, shaded by the solemn cypress—in strange contrast to the frowning crags upon the heights above—the river again is reached, with its fringe of evergreen oaks. Soon one scents the damp, musty atmosphere of the falls, and the first of the wonderful

cascades bursts into view. These may be reached only by a narrow foot-path but the sight of them well repays the eager pedestrian. It is difficult to find in the Sierras, the Rockies, the Alps or the Pyrenees, anything more exquisite than the billowing, shimmering, foaming sheets of water, half seen through, half concealed by, the fringe of green where clusters the rich vegetation of the forest.

At this point the Velins empties its torrent into the Nera, and when the snows of winter come from the mountains and melt under the fierce rays of the Italian sun, a torrent dashes along which threatens to inundate the plain of the Rieti.

In the old days Marcus Curius Dentatus tried to obviate these difficulties by constructing a channel for the water, and this is in existence to the present day. Two other channels were afterwards cut, one, the Cava Gregoriana, in 1417, the other, the Cava Paolina, in 1546. The deposits of lime in the river bed became so great, however, that it constantly rose, and finding the danger to Rieti still great, Pope Clement VIII reopened the original channel in 1598, and in 1787 still another was necessary. Even to-day a fresh outlet is required, and the Velino fall is still a mooted point between the inhabitants of Rieti and those of Terni. It is to be hoped that the skill of modern engineers may be brought to bear to find some method of controlling the excess without spoiling the exquisite beauty of the scene. The practical American would promptly turn to

the question of utilizing all of that waste water, but to the beauty-loving Italian this would be a crime, unless it could be done without injury to the artistic aspect of the beautiful Umbrian falls.

Strolling along the rocky foot-path shaded by ilex and olive, amidst a wilderness of vegetation, one crosses the Nera by a natural bridge worn by the waters, which have hollowed out a channel by the force of their continued assault upon the rock. Here one can obtain a superb view of the chief fall. In the foam and spray countless beautiful rainbows are seen, and one stands speechless, holding

"Intercourse with beauty,
Old as creation, drinking in
A pure organic pleasure from the silver
wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the foaming plain
Of waters colored by o'erhanging clouds."

Quaint old Spoleto, rich in treasures of art and history, rich with the charm of peopled years of life; fair Terni, clad in the robe of Nature's loveliness,—these are two interesting bits where art and nature smile upon the rock-riven vales of Umbria.



FALLS OF TERNI.

A Narrow Margin

By MILTON E. SMITH

THE August sun never before seemed so determined to wither earth's verdure and dry up the springs as on the day Leon Cheverus plodded wearily over the road, or rather through the prairie, from Fort Whipple to Babbitts. To those who knew him as the handsome lieutenant of engineers, and who were unacquainted with his recent trials, his appearance on that day would have been a mystery. He was sick in body and mind, and cared but little what became of him, now that the court-martial had rendered a verdict dismissing him from the service for furnishing an agent of a foreign government the plans of the defences of New York. The verdict had been confirmed in Washington, and he was sent adrift without money or friends.

Four years previous to this he had graduated from West Point, and was stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York, when he was charged with the unpardonable crime for which he was cashiered. Shortly before the charges were filed, he had made application to be transferred to Arizona to the cavalry service, and it was at Fort Whipple that the court-martial was held. So completely was he crushed by the findings of the court that he immediately left the post, and started on foot to go to Babbitts, where he expected to take a train, for what place he had not the slightest idea. His only desire was to get away from his old comrades and hide himself where he would be unknown.

He was footsore and thirsty, and the scorching sun had burned his face and shoulders until he was scarcely able to walk over the road, whose white sand reflected the sun's rays with blinding effect. He finally saw in front of him a

small arroyo, lazily creeping down a low hill covered with pine and juniper trees, and rejoiced that he would soon be able to satisfy his burning thirst. At the head of the arroyo was a small spring that still defied the power of Old Sol, and sent out its refreshing waters to afford relief to the parched cattle and sheep grazing on the prairie. After partaking of the cool water, he lay down to rest until the sun had grown weary of this side of the globe and departed to light and warm the antipodes. He sank into a restless slumber, and when he woke, the moon had usurped the place of the sun, so he continued his walk, guided by a small compass, the only thing he retained that he had used in the army. As he plodded along, he tried to draw on the dark and uncertain future a chart for his guidance, but he was too deeply grieved over his dismissal from the army he loved so devotedly to intelligently think of or prepare for a new career.

In that trying hour, he had but one consolation, his religion, which taught him to at least try to bear his burden with resignation, and to trust in Providence to make his innocence known to the world. The plot that had been formed to ruin him was so skillfully conceived and executed that, notwithstanding his good reputation, he was unable to convince the court of his innocence, or even to create a reasonable doubt as to his guilt. That he had been the victim of bitter enemies he could not then establish so as to convince even his brother officers that he was wrongly accused; so there was nothing left for him to do but to go away, and under a new name earn a livelihood by hard work.

Cheverus had been a poor boy, reared on his father's farm until, through the influence of a local politician, he secured an appointment to West Point. During his entire course at the academy, he stood at the head of his class, not by his reticence and indifference to the pastimes of his fellow cadets, but by his superior ability. He was not very popular. After graduation he was assigned to the Engineer Corps and stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York. While there he formed the acquaintance of Florence McAdams, the daughter of a wealthy stock-broker, and he fell in love with her when the crisis came which sent him out into the world a soldier.

He was not the only suitor for the hand of the beautiful heiress, for a fortnight before he had for some time been a frequent visitor at the McAdams mansion. He had proposed to Florence, and she had accepted with the information that she was already betrothed. The Count, an aristocratic scion of an old family, had come to America as the secret agent of the government, determined to take up with him the plans of some of our generals, and a rich wife.

He learned that the poor lieutenant-engineers had won the coveted position, and he became revengeful and determined to ruin him and prevent his marriage with a woman whom he had selected for himself.

One of the jealous hatreds he cherished was for the Count, who pretended to be his friend, and he lost no opportunity to win him and to establish confidential relations with him. He was too crafty to suggest that the young officer was carrying out the plans for which he was willing to pay handsomely, but trusted to find other opportunities to degrade the Count's betrothed.

He knew that Leon was especially anxious to show his skill as an amateur photographer, and he prevailed upon him to prepare views of the fort and the surrounding country. On the back of these he re-

quested that the inscription be written, in the artist's hand, "Photographed by L. C." This was the first link in the chain of evidence that the Count was forging around his victim. The other links could be supplied by other means. The only difficulty he anticipated was that he might compromise himself, and thus destroy his chance of winning the beautiful heiress.

Gold is a powerful incentive to induce men to wander from the path of honor, and to defy the law. This the Count used liberally, it being supplied by the Secret Service Bureau of his government, and he employed a disreputable educated foreigner to do the work he dared not attempt himself. Louis Ritsey was just the man needed, for he had long since crossed the river dividing honor and dishonor, law and license, and was ever ready to sell himself to those who could use him. He had all the requirements for the work for which he was to be paid. Being of good address and appearance, he was not suspected when seen within the fortifications of Fort Hamilton. As the work was extensive and must be quickly done, he had an assistant, who had perfected his rough drawings. Leon was blessed with a kind and sympathetic heart, and was not inclined to be suspicious of others without good evidence. When Ritsey asked permission to use his desk and stationery, he readily consented, at a little inconvenience to himself, supposing he was doing a favor to a poor stranger who had no friends in the great city. Greatly to his discomfort, the spy frequently lingered in his quarters after night, and sometimes did not take his departure until after "taps" had sounded. Without the lieutenant's knowledge, the frequent presence of Ritsey became a subject of conversation among the officers, with whom Leon was not very popular, and in a short time the attention of the commandant was called to it.

The old soldier did not think the subject worthy of consideration, and it was only after he had been informed that Ritsey had been seen down by the water edge, sketching the plans of the fortifications, that he gave orders to have him watched. Accordingly a secret service detective was ordered to watch the movements of the foreigner and to report at headquarters. The day before the report was filed, orders were received from Washington transferring Lieutenant Cheverus, at his own request, to the cavalry service, and ordering him to Arizona. He was on his way to Fort Whipple when the commandant read the report covering the work of the detective for the previous week. It stated that a foreigner named Ritsey was frequently seen at the quarters of Lieutenant Cheverus, whose desk he used at nearly all hours of the day or night. It also stated that the lieutenant had been seen taking snap-shots at the outer line of the fortifications, and had been later observed giving the photographs to Ritsy. By order of the commandant, Ritsy was arrested and placed in the guard-house. He voluntarily offered to make a statement, in which he said he had bribed the lieutenant to assist him in preparing plans of all the fortifications, which plans he said were now at his own room. He said nothing of course of the duplicate plans he had given to Count Ratskowski, and which were now on their way across the ocean. He offered to accompany the detective to his room and bring the plans to the fort, which he was permitted to do. So far the plot of the Count had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectation.

A full report was sent to Washington, and an order came back to hold Ritsy and send him under guard at the proper time to Fort Whipple to testify before the court-martial which would be held *there to try Lieutenant Cheverus on the charges preferred.*

It would be impossible to imagine the surprise of Lieutenant Cheverus when informed, on the day of his arrival at Fort Whipple, that he was under arrest and would be tried at the pleasure of the War Department on the charge of furnishing a foreign government with the plans of the defences of Fort Hamilton, New York. The court-martial assembled the following month and took the testimony of the detective, who swore that the plans presented by an officer from Fort Hamilton had been prepared by Ritsy, and the accompanying photographs by Lieutenant Cheverus, and that the lieutenant had been seen giving the photographs to Ritsy. The latter admitted that he had prepared the plans, but swore that he had done so under the immediate direction and supervision of the accused. These were no witnesses for the defense, the lieutenant trusting alone to his good reputation and his emphatic denial of the charges for an acquittal.

The trial was brief, and the verdict quickly rendered that sent the heart-broken officer over that weary road this hot August day.

* * * * *

Florence McAdams was a conspicuous member of New York's fashionable "set." She was as true and noble as she was pretty and lovable. Her engagement to the moneyless second lieutenant, when she had been the recipient of so many brilliant offers of marriage, was an evidence that she believed

"Love is indeed a light from Heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire."

Florence was fond of society, and appreciated the beautiful things wealth can procure, but her heart had been too well trained to permit the shams of life to conceal the real. Above all things she loved her religion, which taught her that true nobility is only to be found in

those who realize that the attainment of pleasure and wealth is not the only object for which man was created. Therefore she made no effort to stop the current of affection which was flowing from her heart to the young lieutenant, and when he proposed, she allowed her heart to decide, and soon became his affianced.

For six months the lovers were as happy as the cares environing man permit mortal to be, for her only surviving parent, her father, had no thought of opposing her in the choice of a companion and guardian for life. He was a man of the world, and believed that a commission in the army of the United States was all the endorsement the lieutenant required to render him acceptable as a son-in-law.

When the sunshine of happiness went out for the betrothed, and Leon was convicted of a serious offence, Florence buried her grief in her heart and trusted that God in His own time would make clear the innocence of her intended, in whom she never lost confidence. She put aside the few lines he had written her within an hour after his conviction. They were never to be reread until he was reinstated in the army. In that sad little note, he said:

"Can I hope that you at least will believe me innocent, when all others will look upon me as one undeserving of sympathy? I can hardly hope for this, and will never intrude upon you by letter or in person until the verdict is reversed. Of course I release you from our engagement. Should you despise me and forget me, I will have no just reason to complain. A long farewell."

That her heart had been wounded was known only to herself, for she felt that she owed something to her friends that could not be paid by hiding herself from the world or by a recitation of her own sorrows. She still went into society, but her thoughts were with the one who was

an exile from home and friends, the victim of an unknown foe.

* * * * *

"Good-evening, friends. Can you make room in your cabin for a tired, disappointed wanderer?" asked a young man at a miner's camp, not many miles from Leadville, one evening late in September.

"Always room at the Walla for friends, and gunpowder and lead for enemies," responded a large, rough-looking miner, who sat near the camp fire smoking his pipe. "We're an honest set, stranger," he added, "and deal on the square with every one. Come, join us, and we'll give you a trial. If you're true blue, you'll find us a jolly crowd; if not, you'd better send your last request to the home folks. Give us a name, stranger—it matters not whether it be the one the parson gave you or one of your own selection—and I will introduce myself. I am Bill Sanders, the boss of the Walla mines. This is Tom Burke, a full-blooded and big-hearted Irishman, and that's Jeff Roche, a cranky Canadian. Throw a little light on yourself. Don't tell us why you came West, or under how many names you have travelled."

"I am Bryan Waters, civil engineer, out of work and out of money, and I've come here with but one object—to engage with some company that needs my services."

"You have struck the wrong camp," said the big miner, rising out of respect for the profession. "But you'd better turn in with us for the night. The engineers' quarters are a mile or more to the north, over a rough and dangerous road, as we are not fully civilized out here just yet."

The invitation was accepted, and Waters camped with the miners that night. After an early breakfast the following morning, he went to the quarters of the engineers, where he was kindly received and assured that his services

would be needed at once, as the company was about to make extensive surveys with a view of tunnelling under the mountain in search of a lost vein of silver, believed to be very valuable.

The quarters consisted of a rude but comfortable building containing a number of well-arranged rooms for the use of the corps of engineers. The chief engineer had gone to Omaha, and would not return for a week, so Waters was compelled to wait until he came back. He would gladly have joined in the survey, that he might add a little oil to the slowly revolving wheel of Time, but he thought it better not to hold his services too cheap; so he spent the week in hunting and fishing, and was truly glad when the day arrived for the return of Mr. Arthur Douglas, chief engineer and general superintendent of the great Walla silver mines. During the week he had discovered many mistakes the engineers were making, but said nothing, although he was quite certain that they would never discover the highly prized vein.

Had he remembered who Mr. Douglas was, he would have left Walla in the distance before the homecoming of that important individual; but fortunately his forgetfulness was a blessing in disguise, as future events clearly demonstrated.

Mr. Douglas met Waters the evening of his return, and was about to address him as "Lieutenant," when he heard these words spoken in a whisper:

"Don't betray me. I'll explain when we are alone."

After supper the same evening, the little den, as they called the smoking room, was occupied by Douglas and Waters alone, when the former said:

"Now, lieutenant—pardon me, Mr. Waters—tell me what this means. Why are you here under an assumed name? The last time I met you was at the house of our president, Mr. McAdams, on Fifth Avenue. Then you were a lieutenant of engineers. What has happened?"

Waters related the events that had sent him adrift, and begged his old acquaintance not to inform the other engineers of his real name and his misfortunes. Douglas took him by the hand, as he said:

"I believe every word you have told me, and that time will right the wrong. Let us bury the past, for what is your misfortune is my fortune. We need one as skilled in engineering as I know you to be. You can commence work as soon as you wish."

The new engineer entered upon his duties the following morning, and soon surprised his chief by his skillful correction of the errors that had been made in the search for the lost vein. So engrossed was Waters in his new work that he began to forget the past, or rather he learned to look upon it as a horrible dream, which would eventually prove to be a myth.

* * * * *

"A gemmun in de reception room, Miss Florence," said Aunt Harriet to her young mistress one evening, soon after Leon had left New York.

"Who is it, Harriet?" asked Florence, busy with her sketch.

"Here's de cyard, Miss Florence, he gib to William, and I jess took it and brought it right up. I'se mighty 'fraid it's dat Count Ratswhiskey—a good name for him, Miss."

"Aunt Harriet, why do you hate Count Ratskowski?" asked Florence, smilingly, for the old colored woman had been her nurse, and came North with the family when the now beautiful belle was a baby. Love for the daughter of her old mistress was the controlling law of Aunt Harriet's life, and she had watched over the child like a mother until the young lady made her debut, and then constituted herself guardian and critic of her young mistress—a privilege highly amusing to Florence, who sincerely loved the faithful old woman.

"I nebber said, Miss Florence, dat I hated ennybody, for dat would be goin' agin de Bible an' my 'ligion; but I don't lak dat man comin' here so often. Didn't ole Missus gib you to me wid her las' bref, when you was a little pink ball rolled up in cotton and lace, and say, 'Harriet, I'm gwine away forebber. I trus' my chile to you, an' you mus' watch ober her always.' De good Lord knows I'se tried to do it, until you outgrew me, an' now a pusson would need more eyes dan de Lord gib me to watch ober you as I was told to do. I'se very much troubled when I sees de pusson you calls de 'Count' comin' hyar so often. He's no good, Miss Florence, dat he ain't. A dozen such pussons as he is wouldn't be wuth as much as the young lootenant you drove away."

"You must be more generous, Aunt Harriet," replied Florence, as she took up the card. "Tell the Count I will join him in a few moments."

"I'se jess gwine to speak my mine, Miss Florence befo' its too late. If you let dat man keep on comin' hyar you'll be sorry for it as shore's I lib, an' I'm jess gwine to speak to your pa dis very day an' caution him about you, dat I is."

"Do as I told you, Aunt Harriet," replied Florence, slightly annoyed at the liberty the old servant had taken.

"I'se gwine to do it, Miss Florence, and if you'se angry with Aunt Harriet, an' wants her to go away, she'll go, even if it does break her heart," continued the old woman, weeping.

"Aunt Harriet, you know I would not let you go away from me for a fortune," replied Florence, quickly. "I did not intend to hurt your feelings, but you must not speak unkindly of my friends."

"I nebber does, Miss Florence," replied the old woman sarcastically, as she swept from the room in a tantrum.

Florence reluctantly went to the reception room to meet the Count, and was again compelled to refuse his offer of marriage. He was very persistent

and appeared not to be willing to accept her emphatic "No" as final, and said:

"Now that your betrothed has proved a traitor to his country, of course your engagement has been cancelled, and there can be no good reason why you can not accept my offer and secure a position among ladies of rank."

Florence was very indignant, and replied with considerable warmth:

"Count, you have certainly forgotten yourself. I am perfectly satisfied with my social position, and as for Lieutenant Cheverus, I am satisfied he is the victim of a plot which will yet be revealed and the real traitor exposed. You have heard my decision. Need I say it is unalterable?"

The Count's face first became crimson and then turned pale as he listened to these words; it was with difficulty that he controlled his emotion, as he replied:

"You may think the young man is innocent, Miss McAdams, but you are mistaken. I will await my time, for I know that you will reconsider your hasty words when you have had time to appreciate what I have offered you. I have sworn that you shall be my wife, and nothing can prevent it."

"If you are a gentleman, you will recall those words, unless you are ignorant of their meaning, I can pardon them only in consideration of the position in which you are placed, but I positively forbid you to allude to my betrothed again as you have done this evening."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are still engaged to a man who has been dismissed from the service of his country for treason?"

"I am engaged to Lieutenant Cheverus, and if I do not marry him I shall be married to no one else. Now, if you please, we will find a more pleasant subject of conversation."

"That would be impossible, Miss Florence, for I think of this by day and dream of it by night. So I must insist

that you listen to me while I show you what a mistake you are making by refusing my offer. I trust that you are not so imbued with the American idea called 'democracy' as not to appreciate the place among our old-world nobility which I have offered you. I know more of this man Cheverus, of his low origin, his unpopularity among his fellow officers, and his treacherous work, than you think; and on my knightly honor I assure you he is guilty, and not worthy of your consideration."

Florence's reply was to leave the room and send William to show the Count the door.

Two years rolled by, and Florence was apparently as bright as ever. She had heard nothing from Cheverus, and did not know whether he was living or dead. The Count had called several times at her home, but she had refused to see him. Although she devoted considerable time to social duties, she did not neglect the poor. As a member of the Ladies of Charity, an auxiliary of that noble society of St. Vincent de Paul, she made many visits to the tenement district on the East Side of the great city. She had more than once soothed the dying hour of the friendless poor, and in the absence of the priest read the prayers for the departing as their souls started on the awful journey to another world.

One day she was sitting by the bedside of a poor lad whose mother had collapsed from weakness and grief. She was teaching him the simple catechism, preparing him as best she could in the few days he would spend on earth, to receive the last sacraments. When she had finished explaining his lesson, she was startled as he asked:

"Miss, is there any hope for one who has ruined another—had him disgraced and turned out of office?"

"Yes, my child," she replied, "but in *that case one must try to undo what*

has been done, and restore the good name of the injured."

"I know that, Miss, but here is the trouble. I can't."

"Our good Lord requires no one to do an impossibility. If you are sincere, He will help you, so you may be able to do more than you imagine. If you wish, you can tell me the cause of your trouble; if not, you must tell it to Father Brady when he hears your confession."

"I'll tell you first, Miss, for you are the only one who has ever been kind to Mother and me since we became so poor. We were not always so low in life. I have a pretty good education, and am something of an artist. Two years ago a man paid me to draw plans of Fort Hamilton. I did not know what he wanted with them, nor why he gave me five dollars to try to put them in the desk of an officer there. I couldn't get them in his desk, but they, with others, were used when he was tried and put out of the army. I don't know where he is."

"Do you know his name?" asked Florence, tremulously.

"Oh, yes, Miss if I lived a thousand years I would never forget him, for he was so handsome and so kind. You don't know how I have hated myself for taking the money from a man by the name of Ritsy to injure him. My only excuse is that I was so young that I did not really know what I was doing."

The poor boy sank on his pillow completely exhausted, and it was only after Florence had administered to him a few drops of cordial that he was able to resume his story. He turned his large, sunken eyes towards her, and said:

"You are very kind, Miss, to a poor boy, but I haven't told you the name, and can't think of it now."

"Would you remember it were I to mention it?" asked Florence.

"Oh, yes, Miss, it's in my mind now, but I can't say it."

"Was it Lieutenant Cheverus?" asked she, quietly.

"That's the name, that's the name," said the poor boy, as a sickly smile stole over his wan face. "Did you know him, Miss?"

"Yes."

"I am so glad, for now I can tell you more. I have wanted to talk about this for a long time, but couldn't ask Mother to listen to me."

After a few minutes of silence, he continued: "I won't be here long, Miss, for it's already getting dark and I'll never see the sun again, but I must hurry and tell you. This man Ritsy, who is now in the Tombs, was in the pay of Count Ratsowski, who wanted plans of the fortifications to send home. We made two sets. I made one, and Ritsy made the other. One set was given to the Count, and the other was put in Ritsy's room, where they were found by the detective. That is all."

Florence went home greatly excited, and not knowing what to do, consulted her father, who rejoiced over her discoveries, and said:

"As I expected, that high-flown Count is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and it will afford me great pleasure to let him know that a New York stock-broker knows how to protect the honor of his family and friends. Leave the matter to me, my daughter, and if your protégé has told the truth, I will bring Cheverus out with flying colors. The Count shall see that I am not short," using a stock-broker's phrase, "in this matter."

Ring the bell, he summoned William, who was ordered to have the family carriage at the door immediately. Turning to Florence, he said:

"Don't take off your wraps, for you will accompany me to the East Side."

On the way they picked up a notary, and in a few minutes they had the sworn testimony of the poor boy, giving the plot as he had related it to Florence. When he had with difficulty affixed his name, a new light came into his eyes,

and he declared he was happier than he had been for two years. The trio left the tenement for the Tombs, and Mr. McAdams, who was well known in New York, had no difficulty in interviewing Ritsy. The scoundrel at first denied the entire story, but when threatened with an indictment for conspiracy and a long term at Sing Sing, he broke down and confessed, and readily signed the statement.

"Pretty good work for a few hours," said Mr. McAdams, as they passed out of the great prison. "To-morrow, I shall interview the Count, and I anticipate a rather exciting time."

Fortunately, the Count was then in the city, and he received Mr. McAdams blandly, egotistically imagining that the stock-broker was the bearer of a message from his daughter. This conceit was dissipated when the practical man of business stated the object of his visit in as few words as would have closed a deal for a block of stock on 'Change. Ratsowski was indignant, and professed to be surprised that his honor had been impeached. To show that his feelings had been too greatly outraged for speech, he remained silent for a few moments, with his eyes cast upon the floor as though counting the roses in the carpet; then he stood up defiantly and said:

"In my own country, sir, when a gentleman is insulted, the remedy is at hand; but here among a people whose conception of honor is measured by gold, I am at a loss to know how to reply to your base charge. I will say, sir, that only my respect for your daughter restrains me. I will request you to pass out of that door."

"It would be a misfortune for you, Count, were I to accept your polite invitation," replied Mr. McAdams with bitter sarcasm, "and lay the testimony I have before the grand jury, and have you indicted for conspiracy. It pains me very much," he added, "to say that my respect for you is not deep enough

to retain me here until you affix your signature to this paper. It is another motive that forces me to be your guest for a few minutes. Now, to business," he added, taking out his watch. "I give you just sixty seconds to decide whether you will sign this paper after I have read it, or have me place it in the hands of the officers of the law. As we say in Wall Street, Count, you have a narrow margin, and unless you decide in time, I will call you and close the deal. You see this paper would have a mercantile value, and I may conclude to give it to the reporters. I would like to accompany it with your photograph." Glancing at his watch, he exasperatingly continued: "Just ten seconds, Count."

Realizing that he could make no impression on the astute and determined man of business, whose life was regulated by rules as exacting as those governing the Stock Exchange, the count, driven to bay, wisely capitulated, and as the sixty seconds had nearly passed, said:

"To rid myself of your presence, sir, I will sign anything, but do so under pressure, and will consult my lawyer at my leisure."

"Oh, don't sign it to get rid of me, Count, for I should have left you the sooner had you declined. Now I must enjoy the society of my noble friend until I can read these two statements, together with one to which you will affix your name when I have summoned a notary," replied McAdams, with maddening coolness.

He had already given the Count the substance of the statements, but now proceeded to read them, pausing to say: "I see the mistake I have made, and I wish to withdraw the pressure. I have already sufficient evidence, and think it would be better to publish these documents and have a commission appointed to inquire into this matter, for then Cheverus would be more quickly reinstated, and the other gentlemen *connected with the affair* receive the justice

they deserve, but I have been in business too long to repudiate a bad bargain. I gave you an option and you can attach your name to this statement or not, as you think best."

"Let me read the stuff before I sign it," said the Count, attempting to take the papers from Mr. McAdams' hands.

"Not so fast, Count, 'mon ami,' as we say down on 'Change, when the bulls are on the rampage, depressing values. You remember the old expression we used at school, 'Noli me tangere;' so I say, don't touch these documents, for fingers are just as liable to err as head or heart," replied the broker meaningly. "Of course, we Americans are not so far advanced in the social scale as our friends on the other side of the big water, but sometimes we can distinguish between right and wrong, and I am persuaded that it would be high treason to justice to have these papers destroyed. No offense, Count, for I would not dim your high sense of honor, but it would be far easier to destroy these writings than to have an innocent army officer dismissed from the service. So I will read, and you may keep watch at a distance, to see that I am not trying to cover with a mist the mirror in which you see yourself."

When the notary had arrived, and the reading had been completed, the broker looked at the Count, and coolly asked:

"Are you prepared, Count, to put up another margin when I have called you?"

"Seizing a pen, the Count silently signed his name, while Mr. McAdams kept his hand firmly on the paper.

"Thank you, Count. You have a fine perception of business, and would be a success in the stock market, for you know when you are short and prepare for emergencies," said Mr. McAdams, as he was about to leave the room.

"Now that you have bullied me into signing that paper, what do you propose to do with it, sir? Remember, I may

sue you for defamation of character, if not for threatened assault," said the Count angrily.

"A good general, my dear Count, never reveals his plans to the enemy, nor does a wise broker put on a sign-board the number of shares he holds in a weak corporation; but, as I am long on gilt-edged securities, I may as well tell you my plans. I shall submit these documents to the Secretary of War and request that a Board of Inquiry be appointed to investigate the case of Lieutenant Cheverus, with the view of having him reinstated in the army. If you are seeking advice, a cheap commodity in this country of ours, I would say put a few thousand miles of salt water between your knightly honor and Washington before the Government knows that you are a paid spy of a foreign nation. Farewell, Count. May you live to appreciate my generosity."

When the stock-broker had gone away, the Count wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and said to himself:

"Who would have thought that the old fellow possessed such a fund of exasperating wit and shrewdness. It is no use to contend with these Americans, they know nothing of good society. Their whole mode of living is 'contra bonas mores,' but they are energetic and shrewd, and there is no telling to what length they will go. At home I would have challenged him; to do such a thing here would mean to have one's self locked up. I shall take my departure from these shores gladly, and hope never to hear of these plebeians again."

* * * * *

Waters displayed the highest skill in his work at the Walla mines, and since his arrival there had been a great increase in the amount of ore brought from the old mine, while the new tunnel, which had been successfully completed under his direction, had proved to be of extraordinary value. He had succeeded in finding the lost vein, decidedly the

richest the company had ever worked. Douglas was chief director in name only, for all the practical work had been assigned to Waters, who was the master mind which controlled the intricate engineering operations of the great company. By his advice other mines had been opened on the company's property, which were yielding good returns. He still remembered his sad experience in the army, and often wondered whether Florence had married. He loved her as devotedly as ever, but thinking it highly probable that she had become the wife of another, he made a valiant effort to forget her. He was now prosperous and on the road to wealth, as he had invested nearly his entire salary in the rapidly advancing stock of the Walla company, and could count his wealth by the tens of thousands.

Mr. Douglas was generous and fully appreciated the services of his valuable assistant, to whom the company was largely indebted, and several times proposed to resign in his favor; but Waters emphatically declined the proposition, saying he would leave the service of the company rather than supplant his superior. It was mutually agreed that the old regime should continue, but Douglas insisted that their salaries should be the same.

The mines were in an extraordinary state of prosperity and with their levels and cross levels, each filled with gangs of miners, resembled an overcrowded hive just before swarming time. So well pleased were the directors in the East with the output of the mines, that they wired Douglas of the intention of the president and a few others to pay him a visit within a fortnight. Waters was in a quandary when he read the telegram, for he did not wish Florence to know of his whereabouts, supposing that she believed him guilty of the crime for which he had been dismissed from the army. He was by no means a moral or a physical coward, and had no thought

of absenting himself during the visit of the directors, although he very naturally preferred not to meet the father of the young lady to whom he had been engaged to be married. He spent many hours vainly trying to solve the problem, and had consulted with Douglas, who offered to write to Mr. McAdams and inform him of the identity of their well-known engineer. But it was finally decided to await the coming of the magnates and let Waters do the explaining for himself, as there was some probability that the sun-tanned, athletic engineer, in his rough mining suit, would not be identified by those who knew him when he wore the handsome uniform of the army.

It was a lovely June day when the special train brought the president and directors to Walla. When the party arrived, Waters was at work, having declined the invitation of Douglas to dine with his distinguished guests. It was long past the noon hour, and Waters was directing the making of a new level, more than two hundred feet from the mouth of one of the mines, when his attention was attracted by the ringing of a bell, the signal that visitors were coming down in the car. Unfortunately for him, it stopped on the ledge where he was at work. In the party were several ladies, who, probably fearful of soiling their dresses, did not accompany the directors when they explored the new level. Waters met Mr. McAdams, but as soon as he had taken his hand found it imperatively necessary to leave to give some needed instructions to the workmen.

When the visitors returned to the car, Waters followed them in the distance, and, unobserved, saw Florence. In an instant he realized that the severe training to which he had subjected his heart was barren of results, and he forgot his resolution never to think of her again *except as an old acquaintance who had passed out of his life.* The very first

glance he caught of her face by the light of the miner's lamp set his heart to beating like the big hammer in the crushing mill, and the old desire to possess her love was as strong as ever. The bell rang, and the car started on its upward trip. Waters was safe for the time, but he knew that it was his duty to talk with the president before the visitors went away, and he did not know whether to trust to chance and talk to him as Waters, or explain why he had changed his name. He felt assured that Florence would know him, and he quickly realized what a terrible blunder he had made when he assumed a false name, something no man should ever do. If unfortunately the name given him in infancy has been disgraced, it is far more manly to redeem it by a correct life than to try to conceal the false step under an assumed name. It was of no use to moralize or to waste time lamenting his blunder when the question was to be decided how to meet Florence and her father.

It is easy to plan, but plans sometimes go awry, especially when others are trying to upset them. Waters left the mine when the men quit work, determined that he would not see Florence, but would have a few minutes' talk with her father next morning before commencing his day's work. When he entered the quarters by a private door, he found Douglas awaiting him, and learned that his friend, anticipating his scheme, had arranged for dinner to be served at six o'clock, reserving a seat for Waters next to Florence. He was about to decline, when Douglas laughingly said:

"Old man, you are a good engineer, but your plans fail sometimes. Here's a topographical map of our table. Note your location, next to the most valuable lode to be found in that social mine."

"I thank you, Douglas, but I cannot accept," replied Waters, after looking at the diagram. "Consideration for

Miss McAdams' feelings, if nothing else, would prevent me, for my presence might be embarrassing to her. She is in every sense a lady, but might unintentionally resent my presumption."

"I am too good a friend of yours," replied Douglas, gravely, "to try to place you in a false position. Keep cool and I will tell you a secret. She knows all about you, and I believe loves you more than ever. At first she was critical of your action in changing your name, but on reflection concluded that you had done right. She says you will be back in the army in less than six months."

"Don't play with me, Douglas. I cannot permit even you, the best friend man ever had, to speak lightly of my crushing sorrow."

"Cheverus—you are Waters no longer—have you no better opinion of me than to suppose for one moment that I would dare to deceive you or be indifferent as to the feelings of the daughter of our president? I had a long conversation with Mr. McAdams and his daughter. The astute president recognized you in the mine, but was too considerate of you to make the fact known. Both of them are highly elated at having discovered you, for they never for a moment believed you guilty, and have now the sworn testimony of that infamous Count and his accomplices exposing the entire plot. This has been presented to the Secretary of War, and a Board of Inquiry is making investigation. When it has been completed you will be appointed by the President, captain of engineers. Now, do you question my sincerity?"

Cheverus took his friend's hand and held it for some minutes, and then simply said:

"Deo gratias."

Seeing how deeply he was affected, Douglas added:

"Now, let the past alone, and help me to make this dinner worthy of our distinguished guests. We must show them

that, though we live in the Colorado hills and burrow in the ground for our daily bread, we have not forgotten the ways of civilized life. Dress quickly in your best, for I want you to meet Miss McAdams and her father in the 'drawing-room' before dinner. They will not refer to the past, unless you introduce the subject, but there is not the slightest reason why you should not discuss it if you wish, at any time or in any place. Now, be a good boy, and be careful of your toilet, for this will be a memorable night in the history of the Walla mines, and in the lives of some of our guests."

An hour later, the young engineer, handsomer than ever, was standing by the side of Florence McAdams in the rude reception room, the crude decorations of which were in striking contrast with those of her home. They were talking of old times when her father entered, his face beaming with pleasure. Extending both hands, he advanced to Cheverus, saying:

"Here is our young old friend, whose skill has saved the Walla company from financial ruin. Cheverus, you have done well for us, and we haven't forgotten you. How mysterious is the unfolding of some lives. While you were working to add to our stock of gold, we were busy in restoring to you what is more precious than all the yellow metal on earth. Douglas tells me you know all. I am in a hurry as usual, so I hope you will excuse me. I appoint Florence my representative to entertain you. She is an obedient daughter, sometimes, and will do the best she can, I am sure. Tell me, when is that dinner to be announced, for this Colorado air has made me as ravenous as a wolf. But before I go, I must say that as soon as you receive your commission as captain, I shall insist upon your resigning and taking charge of these mines. The salary is equal to at least that of a brigadier. Douglas will come back to New York

to be a plunger in Wall Street, and you are to be the grand commander of the whole thing. If you don't accept, I'll see that the Senate holds up your commission," added the good-natured millionaire, as he left the young couple to entertain themselves.

They had many things to talk about, and did scant justice to the fine dinner, which Mr. McAdams noticed, and said:

"How strange it is that the appetite of young people is generally so poor, while we old fellows experience no trouble in properly complimenting the chef by giving practical evidence of our appreciation of his skill."

Towards the close of the dinner, Cheverus found an opportunity of saying:

"Florence, I promised myself never to seek you until I was reinstated in the army, but now, thanks to you and your noble father, the future is so bright that

I want permission. May I ask, is there any hope—"

Florence held up the hand upon which sparkled the diamond engagement ring which Leon had placed there nearly three years before, and said:

"It has not been off my finger since it was first put there."

The wheel of success frequently rolls rapidly, and Captain Cheverus, the day after his marriage, forwarded his resignation to the Secretary of War, that he might take charge of the great Walla mines, his wife's bridal present from her father.

When the young couple moved into their fine new mansion, Aunt Harriet was appointed housekeeper, and she never grew tired of saying:

"I jess thanks de good Lord dat He 'spired me not to let Miss Florence marry da no 'count furrinner."

The Stone-Cutters' Chaplet

By P. J. COLEMAN

A lowly artisan am I, I know not babe nor wife,
But in Our Lady's service high I pass my happy life.
To knights be joust and tourney, to minstrels feast and dance;
With pilgrim staff I journey from shrine to shrine of France.

When from Our Lady's abbey peals her silver matin chime,
I rise and with the monks entone her psalmody sublime;
With chisel and with mallet I toil the livelong day,
Then on my welcome pallet my weary limbs I lay.

O sweet it is to watch the minster's magic walls arise
With airy tower and pinnacle that pierce the azure skies,
As some enchanted pile might heavenward from the ground upstart,
And know that in its beauty's whole I wrought my humble part.

Rich is the fane of Fontevrault, but not too rich for Him,
 Before whose awful majesty bow down the Seraphim;
 And sure an angel's pencil 'twas that planned sublime Cologne,
 My lilies in the chancel there bloom in perennial stone.

Few know the holy rapture that thrills the sculptor's heart
 Who labors hard to capture some dream divine of art;
 To trace some tantalizing thought, elusive long, and fast
 In bonds of wood or marble wrought to 'prison it at last;

To see his fancy's creature perfection's form assume
 And feature dim on feature from out the marble bloom,
 As flowers, from bud emergent, unfold 'neath April's breath,
 Or spirits bright, resurgent, cast off the shrouds of death.

So finely wrought each fragile leaf, yon rose of chiselled stone
 To vie with nature's counterpart the crimson lacks alone;
 The vineyard's carven cluster and tendrils that entwine
 But lack its purple lustre, the verdure of the vine.

For me unworthy ne'er shall be such guerdon as, they say,
 Crowned René—him at Notre Dame who labored night and day,
 And when her statue stood complete Our Lady bent and smiled
 And reached—O, bliss!—for him to kiss the image of her Child.

'Tis my reward to see the Lord extolled in soaring spire,
 His glory hymned by sculpture's voice in carven nave and choir,
 Where shaft and niche with symbol rich their silent worship raise,
 Like music's swell made visible and petrified in praise.

Perchance at last, when I am laid the minster's floor beneath,
 Our Lady sweet will cull for me some amaranthine wreath,
 Or bid some chaplet I have carved bloom with celestial dyes
 To crown my brows where blow for her the flowers of Paradise.

NOTE—"At the opening of the fifteenth century Catholic Europe was still kneeling before Mary, whose cathedrals, already secularized, were being finished with admirable constancy. At that time poor companions made their tour of France, offering their hammers and trowels wherever the piety of the faithful was raising churches; most of them asked no payment; they got bread and roots to eat and slept on the bare ground. One hundred thousand workmen were seen working in this way, for two centuries, at the

Cathedral of Strasburg, which Bishop Werner had dedicated to Mary. Some of these workmen were wholly devoted to the construction of chapels in honor of the Blessed Virgin; they wrought for the love of God and refused all other employment. Amongst these were some who imposed on themselves the daily fabrication of a certain number of oak leaves, trefoil or arabesques; this pious task was called the 'stone-cutters' chaplet.'" —Abbe Orsini in "History of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary."

THE GARDEN BENCH



Our life shines, the next life to it must catch the light." The quotation is for you, dear Girl, who came the other day with that heavy complaint on your lips. You had just finished school. You had carried off the honors of your class. You had been awarded a medal for exemplary conduct. Your faith gave a radiance to your face and with you hope seemed an actual presence.

In less than three months you came back to us, bitter, unhappy, disappointed. You were a long time—that is, it seemed long to you, while there were others who considered you quite fortunate—in getting a position. This was something of a shock to your sensibilities. You thought one so capable would naturally gravitate to her proper place; and then you had prayed so fervently for a good position, and you had tried to live so righteously, it did not seem that God could refuse to give your petition immediate attention.

Finally, you secured work. At first you were glad enough, but soon—how very soon!—the voice of dissatisfaction began to be heard. At first it was only a whisper, but gradually its tones increased in loudness until now it makes a perpetual din in your heart. Perhaps the office boy was impertinent, your employer cross one morning? It was only a trifle, but it was a spark to your pride. You to have to endure that from them!

No, you say, it was not that. The office boy is a model of courtesy, and your employer is kindness itself. It is the hard work and the low salary.

Oh, yes! Everybody, sooner or later, bumps against that condition. It is a condition so great, so tragic, so teeming with possibilities of which we shudder to think, that, as a social condition, we *forbear* from touching on it. Of one thing, however, we are absolutely cer-

tain: the workers of the world represent that son in the Gospel story who did the will of his father, and God will eventually right His own. It may take some time, as time seems to us, but come it will. In the meantime—

You run a typewriter ten hours a day, for eight and one-third cents an hour. Yes, it is unjust, but it is a condition of things for which neither you nor your employer is responsible, and which neither of you could alter, alone, no matter how hard you might try. There are girls who work the same number of hours for six and two-thirds cents and five cents per hour. If your path led you to a wall of solid masonry, you would not waste time and effort trying to throw it down; so we workers have to accept this industrial condition, in the larger hope.

Oh! you cry, I'm not troubling myself about the industrial condition! It is enough for me to know that I am working for five dollars a week, while other girls, not nearly so capable, receive ten dollars and twelve dollars for the same kind of work, with shorter hours.

There, my dear Girl, you announce yourself to be very selfish. It is your duty, and the duty of every worker, to think about the industrial condition. Do you think that if the working women of these United States gave some thought to the social condition, the women and children in the coal mines would be facing cold and starvation this winter? You owe it to yourself and your co-laborers to think about it: to yourself, because what effects one part of the body social, effects all the parts; to your co-laborers, because we are directly commanded to bear one another's burden.

But to come to this question of your capability and the larger salary of the

other girl. How do you know that your capability is superior to hers?

Know? you exclaim, opening your pretty eyes. Why I am a graduate of Mt. Pleasant Academy, and some of those girls never went past the parochial, or public, schools, except six months to a business college.

An education, my dear Girl, is no more a proof of ability in a person than is the capacity to hold water in a hog's-head. Our parents supplied the money to pay some good men or women to pour knowledge into our minds; all we had to do was to prepare the receptacle. The one who shows ability in a marked degree is the girl who, with only a common school education and six months at a business college, is able to fill such a good position.

Luck?

Let me tell you the story of a "lucky" girl. When I first came to know her, her skirt was full two inches above her shoe-tops, and yet she was in the high school. Her mother had been a teacher, her father, a lawyer, and as far back as they could trace their family, they had been people of education. By the time this girl was ready to enter the University, she was a veritable prodigy of learning. Some of us were positively afraid of her, although we all loved her. There was nothing she did not know. Music, painting, literature, mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, and all the religions of the world, were her mental playthings. As she wrote, painted, played, and of course could teach, we concluded that, when she completed the University course, she would have all the arts and professions to choose from.

She did not finish at the University, however. Financial reverses made it necessary for her to step up from the classroom into the workshop. It takes a long time and a hard struggle to win bread, without butter, in the arts, and as no position as a teacher presented itself,

the girl took a place in an insurance office, at five dollars a week.

"How do you like your work?" we asked her.

"Very well now. I hated it at first thought," she replied. "What one hates, you know, is really one's master; so filling out policies was not going to be my master, I assure you. Yes, it was hard to overcome my dislike, but there was another victory. And you have no idea how liking one's work carries one through it. I not only like my work now, but actually take a pride in it. I am always striving to do my work each day a little better than I did it the day before. There isn't really much to interest me in it, you see, so I have to make it interesting."

We were not surprised to hear that she was advanced to a better position in the office in a short time. In the course of six months she resigned to enter a business college, having saved her money for that purpose. As the close of the term drew near, her many friends were a little concerned about her.

"I shall take the first thing that comes," she said, "and work my way up."

It came in the shape of a humble position in a bank, with a salary of thirty dollars a month. Her work kept her all day in the basement, and it was as uninteresting as filling in policies. But she said bravely:

"It is the work God intends me to do at this period of my existence. I shall do it well. The better I do it, the better I shall do the higher work when I am called to it."

The call came sooner than the most optimistic of us hoped, as promotions in banks are slow. The salary was only a trifle more, but the work was more important, and she was no longer in the basement of the great building. The same spirit characterized her there. So thoroughly did she work, so happy was she in her work, that she came under the

notice of the higher officials. She has not been in the bank a year yet, but she has had several promotions, and it was only the other evening she brought us the good news that she had had another increase in her salary.

Yes this girl is "lucky" but who made her so? Herself. She has also brought "luck" to others. We cannot work by the side of a conscientious, happy person day after day without being in some way benefited by the association. He or she is an inspiration to us.

"If our life shines, the next life to it must catch the light."

* * * * *

We were talking of American literature in general, and Catholic literature in particular. The Man from Ohio said:

"You Kentuckians have a remarkable faculty for laying a claim upon everything good, in literature, politics, or science, that has been produced in this country. Even Lincoln, whom you hadn't cause to love any too well, doesn't escape you. Though some famous man may not have actually been born in the Bluegrass Country, some one will rise up to show how it almost happened that he was, or resurrect some departed relative to inject Kentucky blood into his veins. Don't laugh at my sentence! A man can't be exact when he is indignant. Thank Heaven, you've got no signers of the Declaration of Independence!"

"That's because we weren't in existence then," observed the Girl. "If we had been—"

"The famous document would have been illustrated with death's heads, eh?"

"We are willing to concede you some things," we observed.

"For instance?" he inquired.

"Many good things and many good persons. Of one person I have been thinking considerably while we were talking on Catholic literature, because she is among the first of our writers. *Indeed, I have heard some critics say that if she put forth sufficient effort, she*

could easily take her place among the women-poets of America. I mean Miss Helen Moriarty, of Columbus."

"Yes," said the Man from Ohio, "she is really and truly our own, although I fear we do not appreciate her according to her merits. I have her little volume of verses, published when she was but a girl, and wherever I find one of her poems, I read it with pleasure. We see them all too rarely."

"The grind of a newspaper office is not helpful to the Muse," we replied. "But what is Miss Moriarty's distinct loss is the great gain of the Catholic Columbian, of which journal she is associate editor. I hope yet to see her give herself more earnestly to what undoubtedly is her work. There is something in Miss Moriarty's poems—let us call it the unexplainable—which appeals to the soul. She is able to say the things you would like to say—those things that haunt you with their mystic sadness. She is a poet."

The Girl had gotten down her treasured "Antology," as she has named it.

"Every woods-lover will take this poem of Miss Moriarty's into his, or her heart," and she read:

"IN FOREST DEPTHS.

"O green, unquivering, upward-reaching
leaves,

Yearning for bending brightness of blue
skies,

For wavering wind, sun-kissed, that
lightly lies,

Resting an instant, on the ripened sheaves:—

O leaves, that watch for rays that never
come

To pierce the darkness, where the tense
trees wait

For vagrant, sighing winds, that ever shun
These depths, where silence reigns in awe-
some state!

"O leaves, uplifted like the eyes of hope,

Expectant, waiting for the gracious wind—

How like to human eyes that only find

Joy in the sun upon a far-off slope:—

How like the quiet, sheltered hearts that
yearn

For change, for wider spheres, all unaware

That only deep experience can burn

Into the soul, and leave scarr'd impress
there!"

CURRENT COMMENT

College Athletics

The Catholic Transcript

That is a forcible arraignment of college athletics which Father Buel, S. J., president of Georgetown University, makes in a circular to the alumni and friends of the Washington seat of learning. Professionalism and cannibalism are ruled out of Georgetown, and every sane-minded person will endorse the action of Georgetown's president.

Father Buel is an old-time Yale student. He knows college athletics through and through. Being a member of the Society of Jesus he is, of course, familiar with the ancient calumny which charges the Jesuits with teaching that "the end justifies the means." This is how Father Buel meets the issue and hoists his critics on their own petard:

"A most pernicious principle at the present time guides and directs athletics in American institutions of learning. It is that detestable doctrine, so often falsely attributed to the moralists of the Society of Jesus, that 'the end justifies the means.' The end in question is to be victorious in athletic contests, and any means that lead to this end are to be adopted. In other words, all is fair in college athletics. This is seen in its most shocking form in the present system of playing football. The American college game of football is, when played strictly according to the rules, a strenuous and rough contest. Bones may be broken, serious strains sustained, and the bodily stamina severely taxed. But in addition to this there is a system of football tactics in vogue among some of our oldest and most influential universities which can only excite horror and reprobation among honorable gentlemen."

An announcement of this nature made by the head of a Catholic college means business. There is no suggestion here of *playing to the galleries*. There is be-

hind such a declaration a power which makes for the purification of athletics. The wholesome restraints of discipline at a Catholic college may not be shaken off on the gridiron or the diamond. And we are glad to read the stirring words of Father Buel, not because Catholic colleges need the vigorous reminder, but because they are in a position to carry out the policy here announced. They are qualified to read a lesson to heads of more pretentious institutions who all but confess their inability to stamp out the evil.

The "college man-eater" was in evidence in Hartford within a week. But Hartford is not alone in its bad eminence. The football cannibal is a type developed of late by the professional coach whose aim is to train his eleven how to reach the vulnerable points in the body of the opposing team. In his system of ethics, it is better to chew off an ear than to miss a touchdown. He instructs his players to marshal their forces and bear down upon some individual opponent singled out for injury. Up-to-date football players do not recognize any immunity from attack for a man when he is down. Under such an ennobling standard the college bred man is expected to come forth the embodiment of culture and refinement. The youth of fine instincts gets his polish in the classroom and his punishment on the football grounds.

It needs no long-drawn homily to show where the development of the brute begins and the training of the gentleman ends under a system of education which throws principle to the winds in order to bear the palm from a rival in the field of college athletics.

We rejoice that Father Buel has spoken out so emphatically. The warning comes with good grace from hands that are clean.

General Thomas Francis Meagher

Catholic Union and Times

Of the radiant hosts of poets, orators and writers that shone resplendent in the Irish sky in brilliant, though ill-fated '48, there was none more brave, picturesque or dazzling than young "Meagher of the Sword." His eloquence was simply marvellous and combined "the flash of the gem and its solidity too." He swayed multitudes, whether in Conciliation Hall or on the green hillsides of his native land, with power of passionate speech that—as McGee says—would have gained for him a laurel crown in ancient Greece; while his speech from the prisoner's dock shot defiance at his tyrant foes and pilloried with fine scorn the suborned miscreants of so-called "law."

Meagher shared with Mitchel, Smith, O'Brien, Kevin and Dougherty and so many others of the patriot band—who dared all for the freedom of their native land—the glory of being torn from kith and kin and home and sent in exile into savage regions under burning skies. But poor Ireland did not forget those heroic sons during her death struggle with robbery-wrought famine; nor did their brothers in America forget them, or cease to register a mighty vow that Ireland should yet be free.

We saw and heard Meagher in St. Louis soon after his escape from Australian exile. He then appeared to our young imagination like a Greek god—glowing with the radiance of youth, his large, magnetic eyes luminous with the glory of genius and the enthusiasm of his soul still burning for the realization of lofty aims and the breaking dawn of Ireland's hopes deferred.

And when the dreadful civil war flung a cloud of darkness over the land, Meagher's name was one to conjure with. The exiles of Erin in America at his word rushed to the front under the *Stars and Stripes* and Ireland's banner

of green. The glorious young chief of the Irish Brigade marshaled and led his Irish hosts in the cause of free, unsevered America; nor did he sheath the valiant sword he then drew until the sunlight of victory sparkled on its blade and chased the blighting cloud of slavery forever from the land. Was it any marvel that a man of Meagher's dash and daring and brilliancy, robed in the sparkling military uniform, should have won the leading belle of New York, to whose woman's heart he laid ceaseless siege?

A happy marriage it proved to be. They worshipped each other; and ever after, until the dark and stormy night when his brilliant life was quenched forever in the rushing waters of the turbid Missouri, their united lives were sweet as a delightful dream.

Peace eternal to the soul of Thomas Francis Meagher, and a laurel wreath for his fadeless memory!

Inexcusable Ignorance

The Republic

Books are the instruments of culture. A house without books is a Sahara. No gracious nor fine thing can find lodgment there. The daily newspapers spread before our eyes vulgar moral disasters that would not have occurred if books had been the daily companions of the members of the household. The comic papers, too, find abundant mirth in the new rich who are too densely ignorant to realize that they are ignorant.

Too many of our Irish-American homes—where wealth has been secured—are bookless and bleak. The daughters are busy with social obligations. They yawn over really good books. One of these daughters of the vulgar rich once said to the writer of these words: "Oh, I just dote on Bertha Clay!" And this within the shadow of Beacon Hill! She was uneducated. Her pretty gowns simply made her offence against good taste more conspicuous.

The more intelligent Irish-Americans—those who count in the life of Boston—grieve over the intellectual poverty of many of our own people. Ignorance, if it be unavoidable, is no disgrace. But ignorance in the face of the teeming opportunities that Boston presents invites the severest and most stinging criticism.

How Crime Accumulates

The Michigan Catholic

Secretary Pillsbury, of the California Board of Trade, visited many of the Eastern State prisons that he might study criminology, and its causes and effects upon society. When visiting the Joliet, Ill., penal institution Mr. Pillsbury was informed by the chaplain that he had been making a study of the "first causes," amongst the inmates of the prison, which led them to the committal of crime. The chaplain said:

"There came a first test of will power against the mother, and the child had its way. Later came the contest with father, and he was neglectful and shirked the responsibility upon mother, who was not equal to it; or the father was himself unhorsed. Then came staying home from Sunday school, because it was more fun to play around home. After that the boy played around home instead of going to day school. Lax discipline at home means infraction of the rules at school and infraction of the rules at school means a disregard for the laws of the land when one has grown up, and so the story goes to its climax, when the disobedient child finally measures wits with organized social order itself and finds himself an unsocial being."

Ask the prisoners in the Michigan penitentiaries and prisons the origin of their first entrance into crime. Hundreds will reply that early home training and the carelessness and indifference of parents permitted them to associate with evil companions, to keep late hours,

to roam at will wherever fancy suggested. Their religious training was neglected. Sunday was in their home a day of jollification, not a time when the peace of the Sabbath should be celebrated by the worship of God. And, if their moral training was barren, through the indifference of parents, so were their intellectual activities dwarfed and dulled by grasping parentage driving them into work, at an early age, where evil companionship was formed, and their minds filled with the suggestions of people whose morals were at a low ebb.

The American parent gives too much freedom to his children. Independence dawns upon the American boy and girl when they are able to lisp. "By common consent," says the San Francisco Monitor, "the 'American child' is assumed to be in some mysterious manner peculiarly, if not preternaturally, fitted 'to take care of himself.' The average American parent testifies his acceptance of the theory by practically permitting the child to do about as he pleases, so long as the parental comfort and ease of mind are not too violently ruffled. The proper management of parents by their children is a standing theme with American humorists. The fact speaks for itself."

The responsibilities of parents are manifold. The care of home and family is burdensome; but above all worldly regards for the welfare of children should be a strict supervision of their moral life, and an insistence upon them to shun evil companions; to attend their religious duties and obey their superiors, whether in school or in shop or factory. But, parents must not expect that children will grow up models of perfection if an example is not set before them by their natural guardians, whose lives should be one of rectitude and rigid observance of the commandments of God. Practice strictly what you tell your children to perform.

Godless Schools and Crime

The Providence Visitor

Eminent educators, both Catholic and Protestant, insist that the underlying cause of all our social corruption is the lack of religious training in the public schools of the country. This is a harsh saying; but it is true nevertheless. Because religion has been relegated in our educational curriculum to the shelves along with the myths of antiquity, men have learned to regard the dollar more than conscience in their dealings one with another. The fact that religion is ignored in the schools quite naturally leads the youth to despise religion as if it were unworthy the consideration of an educated man. Young men grow up to imagine that religion bears about the same proportion to worldly success as a half-hour spent in Sunday school bears to seven days in the week. From want of exercise conscience becomes flabby, diseased, and finally dwindles away to nothing. The last result is disregard of man's most essential obligations, desecration of the sacrament of marriage and rottenness in social and financial circles as we have it to-day. No other result could be expected from a system of education in which God is ignored. How is a man to judge between right and wrong if he has never been trained to know the meaning of right and wrong? How will he resist the temptations of life if he has learned by force of circumstances to regard stealing as a legitimate means of making money?

We have here a convincing plea for the parochial school system. The parochial schools will not, of course, banish all evil. Not even God Himself can do that as long as man is free to do as he pleases. But we can challenge contradiction in saying that no such widespread corruption can be found among those who have been educated according to Catholic ideals. The few renegades *here and there* attract attention only be-

cause they are singular exceptions to the general rule.

Catholic parents will do well to consider these facts in caring for the education of their children.

Mind Triumphant Over Morals

The Pilot

For many decades Catholic educators have been dwelling on the danger to the community of the trained mind conjoined with the untrained heart and conscience, and for more than a decade and a half the more thoughtful of non-Catholic teachers and publicists have been taking up the same theme. Crimes such as are possible only to acute and highly trained intelligences are woefully on the increase among us.

With the revelations of money representing the most sacred of earthly trusts—provision for the widow and orphan—speculated with so as to bring in a more royal income to the heads of great insurance companies, or paid out to managers of a political campaign to secure special legislation; with the multiplying of corporations which can fleece the poor and the wage-earners with prospectuses of fabled inexhaustible mines, while their directors get rich and keep out of prison through some clever phrasing of the charters under which they transact business; with the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," displaced by another of contrary spirit, "Thou shalt have a legal title to ill-gotten goods," with benefactions to secular education out of the grinding of the poor, it is not to be wondered at that the attainment of wealth has become the chief end of man to the masses, and that Socialism flourishes where man is hopeless of attaining that end.

The lack of moral principle is admitted on all sides to be the disease which menaces our national life. "The sin of injustice is the sin of the age."

Mind has triumphed over morals to so large an extent among us that faith in

God and a wholesome fear of man's eventual accountability to His Creator are no longer motives of action or moral restraints among a large proportion of our population. The heaven they read of and dream of is that of the multi-millionaire, with his half-a-dozen palaces in Europe and America; their hell is to thirst for riches and luxury and be baffled in attempt to attain them. Vain to preach moral rectitude without laying the spiritual foundation for it; vain to expect worthy works when the motive power of a living faith is gone.

Alcoholic Nostrums

The Church Progress

The bad whisky nostrums with which the country is flooded have at last come to grief. The Federal government has taken them in hand and there is gloom among the compounders of the same. It would seem that an end has come to the making of millionaires from this nefarious business, and the deluded public is in a position to be congratulated.

Collectors of internal revenue have been notified by the Commissioner that after December 1 next, the manufacturers of these "health-giving, life-restoring" compounds will be obliged to pay the special tax for rectifiers and liquor dealers, and the retailers of the same must pay the special tax for liquor dealers. The fact that the manufacturer's formula will not be accepted as final, but that there will be a chemical examination of the nostrums purchased in the open market, indicates that the government is in earnest if there be doubt on the question.

This notification of the purpose of the government through the Commissioner of Internal Revenue should be a matter for general congratulation. While it protects the public from a dangerous class of medicine fakirs, it also puts a stop to drugging the people with doses of low-grade whisky.

The purpose of the government is announced none too soon. We see but one thing yet required and that is a Federal enactment requiring under severe penalties that all such nostrums shall be plainly and truthfully labeled with their contents.

The Holy Name Society

The Ave Maria

Ever since President Roosevelt, two years ago, addressed the Holy Name Society of Brooklyn in a sterling lay sermon on the weakness and indecency of profanity, we have noticed that the secular press of the country has been taking a more and more sympathetic attitude toward this particular association of Catholic manhood. The Buffalo Express is quoted as recently saying:

"The Holy Name Society is a Catholic organization which deserves the support of clean-minded men in every denomination and outside of all denominations. Its purpose is to protest against 'blasphemy and profanity.' Eighteen thousand members of the Society paraded in Brooklyn last Sunday."

There is no reason why the purposes of the Holy Name Society should not be as dear to non-Catholics as to Catholics. As Mr. Roosevelt said on the occasion referred to above: "Men should remember that they can not retain their self-respect if they are loose and foul of tongue, and that a man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable." Profanity, be it remarked, is an unutterably unprofitable habit. Violations of some of God's commandments bring with them at least a temporary gratification; but what conceivable pleasure can be extracted from the flippant pronouncing of the Holy Name? Yet how many are addicted to this reprehensible habit, and how few bestir themselves earnestly in the genuine endeavor to observe more faithfully the Second Commandment!



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

ICEOVITCH AND PHOEBUSON

(An Allegory)

By Martha Lowell

MANY years ago there ruled a mighty monarch named Iceovitch. His kingdom was known as Snowland, for its whole enormous area, from east to west, from north to south, was covered with a blanket of deep, eternal snow. The lonely animals who dwelt in this northern solitude were given coats of snowy white, and the birds that swept its Arctic seas were clad in downy feathers as pure as flakes of driven snow. And in the northernmost part of this land dwelt *King Iceovitch*.

His palace of ice covered the peak of a huge and monstrous berg. Northern lights played around it and terrific winds forever swept through its vast and frozen halls.

In the vastest, coldest hall of this palace sat the King, enthroned. His garments, his long white hair and beard, were covered with the frost of centuries. He never spoke, he never stirred, but gazed with cold, gray eyes at those who passed his throne, and those trembled at the glance of Iceovitch.

All the spirits of the North were subject to this King. There were the ghosts of Blacknight, the wraiths of the Icebergs, the witches of the Wind, and

the gnomes of the Frozen-earth. But the most powerful were the Glacier Giants. Their ponderous work was to crush and level the mountains, to push and spread the confines of Snowland onwards and outwards till it covered the earth. Century after century they worked unstayed. Myriads of flowers froze at their breath; primeval forests disappeared at their touch; weak animals died, and the strong became subject to the laws of Snowland.

Once a year Iceovitch held open court. Then his subjects from far and near came to do him homage. Now, it came to pass at one of these yearly meetings that the tardiest to arrive were the Glacier Giants. Iceovitch viewed them with anger and surprise, for their garment were torn, water streamed from their huge forms, and they tottered as aged men.

"What, ho!" exclaimed the King, "Be ye giants or weaklings?"

"Both," answered Olof, the biggest giant. "Know, oh, King, that a foe appears in the South whose retainers be armed with dazzling rays of wondrous power. When these smite us, our hearts turn to water and we dissolve in fear." Olof ceased. King Iceovitch rose from his throne, and his fury was awful to behold.

"Back, back, ye cravens, to your posts!" he shrieked. "Come to my aid, ye spirits of the North; blow, ye tempests, howl, ye winds, and announce the coming of Iceovitch."

Now in this wild tempestous host that surged around the King was one of whom I yet must speak. This was the princely son of Iceovitch, his heir and only child. He was a brave and handsome youth, golden-haired, with sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, garments of minever, and a helmet surmounted by a snowy owl. Mounted on the North Wind beside his grim and awful father rode this Prince, and behind swept the army, like a tornado of death.

While the army of Iceovitch descended from the North, a mighty horde from the South was advancing to meet them. The leader of this army was called Phoebuson. He was a fierce and fiery King with strong red hair and tawny eyes. His subjects were the spirits who dwell in tropic lands, great river-gods, forest dryads, spirits of heat and drought, of fog and rain. Following in this army's wake were millions of animals, immense long-haired mastodons, monsters from the ocean depths, ferocious lions, crocodiles, serpents, wild horses, dogs, and numberless birds.

Who could describe the clash of the hosts of Iceovitch and Phoebuson? As if a great volcano burst in an Arctic sea—such was the meeting. The army of Iceovitch fought with all its strength; the army of Phoebuson yielded not an inch. The weeks passed; the months passed; and still the armies strove with awful fury.

Now the tropic King had a daughter, a princess of wondrous loveliness, slender and graceful as a swaying palm. Orchids she wore woven in her dusky, waving tresses; roses and lilies hung in garlands from her slender waist. One day the son of Iceovitch looked into the velvet eyes of this daughter of the tropic King, and his heart stopped beating. From that time the love of fighting left him and his limbs grew weak.

When Iceovitch saw that his son fought not he upbraided him fiercely, and Phoebuson, discovering his daughter weeping, was sorely troubled. But no upbraiding would force the Prince to fight, no soothing dry the Princess' tears, and finally the distressed monarchs agreed to stay the battle. Thereupon the son of Iceovitch spoke and told his love, and the daughter of Phoebuson ceased weeping. Then the two great Kings conversed long together, and being wise old men they knew that nothing would stay the course of love.

and so the war closed with a wedding feast.

The Prince was given the southern part of Snowland, and the Princess was dowered with the northern tropics. And the two old Kings agreed that the new country should be ruled in this wise: For one season the son of Iceovitch reigns. Then the land is covered with snow, the rivers with ice, and the North Wind blows lustily. But the other season the fair Princess from the South holds sway. Her flowers then deck the sunny fields, soft zephyrs blow, the trees don all new leaves of green, and the young of every kind come forth and fill the world with sounds of joy.

Thus read the marriage contract of the son of Iceovitch and the daughter of the tropic King, and thus it stands to this day.

THE DEATH OF PAN

Translated from the German of Dr. Th. Kirchner by
Mary Richards Gray

It was at the time that Christianity triumphed over the old gods of the Latin people. The troubled heavens and the dark sea sang a song of death and destruction. On a rock on the shores sat Pan, gazing upon the warring elements. The wind played with his locks; the sea, rolling up great foam-capped waves, seemed casting at the feet of the god forsworn by man its pearly treasures. Pan gave no heed; this was not the homage that he wished, and he stared listlessly out over the waters.

Suddenly there stood before him a monk, his dark eyes burning with religious enthusiasm.

"Away! away!" he cried, holding before him the cross. "Bow, Satan, before this sign at which all hell trembles."

The god bowed not. Resting his eyes sadly on the priest, he said: "Why do you torment me? Let me die in peace."

"Die?" cried the monk. "Die, thou

incarnation of Evil? Evil is immortal; thou art immortal!"

"Immortal?" replied Pan, smiling sadly. "Immortal—I was when you fell down and worshipped me, and taught men to pray as in the days that are gone."

"Pray to you?" and the monk smiled grimly. "Ha, Accursed One! I recognize you. Pray to you? Never, Devil, never!"

Then great Pan rose and stood proudly before the monk.

"I do not ask your devotion; I do not wish it. I go now to die with the last of my devotees. Have compassion on me, that compassion which your God teaches you to have for all. Let me die in peace out in my woods," and saying these words the great god disappeared.

The sea continued to roar wildly, dashing great waves on the rocks; it seemed bringing devastation to the blooming earth.

* * * * *

Where the blue Sabine hills tower above the luxuriant fields of Latium, on the edge of a wood stood a temple. Rank weeds grew over its roof; wild grape-vines, with waving branches and tendrils, half buried it; swallows nested in the great acanthus leaves carved on the capitals of its marble columns, and rose-bushes trailed their roots and blossoms over the old altar. Lone and solitary, it looked down upon the plain where beside a pleasant stream a band of reapers were at work, gayly singing as they harvested the sheaves of golden grain. An autumn day was drawing to its close; the sun was bathing the land in a flood of light when an old man wearily dragged himself up the hillside path to the temple. At the door he pushed aside the rank growth of weeds and vines that he might approach the altar, and with trembling hand strewed leaves on the sacred stone and placed thereon twigs and the dry branches of a tree; then he struck a fire, and as the

flames ascended threw into them fruit and grain until the smoke from the sacrifice curled to the crumbling walls above him.

Nearer sounded the merry song of the reapers.

The old man heard it not, as before the altar he prayed:

"Pan, O great Pan, thou god of my fathers and forefathers, thou who blesseth the fields and herds, look upon me. I am the last in my valley to honor thee. I am too old to give homage to a new god. Thou hast blessed the pious faith of my father a thousand times over with blooming fields. Pan, O great Pan, receive my blessing and bless thou me."

Nearer and nearer sounded the merry song of the reapers.

The old man bowed his head and when he raised it, there—there before him—stood Pan, looking down benignantly upon him.

"Fear not, thou who art the last to retain thy faith in me," he said. "Blessed be the field thou tillest, the herd thou tendest, and blest be thou!"

"Pan, O great Pan," stammered the man.

Suddenly steps and the confused murmuring of many voices sounded behind them.

"The devil! The devil!" "Hell is loose!" "Flee, flee!" "No, halt, I say!" "Stand! The Lord is with us!" voices called shrilly.

The old man sprang up in terror and looked at the reapers.

"There he is!" called a voice. "See! there he is! There is the man who worships the Devil. Down with him! Down with him!"

The old man fled to Pan and in his deadly terror fell at his feet.

"Protect me, Pan," he cried, "protect me."

The god stretched his hands over him as stones began flying, and vines, weeds, the marble of the columns, fell in great

heaps about them. Again from out the crowd a voice called, "Raise the cross on high! Death to the Devil and down with his banner!"

"Death! death!" echoed the crowd.

Pan wished to drag his devotee away, but amidst the hail of stones he could not. Moaning loudly, the old man sank down to the ground.

"I am dying," he cried.

Pan bent over him, and as he did so a flying stone struck his temple. Blood spurted and streamed from the wound; heavily the god fell to earth.

Over the blue Sabine hills faded the last rays of the setting sun; then one by one the stars appeared, glistening like diamonds in the sky. The wind, perfumed with the breath of autumn, moved softly through the branches of the trees; sweet harmony reigned on earth and in heaven. Great Pan was dead.

NOVEMBER

M. E. J.

Oh, Lady Year has children twelve!

Her son, sad-voiced, am I.

How oft I murmur requiems

While gravely passing by!

My days make one long festival

For Holy Suffering Souls;

Yet oft within my passing life

A joyful anthem rolls.

I close the Rosary festival,

All Saints I gladly bring;

I also give Thanksgiving Day

When grateful praises ring.

And Mary's Presentation I

Bring fondly unto all,

When she, a little maiden, gave

Response to Heaven's call.

Before I pass away I'll bring

You many saints you love;

But oh, pray for the Suffering Souls

That joy be theirs above.

MARTINMAS

By M. F. N. R.

The feast of St Martin, November 11, is held in nearly every part of Christendom as a special feast day. Then new wines are drawn from the lees and tasted, cattle are killed for winter food and geese are in their prime. All over the continent of Europe a fat goose is eaten on Martinmas day, and in Scotland an ox, from which this beast is called a "mart." An old Scotch rhyme reads:

"When Easter comes who knows not then
That veal and balon is the man
And Martelmas beef doth bear good tack
When country food do dainties lack."

ST. CATHERINE'S DAY

By M. F. N. R.

St. Catherine's day is the 25th of November, and an old saying runs, "As at St. Catherine's foul or fair, so will be the next February."

Another proverb about this dreary month is, "As November, so the following March;" and still another, "Thunder in November indicates a fertile year to come."

A very old English couplet runs:

"If there be ice in November that will bear
a duck,
There will be nothing thereafter but sleet
and muck."

NOVEMBER

By M. F. N. R.

The month of November was called by the ancient Saxons "Wint Monath," or the "wind month," from the fierce winds which blow a gale and forced the Norsemen to land their ships until the following spring.

It was also called "Blot Monath" (bloody month) from the great number of cattle slaughtered then for winter salting.

Thomas Hood, the humorist, wrote a *rather droll* little verse about the nega-

tive character of the eleventh month of the calendar:

"No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road, no street, no 'tother side the way,
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful
 case,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November."

ALL SOULS' DAY

By M. F. N. R.

It is said that the custom of saying Mass for the souls in Purgatory upon the second of November was first introduced by Odilon, Abbot of Cluny, in the ninth century. In case the day fell on Sunday, of such importance was the feast considered that it was never postponed until Monday, but held on Saturday, that the souls delivered by the prayers of the faithful might not be kept in their durance vile another day.

THANKSGIVING

By Lalla Mitchell

For ripened grain and harvest fine,
The fruit of apple, peach and vine,
And blossoms sweetly gay;
For corn and barley garnered in,
For all the wealth of barn and bin,
We offer thanks to-day.

For smiling boys and fireside cheer,
The comely maid and friend sincere,
And those that came to bless;
For those that clasp our own,
For those the year has known,
With love and thankfulness.

O Father, be with us while we wait,
Our hearts to our home, our native state,
And all the world we pray,
Now bending near Thy throne above,
Accept our gratitude and love
On this Thanksgiving Day.

CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

THE ROSARY AND THE POOR SOULS.

BECAUSE man cannot picture to himself a love exceeding a mother's, the faithful, as by instinct, have come to look on the Church as a mother. In the sacramental system of the Church there is a hidden and unsoundable depth of love. The sacraments were given for man's salvation. They impart, increase, and restore grace to our souls. Grace comes from God alone. We know that God is love, and we know also that the sacraments are the outpouring of the love of our Father Who is in heaven. Paganism was a cold religion, if religion indeed it was. Under it man fought ever a losing battle. The gods were passive and heedless of man's fate. Christ, however, showed the world the true concept of divinity. He left His Church the seven sacraments, which are true balm for every wound of the soul, and the soul's sure defense. The unspeakable gift of the sacraments ought to elicit such gratitude on the part of man that no consideration whatever would induce him to offend Almighty God. But unfortunately this is not the case. Man is weak. But the Church, because she is of God, is kind and merciful. She tenders forgiveness and reconciliation to the sinner during life, comes to him upon his bed of death, and cares for him even beyond the portal of the grave, by her suffrages and prayers. Love is the fulfilling of the law—and what expression of love, what form of charity, is nobler and more pleasing to God than prayers for the faithful departed?

They who sleep in the Lord love God and yearn to see His blessed face, for the beatific vision constitutes the essential happiness of heaven. But justice demands the payment of every farthing

of their indebtedness. Every stain of guilt must be obliterated from their souls "yet so as by fire." The poor souls cannot help themselves; they must look to others, to the Church Militant. The Church remembers the poor souls in almost all her public prayers. The Memento of the Dead is made in every Mass. The antiphon, "Eternal rest grant unto them, oh Lord," is ever on the lips of the faithful, and in this wide sense, the faithful are priests "holding up their hands to the Lord in petition and cries of mercy."

How many think of the suffering souls when reciting the Rosary? And yet the beads, with their wealth of indulgences, are most efficacious for the holy souls. An indulgence is a precious thing, and the Rosary is, as it were, literally loaded down with them. Each bead is as the rung of a ladder leading up to heaven from the fiery abode of the suffering souls. Who can refuse this assistance when it entails so trifling a sacrifice? We can never properly estimate the power of the Rosary. If St. Dominic converted thousands of heretics and obdurate sinners through the Rosary, will not the same prayer obtain from God the release of those all enamored of the Lamb?

The very prayers used in the Rosary are a guarantee of its efficacy. Each "Pater" means for the suffering souls a "forgiveness of trespasses" because they have long since "forgiven those" who trespassed against them in life. Each "Ave" means for them an amelioration of their pains because Mary interceded for them, "sinners," "at the hour of death." Then, too, the meditation on the life and death of Christ must, of necessity, enlist the good graces and sympathy, so to speak, of the Crucified for those we pray for. Moreover, Jesus

in the daily triumphs of heaven wishes to present to His Father these trophies of His victories over Satan, these blessed fruits of His Passion and death.

Fervently, then, should we pray for the holy souls during November, the month especially devoted to them by the Church. We are prompted to this by every consideration of gratitude for those near and dear to us and by a broad Christian charity for all; selfish motives, even, urge us to be mindful of the blessed dead, for they shall repay us a thousand-fold when released from their dreary prison house and come into the enjoyment of their own, the ineffable delights of heaven.

THE LIVING ROSARY.

This sodality was founded in 1826, with the object of encouraging devotion to the Rosary among those people who, in the midst of the irreligion which followed the French Revolution, were left without the immediate help of the Rosary Confraternity; and although it was originally meant only for the people in and about Lyons, it very quickly spread throughout the world. The sodality gradually got into confusion, and was in 1877 placed under the care of the Dominicans. The fundamental idea and purpose of the institution of the Living Rosary was to teach people how to say the Rosary, and prepare them to become members of the Rosary Confraternity. The Living Rosary is not part of nor is it opposed to the Confraternity. To gain the indulgences annexed to the Living Rosary the decade must be said on a Rosary which has been blessed by a Dominican, or by one having the Dominican faculties.

"We have meditated upon the mysteries of 'The life, death and resurrection of God's only begotten Son,' upon the Incarnation and upon the Redemption. We have seen the virtues which

the mysteries reveal and the promises which they unfold. What now remains? To 'imitate what they contain;' that so carrying out in our daily life the lessons taught, we may obtain the grace in time and the glory in eternity which they promise, and this through the prayers of Mary and the merits of Mary's Son—'through Christ our Lord. Amen.'"—*Father Proctor, O. P.*

The Rosary is the great book in which both the priest and the man of the world, if they know how to read it, will learn better than anywhere else, reformation of life and the science of the saints. For Christians the first of all books is the Gospel, and the Rosary is the Gospel in brief.—*Pere Lacordaire, O. P.*

INDULGENCES FOR NOVEMBER.

November 1—All Saints: C. C., visit to Rosary church or chapel (plenary); five mysteries (seven years and 280 days); C. C., distinct visit to Confraternity altar with prayers (seven years and 280 days).

November 2 to 9—Octave of All Souls: Visit to Rosary church or chapel (plenary—once only).

November 5—First Sunday: Three plenaries.

November 10—Anniversary of deceased members of the Dominican Order: C. C., presence at the Office of the Dead in a Dominican chapel, with prayers (plenary).

November 21—Presentation of the B. V. M.: C. C., visit to a public oratory (plenary).

November 21-28—Octave of same: C. C., procession (plenary—once only).

November 26—Five visits to the different altars in any church (ten years and 400 days).

WITH THE EDITOR

The month of November is ushered in by the celebration of a feast dear to all the faithful, the feast of All Saints. The countless number of God's elect makes it impossible to devote a day of special honor to each; so all the blessed ones who fought and won the good fight, together with their august Queen, are honored on this their glorious day. The earthly records of these warriors and champions of Christ, their triumph over Satan and his wiles, are inspirations at once and encouragement to us, still struggling in this vale of tears with the triple powers of darkness, the flesh and the world. What the saints have accomplished through God's goodness and grace is attainable also by us, if we but follow in their footsteps. But November is preeminently the month of the poor souls. Victorious, likewise, were they in worldly conflict, and salvation was their reward; but the priceless crown of victory awaits them beyond the gates of Heaven, the while their imperfections are purged away by fire, for nothing defiled can enter there. Piteously they cry to us from their prison-house for succor. Shall we turn a deaf ear to them in their misery? It is in our power to help them—for themselves they can not help. We are bound in charity to pray for them, and justice even, may oblige us to it. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead," for *our* dead, especially. Of infinite value to the suffering souls is the holy Mass, great beyond calculation is the efficacy of the Rosary, inestimable the power of good works. All these means of assistance are at hand; and pitiable, despicable, indeed, is the Christian who employs not some of them for the relief and the con-

solation of the suffering faithful departed, the blessed ones who died in the Lord.

The State of Ohio has performed a graceful act, and has done signal honor to herself and to the nation in erecting a statue to the memory of her most illustrious son, the great and gallant Phil H. Sheridan. Every lover of the picturesque, the noble and the heroic thrills with enthusiasm when Sheridan is named. The name of Sheridan is graven deep and imperishable in the hearts of his countrymen and it stands forth conspicuously in the glorious honor-roll of the world's greatest warriors and heroes. Well may the State that nurtured him raise up a monument in his honor; well may the home of his childhood, his youth and his young manhood rejoice in her enviable distinction. Somerset, indeed, is the proud possessor of a notable memorial pile that bodes forth the counterfeit presentment of her honored son, and shows him plucking victory from defeat. But the monument which shall endure is the sum-total of this Catholic hero's splendid achievements, recorded not in perishable granite, but written in letters of gold on history's deathless page and treasured in the memory of a grateful and united people.

Writing of the decadent drama, the cultured and scholarly dean of American dramatic critics, Mr. William Winter, has this to say: "It has been the custom, ever since the tide of French nastiness first began to flow into the American theatre, to defend the production of decadent plays, usually of foreign origin, on the ground, first, that they are 'strong,' and hence desirable for dra-

matic use, and, secondly, that they teach a good and much-needed 'lesson,' and are, therefore, appropriate in the theatre. These plays should be prohibited and prevented. They have never done even the slightest good, and they have wrought a prodigious amount of evil. They are bad in morals, bad in taste, and bad in style. 'Strong' these rancid pieces certainly are; but so is an onion, or a polecat.

"It is no adequate defense of a filthy stage exhibition that it is made in a clever way. It should not be made at all. The rectitude of the moral does not atone for the defilement of the mind. The greater the cleverness, the greater the offense, and the greater the mischief. Some things can be taken for granted—sewer gas, for instance, and garbage. The fact that these things are 'strong' has been ascertained. People are not made wiser or better by being deluged with 'strength' of that kind; nor is there a particle of sincerity, logic, or principle in the pretence of good moral drift. No doctrine is more specious and sophistical than the doctrine that it is right to show anything and everything in a work of art, if only you wind up with a moral precept. Certain spectacles are, in themselves, degrading, however aptly they point a 'moral' or however pungently they may exploit a 'lesson.' 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' These self-appointed teachers of 'morals' and 'lessons' have an important truth to learn,—which is that both themselves and their dirty preachments are superfluous, intrusive, and impertinent. The dramatic scavenger is not made clean because you put a surplice on him. A theatrical audience, in contact with one of these vile plays, is first drenched with slime and then instructed to avoid it—and this is called 'morality.'

"It is folly to set up, in extenuation of such muck, that it either clarifies the views of men, or fortifies the virtue of *women*, or expounds any practical truth

that is not already a thing of common knowledge. All that such pieces accomplish is the befoulment of the spectator's mind with a sickening sense of human weakness, wickedness and vice and of social corruption and decay. And perhaps the most vicious of all the results of such tainted trash is that it tends to darken the mood and defile the tone of even the purest mind that is compelled to consider it.

"Unfortunately, such pieces are sought and accepted by a considerable class of people who like the zest of piquant impropriety, and who swarm toward any suggestion of illicit conduct just as flies buzz over a garbage pail. The time has been when the stage was made an eminent institution, and useful to society, by reason of splendid acting and the presentment of ennobling works of art; and, to a limited extent, it is so now. But the influence of noble thought, conduct, and spectacle should be revived. It never will be revived, however, until the public becomes sufficiently wise, intelligent, and decent to stay away from all theatres in which the decadent drama is presented."

This from a man like Mr. Winter is significant. He is not dealing with a new and unfamiliar subject. He knows whereof he speaks, and he speaks with authority, and his conclusions will be accepted without question by those who observe aright the signs of the times and the trend of things theatrical. His note of alarm should be heeded by all clean, right-minded people who have at heart their individual or domestic interests and the well-being of society. Not only should decent people avoid the decadent and malodorous drama themselves, but they should do all in their power to create an effective, adverse public sentiment in the matter of histrionic nastiness, and thus compel a hearing from shameless and sordid playwrights and managers who pander to a low and vicious public taste, whose only criterion

of success is the box office, and whose sole ambition is notoriety. Catholics, especially, should take a firm stand on this question and teach the frivolous and irreligious worldling a much-needed lesson in decency and duty. Wrong-doing with many is avoided merely from considerations of human respect—avoided simply because it is not reputed “respectable,” because, forsooth, it is reprobated by polite “society!” The Christian is inspired by motives very different. He shuns evil because of its essential malice, and he orders his conduct in accordance with God’s immutable and eternal laws, and with a firm conviction that he is amenable to those laws, and will certainly suffer the penalties incident to their transgression. What America, what the world, indeed, needs to-day is religion, pure and undefiled, for religion alone can effectually remedy the present crying evils founded all in the seven capital sins, and crowned, it would seem, by—*injustice*.

It is with much pleasure that we announce to the readers of *THE ROSARY* that we have secured from the Reverend J. E. Copus, S. J., another story, which will be begun in the January number. Father Copus has established a reputation as one of the foremost writers of juvenile fiction. He has already won the hearts of *ROSARY*

readers, by his fine story, just completed, “That Boy Gerald.” His power and versatility are shown further in the forthcoming work, which is a novel of high purpose along sociological lines. The story is brilliant at once and fascinating. One competent critic says of it: “The writer has set God’s finger on white love;” and another: “This fascinating priest-author is absolutely devoid of preachiness and sermonizing in his imaginative writings.” The articles, by the same author, on the sociological conditions of the slum element in our large cities, which close with the present issue of *THE ROSARY*, and which the Catholic press is widely reproducing, are a good preparation for, and will greatly enhance the interest of, the forthcoming novel.

Juvenile literature has sustained a distinct loss in the death of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the genial and gifted editor of “*St. Nicholas*.” Hers was the happy faculty of making life happier for hosts of little folks—and grown ones, too—who found wholesome amusement and instruction in the pages of the magazine she so long and ably edited. Had her editorial duties permitted, she would have added largely to a literary fame which rests chiefly on her “*Hans Brinker*,” “*Donald and Dorothy*” and “*Mysteries*.”

BOOKS

THE MYSTIC TREASURES OF THE HOLY MASS. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. B. Herder, S. Louis. 16mo. pp. 122. 50 cents net.

In these days many books on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass have been published, every one of which is useful and instructive. Father Coppens has certainly done his share to further devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He aims at a threefold purpose, as he tells us in the preface: “To render at least

some measure of gratitude to God for the infinite treasures bestowed on us in this Divine Sacrifice; to proclaim to the world at large, and in particular to souls athirst of heavenly things, the richness of the streams of grace ever flowing from this exhaustless fountain; and to pour forth the warm sentiments of loving devotion pent up in his own bosom, and swelling to overflowing as he ponders on these sublime mysteries.” He has carried out his purpose well,

and the book will do much to promote the devotion of Catholics while at Mass. The publishers have made a mistake by not giving the book a more serviceable binding.

JOAN OF ARC. By The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. B. Herder, St. Louis. 16mo. pp. 106. Price 75 cents net.

A life of the Maid of Orleans is always welcome, but by such an author, and from sources so authentic, the present life will be read with pleasure by all who admire and pity Joan of Arc. The author is she who gave us such an interesting and instructive volume on Mary Queen of Scots—"The Tragedy of Fotheringay." In the first chapter the author tells us from what sources she draws facts for her narrative:

"Materials for the history of Joan of Arc abound; countless books have been written about her; but the reports of her trial at Rouen, and those of the Rehabilitation Trials are the most authentic records that remain to us, and Mr. Douglas Murray has done a noble work for the memory of the Maid by publishing an English edition of these reports. It is upon his work that I propose mainly to base this short study."

LIGHTS FOR NEW TIMES. By Margaret Fletcher. Benziger Bros., New York. 12mo pp. 84. 60 cents.

"These pages are written for any girl who will read them, but with the particular hope that they may most often fall into the hands of those in whom the joy of life runs strongly and who dream of living strenuously in one way or another." These are the first words of the author, and they strike the key-note of her object in placing her book on the market. No better book could be placed in the hands of our girls; no sounder advice could be given than that found here—advice founded upon the experience of a woman who is thoroughly convinced of what she says and who is

a judge of the ways of the world. This "Light" will certainly shed bright rays into the lives of many of our Catholic girls.

GRAMMAR OF PLAINSONG. By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Part I. Benziger Bros., New York. 12mo. pp. 79 and index. 45 cents net.

The Benedictines of Stanbrook are doing much to further the carrying out of the "Motu Proprio" of our Holy Father Pius X, by compiling and publishing books on Plainchant. Plainchant is the official music of the Church. Though every effort has been made to preserve the Plainsong, in many places it has fallen into disuse, has been neglected and even thought light of. The present Pontiff has done much to revive this music, and ordered the old editions of liturgical books to be reprinted and sent over the whole world. This Grammar comes to us with a facsimile of the letter sent to the Abbess of Stanbrook, by Pope Pius X, relative to the revival of Plainchant, and blessing their efforts to carry out his wishes.

CANTATE MARIAE. By Rev. David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. pp. 42. Price, net, 40 cents. Postage five cents extra.

Father Bearne's devotion to the Blessed Virgin has surely prompted him to write these songs to Mary. In studying them, one finds errors in meter and rhythm, but nothing is wanting in the expression of his love and devotion to Our Lady.

INFALLIBILITY. By Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. Benziger Bros., New York. pp. 86.

Although only a paper which was read before the Society of St. Thomas, of Canterbury, this brochure is very exhaustive of the subject of the infallibility of the teaching Church. Beginning with antecedent probabilities taken

from Scripture and tradition, he considers in real scholastic order, the nature, object and subject of infallibility. Then he answers the objections. The briefness of this paper and its order will recommend it to many.

FORGET-ME-NOTS FROM MANY GARDENS. By a member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. R. & T. Washbourne, London. Benziger Bros., American Agents. 320. pp. 200. 45 cents net.

The promotion of the devotion to the poor souls is an undertaking which every good Catholic must applaud, and as the object of the little book under consideration is that, and that alone, we most earnestly bespeak for it a cordial welcome at the hands of all our readers. The booklet should find a place in every Catholic household and should be faithfully read by every member of the family. If this be done, a strong devotion to the poor souls will be the inevitable result. The appearance of the booklet at this time is most opportune for the month of November is at hand.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OBLATE OF ST. CHARLES. By Rev. Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C. Benziger Bros., New York. 16mo. pp. 112. 75 cents net.

At the request of the late Cardinal Vaughan, Father Kirk wrote this book. It is a history of the remarkable growth and spread of the Catholic faith in England during the last half of the nineteenth century, which is often called the "Second spring." Father Kirk's book is a valuable addition to Church history, especially English Church history.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. IS IT A FACT? By Gideon W. B. Marsh. B. Herder, St. Louis. 16mo. pp. 55. 30 cents net.

"This lecture was delivered by the author, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland, in Glas-

gow on the 26th of March, 1905, in Edinburgh on the 27th, and in Aberdeen on the 28th." In an abbreviated form it deals "with the constructive proofs of the Resurrection, as also with the destructive criticism of the later and present centuries."

HEALTH AND HOLINESS. By Francis Thompson. Preface by Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. B. Herder, St. Louis. pp. 80. Price 55 cents net.

In this little book the author shows what the relations are that exist between health and holiness; how one depends on the other; how necessary one is for the attainment of the other. The little volume will do much to remove the exaggerated ideas that men of to-day have concerning sanctity.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION. By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, Paulist. The Columbus Press, New York. pp. 119. Price \$5.00 per hundred copies. Paper, 10 cents per copy; cloth, 50 cents per copy.

In this little book Father Wyman endeavors, as he says in the preface, to give his strongest reasons for believing in the Catholic religion. He wrote this book because he felt that it was in his line of work, he being a missionary, and because he is a missionary it will be useful to many who are performing the same duty, and to those who would seek for certainty in religion, and especially the Catholic religion.

HEYSHAM. By Monsignor Robert Grodwell. Benziger Bros., New York. 12mo. pp. 127. 50 cents net.

This story of North Lancashire is well written and will prove interesting to many, especially children. Stories of history and historical characters are always interesting and at the same time instructive. This little book should find a place on the shelves of every child's library.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of *THE ROSARY*, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of *THE ROSARY* will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

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In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say, Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and Our Father once. Hail Mary ten times. Glory be to the Father once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the Hail, holy Queen is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

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(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary Procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day for the recitation of the Rosary.

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HOLY NIGHT—CORREGGIO.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII,

DECEMBER, 1905

No. 6

The Holy City

By REV. M. A. QUIRK

STIFF and sore from our week in the saddle, wet from the frequent showers, so tired that we could scarcely sit upright on our horses, late in the afternoon of Saturday in Passion week, we ascended a gentle slope that rose to the south from El Bireh. At El Bireh tradition says that the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph met on the evening when they first missed the child Jesus. They had journeyed one whole day, Mary with the women, Joseph with a band of men, each supposing the twelve year old Saviour was with the other group.

The story of their finding Him in the Temple is familiar to all your readers. As we entered the town, the memory of their quest fought for supremacy in our minds with another thought—that from El Bireh to Jerusalem we were to travel over a fine road and to bid farewell, we hoped forever, to the by-paths of Palestine.

Ascending this road southward, we came to its highest point about five o'clock in the afternoon, when our condition could best be described by the word "comatose." A full view of the Holy City broke upon us, crowning its rolling hills in such a way that almost every notable building could be picked out at a glance. The domes of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar, which I had always thought were gilded, were gilded for our coming by the combined effects

of the recent shower and the rays of the setting sun. Back of the city was the Mount of Olives. Beside us was Mount Scopus. As we entered the Holy City through the Damascus gate and picked our way through the narrow streets to the door of the Casa Nova, and threw ourselves with one last effort from our ponies, I was glad, after it all, that I had made the trip and, tired as I was, I felt more in harmony with my surroundings than if, brisk and fresh, I had stepped from a train at the request of a twentieth century trainman, crying, "All out for Jerusalem."

A bath and a night's sleep at the Casa Nova made us forget all the unpleasant features of the preceding week. In proof of this, let me state that 5 A. M. the following morning found us both in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where we both said Mass on the Altar of Calvary. Fearing to return to the Casa for coffee lest we might not again gain admission to the church, we went without breakfast in order to be present at the ceremonies of Palm Sunday. The Sepulchre of our Divine Lord occupies the very center of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Around it the procession of the palms passed. In that procession—as in fact in nearly all processions in Jerusalem—the story of Pentecost is repeated. People of almost every nation under Heaven are to be found there. Lay people, including consuls of many nations, religious of various or-



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

ders, clerics, from subdeacons to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, encircled the tomb many times, carrying palms and chanting the usual prayers. The choirs of men and boys can scarcely be surpassed, even in Rome. The one jarring note was the cordon of Turkish soldiers, with rifles grounded, who formed an impassible barrier between us and the procession.

We did not wish to join the procession, but preferred to study it. We could not, had we so wished, as we had yielded our cassocks to other priests who said Mass after us. But it grated upon us to see followers of Mahomet around the tomb of our Saviour, preserving order among Christians.

The explanation quickly followed when, at the close of the Mass, the Latin altar was dismantled and a Greek *service immediately followed ours.*

In the afternoon of Palm Sunday, a party of priests, Franciscans and seculars, walked to Gethsemane. It was a beautiful day and a delightful walk. The lame, the blind, and especially the lepers, along the road outside the city gate, formed an unpleasant spectacle, but we were becoming accustomed to such sights. There may be honor among thieves, but there is little charity among beggars. That afternoon one of our party threw a coin to a crippled boy. In an instant a blind man, led by a boy, pounced upon him. The poor little cripple, not being able to escape, put the coin for safe-keeping into his mouth, whence the blind man extracted it with a violence that threatened to dislocate the poor little fellow's jaw. The robber may have been blind, but the way he scurried up the road to escape us made us doubt it.

I shall ever remember that afternoon in Gethsemane. It seems entirely out of place to enjoy a visit to that spot where Christ suffered His most bitter agony. But the Franciscans have made this a most beautiful spot with plants and beds of pansies and other flowers, which makes it almost impossible to recall with proper feeling the words, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."

Later in the week, when we came alone in the early morning to say Mass in the Grotto of the Agony, and again on Good Friday, we felt more keenly the genius of the place.

On that Palm Sunday, with Jerusalem and Mt. Zion before us, with the Mount of Olives behind us and the beautiful bright sun shining down upon us, it pains me to confess we spent some time gazing down into the valley of

Jehoshaphat and flippantly conjecturing where our place may be on that day of General Judgment, that "*dies irae et amara valde*" when, in that Valley of Judgment, Christ shall come again to judge the quick and the dead.

Returning from Gethsemane, we visited the White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie, who in our day are imitating their brethren of the Middle Ages in ransoming the captives of Central Africa from sin and paganism. Their beautiful monastery is built over the pool of Bethsaida, where, also, says tradition, St. Joachim and St. Anne lived and where the Blessed Virgin was born. It is impossible to walk in this part of Jerusalem without passing many spots made memorable by events in the life of our Lord, most of which are commemorated by tablets set into the walls of the houses.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

I love to recall those days about the Holy City. I should love to tell ROSARY readers of our visits to Bethlehem, Bethany, Emmaus, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and all of the points of interest in and around that most interesting of all cities, but the story has been told so often and so much better than I could tell it that I shall refrain and speak of other points.

Jerusalem in Holy Week presents a gathering of people fearful and wonder-

age was about fifty years; their dress consisted of short skirts and heavy, hob-nailed boots. Waists they may have worn, but so many nondescript jackets and coats had they that inner garments were not to be listed. Head-gear was, of course, in keeping the rest of their wardrobe. How many caps, hoods and shawls each one wore, she probably knew—I don't.

I am not trying to ridicule these Russian peasants. Far from it. I con-

ceived for them in Jerusalem a respect that constantly increases. They came across the country—how many hundreds of miles I do not know—to visit the tomb of their Saviour. But I do know that their journey was longer than ours, and the trip we found arduous on horseback, they made mostly on foot. The beds we slept in were intolerable; they slept on the ground. They brought their own food and made tea by the wayside. When we slept on cots in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre that we might be sure of our chance to say Mass on the Tomb of our Lord next morning, several thousand of these pious people were stretched on the cold stone pavement during the night, and as I passed through the great church next



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

ful to look upon. The most conspicuous figures are the female Russian peasants. They were there in thousands. There were some men with them, mostly very old or very young. The women appeared uniform in age and dress. Their

morning at four, on my way to the tomb, they were about their devotions at this shrine or that altar, oblivious of all else but the purpose which brought them to the Holy City.

These people may not be famil-

iar with manicure sets and pink teas, but they believe in God and the Redeemer with a faith that challenges admiration and respect. An editor of an American religious paper in New York recently ridiculed them as superstitious. If he will devote his talent to exposing the follies of Christian Science, camp-meetings, "et id omne genus," he will scarcely have time to sneer at the religious practices of the

holy places from Nazareth to Jericho in little groups, quietly and inoffensively. They were always ready to give half the road, or more if necessary, to any passer-by. On Good Friday the Mohammedans went in procession to the tomb of Moses, which they believe is on the shore of the Dead Sea, south of Jerusalem. The anniversary of the death of the Prophet by chance fell that year in Holy Week, and on Good Fri-



BRIDGE OVER THE BROOK KEDRON.

Russian Catholics, which, to judge from his article, he understood not at all.

Another class of people who made a lasting impression upon us in Jerusalem in a very different way and for very different reasons, were the Mohammedans. The Russians, while numbering thousands, made no attempt at a public demonstration. They went about the

day pilgrimages to the tomb began which lasted for over a week. The route led out of the city through the valley of Jehoshaphat, skirting the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. Behind the high stone wall which separates the Garden from the highway, over which the procession passed, a platform had been erected from which

about fifty European and American Catholics witnessed in safety the procession of Good Friday afternoon.

It seems a strange occupation at that hour for Christian pilgrims. One would naturally expect to find us at Calvary at the hour when our Divine Saviour died, but the crowd of pilgrims was so great that every hour of Good Friday was allotted to a different group for making the Way of the Cross. We joined in a procession of Spanish pilgrims who made the Stations at 10 A. M. Again in the evening we took part in a peculiar ceremony which I shall describe later. At three o'clock on that beautiful afternoon we stood on the platform just inside the stone wall of the Garden, awaiting the procession.

Across the road, which was scarcely twenty feet wide, was a Mohammedan cemetery enclosed by a lower wall. The

top of this wall and the tombs within were covered by Mohammedan men and boys gathered to witness the procession. The distant slope beyond, leading up to the walls of the Holy City, was covered with Mohammedan women who, with their veiled faces and peculiar dress, looked like so many bundles of old clothes littering the ground. The procession formed in the temple area just inside the city wall, and for an hour before it started the noise from that direction sounded like bedlam let loose. Finally, the crowd poured out through the gate in the utmost disorder. No attempt at marching in any sort of order was made. Men on horseback rode furiously through closely packed crowds of men on foot. Bands of fanatics on foot, swinging naked swords or firing rifles and shot-guns, would reverse their steps and make confusion worse con-



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



GENERAL VIEW OF TEMPLE AREA.

founded. When the crowd became too dense, men frequently mounted the shoulders of their fellows and brandished their swords and guns with more freedom from the height thus attained. Many of them were naked to the waist, and the boldest among them slashed themselves with their own swords. I noticed one group in passing who had pierced their cheeks and arms with knives and daggers. Among them was a nice-looking young fellow, apparently a novice, who was gingerly attempting to pierce his cheek with a dagger. An old fellow whose body was covered with self-inflicted wounds, disgusted by the timidity of the young fellow, struck his hand a blow which quickly drove the knife through both cheeks. The scream of the lad haunted me for days.

Add to the antics of this mob of

thousands of fanatics their screams, howls and imprecations, and you will get some idea of the awful procession which passed the Garden of the Agony at the very hour when their Saviour from His cross prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In the evening a peculiar service was held in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was not the Stations of the Cross, as several of the stations are outside of the church, beginning at Pilate's House, which is still a soldiers' barracks. As I have said, we made the Stations that morning with two hundred and fifty Spanish pilgrims, including a Bishop and forty priests. The Bishop and twelve priests carried a cross in the procession and the laymen carried another, changing places at intervals.

When we reached the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, they all crossed its threshold on their knees. A striking feature of the evening procession was a series of sermons in seven languages; namely, Italian, German, French, English, Spanish, Greek and Arabic. Between the sermons a procession filed from point to point in the church, the choirs of men and boys singing the

ointment, where the Patriarch sprinkled it with spices. It was then carried into the Sepulchre itself, and the ceremony was over.

All the services of Holy Week, and probably the other services of the year, are hurried and somewhat marred by the fact that the Greeks either precede or follow the Latins on all important days. Their feasts do not coincide with ours,



THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT.

"Stabat Mater" as I had never heard it sung before.

Before the Patriarch was carried a beautiful ivory crucifix, almost life size. At Calvary it was raised above the head of the crowd. Then some of the attending priests mounted a ladder, drew the nails from the hands and feet, lowering the body, which was articulated, into a winding-sheet. In this sheet six priests *carried the body* to the stone of the

our Palm Sunday being Passion Sunday for them, while their procession of palms followed immediately our services of Easter Sunday. They arrange their palms into designs more elaborate and in some cases more beautiful than any I have ever seen elsewhere. Some were hideously decorated with paper flowers and many-colored ribbons.

Before leaving Jerusalem we visited the Dominican Fathers at St. Stephen's.



CITADEL OF ZION.



TOWER OF DAVID.

But to them and their splendid work in the interest of Biblical science a special article will be devoted later on.

We had intended travelling from Jerusalem to Jaffa on horseback, but rainy weather and the uncertainty of the coming of a steamer to that port caused us to go by train.

Jaffa is the most uncertain seaport in the world, and for three thousand years or more has been considered the most dangerous. No steamship company will sell a ticket to Jaffa. If, when a steamer reaches there, a landing is possible amid its treacherous rocks, the boat will stop. If there is a sea on, you will be taken to Beirut or Port Said or Alexandria, whence you may return the following week and try it again. The same is true of embarking from Jaffa. We had to spend three days there; and as "seeing Jaffa" is a matter of a few hours, and we did not dare leave the town for fear a tramp steamer bound northward might arrive in our absence, time hung upon our hands. There is a hotel at Jaffa that is unique in many ways. The proprietor is the American consul, and an honest man. He recalled to our minds the lines:

"Sanctus Ivo
Advocatus sed non latro
Res miranda populo."

American consuls in the far East are too often no credit to our country, but

Mr. Hardegg of Jaffa is an honorable exception to the general run of them. He is a deeply religious man. The menu card of the New Jerusalem Hotel has a picture of an egg at its top, with the word "Hard" on a scroll across it. The list of eatables is sprinkled with texts from Scripture, which also appear in every room. The rooms are not numbered, but named after Biblical heroes. Unlucky number thirteen is replaced by Jonah, and guests shun the room named in honor of the prophet, although tradition tells us that it was on this very beach that the whale and Jonah dissolved partnership. If Jonah had been offered his choice of spots about the Mediterranean on which to land, he could not have chosen a finer beach than the one just north of Jaffa. The rocks just opposite the town are, as I have said, most dangerous to the mariner, but the beach north of them is the finest I have ever seen. Nothing on the coast of New Jersey or Long Island compares with it. The surf is strong but not dangerous. The beach is a mass of beautiful sea-shells more than a foot deep. After we discovered this beach, we ceased worrying about the arrival of the steamer. Finally a boat did arrive—the Maria Teresa of the Austrian Lloyd company—on which we embarked for Beirut, there to change to the Saghalien, of the Messageries Maritimes, for Smyrna and Constantinople.



Pourquoi Je T'aime, O Marie!

Translated From the French of Soeur Therese de l'Enfant Jesus

By S. L. EMERY

Fain would I sing, O Mother blest! the reasons why I love thee;
Why e'en to name thy name, with joy, O Mary! fills my heart;
And why the thinking of thee now, in greatness far above me,
Inspires no fear within my soul, so dear and sweet thou art.
Yet, if I were to see thee in thy majesty stupendous,
Surpassing all the glory of the saints in heaven above,
Scarce could I dream I am thy child (O truth sublime, tremendous!),
For I should think myself to be unworthy of thy love.

The mother who desires to be her child's best earthly treasure
Must ever share its grief with it, must understand its pain.
Queen of my heart! throughout thy years, thy sorrows had no
measure;
What bitter tears thine eyes have shed, my worthless heart to
gain!

So, musing on thy earthly life, in Scripture's sacred story,
I dare to look upon thy face, and to thy side draw nigh;
For when I see thee suffering,—concealed thy marvelous glory,—
It is not hard, then, to believe thy little child am I.

When Gabriel came from heaven's courts, to ask thee to be mother
Of God Who reigns omnipotent to all eternity,
I see thee then preferring to that wondrous grace, another,—
Through all thy consecrated life a virgin pure to be.
And so I now can comprehend, immaculate white maiden!
Thy soul was dearer unto God than heaven itself could be;
And thy meek, humble, human frame, with mortal weakness laden,
Could yet contain the Eternal Word, Love's vast unbounded Sea.

I love thee when I hear thee call thyself the handmaid only
Of God Whom thou didst win to earth by thy humility;
All-powerful it made thee then, above all women, lonely,
And drew into thy bosom chaste, the Blessed Trinity.
The Holy Spirit, Love Divine, o'ershadowed thee, O Mother!
And God the Father's only Son incarnate was in thee.
How many sinful, sorrowing souls shall dare to call Him—Brother!
But He shall be called—Jesus, thy first-born, eternally.

And oh! despite my frailties, dear Mary! well thou knowest
That I at times, like thee, possess the Almighty in my breast.
Shall I not tremble at the gift, O God! that Thou bestowest?
A mother's treasure is her child's:—I still my fears to rest.
For I, O Mary, am thy child! O Mother dear and tender,
Shall not thy virtues and thy love plead now with God for me?
Then, when the pure white sacred Host, in all its veiled splendor,
Visits my heart, thy spotless Lamb will think He comes to thee.

Oh, thou dost help me to believe that e'en for us frail mortals
 'Tis not impossible to walk where we thy footsteps see;
 The narrow road before us thou dost light to heaven's portals.
 Who lowliest virtues here below didst practise perfectly.
 Near thee, O Mother! I would stay, little, unknown and lowly;
 Of earthly glory, oh! how plain I see the vanity!
 In the house of St. Elizabeth, thy cousin dear and holy,
 I learn of thee to practise well most ardent charity.

There, too, I listen on my knees, great Queen of all the Angels!
 To that sweet canticle that flows in rapture from thy soul;
 So dost thou teach me how to sing like heavenly, glad evangelists
 And glorify my Jesus, Who alone can make me whole.
 Thy burning words of love divine are mystic flowers victorious,
 Whose fragrance shall embalm the long, long ages yet to be.
 In thee, indeed, the Almighty King hath done great things and
 glorious!
 I meditate upon them now, and bless my God in thee.

When good St. Joseph knew not of the great archangel's story,
 Which thou wouldst fain conceal from men in thy humility,
 O tabernacle of the Lord! thou didst not tell thy glory,
 But veiled the Saviour's presence in profoundest secrecy.
 Thy silence, how I love it now, so eloquent, so moving!
 For me it is a concert sweet, of melody sublime;
 I learn thereby the grandeur of a soul that God is proving,
 That looks for succor only from His hand, in His good time.

Then later still, O Joseph! and O Mary! I behold you
 Repulsed in little Bethlehem by all the dwellers there;
 From door to door you vainly went, for all the people told you
 They had no place to shelter you, no time to give you care.
 Their rooms were for the great alone; and in a stable dreary
 The Queen of Heaven gave birth to Him Who made both heaven
 and earth.
 O Mother of my Saviour! then, thou wast not sad nor weary;
 In that poor shed how grand thou wert! how painless was that
 birth!

And there when, wrapped in swaddling bands, I see the King
 Eternal,—
 When of the Word divine, supreme, the feeble cry I hear,—
 O Mary! can I envy e'en the angels' joy supernal?
 The Master Whom they worship is my little Brother dear.
 What praises must I give to thee, who, in earth's gloomy prison,
 Brought forth this lovely heaven-sent Flower, before our eyes to
 bloom!
 Though unto shepherds and wise men a star had grandly risen,
 These things were kept within thy heart as in some secret room.

I love thee when I see thee next, like other Hebrew women,
 To Israel's temple turn thy steps when dawned the fortieth day;
 I love thee yielding humbly up unto the old man Simeon
 The Lord Who should redeem us all when years had fled away.
 And first my happy smiles awake, to hear his glorious singing,—
 That "Nunc Dimittis" that shall ring till Time itself shall die;
 But soon those joyous notes are changed, and my hot tears are
 springing,—

"A sword of grief must be thy lot," thus runs his prophecy.

O Queen of all the martyrs! till thy life on earth is ended,
 That sharp, sharp sword shall pierce thy heart! At once it
 pierces sore.
 That thy dear child from Herod's wrath may surely be defended,
 I see thee as an exile on old Egypt's pagan shore.
 Beneath thy veil thy Jesus slept, thy peace no fears were daunting,
 When Joseph came to bid thee wake, and straightway flee from
 home;
 And then at once I see thee rise, as called by angels chanting,
 Content, without a questioning word, in foreign lands to roam.

In Egypt and in poverty, I think I see thee, Mary,
 All glad at heart, all radiant, with joy beyond compare.
 What matters exile unto thee? Thy true home cannot vary.
 Hast thou not Jesus with thee still? and with Him Heaven is
 there.

But, oh! in fair Jerusalem, a sorrow, vast, unbounded,
 Came to o'erwhelm thy mother-heart with grief beyond com-
 pare,—

For three days Jesus hid Himself; no word to thee was spoken.
 Thou wast indeed an exile then, and knew what exiles bear.

And when, at last, thine eyes again were thy Son's face beholding,
 And love entranced thee, watching Him among the doctors wise,
 "My Child!" thou saidst, "now tell me why didst leave my arms'
 enfolding?"

Didst Thou not know we sought for Thee with tear-endimned
 eyes?"

The Child-God answered to thee then, to thy sweet, patient wooing,
 O Mother whom He loved so well, whose heart was well-nigh
 broken!

"How is it that you sought for Me? Wist not I must be doing
 My Father's work?" Oh, who shall sound the depths those
 words betoken?

But next the Gospel tells me that, as onward swept Time's ocean,
 Subject to Joseph and to thee was Christ, the Holy Boy;
 And then my heart reveals to me how deep was that devotion,
 And how beyond all words to tell, thy daily, perfect joy.
 And now the temple's mystery I understand, dear Mother!
 The answer, and the tone of voice, of Christ, my King adored.

'Twas meant the pattern thou shouldst be, thereafter, to all other
Tried souls who seek, in Faith's dark night, the coming of the
Lord.

Since Heaven's high King has willed it so His Mother and His
dearest

Should know the anguish of that night, the torn heart's deep-
est woe,

Then are not those who suffer thus to Mary's heart the nearest?
And is not love in suffering God's highest gift below?

All, all that He has granted me, oh! tell Him He may take it!

Tell Him, dear Mother! He may do whate'er He please with me;
That He may bruise my heart to-day, and make it sore, and break it,
So only through Eternity my eyes His face may see!

I know, indeed, at Nazareth, O Virgin rich in graces!

As the lowly live, so thou didst live, and sought no better things;
Of ecstasies and wonders there, our eyes can find no traces,

O thou who daily dwelt beside the incarnate King of Kings!
On earth, we know, is very great the number of the lowly;

With neither fear nor trembling they may dare to look on thee.
By common lot and humble path, our Mother dear and holy!

Thou wast content to walk to heaven, and thus our guide to be.

Through all my weary exile here, I fain would walk beside thee.

O pure and precious Mother! let me live near thee each day!
Thy beauty thrills my heart with joy. Deign now to guard and
guide me!

What depths of love are in thy heart for me, thy child, alway!
Before thy glance maternal, all my many fears are banished;

Thou teachest me to gently weep, and how to sing for joy;
Thou dost not scorn our happy days, nor hast thou wholly vanished.
Thou smilest on us tenderly, as once upon thy Boy!

When bride and groom at Cana's feast knew well the wine was
failing,

And knew not whence to bring supply, thine eyes their need
perceived.

To Christ the Master thou didst speak, who knew His power
availing,—

The Maker of created things, in Whom thy soul believed.

But first He seemed thy mother-heart's kind prayer to be denying.

"What matters this, O woman! unto Me and thee?" said He.

But "Mother," in His soul's deep depths, His filial heart was crying;
And that first miracle He wrought, Mary! He wrought for thee.

One day, while sinners crowded round to hear what He was saying,

In His desire to save their souls, and them to heaven beguile,
I see thee there amid the throng, and thou wast meekly praying

That they would let thee enter in and speak with Him awhile.
And then thy Son spoke out this word, mysterious like that other,

To show us thus His marvelous love for all the souls of men;—
He said: "Who is My brother, and My sister, and My Mother?
'Tis he who does My Father's will!" My Father's will, again!

O Virgin, pure, immaculate! O Mother, tenderest, dearest!
Hearing these words that Jesus spake, this time thou was not
grieved.

No! thy great heart it leaped for joy, O thou His friend the nearest!
Because our longing souls likewise to friendship He received.
Oh, how thy heart rejoices that to us His life is given,—
The treasure, that cannot be weighed, of His Divinity!
Who shall not love thee well to-day, and bless thee in His heaven,
Because on us is lavished thus thy generosity!

For truly thou dost love us as thy sweet Child Jesus loves us;
And for our sake thou didst consent to stay when He had risen.
Since, if we love, then to give all, e'en self, both tries and proves us;
Thou, too, to prove thy love, didst stay in earth's dark, dreary
prison.

Thy love for souls our Saviour knew, that love His heart had
sounded;
He left thee to us when He went to God's right hand on high.
Refuge of sinners! on thy prayers how many hopes are grounded!
Christ gave thee to us from His cross; for us He hears thy cry.

For thou didst stand—His Mother—by our Saviour's side on Cal-
vary:

As priests before God's altar, at the cross so thou didst stand.
To appease the Father's justice, thou didst offer up, O Mary!
Thy Jesus, our Emmanuel, at God's supreme command.
A prophet had foretold it, O thou Mother broken-hearted!
"Is any sorrow like to thine?" Thy grief no words can say!
Blest Queen of martyrs! left on earth when Jesus had departed!
'Twas thy heart's blood for us was given on that unequalled day.

Henceforth thy shelter in thy woe was St. John's humble dwelling;
The son of Zebedee replaced the Son Whom heaven adored.
Naught else the Gospel tells us of thy life, in grace excelling;
It is the last they say of thee, sweet Mother of my Lord!
But that deep silence, oh! I think it means that, up in glory,
When time is past, and into heaven thy children safe are come,
The Eternal Word, my Mother dear! Himself will tell thy story,
To charm our souls, thy children's souls, in our eternal home.

Soon I shall hear that harmony, that blissful, wondrous singing;
Soon, unto heaven that waits for us, my soul shall swiftly fly.
Thou who didst gently smile on me at dawn of life's beginning!
Come once again to smile on me. . . . Mother! the night is nigh.
I fear no more thy majesty, so far, so far above me,
For I have suffered sore with thee; now hear my heart's deep cry.
Oh! let me tell thee face to face, dear Virgin! how I love thee;
And say to thee forever that thy little child am I.

A Famous Medieval Mathematician

Blessed Jordan of Saxony, O. P.

By WILLIAM H. CAHILL, B. Sc.

THE last quarter of the century from which we have just emerged witnessed an astonishing change in the matter and scope of historical research, a change, however, not wholly to be commended.

That the modern school of historical research embraces a much wider field of investigation than that which preceded it, is a fact we cannot well dispute, yet the truth remains, that much of the literary energy displayed by writers of the later school has been misdirected, infructuous, and destructive of belief in revealed religion.

Like the school that it succeeds—and on which it is no improvement—the modern school presents a phase particularly to be deplored, as better things had been expected of it; and that is its unwillingness to give an honest judgment on any question the true solution of which might yield praise or even credit to the Catholic Church. How different it is with learned and distinguished Catholic writers of the same period, such as Denifle, O. P., Hurter, Pastor, Janssen, Gasquet, O. S. B., etc.—men who seem animated with but one desire, viz. to write the truth. It would seem as if our Protestant and Rationalistic friends labored under the belief that they are in some sense bound to defend any and every position, however untenable, once held by their Lutheran and Calvinistic



BLESSED JORDAN, O. P.

forefathers. Apparently, original investigation on facts of history in which the Catholic Church has played her part has not the slightest claim to their learned attention.

In their discussion, however, of questions foreign to the controversies of the early sixteenth century, no such hostile attitude appears; and the industry of these writers has produced many surprises, often of a welcome,

though unexpected, character. One of these is the proof that Blessed Jordan, second Master-General of the Dominicans, was not only the greatest mathematician of the Middle Ages, but one whose discoveries in mathematics distinctly advanced that most difficult yet necessary science. In this instance modern historical research has deserved well of us.

While the discussion of his mathematical discoveries is the chief object of this article, it occurs to the writer that a notice of B. Jordan himself, a brief historical retrospect of the age in which he lived and a consideration of the almost insurmountable difficulties he had to encounter, would greatly assist us in forming a true estimate of his great worth. Elected to succeed St. Dominic at a General Chapter of the brethren held at Paris, 1222, his generalship was marked by the rapid extension of his much loved Order. Denmark, Germany, Poland, Venice, Greece, Palestine and Dalmatia

were witnesses to his untiring zeal, sixty new convents being erected in these countries; four new provinces were also established in addition to the six already founded by St. Dominic. The apostolic labors of this marvellously gifted man seem well-nigh incredible. In one Lent we find him at Bologna; in another at Paris; and again at Oxford and other university cities, preaching to the masters and bachelors and seeking to induce the more pious among them to take the habit of his Order. That he succeeded in this to a remarkable degree is evidenced by the astonishing fact that during his brief generalship he clothed in the Dominican habit and admitted to the Order over one thousand novices.

The difficulties which confronted B. Jordan and his friars in their evangelical labors may be more clearly understood when we remember that Frederick II* was on the throne of Germany, Philip Augustus of France was yet alive, and John of England was but nine years dead. It has been said of Frederick II, that no sovereign that had thus far lived had so many opportunities for doing good; yet he cast them all aside, preferring a Saracen harem, the society of Jewish and Saracen philosophers, and the astrological speculations of Michael Scot to the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the sublime precepts of Christian theology. Dante—who was almost Frederick's contemporary, and who derived his knowledge of him from those who had known him personally—places him in the abode of the lost ones, in the company of Epicurus and those heresiarchs "Who with the body make the spirit die."

What a fervid zeal must have filled the soul of B. Jordan to bring him face

to face with this imperial miscreant and bravely reprove him for his dissolute life and unfilial conduct towards the great Innocent III, pleading with the unhappy Frederick the while to save himself from his own folly before it was too late. B. Jordan's labors in his behalf were not fruitless, for on his death-bed Frederick† put on the Cistercian habit. Of Philip Augustus of France—that cold, unscrupulous man who ceaselessly opposed Innocent III in that Pontiff's reforming zeal—little need be said. His character is best told in his repudiation of his wife, Ingeborg of Denmark, and his criminal relations with Agnes of Meran. Forced by the Holy See into submission, he at last yielded an ungracious assent to his lawful wife's return.

From such sources as these it is evident that neither B. Jordan nor his friars could expect aid in the holy work their Founder had bequeathed them as his only legacy. Bad, however, as was the conduct of Frederick II and Philip Augustus, an evil much greater than either, or both combined, had for some time past threatened both Church and society with utter extinction, and that was the recrudescence of Manichæan heresy, if heresy, indeed, so monstrous a caricature of Christianity can be called. The Manichæan tenets constituted a species of Zoroaster-Buddhism fire-worship and Vedaism, on which the founder, Manes,‡ engrafted a portion of the merely external form of Christianity, but without a single principle of it. From about the close of the third century to the middle of the tenth (969) this moral pestilence lived on amid varying vicissitudes in its Eastern home. Finally the emperor, John Zimisces, succeeded in transporting the descendants of the original Manichæans

* Dollinger's Church History, Vol. iv. English translation, and Reuter's "Geschichte der Religiösen Aufklärung im Mittelalter," 1877. The latter work contains the latest researches on the subject.

† His contemporaries doubted the truth of his conversion.

‡ Flourished towards the close of the third century.

into Philippopolis in Thrace; whence, aided by apostate crusaders returning from the East and, in a measure, by the rising commerce of Venice, they dispersed* at the beginning of the twelfth century into every nation and province of Europe, propagating in secret their religious obscenities† and holding midnight assemblies at which the most disgraceful debaucheries were persistently practised.

Having thus effected an entrance into Western Europe, they subsequently divided into some seventy-six‡ different sects, of which the best known were the Albigenes, Cathari, or Puritani, Luciferians, Paulicians and Paterenes, with whom at a later period a large number of the Waldenses became partially identified. The various names by which those sectaries are distinguished had their origin in nicknames bestowed on them by popular caprice, or else of places they had inhabited, individuals they had known, or qualities that they, in the pride of their hearts, assumed to possess.

*To save Europe from this overwhelming deluge of immorality and to extend the Kingdom of Christ on earth, was the allotted work of the two great Orders that arose in the first quarter of the thirteenth century—that of St. Dominic and that of St. Francis; and that they were the instruments of God in so beneficent a design, there cannot be, to a believing mind, even a hidden doubt.

Such was the age in which the days of B. Jordan were passed: days to him of unceasing labor, of wearying jour-

neys on foot to every part of Europe, days of prayer and preaching. Truly he was a marvellous man, a man whose greatness, whose versatility of genius, present-day researches are constantly making more manifest.

We have treated briefly of the attitude taken by modern historical research toward the Catholic Church, and more fully of the social dangers that menaced society in those far-distant days when Frederick II and Philip Augustus lived and sinned, and Innocent III, Dominic and Francis, Jordan and Raymond of Pennafort, saved and regenerated Europe. And now we shall address ourselves to our particular undertaking and shall endeavor to make a lucid exposition of B. Jordan's achievements as a mathematician of the rarest power.

As the majority of magazine readers do not take kindly to mathematics, we have deemed it best to not treat the subject rigorously. And while the discussion may not be as entertaining as a fairy tale, we flatter ourselves that it will be found instructive and useful and not uninteresting.

Three authors of about the sixth century may be mentioned whose writings serve as a connecting link between the mathematics of classical and medieval times. Their names are Boethius† (475-526), Cassiodorus‡ (480-566), and St. Isidore,* Bishop of Seville (570-636). These are mentioned, not because of their special mathematical ability, but because their works remained, for six or seven centuries, the standard textbooks of the times, and they form a basis for our study of B. Jordan's works.

The mathematical works of the first-named author had better be called compilations. They comprise a geometry, consisting of the enunciations (only) of

* Hallam, "Middle Ages," P. ii, Chap. ix, p. 504. "From this settlement they silently promulgated their Manichaean Creed over the western regions of Christianity."

† See Fletcher's notes to De Maistre's first letter on the Inquisition, on the Protestant Mosheim's Eccles. His. Vol. iii.

‡ Evervini, Epist. in Bernardi Opp. i, 1492 (Dollinger).

* Hurter, "Geschichte, Pabst Innocenz des Deitten." 11 Band. S., 210.

† N. W. Rouse Ball, Fellow and Lecturer, Trinity Coll., Cambridge University, History of Mathematics. Art. Boethius.

‡ Supra.

* Supra.

the first book of Euclid, a few selected propositions from the third and fourth books of the same author, and a number of questions in arithmetic founded on the work of Nichomachus the Jew. It may be interesting to learn that a textbook on music by Boethius was in use at Oxford within the last century.

Of Cassiodorus we learn that his contribution to mathematics consisted of the quadrivium of arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. The sainted Isidore bequeathed to us an encyclopaedic work in twenty volumes, called "*Origines*," the third volume of which contains his mathematical quadrivium. The "*Origines*" of St. Isidore were published at Leipzig in 1833. It will be noticed that the works of these authors are of the most elementary character. These good men, it is evident, strove very hard to preserve some remnant of human learning from the demolition going on around them.

Another name that we must mention is that of Gerbert the Aquitanian, known as Pope Sylvester II (950-1003). This man would have been accounted great in any age. His mathematical works comprise a treatise on arithmetic, another on the use of the abacus, and a third on geometry. His work on geometry is said to be of unequal merit; but in the course of his discussion he solves several propositions of remarkable difficulty, for the time. One of these problems is to find the sides of a right angle triangle whose area and hypotenuse are given. It is not generally known that this great Pope forestalled Peter the Hermit by over a century in preaching the Crusades, one of the last acts of his useful and laborious life being the issue of an appeal to Christian Europe to save the Holy Sepulchre from Mohammedan defilement.

As Adelhard of Bath (1100), an English monk, preceded B. Jordan in the order of time, it may be well to relate of him that, under the disguise of a Mo-

ammedan student, he attended lectures at Cordova, and obtained there a copy of Euclid's elements which, translated into Latin, was the foundation of all editions known in Europe until 1533, when the Greek text was recovered. It is not to be inferred from this, however, that Adelhard was a mathematician; his fame rests on his philosophy, in which he is said to have been a Platonist.

From this we learn that, with the single exception of Gerbert, Pope Sylvester II, no writer added anything to the sum of mathematical knowledge from the classical period to the beginning of the twelfth century; and, in truth, it may be said that at the close of that same century mathematical learning was of a most elementary and fragmentary character. The dawn, however, of a more intellectual era was fast approaching, and from out the mist and above the horizon could be discerned the gentle face of B. Jordan of Saxony and his pupil—great in his luminous intelligence and greater still in his holiness—Blessed Albertus Magnus.

The early years of the thirteenth century are remarkable for four clearly marked historical facts: A general revival of learning, the development of university life, the establishment of two great mendicant Orders, and the appearance of two most remarkable mathematicians, Leonardo of Pisa and Blessed Jordan of Saxony.

Of B. Jordan it may be said that his works were until the last few years almost unknown. To Prof. Curtze,† of

† Works of B. Jordan published by Prof. Curtze of Thorn in Vol. vi of the *Mitteilungen des Copernicus-Verins zu Thorn*, 1887, are as follows: "*Geometria vel de Triangulis*" and "*De Similibus Arcubis*." In Vol. xxxvi of the *Zeitschrift für Mathematik und Physik* Prof. Curtze published with comments in 1891, "*De Isoperimetris*," "*Arithmetica Demonstrata*," "*Algorithmus Demonstratus*," "*De Numeris Datis*," and "*De Ponderibus*." Two tracts on the Ptolemaic Astronomy, a tract on Optics,

Thorn, and Moritz Cantor† in his monumental work, "Vorlesungen über Geschichte der Mathematik," is due the revival of B. Jordan's fame as a mathematician. From the elaborate investigation conducted by these two eminent critics we learn that to B. Jordan we owe the invention of syncopated algebra, in which letters are used as algebraic symbols; and in his use of letters to represent any quantities which occur in analyses, is proved the fact that he was not only far in advance of his contemporaries, but was gifted with mathematical powers of the first order.

B. Jordan denotes addition by juxtaposition. The work, "De Numeris Datis," contains solutions of one hundred and fifteen problems, quite a number of which are quadratic equations involving more than one unknown quantity. In this work he shows a knowledge of proportion that fairly astonishes a modern student. Another work of rare merit is his "Algorithmus Demonstratus," which contains partial rules for the four fundamental processes. We find in this work a general use of Arabic numerals. It is divided into ten books dealing with the properties of numbers, primes, perfect numbers, polygonal numbers, ratios, powers, and progressions.

It would seem from a study of this remarkable work that B. Jordan knew the general expression for the square of any algebraic multinomial. It was first printed and published by J. Schöner at Nuremberg, in 1534, and was until quite recently attributed to Regiomontanus (1436-1476). Geometry, it would

and another on Mechanics. Prof. Curtze for many years made a study of B. Jordan's works and is the most competent scholar on this particular subject.

† Moritz Cantor—see his "Vorlesungen über Geschichte der Mathematik," II Band, von 1200-1668. Kap. xliii-xliv. Leipzig Druck und Verlag von B. G. Teubner, 1892.

seem, possessed no slight charm for the gifted B. Jordan. His knowledge of this interesting though difficult branch of mathematics is illustrated by his works, "De Similibus Arcubis," "De Triangulis," and "De Isoperimetris." Of these the most important is "De Triangulis," which is divided into four books. The first book, besides a few definitions, contains thirteen propositions on triangles, based on Euclid's elements. The second contains seventeen propositions, mainly on the ratio of straight lines and their application to the comparison of areas of triangles. For example, one problem is to find a point inside a triangle, so that the lines joining it to the three vertices of the triangle may divide it into three equal parts. An appeal to the text, as it is found in Cantor, shows that we moderns have not in this instance improved on B. Jordan's solution. The third book contains twelve propositions on arcs, and chords of circles, and the fourth twenty-eight propositions, partly on regular polygons, and partly on miscellaneous problems in duplication and triplication.

These by no means exhaust the list of works we are able to place to the credit of B. Jordan. They are sufficient, however, for our purpose. A deeper knowledge of the subject may be obtained by consulting the works mentioned in the foot-notes.

* Doubt has been expressed as to whether the works of B. Jordan exercised any considerable influence on the development of algebra; notwithstanding the fact that for over two hundred years his works were available to students, comparatively few derived much benefit from them, and little was done to extend the bounds of arithmetic or algebra, as there defined. Now, while

* W. W. Rouse Ball, Fellow and Lecturer, Trinity College, Cambridge University, History of Mathematics.

this indifference to the works of B. Jordan is quite marked, it is to be remembered that for over two centuries subsequent to his time, philosophical and theological studies, rather than mathematical and scientific questions, engaged the master-minds of the period. Again, it is not to be forgotten that B. Jordan was a mathematician of the first order, that his works, therefore, were the product of no ordinary mind, and that for two hundred years and over no one of sufficient genius appeared who was able to take up the work as he had left it; and, again, we must not imagine that his works indicate the general standard of mathematical learning of his time, for, as we have already observed, he stood quite alone.

After the death of B. Jordan his invaluable discoveries were disused, for the reason that they were not understood; his manuscripts were scattered, and his fame was obscured by the rising lights of scholasticism. To such an extent had his name as a mathematician been forgotten that, when the mathematical renaissance did arrive, his "Algorithmus Demonstratus" was attributed to Regiomontanus; a high compliment truly, to the genius of B. Jordan. There died at Venice in the year 1510, a Franciscan friar known as Lucas di Borgo,[†] or Lucas Paciola, whose writings in his own day enjoyed great and well deserved popularity, as they were useful and practical treatises on arithmetic, etc. His chief work, printed in Venice in 1494, is named "Summa de Arithmetica, Geometria Proporzioni e Proporzionalita," and is the first book printed on arithmetic and algebra, the "Algorithmus Demonstratus" of B. Jordan not being printed till 1534, thereby giving to the work of the Venetian friar full forty years prior introduction to the

scholars of Europe, who, unacquainted with the abler work of the medieval mathematician, gave to Paciola the credit that rightfully belonged to B. Jordan. Modern critics have closely examined it, this work of Lucas di Borgo, and we learn from them that the arithmetical portion of his Summa was taken almost wholly—even to the examples—from the work of Leonardo of Pisa, a contemporary of B. Jordan, and while he uses symbols in his algebraic text, it is to be noticed that all his equations are numerical. He did not represent known quantities by letters as Jordan did, and as is done in modern algebra. We also learn from the same source that the claims of Rudolff and Riese to B. Jordan's discovery are unworthy of serious consideration.[‡]

A more successful attempt to use B. Jordan's discovery without acknowledging the debt was that made by Stifel, or Stifelious (1486-1567). Stifel had originally been an Augustinian friar, but apostatized with Luther and became, in a way, a companion of his. Possessed of mathematical ability of no mean order, his brethren in apostasy were somewhat proud of him and, with their usual modesty, claimed a great deal for him. His greatest work is entitled, "Arithmetica Integra," published at Nuremberg in 1544. So pleased were his brethren with this learned work that the preface to it was written by the famous Melancthon. Stifel devotes the third book of his "Arithmetica Integra" to algebra, and this little book has been his undoing, for in it he freely uses, without the slightest acknowledgment,* the work of B. Jordan, transcribing him almost literally. His discussion therein of known and unknown algebraic quantities, and his use of A B C to represent the unknown, bear so striking an analogy to B. Jor-

[‡] See Cantor.

[†] Cantor, Moritz, "Vorlesungen über Geschichte der Mathematik," 11 Band. Kapitel lx. Leipzig, 1892.

* Cantor, Moritz, "Vorlesungen über Geschichte der Mathematik," 11 Band. Kapitel lxii, Leipzig, 1892.

dan's treatment of the same subject that modern criticism denies him any further consideration.

Prof. W. W. Rouse Ball,† Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge University, in his "History of Mathematics" asks us to give Stifel credit for re-introducing B. Jordan's work to the learned world. Is not "re-introducing" a rather mild term to apply to Stifel's act?

Through the work of Stifel, then, European scholars first learned of synopated algebra as discovered and applied by B. Jordan. But it was not till the modern era was far advanced, and Niccola Tartaglia, or the Stammerer,

† History of Mathematics, London, Mac-Millan & Co., 1893.

had discovered his solution of cubic equations that the full value of B. Jordan's work became manifest. Time, though tardy, is now doing justice to the genius and distinguished achievement of B. Jordan, though names once honored in the history of science have had to suffer in the process.

Modern criticism has opened up for us the vision of a medieval monk, gentle of manner, gifted above his contemporaries, living in an age when kings and emperor warred against all that he held most dear and sacred, discovering in the quiet of his cloister, in the intervals between prayer and the direction of his brethren, mathematical principles of lasting and inestimable value to the advancement of science.

To the Virgin

By D. J. Donahoe

While over mountain and valley the shadows of eve are descending,
Mother of mercy, to thee lift we our voices in prayer.

Thou by the Father chosen, the fairest of Israel's daughters,
Brighter than starlight thy soul, pure as the rays of the moon.

Bride of the King, unto thee we bow for thy sweet intercession,
Hear us and bear our prayers unto the ears of thy Son.

Lo, as among the stars the moon moves white through the azure,
So in the heavenly halls Queen of the Angels art thou.

Like to the rising moon that scatters the dusk and the shadows,
So to the penitent soul comest thou, merciful Maid.

Honor shall ever be thine, O wonderful Virgin and Mother,
Honor and blessing are thine, opener of Heaven's high gate.

So when the shadows of evening o'er valley and hill are descending,
Bring we our songs evermore, Mother of Mercy, to thee.

A LEADER OF THE BLIND

By

ANNA C. MINOGUE

Author of "Cardome," "A Son of Adam," "Borrowed From the Night," Etc.

III.



N less than a month, tenants had been installed in the old home-
stead of the Reeds, while the
family had entered upon the
new life in Livingston. Contrary to the
advice of the 'Squire, who evinced a
lively interest in the affairs of his young
friend, Maurice would not occupy the
dwelling-house attached to the saloon,
but rented a flat in a respectable neigh-
borhood. It would be less hard for his
father, he thought. Besides, a certain
sense that he did not stop to analyze
made him desirous to keep Dorothy and
the child as far away from him as pos-
sible. He found himself shrinking more
and more from their society as the pass-
age of time made him fully acquainted
with the details of the business career
upon which he had embarked.

At first the amount of money that lay
in the drawer at the close of a day ap-
palled him; and he handled it as a sen-
sitive thief might pick the pockets of
his sleeping victims. Legally, it was
his; morally, he felt that he had not the
slightest claim to it. Yet for this he had
left the quiet home in the valley; for this
and the things that it would buy, he had
bartered peace of mind. Yet he did not
regret his action. Some one must have
suffered, and it was better it should be
he, here in the busy life which left little
room for reflection, than Dorothy, there
in the lonely country where women have
no diversion from their own thoughts.

He was, in a measure, self-sufficing.
He had, within, a citadel to which, when

conscience clamored too loudly or
utter loathing of himself and his work
became overpowering, he could retire,
and, closing the door on the conscious
life, give himself up to the beautiful love
that awaited him in the upper chamber.
In reality it was an upper chamber—
the attic room on the second floor of
his place of business—where the man's
leisure time was spent. Here were
stored some of the things for which
there had been no room in the little flat.
With them he had fitted up a den that
for another man would have been ludi-
crous; for him it was pathetic. The
old woollen carpet that had been his
mother's pride spread its faded colors
on part of the floor, a border of boards
showing between its edge and the wall;
in one corner was an old, hair-covered
folding lounge, in another, an ancient
chest of drawers; scattered around,
dust-covered, lost in the big room, were
a few wooden chairs; before one of the
curtainless windows was a stand, with a
lamp; on the wall near-by was a book-
case made out of a store-box. The few
volumes that stood on the shelves were
what had made life beautiful for Maurice
for many years and continued to make a
part of it still beautiful, notwithstanding
conscience and this new loathing of
duty.

But loathing it did not make him
unfaithful. His obligations were nu-
merous, and the only way to meet them
was the money that was paid for the
liquors he had elected to sell. The
saloon had always been a prosperous
one, but its patronage was of an in-

ferior grade, and in taking possession of it Maurice had determined that improvement here must be his first effort. Though he could not put his soul in his work, he would strive to better that work as far as was possible. To make it clean was his first aim; to teach his patrons that he desired drinkers and not drunkards was his second object. This cost him something at first, but ultimately he gained greatly; and before a year had elapsed The Mecca—as his predecessor had classically named the place—had gained a quiet distinction which drew to it a better class of customers. The “Ladies Entrance” had been closed; the child with the pitcher had been forbidden to enter the doors, and the intoxicated were always conducted into the street. The high standard of the saloon began to have an appreciable effect on the immediate neighborhood. The owners of adjoining property improved it, and from being rented by second-hand dealers and cheap grocers, it passed into the possession of big business concerns and professional people.

“Reed’s the best thing that has struck this part of the town in years,” the citizens began to observe, and the observation brought the reflection that the saloon would not be so terrible an evil if it were properly conducted. Its worst feature, they argued, was the side door, where respectable woman, alone or with escorts, could be served. This side door for women was plainly wrong. In that we thoroughly agree with these thoughtful citizens of Livingston. If it is right for a respectable man to enter a saloon to drink, it is equally right for a respectable woman to do so, and we would have her to go in by the front door, also, and not by the rear entrance. If it is wrong for either to enter the saloon, then her sin is made the greater by adding deception to the act.

Maurice’s prosperity was remarkable, even in such a notably good-paying business, and, in the course of time, he bought another saloon and proceeded to build up a respectable patronage for it; in the meanwhile adding those improvements to both places that tend to make palaces for the throne of Intemperance. When these were on solid footing, he began to invest his surplus money in real estate. There was a strange fascination for him in this money-making; sometimes in the night he would wander into the street where his new row of flats stood, and pausing before it, question if it were really true that those buildings, the homes of so many people, belonged to him—Maurice Reed—to whom a thousand dollars had once seemed a fortune. They were good homes, too. Sometimes the old question that will ever present itself to the thoughtful—as to whether he had the right to own those houses while so many thousands of his brethren were homeless or must live in the deadly tenement district—would come up to torture him; and always out of such an hour he would carry the soothing thought that, at least, they were fit habitation for men, even though these men must pay to enjoy the comfort of those houses. He was, moreover, a good landlord, and if misfortune befell any of his tenants, he proved himself a friend to his family.

The transition that had been attended by so much pain for her husband had proven easy for Mrs. Reed, and the day she saw herself mistress of the little flat in the quiet street was the opening of the gate of her heaven. The small rooms which sent Maurice to his attic over the saloon and her father-in-law to the spacious Cathedral, were her idea of the coziness which home, for her, in her present evolutionary stage, implied; and as she had natural taste and was quick

to catch a suggestion, it was fitted up more harmoniously than the home she had left.

"No one could do anything with those barnlike rooms," she said to herself in explanation of the difference between her quiet parlor in the flat and the one in the farmhouse—for it is characteristic of certain minds to refuse to take any blame on themselves or to give credit to others. Had Mrs. Reed been an honest person, she would have admitted that the improvement in her new home over the old one was due in no small measure to the suggestive remarks of the shrewd salesman in the concern of which she had made some necessary purchases on coming to Livingston. His observation that a rug with a brown ground was about the only thing possible for walls tinted like hers, led her to buy a rug, and to send the Brussels carpet to one of the bedrooms. When selling her the articles, it was easy for him to assume that she wanted furniture also, and to show her such pieces as were at once new and in good taste. That one day's shopping had been a revelation to Dorothy, and when she stood in her parlor and felt its harmony, she had learned her first lesson in a very necessary department of a woman's education. She saw there the eternal fitness of things, without which the results must be discord. This insight awoke in her a desire to be able always and in all things to express this eternal fitness of things, which is simply a big name for good taste; and as she was determined to make something out of the golden opportunity afforded by her husband's happy disinclination for country life, she conscientiously began its study.

She proceeded slowly and circumspectly. She had the financial interests of her husband more deeply at heart than had he, perchance, since she knew that his failure would mean the return

to the farm, with poverty added to its many other distastefulnesses. She lived economically, and not until he laid the last cancelled note of the saloon in her hands and told her there was no longer any doubt that he should succeed even beyond his expectations did she permit herself to indulge her long-restrained love for dress.

It must not be inferred that during this time of self-appointed probation Dorothy had lived the life a recluse and had denied herself all indulgences in pretty apparel. She had made some acquaintances in the neighborhood, and it was generally conceded that Mrs. Reed evinced good taste in dressing, which was rather remarkable when it was remembered she was a country woman, and that her husband was only a saloon-keeper. The complimentary part of the remark, of course, was all that was repeated to Dorothy, and her little soul was especially gratified.

"I should rather they said I dressed in good taste than that I was pretty," she remarked, congratulatorily regarding herself in the mirror. But had the reflection not been so decidedly beautiful, it is safe to assert that Mrs. Reed would not have made the assertion.

Except for her immediate neighbors, Dorothy was very much alone. Her home was in the Cathedral parish, but none of her co-religionists took sufficient notice of her to inquire concerning her or to call upon her, although, as she told herself with some bitterness, they knew Maurice well enough, and never failed to seek him when they had tickets or other money-raising articles to dispose of.

Dorothy's experience is no new one, and the charge against the inhospitality of Catholics toward a newcomer is of long standing. It is to be regretted that this is true. The strangers, possessing the common social instincts, must make friends in their new home, and, con-

sciously or unconsciously, the society in which we move has its effect on us. When there are young people in the family, and these must find their associates among those not of their own religion, it is only natural that when these boys and girls think of marriage, their choice will fall on one with whom they are acquainted rather than on the stranger who happens to worship God according to their rite. We realize that a society separated by churches is neither possible nor desirable, but we do maintain that if Catholics would show some social courtesies to their own, as Jews and Protestants show to their co-religionists, not only would life be made happier for many, but good would be accomplished.

Such society as she found was, at first, agreeable to Dorothy. Financially she was higher than her associates, and possessed, in addition, certain instincts of refinement that characterize the more cultured. These two irresistible qualifications easily made her the leader in the circle into which circumstances had thrown her. For a time the new sense of her power was intoxicating, and as, later, Maurice questioned the reality of his possessions, so, in the earlier days, Dorothy wondered if it were indeed she whose opinions were so highly regarded, whose possessions excited so much envy.

With additional prosperity came greater leisure for Dorothy. There was a maid now to attend to the household duties, and as the grandfather had assumed all care of the little boy, Mrs. Reed began to know the monotony of parasitic womanhood. Her friends, not having her leisure, were debarred from affording her the entertainment which the idle demand, and again discontent began to eat a way for itself into her heart; and it gained strength from the perusal of the society columns of the daily newspaper. She looked upon her life and saw how stale and insipid were the pleasures which, a little while ago,

had appeared so great. What were the parties given by her Euchre Club compared to the entertainments of the fashionable Whist Club? or her Sunday midday dinners to the luncheons of the smart set? They showed mean and common, her friends low and ignorant, under the brilliant light cast by the report of society's doings. Her heart ached with incessant longing to enter that charmed circle.

She had her lucid hours. They were usually the ones when Maurice and his father were with her in the pretty parlor, and the child slept against her breast. Then she knew that she was a woman to be envied, and in her soul she thanked God for His blessings. Her ever-ready imagination contrasted that scene with the unloved life of her first married years, when everything, even the articles of furniture, seemed awry.

"I think," she would say, shudderingly, "that I might have come to hate everything and everybody—even dear old father, who was really the only harmonious note in a life that was all discordant."

Of any change in her relations with her husband and child, of any change in them, she had failed to take notice, being too absorbed in the change in her own life. She saw that the child was healthy and dutiful; that he was less affectionate with his parents than their child should have been, she did not observe; that he seemed uneasy if left alone with her or his father, she failed to see. His passionate attachment to his grandfather, his dissatisfaction when separated from him, were forced upon her; but she gave them no consideration. As for her husband, if she noticed any difference between him and the man of other times, it was, in her short range, for the better. He was lavish with his gifts to her, and with every increase in his business her allowance was also increased. When she expostulated, he would silence her with the assurance that

it was solely for her he labored, and he desired that she should enjoy to the fullest all the things that this money could buy. He planned pleasures for her, and though constitutionally opposed to social entertainments, he stood by her loyally in all her efforts. And none admired her more sincerely and none praised her more freely than her husband. He was the same Maurice she had always known; that there was another man behind the quiet, affectionate exterior, she did not dream.

However, the times when her loved ones were with her were too intermittent for her to find in her family an all-sufficing happiness, a life-absorbing interest. It was well, undoubtedly, that such was the case, since we believe that even Dorothy must eventually have discovered how slight was the influence which she exercised on the life of her husband. She was not able to cope with such knowledge and bear up under it, as she did not possess the power to enter into and take what rightfully was her own. She was happy in her ignorance, and the two men who held her interests so dearly sacrificed themselves that it might continue.

It chanced, about this time, that Dorothy met her former friend, Aurelia Nelson. Dorothy had been shopping, Aurelia, buying, and the harassed look on the latter's face showed that she was dissatisfied with the results.

"Are you visiting here?" inquired Aurelia, after their impulsive greeting.

"We live here," replied Dorothy, quietly, observing the admiring glances which her friend was bestowing on her. Though she would fain have been blind to them, Dorothy, in turn, noted the signs of care which were assisting time in aging the face of Mrs. Nelson.

"The Mr. Reed who keeps a saloon isn't Maurice?" inquired Aurelia, opening her violet eyes in surprise.

"Yes," said Dorothy, proudly, and Aurelia looked away.

"I have heard my husband speak of him," she then said; "but of course I never thought you would leave the farm. Why didn't you let me know?"

"I thought you were too fashionable to care for country acquaintances," said Dorothy with a laugh, to hide the truth behind the words.

"Yes, I am woefully fashionable!" exclaimed Aurelia, sarcastically. "Don't I look it?" and she drew in her shoulders with the shrug which Dorothy so well remembered.

"Come," said Dorothy, looking at her watch, "let us have our luncheon and get acquainted again."

"I promised my husband—" began Aurelia, but Dorothy interrupted her with a silvery laugh.

"Then break your promise to your husband," she counselled, "I daresay he has often done the same thing to you."

"I shall telephone him that I have met you, and can't come," said Aurelia. On rejoining her friend, she said:

"No, Dorothy, I do not remember that Tom ever failed to keep a promise made me. I may not have a rich—he may not even prove a successful—man for a husband, but he is true and loving."

"I am so glad, Aurelia!" said Dorothy, pressing her friend's hand. "We know that is everything. That is what Maurice is, too."

"Yes, I should expect Maurice to be all that," said Aurelia, a thoughtful expression coming into her violet eyes.

"Have you any children?" then asked Dorothy.

"No. I am too fashionable!" replied Aurelia, laughing in a way that Dorothy could not understand.

It is remarkable how very confidential two women can become over a good dinner which neither has had to cook. Before the salad, Dorothy had told of the dreariness of life on the farm, and her joy when Maurice had decided to come to the city.

"It must have required great persuasion on your part," carelessly observed Aurelia, seemingly intent on the piece of bread she was buttering.

"I never even asked him," replied Dorothy. "He did not know of my discontent. His coming here and going into business were acts not caused by me. I did not know that he contemplated the change until he told me he had an opportunity to buy the Mecca."

Aurelia lifted her eyes slowly, and deliberately stared at her friend; but the perfect candor of the face before her brought a doubt into her mind. Had she, after all, been mistaken in the character of Maurice?

"I suppose," went on the transparent Dorothy, "he was tired of the hard work, with its uncertain results, and when the opportunity presented itself of making an easy living, he was ready to grasp it. Certainly it was a lucky day for him when he so decided. He has done wonderfully well."

"So I have heard my husband say," rejoined the non-committal Aurelia. "It is more than I can say of ourselves," she added, in a lower voice. "But then business is nearly always more lucrative than the professions. If Tom only had a chance—but there are so many lawyers older than he, and so many others who have political or social influence, that it is a heartbreaking struggle for one handicapped by lack of experience, funds, and friends."

"I thought, Aurelia," said Dorothy, slowly, and a strange sinking came to her heart, "that you and Mr. Nelson went into society."

"What made you think that?" asked Aurelia, with a pretty laugh. "Because you saw our names in newspaper lists of guests at affairs which any one at all respectable could attend who was willing to pay to go, or to which we were invited through professional courtesy? Of course we could get into society if *we wanted to do so*; and we should

want to do so if we could. That sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? It is easily explained. If we had the money to amuse society, society would be willing to be amused by us, and amuse us in return. But we haven't the money, and are not likely ever to have it if we stay here. I always wished that Tom would leave Livingston and go West, but his mother lives here, and as she is alone now, except for us, and does not want to give up her home, I never mention my desire. Perhaps a turn will come in our lane some day."

"Does your mother-in-law live with you?" asked Dorothy.

"No, we live with her," said Aurelia, with a laugh that was sweet and girlish. "She is the best mother in the world to us. I don't know what we should do without her. She takes care of the house and manages everything so well. That suits me admirably, for you know I never did fancy housekeeping, and my leisure permits me to give myself entirely to Tom."

Dorothy put down her fork and looked inquiringly at her friend. This was entirely a new phase of an old condition—a woman freeing herself from the duties of the home to be of greater service to her husband.

"After we married," explained Aurelia, "I found myself confronted by a condition of things that was difficult. I must either supersede his mother in work for which both experience and inclination rendered her more fit than I, or dawdle through my days, become what so many wives are—parasites on society, expecting a man to support me in idleness and such luxuries as he could afford simply because I was a woman, and his wife. While I was idling at home, gossiping or reading, Tom must not only give his attention to the important features of his work, but its insignificant—though none the less necessary—details as well, or pay out our sorely needed money to incompetent

clerks. I thought hard for a day, and then I went over to the convent and took Sister Seraphim into my confidence. She conducts an exceptionally good school in stenography, and after a few months of close study, I surprised Tom by appearing in the office one morning and announcing myself ready to fill the position of clerk and typewriter. He fought against my determination like a hyena. He is red-headed, and sometimes the atmosphere around him is red, too. He swore that his wife was not going to work. You know the way a man talks about his wife, makes my flesh creep! What a man will let his wife do, and what a man will not let his wife do! Why, a man once told me that he would not let his wife read Poe's short stories! I told Tom that I was an individual first, and a wife second; and that not only was I proficient to hold a position as stenographer, but that I would hold it, if not in his office, then in the office of some other man. He yielded, but he acted like a bear for an entire week. Prejudices die hard, and Tom almost died, too, with the dissolution of the barbarous notion civilized people continue to hold regarding the position of womankind. There came a day, however, when my knowledge of his work won a big case for him, and when, later, I announced my intention of studying law, to be the better able to assist him, he gave ready consent. I was admitted to the bar last year. I do not practice, however—I only help Tom."

Her beautiful eyes were shining, and under their light Dorothy read the meaning of the lines that marred the smoothness of the forehead, and comprehended the expression of the face. They had not been brought there by petty domestic cares and worries, caused by the merciless repetition of the monotonous encounter with stove and broom, nor discontent because life had not set her in the desirable places. They

were the footprints of hard study and deep thought, anxious love and thwarted ambition for the loved one. It was a revelation to her of the heroism of woman, for dimly she felt that it costs woman something to break through the trammels of custom, and only one possessing great faith in herself or sublime love for another could do it. Suddenly, the friend she had been unconsciously pitying for her poor clothes and time-touched face became the object of her envy. She would like to do such things—and she could do them were there an incentive. Sharply, with the thought, flashed before her the picture of Maurice—kneeling in the yard playing marbles with his cousins. He had not, she saw with painful clearness, elevated himself by leaving the farm. That he had not sunk lower, and what had prevented this logical result from his present occupation—these questions did not occur to her. She thought only of herself, prevented from reaching this woman's height because of Maurice.

"Aurelia," she said, the words coming slowly, "I think you are a most fortunate woman."

"In what way?" asked Aurelia lightly, turning her attention to the ices.

"In having such a husband," she rejoined.

"Oh!" said Aurelia, lifting her violet eyes, "Tom is all right, but no better than many other men. The trouble with men, Dot, is their wives," and her emphasis of the last word was ringing. "But that is too profound a matter for further discussion; besides, I want to hear more about yourself. I am doing all the talking and must have bored you with my affairs. Where are you living?"

"Number 17 Donaldson Street," replied Dorothy. "You have something of interest to tell of yourself," she added with a sigh, "while I have nothing. My husband does not need me to help him in his work."

"Heavens! I should think not!" involuntarily exclaimed her listener, adding quickly, to cover her blunder: "What strange creatures we women are! Here I am ready to envy you the money that gives you that pretty gown and enables you to keep young and pretty—no, lovely! How do you manage it, Dot? I am only three years older than you are, and you do not look a day past twenty, while I—sometimes I feel like hiding the mirrors."

The discontent vanished from Dorothy's face at the complimentary words. She was young, she was beautiful, she had money—why should she not be happy? But as she mentally contrasted her empty, restricted life with the full, free life of her friend, the cloud came back to her brow.

"If I had done what you have done, should I be as I am?" she inquired, fixing her troubled eyes on her friend. The friend read more than the owner of the eyes would have desired, and she was conscious of a deep pity for the woman who had everything but the one supreme gift.

"But what do you do?" she insisted. "How do you spend your time? Where do you go?"

"I do nothing and I go nowhere—at least, I might as well go nowhere," she corrected.

"But haven't you got your home and your child?" asked Aurelia.

"My home is not large, and we keep a maid. As the laundry is done outside, and Maurice sends up a man to do the scrubbing and chores, there would be nothing for the maid to do if I assisted with the work. As for the baby, he likes to stay with his grandfather, and since Maurice has begun to keep a horse I seldom see them during the day. Father likes to drive into the country; and as he thinks the baby should have fresh air, and the baby is better satisfied with him, I really might as well have no child."

"Why don't you go with them?" inquired Aurelia, who was thinking hard and fast.

"What pleasure would there be driving down country roads?" asked Dorothy, pettishly.

"If I had a child, Dot, I should think it very pleasant to spend some of my time with him," remarked Aurelia, and, after another close survey of her friend's face, she began to sip her coffee reflectively.

"I see there is only one thing left you, Dot," she said, finally.

"What is that?" asked Dorothy, with pathetic eagerness.

"Play society," replied her friend.

"Yes, you can afford to laugh at me," said Dorothy, bitterly. "You despise the woman whose idea of happiness is no higher than that afforded by society, as I half believe you despise the woman who has not sense enough to advance beyond the plane of nurse and house-keeper."

"You accuse me unjustly, as you so often did," complained Aurelia, although she was laughing. "You used to say that I did not like to make doll dresses, when in reality I should have been highly pleased to do so, only I could never learn to set the seams properly, and rather than see my dolls gowned badly, I preferred that they should continue to wear the clothes made for them by more skillful fingers. When we were grown, you used to accuse me of being proud because I would not mingle in all the gaieties of the neighborhood, while I should like to have attended the dances and picnics, but a shyness which I have scarcely yet overcome made it painful for me to go among people. I fear you have not yet learned to see beyond your very classical nose, my dear Dot," and again Aurelia's laugh sounded sweetly clear and girlish.

"At least your laugh is the same, Aurelia," said Dorothy.

"The only thing you find unchanged, eh? That laugh has carried Tom and me through many a bad day. Tom calls it his blood-tonic."

Dorothy felt the tears in her heart at the perfect comradeship the few words showed. In all their married days had Maurice, by word or sign, showed that he felt the influence of her wifehood? He praised her beauty now, as in other days he used to praise her cooking, but neither her good looks nor her culinary skill had proven the slightest incentive, now or then. His whole mind was filled with the making of money for the purpose of buying more saloons and houses.

"So I was really in earnest," continued Aurelia, "when I suggested that you should try society for a change. Candidly, Dorothy," and she leaned back in her chair and surveyed her companion, "you were intended to fill a high place in the social world. You have youth, beauty, wealth, and, above all, you have good taste. You could not wear anything unbecoming. You would appreciate this gift more fully if you were to behold the atrocities perpetrated by some women in the name of fashion. In addition, you have the air of one born to pass her days in the social whirl. You would know instinctively which fork to use, what word to say, and the presence of a prince would not disconcert you."

"My dear Aurelia! what is not society missing in debarring me!" exclaimed Dorothy with pretty sarcasm, which her shrewd listener knew was not entirely sincere. Dorothy felt she was all this, perhaps more, and deep in her heart was the regret that others had not Aurelia's penetration and appreciation.

"Oh! society's loss is not bothering me," observed Aurelia, lightly. "It is of you I am thinking. I hold that we should exercise our talents, whatever they may be, a woman no less than a man. If, for instance, my mother-in-

law has a talent for housekeeping, and has perfect health for performing its duties, she should not be debarred from employing them simply because custom, which is merely the outgrowth of some early necessity, decrees that the wife should keep her husband's home. If I have a talent for professional work, I should do it in preference to sweeping and dusting, which two things my soul abhorreth. And why, if you are fitted for a place in society, should you not go to it and exercise your gifts of mind and body in the sphere for which you were born? My mother-in-law finds her entire happiness in the work of the home; I find mine by my husband's side in the office; if you would find yours at balls and banquets—as I know you should—why should you not be there?"

"It is not why should I not be there, but why am I prevented from being there?" rejoined Dorothy, and her voice was low, while the color deepened in her cheeks. "You know as well as I do," she continued, with a proud lifting of her head and a flashing of the soft, dark eyes, "there is not in the county—no, nor in Kentucky!—one with a better family history than mine!"

"Very true," said Aurelia, thoughtfully, folding a crease in the corner of her napkin as she spoke, "but our society is not built on family histories, but on bank-books. There is Tom's mother—she is a lineal descendant of the Shelby family, which gave the first Governor to Kentucky, but, on the whole, society ignores her existence. If some stroke of fortune were to give Tom half a million of dollars, I, the daughter of poor German peasants, should be of far more importance."

"Still, it counts for something in certain circles," insisted Dorothy.

"Where, pray?" asked Aurelia, looking at her friend with a smile in her eyes.

"In the Society of the Descendants of the Pioneers," said Dorothy, whereat Aurelia laughed softly.

"My dear little innocent Dot!" she exclaimed. "Give me that half a million dollars, and a recently arrived countryman of my father's for a husband instead of an actual descendant of the pioneers, and I should not have the slightest difficulty in finding myself eligible for membership in that most aristocratic society."

"I don't see how you could be received," said Dorothy.

"What would there be to prevent me from giving a donation to one of their pet objects, or setting up a monument over some old Indian fighter's grave?" she asked, with her pretty laugh. "And what is to prevent my dearest friends—since it was not my fault that my forefathers elected to endure the tyranny of the German Emperor in preference to the glorious privilege of sacrificing their comfort, and possibly their lives, to settle Kentucky—getting a resolution passed for my admittance into the society? Anyhow, what are the associate and honorary memberships for but desirable ineligible?"

"Is that all the society is?" demanded Dorothy, with scorn.

"I do not say it is," said Aurelia. "I simply tell you what can be done, to prove to you that lineage is not worth this bread crumb without money and influence. Of course, society demands certain outward compliances with its regulations," she concluded.

"Have you never attended any of the church affairs?" she finally asked.

"One Sunday it was announced that there would be an ice-cream social for the benefit of the parish school, and a general invitation was extended to the ladies of the congregation to attend and help at the tables," said Dorothy, *reminiscently*. "I went; nobody knew me, or appeared to want to know me. I was

put to washing dishes with the servant girls."

"I hope you showed them you could wash dishes well," said Aurelia, with a smile.

"I did not! I went home," replied Dorothy, her cheeks looking like a damask rose.

Aurelia studied the cut-glass water-bottle for a few minutes, the smile still hovering around her mouth; then she said:

"But no one would think of looking for you in Donolson Street."

After another pause, she said:

"The Descendants of the Pioneers are going to give a lawn fete next Thursday evening. Will you come with us? I can promise you they will not ask you to wash dishes if you dress your prettiest and bring a big pocket-book. I know some people who will be there, and who knows what may happen?"

IV.

Of all that had passed between them, one remark remained firmly fixed in the mind of Dorothy—Aurelia's brief reference to the location of their home. On her way back that afternoon, she passed through the more fashionable streets, and, as she measured the distance between them and the little flat that had seemed to her the most desirable of places, the veil dropped from her eyes.

"What made Maurice select this neighborhood?" she mentally questioned, as she passed up the narrow stairs and into the close apartments. After her examination of the outside of those spacious houses, the walls of her own seemed to close in on her, and she understood why her father-in-law and husband always seemed in a hurry to get away.

"Yet they thought it was large enough for me!" she cried bitterly, as

she flung open the shutter to let in something of the largeness of the life those other houses had suggested.

The warm sunshine streamed in, and with it came the noise of wagons on the narrow street, the clatter of street-cars and the wrangling voices of children. On the sill of one of the windows opposite, a rug was spread, and on this a young woman, with moist hair hanging around her face and a soiled dressing-sacque displaying her neck and arms, leaned, gazing idly on the uninteresting scene below. Many a time had Dorothy beheld the woman thus occupied; many a time had her ears been filled with these noises; but not until now did she know the sight and sounds to be disagreeable, for our eyes are holden till the moment ordained by destiny shall arrive.

"It is worse than the farm!" she thought. "At least, there was quiet there. I must leave here or I shall go mad. How have I stood it this long? It is no wonder that I am moody and discontented. Think of one accustomed to the freedom of the country cooped up in this box! It is very well for father to call it snug, who spends the entire day in the open air, and for Maurice to say it is a veritable little nest, who is free to come and go as he chooses; but if either of them had to spend day after day here, he would not find it such a paradise. I suppose I shall have some difficulty in convincing Maurice that we ought to move; but we must."

To her surprise, Maurice was amenable to her reasoning. Had she not been so absorbed in her own thoughts, she might have observed that he met her wish to get a larger house with a readiness that seemed to suggest that for many days the place had been unendurable to him.

For some time afterward, the novel experience of house-hunting was Dorothy's. When she found one vacant in the neighborhood in which she most de-

sired to live, the rental asked for it was so exorbitant that Dorothy felt she should first confer with her husband.

"I think that the most remarkable price ever asked for a house," commented their father, as Dorothy related her experience with the agent.

"Did he make any inquiry about us?" inquired Maurice, gently.

"Yes, and I told him that you were the proprietor of the Mecca and the Club House," replied Dorothy. "Do you think he advanced the rent on that account?"

"Yes, I think so," said Maurice, with an expression on his face which she did not understand. "Do you like the place, Dorothy?" he asked, after a pause.

"I have never seen a house I like so well," she exclaimed. "It has a beautiful yard, a stable, a flower garden, and the rooms—oh, Maurice, the rooms are so large and well lighted, it reminded me of the old home. There is no place in Livingston I should like so well. But we will not give him that price. It is unjust to ask it, simply because he knows you are rich and able to afford it."

A smile, half-amused, half-compassionate, came into the face of Maurice, and for a moment he fancied the expression was reflected on the face of his father. He rose hastily, but before leaving he bade Dorothy not to trouble herself further until he should have an opportunity to call upon the agent.

A few days later he informed her that he had bought the house. When he told her the price he had paid, she marveled that a place which could be purchased so reasonably should command such a high rental. But her husband did not think it necessary to inform her that he had got a friend to buy the house for him, nor that, when it finally became known that the beautiful residence had passed into the hands of a saloon keeper, it had brought consternation into the neighborhood.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Bard

By P. G. SMYTH

IN Ireland some poets are born and a great many are made. The climate makes them; the scenery, with its garniture of ruins, both ancient and modern, makes them in grand plenty; the national songs, legends and traditions help; the general lack of industries and the vast fertile tracts bereft of human beings also afford overmuch room and leisure for poetic meditation, especially of a sombre tinge. Therefore the hackneyed classic saw—which, after all, is more epigrammatic than truthful—does not hold good in the Land of Song.

In Banba of the verdant hills and silvery streams, where the cloud shadows glide over the rippling clover-sweet meadows, while the lark's trill floats down through the perfumed air; where the round towers stand, ollamhs in stone, telling the proud, sad story of the past, and the wind through broken, ivy-clad shrines moans dirges over the graves of saints and warriors; where the long, beautiful Irish twilight casts its spell of witchery over "every haunted mountain and streamy vale below"; where to the eye and ear of poetic faith or fancy the white steeds of the royal fairy train toss their flowing manes in the green moonlight and the elfin music steals from amid the hazels and whitethorns of the ancient rath—in this wondrous Banba, paradise of the Celtic ideal, the sights, sounds and stories are enough to make a poet out of a philistine.

No wonder, then, that in all ages the green isle has produced its bards, and a many of them, that down athrough the long halls of misty centuries float the tinklings of many harps and the chant of sweetest melodies.

From all time the Celts were passionate lovers of music. The minstrel was

to them a national necessity. There was nothing too good for him in their gift. The poet had more social power and influence than the prince—and at times he exercised it more despotically and unjustly. Although the scientific and polished Dananns had several poets among their princes and princesses, the Milesians, subduers and successors of the Dananns, had, on their arrival in Ireland from "the sunny land of Spain," only one poet and one musician in their entire company. When Milesius' chief surviving sons, Heber and Heremon, divided the island between them, they disputed as to who should have these entertainers; the question was settled by lot, Kir, the poet, going to Heremon, and Onna the fair-haired, the musician, to Heber. Presumably, for the sake of pleasant variety, the brothers occasionally swapped the talent or made a combination.

In course of centuries the bards grew in numbers and influence. That ill-fated idol-worshipper, King Tiernmas, who sought to regulate caste by the number of colors in his subjects' garments, decreed that the bards might wear six colors, or within one of the royal number, thus placing them higher than the nobility of the kingdom, who were allowed to wear but five colors in their dress under the new sartorial regulations.

There is a saying attributed to an ancient Grecian sage and also to a modern Scottish patriot, that he who makes a nation's ballads exercises more power than he who makes its laws. The ancient Irish bards did both; together with being poets, musicians, historians and genealogists, they had, as the chief literati of the kingdom, an important part in the business of legislation. The Bardic Order had its mysteries, its cere-

monies of initiation and graduation, its peculiar studies pursued in the remote depths of dark woods, sometimes by torchlight, its high bard, or head of the college, and its various grades of membership.

The first recorded reform of the order was made at the beginning of the Christian Era, under the auspices of Conor Mac Nessa—the Ulster king who is said to have died in indignant frenzy on learning of the Crucifixion. Forchern, Neid and Ahirna, three leading bards, met at Emania of the Red Branch Knights, near Armagh, and wrote a collection of legal axioms called “Celestial Judgments,” which were inscribed on wooden tablets and distributed for judicial purposes. On the same occasion the grades of the order were defined. There were three chief branches, namely, the Fileas, or bards proper; the Brehons, or judges and lawyers; and the Seanachies, who were learned in national and family history. There were seven grades of bards. A member of the first, or lowest, had to have in his repertory twenty bardic tales or poems; of the second, forty; of the third, who was called a “doss,” fifty. “The “cli,” or fifth-grade bard, was entitled to eight student attendants; the sixth-grade genius to a dozen; while the ollamh, or highest-grade bard, had seven times fifty bardic romances wherewith to entertain the assembly and was entitled to a retinue of twenty-four attendants. The payment for his professional services was twenty milch cows.

Everywhere the bards were received with an honor largely begotten of awe and deference and superstitious dread. Hut and hall flew open before them; they were showered with presents and fed on the fat of the land. In course of time, however, they became a serious burden. The Milesians were proverbially generous and hospitable, yet many a brave chieftain winced with uneasiness when he beheld approaching his rath a

potent high bard in his flowing parti-colored robes, his collar of brilliant plumage and his high peaked cap or barredh, with his numerous hungry and arrogant followers, four of whom walked in front, bearing, supported by chains attached to the tops of javelins, the dreaded brass “caldron of disgrace”—of disgrace to the unhappy man who failed to place in it a gift satisfactory to his distinguished visitors.

In the time of Conor MacNessa the bards numbered about a thousand. One of the most haughty and rapacious of them all was the forementioned Ahirna, of “Celestial Judgment” fame. He lived at Binn Edar, or Howth Head, and was a great grazier and landgrabber; it being for the convenience of his herds that the original wickerwork bridge was built across the Liffey at Dublin, giving the place its old name of Ath-cliaith, the ford of wattles. Possibly, like the late English laureate, Lord Tennyson, Ahirna combined the milkman’s industry with those of cattle-raising and poetry-writing. The people of Leinster objected to his attempt to make their country a sheepwalk, whereupon, says the book of Ballymote, “he continued for a full year to satirize the Leinstermen and bring fatalities upon them; so that neither corn, grass nor foliage grew for them that year.”

Where was the use of freedom or fixity of tenure with such a merciless bardic blizzard sweeping the country? Nor is this the worst recorded by lurid legend of Ahirna. Having visited an old one-eyed king who ruled South Connaught and Thomond, the audacious bard made, when leaving, the most brutal request that came in his mind: he asked the king for his eye, and the king, rather than brave the venom of his satire, plucked out his solitary optic and gave it to him! Then, blind and bleeding, poor King Eochy was led to the lake near his residence, where he stooped and washed the blood from his face, re-

marking, "Loch-Derghderc shall be its name for ever;" and thus Lough Derg, which is an expansion of the Shannon, took its original name, signifying "the lake of the red eye," in memory of the awful tyranny exercised by that malicious grazier bard of ancient Eire.

At that time it was proposed to banish the whole annoying tribe of poets from Ireland, but King Conor interceded and obtained for them a probationary term of seven years, during which they lightened their exactions and managed to make themselves tolerable. Later on they got in trouble again, when one of Conor's successors befriended them, and their number was reduced to seven hundred. Their cohorts subsequently increased until in the sixth century they numbered twelve hundred, and they became more haughty, greedy and oppressive than ever. They made a formidable social problem, those numerous bands of hungry, imperious, blackmailing versifiers, wandering about the country and billeting free on the unfortunate people from Allhallowtide to May, creating famine in the midst of winter. Each chief poet had now thirty inferior poets to attend him, and each of these had fifteen others of still lower grade. The standard of poetry must have been woefully reduced, for admission to the order was by wholesale, and it was estimated that, attracted by a life of idleness and ease, fully one-third of the population, posing as poets, was preying ruthlessly on the remainder.

It was a tremendous plague. Many a cow vanished from the byre, many a fat pig and goose disappeared into the insatiable maw of the Bardic Order. Pleasant it was, during and after the banquet, to hear many voices and harps combined in some grand old Celtic song descriptive of the glories of Meav or Fionn or in praise of the Hy Niall or Hy Briuin; but it was a pleasure severely atoned for when the host counted his *reduced stock* and the hostess viewed

her depleted pantry. Yet woe to him who dared close his door against the bards or sent out word to them that he wasn't at home! Scathing was the swift satire and blighting the lampoon that would shrivel his sensitive Milesian soul with shame and humiliation.

The bards were not exempt from military duty—neither, under the Irish law of the time, were the clergy, nor even the women—but when the minstrel boys to the war were gone there must have been, under the circumstances, many a sincere and secret wish that they might never return, with their wild harps slung behind them, or otherwise.

At length an ambitious son of song demanded as his guerdon the splendid golden brooch, with its artistic Celtic intertwining of serpents and setting of precious stones, that pinned the mantle of Aodh, monarch of Ireland. This was a serious mistake. Aodh, fifth in descent from Niall of the Nine Hostages, was not so deferential as the old king who parted with his visual organ; he kept his brooch, summoned his troops and decided to exterminate all the bards in Ireland. But now came on the scene the celebrated St. Columbkille. At the convention of Dromkeat, in 573, he came to the rescue of the Bardic Order—of which he himself was a member, and no mean poet either. He advised that the order be reformed, not suppressed. Accordingly it was placed on a proper and legitimate basis. Poets of honesty and distinction were attached to the courts of the monarch and provincial kings, and every lord and chieftain was authorized and advised to maintain a poet if he so pleased, to preserve the exploits and record the genealogy of his family. The poetasters and pretenders were expelled from the order and sent to earn an honest living. Thus the matter was finally and sensibly arranged, thanks to the great Irish apostle of the Picts, and the regulations then

made were those by which the Bardic Order was governed for many succeeding centuries.

Valor and love, women, warriors and witchcraft were the main subjects of the bardic romances that nightly thrilled the guests in the chieftain's hall. The bard had to combine the skill of the musician with the talent of the actor and the craft of the dramatist. He usually went for his theme to the luridly chivalrous days of the Red Branch Knights, in the first century, and trained his poetic flowers and fancies on the framework of history in order to please his hearers; for, as the learned Theophilus O'Flanagan wrote a century ago, "this highly mental people loathed and disdained a barren and jejune narrative." The Irish bards were historical romancists, and high masters were they of the literary cult of late so fashionable. The "Tain Bo Cuailgne" was the great Irish Iliad. It dealt with the war of heroes between Ulster and Connaught for the possession of a famous snow-white cow, in which the champion Cuchullin and the Red Branch brotherhood were opposed by the warriors of the western province under their celebrated queen, Meav:

"A woman comely, white-faced, long-cheeked and large, with gold-yellow hair, a short crimson cloak fastened with a gold brooch over her breast, a straight carved-back spear flaming in her hand, accompanied by her husband Ailill and their sons in armor, with gold-hilted swords, yellow silk tunics and white shields."

Like Timotheus at Alexander's feast, the bard stirred and swayed the soul of his rapt hearers until they seemed to hear the crash of conflict and to their excited imagination the hall was filled with the grim shades of long-departed braves:

"Heard ye not the tramp of armies? Hark! amid the sudden gloom,
'Twas the stroke of Conall's war-mace sounded through the startled room;

And, while still the hall grew darker, king and courtier, chilled with dread,
Heard the rattling of the war-car of Cuchullin overhead."

And there were tales of weirdly beautiful pathos. "I see over Eman green a chilly cloud of blood-tinged red"—and there comes the vision of Dierdre wailing over the slain sons of Usna, of loving Finola and her enchanted brothers breasting in their magic swan plumage the icy sea, waiting for the releasing chimes of Christianity.

Poems celebrating the exploits of the great champion Fionn MacCumhal and his Fenians, who flourished in the third century, were also very popular. Some of these, called the Ossianic lays, from Fionn's son Ossian, or Oisín, supposed to be their chief composer—though some of them were written in the bardic schools of Erris and elsewhere so late as the fifteenth century—found their way into the Gaelic-speaking parts of Scotland. Here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the canny Macpherson found, or claimed to have found, some fragments of them. Transferring the scene of action from Ireland to Scotland, or "woody Morven," and making Fionn into a Scottish hero named Fingal, he published several alleged translations of the poems of Ossian. In the main very enjoyable fabrications and decidedly poetic forgeries, they sold well, commanding general interest, and Napoleon said after reading them that he preferred Ossian—even, Macpherson's bogus Ossian—to Homer! With the help of the present powerful Gaelic movement it is believed that the poems of the genuine Oisín will soon become familiar in his native land.

Faithful and devoted to his chieftain was the bard (whose office was usually a hereditary one); he took prominent part at his "tierna's" inauguration, eulogized him while living, lamented him when dead. He also wrote an occasional poem of praise on the clan in all

its various families — bright-cheeked vigorous, valiant, hospitable, whose yellow-knotted spear shafts made a bulky blaze of heavy battle, feeding the ravens with the corpses of their enemies, heroes of sleek horses, of valorous career, kind to the poets and the clergy, and from whose mede-abounding forts went up the shouts of convivial mirth.

Besides the generous gifts of cattle which they frequently received the chief bards had usually their own estates, with sometimes a castle thereon, like that of the O'Clerys of Tirconnell, at Kilbarron, overlooking the heaving Atlantic, meet abode and observatory for a bard. It is chiefly to the O'Clerys that Ireland stands indebted for that superb compilation of native chronicles, the *Annals of the Four Masters*. Also among notable bardic families were the MacWards (Mac an Bhaird, son of the bard), poets to the O'Donnells; the MacNamees and O'Gnimhs (now Agnew), to the O'Neills; the MacCurtins and MacBrodins, to the O'Briens; the O'Heosys, to the MacMahons; the O'Rooneys, to the Magennises; the O'Hamils, to the O'Hanlons; the O'Breslins, to the Maguires; the O'Mulveenias, to the O'Kanes; the MacFirbises, to the O'Dowds; the O'Mulconrys, to the O'Conors; the O'Duigenans, to the MacDermotts; the O'Dorans, to the MacMurroughs. There were others whose members were found in various territories, attached to different families, notably the scattered bardic septs of O'Daly, O'Higgin and MacEgan. Verily there was no lack of music or poetry among "the music-loving hosts of fiery conflicts."

All the world loves a lover, especially a poetic one, and such was Carol O'Daly, from whose harp one of the sweetest love airs ever composed has floated down to us through the centuries. The O'Dalys were originally hereditary bards to the O'Laughlins of Burren, in *Clare*. Abbot Donogh O'Daly of

Boyle (who came from Kinvara) was called the Ovid of Ireland and described as "a poet who never had and never will have an equal." He wrote some of the most beautiful religious poems in the Irish language, including "The Praise of the Blessed Sacrament." The abbot died in 1270, but many of his sweet and sacred verses are still preserved in the hearts and memories of the peasantry. In a different groove ran the poetic genius of his brother Carol. The latter and fair Eileen Kavanagh were lovers, but the lady's father and friends decided that she should be the bride of another. On the night before the intended nuptials a strange jongleur, or wandering minstrel, entered the chieftain Kavanagh's hall and entertained the company. Among the melodies he sang to his harp was one never heard before, pensive, pleading, passionate, the outpouring of a spirit of loyal love and ardent entreaty:

"My red rose, my lily white,
My treasure of all things bright
Darling, my soul's delight,
Eileen Aroon!"

"I would love thy company, Eileen, down to far Tirawley, and for ever. Lovelier than Venus and more beautiful than the stars, wilt thou come with me? Thou wilt. Come, then, and 'cead mile failte, Eileen Aroon!'"

So ran the burthen of the lyric appeal. The maiden recognized—understood—consented—and soon this poetic young Lochinvar and his melody-won bride were speeding in triumph towards the kindly Connaught hills, while a disappointed suitor was left "dangling his bonnet and plume."

John de Fordun, a Scottish historian of the fourteenth century, states that in his time Ireland was the fountain of music, whence it began to flow into England and Scotland. The bards found welcome in the castles of the invaders until 1367, when the Statute of Kil-

kenny, passed at the instance of King Edward's son, commanded that "the English shall not entertain Irish rhymers, minstrels or newsmen." Nevertheless the irrepressible bards soon found their way back again into most of the castles.

The invaders had their own rude Saxon gleemen and Norman jongleurs and troubadours and also poets such as Friar Michael of Kildare, who in Norman-French described the walling of the town of New Ross in 1265. Some of the steel-clad barons themselves wooed the gentle muse. One of these was Maurice, first Earl of Desmond. A fellow noble, Lord Arnold le Poer, learning of the earl's penchant, contumeliously called him a "rhymmer." It was a galling, a terrible outrage, and to avenge it the fiery Desmond made war on Le Poer. Most of the Anglo-Irish took sides, A. D. 1327, and it was only after many bloody fields and burnt castles and towns that peace was made between the parties the following Lent at a banquet in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin. Daring indeed would be the editor that would throw a Geraldine's spring poem in the waste-basket!

Two centuries later, when Silken Thomas Fitzgerald sent the sword of state clashing upon the council table of the Pale, his Irish bard, Nelán, was there with voice and harp, vehemently encouraging him to avenge the supposed murder of his father and to drive the Sassenach into the sea.

All through the centuries existed the popular belief in the supernatural powers of the bards, especially in the potency of their most dreaded weapon, their mordant and merciless sarcasm. The Four Masters gravely relate one remarkable instance of typical bardic vengeance. National custom held the persons and property of bards sacred in peace and war. Possibly Sir John Stanby, the English lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was unaware of this when, in

1414, his troops seized the cattle of bard Niall O'Higgin, of Westmeath. However, Niall opened fire with his poetic pompom, arduously proceeding to rhyme the chief aggressor to death, and in five weeks the unhappy Stanby was a corpse.

Alas, if other bards possessed the same dread attribute, the Saxon would have long since become scarce as the elk in Ireland. The bards were credited with power to rhyme rats to death, as occasionally appears in Elizabethan literature. Says Rosalind, in "As You Like It:" "I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember."

Sometimes the satirized took heavy vengeance on the satirist. A party of the O'Haras went to the house of Teige Dall (the blind) O'Higgin, a good bard and patriot, in the county Sligo, in 1595, and looted it of provisions. He punished them with a satire, whereupon the ruffians returned at night, cut out his tongue and otherwise so barbarously maltreated himself and his wife and child that all three died of their injuries. A renegade poet, Aenghus O'Daly the Red, was employed by the English authorities to lampoon all the tribes that were unfriendly to their rule; he had almost completed his mercenary task when he fell beneath the indignant steel of the chieftain O'Meagher of Ikerrin.

Many of the old Irish airs are milestones of national history. There is one in particular, touching and mournful if rightly interpreted, the pathetic moan of some unknown Irish Sappho. In the intervals of country dances the assemblage listens, absorbed and sympathetic, while the violinist plays it; on his treatment of it greatly depends his professional reputation. It is the immortal "Coulin." By the statute 28 Henry VIII (1537) the Irish were forbidden to wear coulins, or long hair. An Irish girl expressed preference for a lover with the coulin; her lover, cheerful to gratify

her, retained his long locks although having to pass through a hostile district on his way to see her; he was taken by the English, beheaded, and his head spiked on a tower; and the mournful air is said to be the lament of the despairing maiden:

"Her heartbreaking notes we remember
them well,
But the words of her wailing no mortal can
tell."

Nobly did the bards exert themselves during the long Elizabethan wars, keeping alight the blaze of nationality and animating chieftains and clansmen in their fierce struggle for liberty. Heartily loyal and devoted to the imperiled cause of country, they were true as steel, fierce as tigers, magnificent in their exhortations to unity and resistance. Spencer, the English poet, shivering in possession of confiscated land, denounced them: "Whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedient and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rithems; him they praise to the people and to young men to make an example to follow." Spencer, expelled from his usurped meadows, died of hunger in London. The Irish bards, outlawed and hunted, were put to death when caught, not only by the English but by such Irish titled tools as Conor O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, who gibbeted three of the most distinguished of the order. Yet, high above the roll of war, rose ever the thrilling music of harps and voices in the "Rosg Catha," the "Eye of Battle," the fierce Milesian war-signal.

To this stirring period of embattled Irish chivalry belongs "Roisin Dubh" (Dark Little Rose), which is still sung in peasant homes—the supposed address, written by his own bard, of gallant Red Hugh O'Donnell to Ireland, chiefest

object of his affections. Mangan's vigorous translation preserves the spirit, not the metre. And to it belongs the impassioned appeal of O'Gnimh, or Agnew, bard of O'Neill of Clondeboy, which has been done into English verse by Sir Samuel Ferguson:

"We starve by the board,
And we thirst amid wassail—
For the guest is the lord,
And the host is the vassal!

"Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren;
We are strangers at home!
We are exiles in Erin!

"And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven!
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven!

"And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her,—
Unite, oh, unite!
Or the billows burst o'er her!"

The billows did burst, and in the melancholy night of defeat that followed we hear the bard Hussey lamenting the sad lot of his master, the Maguire, a lone fugitive in the woods under pelting rain and sleet, and the bard MacWard mourning over the dead princes of Tyrone and Tirconnell. The triumphant harp strains that accompanied the pealing Te Deum in the abbey church of Donegal in celebration of the victory of the Yellow Ford were changed to chilling laments by the disaster of Kinsale and the subsequent flight of the earls.

In the seventeenth century occurred the "Contention of the Bards," a kind of musical and metrical competition between Ulster and Munster, the northern province being mainly championed by Lewy O'Clery and Robert MacArthur, the southern by Art Oge O'Keefe and Teige MacBrodin. The last-named, who was chief bard of Thomond and resided in the castle of Dunogan, in western Clare, started the dispute by a censure on a poem of Torna the Learned, bard

of Niall the Great, and nearly all the bards of North and South joined in what proved to be the last Irish bardic tournament. Later came the "curse of Cromwell," spreading over Ireland a more terrible red cloud than hung over Emania the night of the slaughter of the sons of Usna. Several bards perished, among them Teige MacBrodin, who was killed by an Irish-speaking follower of Cromwell. "Abair do rainn anois, fear beg" (Say your verses now, little man), said the truculent slayer, ere he hurled the old bard to death over a precipice.

One of the last typical members of the Bardic college—taught in his youth by the MacEgans of Ormond and O'Davorens of Thomond, and learned in four languages—was fine old Duald MacFirbis, last of the hereditary antiquarians of Hy-Fiachrach, to whom for his various works on Irish history, Ireland stands indebted as much as to the Four Masters. In 1670, at the age of eighty, he was wantonly murdered at Dunflin, county Sligo, by an alien in creed and race, a young squireen of the Crofton family.

But the household bards, harpers and singers of the old school, the last stately wearers of the five-colored robes, whose inspiring music had been the life and fire of the clans, were now practically extinct. The grass was springing in many a chieftain's hall where their songs had resounded; the weeds were rustling over their lone graves beneath crumbling abbey walls. In the war of the Revolution the character and acts of Righ Shemus were not such as to greatly inspire the Irish national muse of the period; the fugitive Stuart had but few laments sent after him, though "sad was the wail" that marked the departure of Lord Lucan and the gallant Wild Geese:

"Farewell, O Patrick Sarsfield! may luck
be on your path!

Your camp is broken up, your work is
marred for years,

But you go to kindle into flame the King of
France's wrath,

Though you leave poor Erin in tears. * * *

But O'Kelly still is here, to defy and to toil;
He has memories that hell won't permit
him to forget

And a sword that will make the blue blood
run like oil

Upon many an Aughrim yet."

Of course, when the Irish struggle assumed the Jacobite phase, there were minstrels to interpret it, their songs resounding in the dark penal gloom. The plaintive and exquisite "Blackbird"—the name by which the exiled Stuart, so-called James III, was alluded to by his Irish sympathizers—became a national favorite; it was sung in Irish peasant homes even late in the last century. And the chief national air was "The White Cockade," in reference to the Jacobite emblem, the white rose of York. It was the marching tune of the Irish troops in the service of France. The May morning breeze bore it to the ears of Cumberland's square column advancing up the slopes of Fontenoy, and, as the English soldiers looked towards the sound of the drums and fifes and saw the scarlet steel-topped lines of the Brigade forming for the memorable charge, they knew, in the words of a Scotch writer, "when the slaughter would deepen and when the bloodiest resistance would be made."

It was in 1692, the year after the fall of Limerick, that a young bard, mounted, accompanied by an attendant bearing his harp, set out from Alderford House, in the north of Roscommon, to make his living by singing and playing in the homes of the gentry. The young man was blind; if an Irish peasant boy was blind or lame his lot was to become a professional musician; sometimes, if only lame, a schoolmaster. Turlough O'Carolan was stricken with blindness, from smallpox, at eighteen, and it was four years later that he entered on his itinerant musical career, that lasted eight

half a century. Many a house he visited, especially of the ruined Catholic nobility, and many the maidens whose charms he celebrated with his wondrous gift of melody—a gift which the country people believed he had acquired during his long meditative retreats in the fairy rath near his dwelling. Veiled though his sight, bright chaplets of poetic pearls he flung over many a fair head from Louth to Mayo, including that of his own first love, Bridget Cruise. “My eyes are transplanted to my ears,” he said. Also was his sense of touch acute and delicate. Once, when on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick’s Purgatory, in an island in Lough Derg, a lady kindly took the blind bard’s hand to assist him out of the boat. “By the hand of my gossip,” he exclaimed, “this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!” And so it proved:

“True love can ne’er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling love!”

Fannie Power of Lough Liagh, Fannie Betagh of Lough Mannin, Gracie Nugent of Culambre, Kathleen Tyrrell, Bride O’Malley, Mary Maguire of Tempo (his wife)—O’Cowlan’s tributes to feminine grace and beauty constitute a veritable “dream of fair women.” Like other Gaelic bards he claimed an omen in his music. Asked to praise in song a young lady named Brett, he gloomily complained that his harp emitted for her only notes of sorrow. Which reminds one of Scott’s Allan Bane:

“I strike the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe.”

And Miss Brett, it is said, died within the year. Great was the blind bard’s memory for music. Geniniani, the famous musician, played over on his violin a difficult concerto in the presence of O’Carolan; the latter, although hearing it for the first time, repeated it

accurately on his harp, and even offered to give the assembly a composition of his own in similar style, which he immediately did, and, says his fellow countryman, Oliver Goldsmith, “that with such spirit and excellence that we may compare it (for we have it still) with some of the finest compositions of Italy.”

With proper inspiration Turlough excelled in extempore versemaking. He was happiest in the homes of the old Irish gentry. “Ah, here in the house of O’Conor, my harp has the right old sound,” he was wont to declare. Once, at a banquet given by an English grazier named Harlowe, he was asked to give a planxty in honor of the host—“something like what he used to compose for the O’Haras.” The unsuspecting bard complied, but, when he had finished his eulogistic strains, Kane O’Hara, whom O’Carolan had not known was present, arose and affected to rate the singer for comparing him and his family to “that bullocker Harlowe,” whereupon the bard promptly struck his harp again and sang his “Cupan geal O’Headhra” (O’Hara’s bright cup):

“Oh, were I at rest
Amid Arran’s green isles,
Or in climes where the summer
Unchangeably smiles,
Though treasures and dainties
Might come at my call,
Yet O’Hara’s bright cup
I would prize more than all.”

It was as deft an improvisation in its way as Cyrano de Bergerac’s ballade composed while he clashed swords with the Viscount de Valvert: “A la fin de l’envoi je touche.”

O’Carolan died in 1738 and was buried with high funeral honors in the vault of his benefactors, the MacDermotts Roe, in the ancient churchyard of Kilronan.

The last minstrel thus laid to rest, the sadly frayed poetic garments descended on the hunted hedge schoolmasters, on

the poor ballad-singers. Many of the former produced poems still treasured; some of the latter began to dabble in the language of the Sassenach, with special fondness for sonorous polysyllables, and produced the first of the great and grotesque crop beginning, "As I roved out one morning," or "Ye tender-hearted Christians, I hope ye will draw near." The ballad-singer, as a topical rhymester, a musical newsman, became, with his quaint "come-all-ye," the humble successor of the old bardic storyteller. But the harpers had passed away.

In Ulster, by the Presbyterian insurgents of 1798, the green flag was introduced as the national banner of Ireland, and national songs began to be sung in the language of the national enemy, Dr. William Drennan being the first high bard of the new school. Bunting, Hardiman and others made collections of the ancient music. Moore selected a number of the old airs and wedded unto them his immortal melodies. In the intensity of the present Gaelic revival, some enthusiasts there are who would put "Moore's melodies" outside the pale of Irish music—a spasm of extravagant puristry. The piano is merely the Irish harp laid flat and struck with keys in lieu of fingers. Omitting dilettantic scruples anent "tone" and "setting," if "Moore's melodies" are not Irish, what are they? The antique gems may have been slightly altered in the cutting, but still they glow with Celtic fire and genius.

"Oh! sweet were the minstrels of kind Inis-Fail!

'As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!'

Whose music, nor ages, nor sorrow can spoil;

'As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!'

But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,

Their 'cavine' and their 'piobracht' were chid,
And their language: 'that melts into music' forbid;

'As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!'"

"A pity without an heir in their company!" But heirs "go leor" to the spirit of the Celtic bards of old appeared in the brilliant galaxy of '48 and afterwards; men who, although perforce they "sang" their land, the Saxon's slave, in Saxon tongue," were as strongly Irish in idea as the fiercest old "filea" that ever cursed a cattle-lifting English viceroy. These left Ireland a new bardic literature, everything but an Irish national anthem—though, for this position, "Who Fears to Speak of 'Ninety-eight?" the eloquent lay of single-song Ingram of Trinity, challenges popularity with T. D. Sullivan's "God Save Ireland."

For many decades afterwards the sword remained the backbone of Irish national poetry: to be popular a song had to be like a Harmodian wreath, fragrant as native whitethorn, with the glint of steel shining through. The new bardic order was as attractive as it was fiery and aggressive, and its members, good, bad and indifferent, became numerous as were their organized predecessors in the days of Columbkille. A rifle, a green flag and a hillside whereon to fight or fall were the main elements of a typical national poem, and British officialdom remained long in alarm at the superabundance and popularity of rhymed "sedition."

Then gradually appeared the select but less healthy tear-and-smile school principled by Alfred Percival Graves and the coarse stage-Irishman revival and horse-collar buffoonery of "Ballyhooley" Martin and his votaries. It appears that Mr. Graves' sole political poetic essay has been a crude parody of "The Wearing of the Green"—how frowned the shade of the old "croppy" who composed it!—in celebration of Queen Victoria's most gracious condescension in permitting her Irish soldiers to wear the shamrock, the better to encourage them, oh, Guelphic stolidity! to fight the Boers. This loyal

parody was duly sung at the aged queen, on the occasion of her visit to Dublin, by the rollicking young West Britons of Trinity College, as related with emotion by the gushful "Penelope" Wiggin of Massachusetts. The tear-and-smile school has produced several sweetly cultured jingles relative to fragrant blossoms and woodland dells and peasant lovers, and archly humorous ones, as of Father O'Flynn, who was "the pride of them all." But, as in the minstrel's doom-shadowing harp, there are certain silent or unresponsive chords in the singers' harps, although the songs themselves may have appropriate sound

in a "shoneen's" house, with a government official turning the music and a landgrabber's daughter warbling at the piano.

The grand old bards of the five-colored robes are fast in their many-centuried sleep. The winds sing O'Carolan's requiem. Moore's harp stands mute and dusty in an Irish museum. Yet at intervals, sweet and clear as lark notes from the sky of Spring, we hear the voice of some lone poet of the green isle raised responsive to the Spirit of Irish poetry and song—glorious in the past, hopeful as to the future—"to show that still she lives."

The Priest's Yule-Tide

By William J. Fischer

Lord! In this heart of mine
Build Thou a Bethlehem,
A home so humble—crowned
By Hope's diadem.
Let light of moon and star
And sun's bright ray
Brighten the lovelands, stretching far,
This quiet Christmas day!

The snowflakes fall without,
But then my heart's bright room
Is warm. O children, come!
Come from the streets of gloom,
Come from Life's cold ice-lands!
Come in and hear
The songs of peace that angel bands
Sing out loud, crystal-clear!

Come! children, from your haunts
Of sickness, poverty—
I love to take you in,
For Christmas sets all free.
Come, nest in Love's wide bed
While angels smile!
For poor and sick and sad are spread
Red roses, mile on mile.

Lord! In this heart of mine
Build Bethlehem for me!
And I will people it
And toil right patiently.
I'll welcome all Life's poor
Children so sad—
O may they walk through my heart's door
Into the arms of—THEE!

The Vocation of Philip

By GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

XXVI.



PRIVATE sitting-room at the Mount Nelson Hotel in Cape Town—the occupants Anita de St. André and her husband. They were dressed for dinner and evidently expecting company; the Duc was faultless in evening dress, and his wife was looking radiantly beautiful.

Since their three months' sojourn at the Mount Nelson, the Duc had been enjoying the happiest period since his marriage. Never had Anita been more gracious and charming. Everything pleased her. Cape Town was full of attraction, and the Duc was lavish with his money, replenishing her wardrobe cheerfully and doing all he could to amuse and charm the capricious woman whom he still adored. The Duc's mind was as free from suspicion as that of a child. He had realized only too well that Anita cared nothing for him, but the possibility of there being another man in the case had never occurred to him.

Gerald Wynville had been in the hospital at Cape Town for over a month. This Anita knew, and she was staying on in Natal solely with the hope of seeing him. It was a curious phase of her character that she seemed incapable of fathoming the nature of the man, or to know that a meeting with her was the last thing he wished for.

This particular evening she was dressed in soft, white silk, trimmed with silver gauze. It harmonized with the brilliance of her gray eyes and brought out the raven blackness of her glossy hair. The three months of her stay in Cape Town had been for Anita de St. André, as never before in her life, a dual existence. Not once since the day

she dismissed Gerald Wynville and married St. André had her life been simple and natural. Simplicity! She had long since ceased to know what the word meant. In nothing had she played the part of a hypocrite more thoroughly than in the matter of religion. She still professed to be a Catholic, though she had lately stopped short at frequenting the sacraments, a duty that her husband faithfully performed.

That she liked the aesthetic part of her religion, there could be no doubt; but its hold on her was ephemeral. For Gerald Wynville's sake, or to serve any end that would bring them nearer together, she would have thrown it over at once.

A knock at the door, and a waiter entered with a card.

"The Comte de Rodillac," said Anita, "We shall have to ask him to dinner; perhaps four is a better number than three."

"I will go down and bring him up," said the Duc, "and give orders for another seat at the table."

He left the room as he spoke, and in the hall met Paul Morgan, whom he greeted cordially.

"You will find the Duchesse in our sitting-room," he said. "I am called down-stairs a few moments by an unexpected guest."

The next moment Paul knocked at the door; and in answer to Anita's "Come in," he turned the handle and entered. The apartment, a roomy and comfortable one, was brilliantly lighted. The air was sweet with large vases of roses that stood here and there in the room, while through an open window a soft breeze was blowing; for, although it was April, the evenings were deliciously cool and fresh.

Paul Morgan's solitude in Cape Town had been greatly lightened by a friendship he had formed with the Duc. The better he knew him, the more the young clergyman liked him, and one day during a stroll in the Botanical Gardens he had unfolded to the Duc some of his religious difficulties, meeting in return with the liveliest interest, as well as some very practical help. Paul's respect for his new friend grew apace as he saw more and more plainly how devoted he was to his wife and how little he received in return. Now, on opening the door, he paused for a moment on the threshold, struck by the likeness of the woman before him to her twin sister. Anita stood under the chandelier, all its light shining on her dark head and bringing out the delicate silver gauze of her dress. She advanced to meet him, placing her slim, cool hand in his. Her manner was well-bred and self-possessed; only her wonderful eyes were any index to the fires that caused her heart to beat more rapidly than usual under its covering of glistening silk and tulle.

For the sight of Paul Morgan always recalled to Anita how close he lived to Gerald Wynville, and this knowledge made her encourage her husband to invite him often. Otherwise, the clerical dress and all it meant would have bored her.

"I am almost late," said Paul, "and owe you an apology; but I was detained by quite a serious case at the hospital."

"Your delay is fortunate," answered Anita; "some friend of my husband's has just arrived and will probably join us at dinner."

"By the way," said Paul, "I have a message for you from your sister. She had to leave very suddenly this afternoon for Durban, to take charge of the hospital there. She only had about half an hour to get ready, and as I was in the ward when her orders came, she asked

me to let you know and to say she would write to you."

"She has been so busy I have hardly seen her; but I shall miss her very much," replied Anita—inwardly she rejoiced; Madeline was better out of the way.

The entrance of the Duc and his friend, and the announcement of dinner at the same time, put an end to further conversation. Anita exerted herself to be more than usually entertaining during the progress of the meal. Anecdotes of her hospital life, reminiscences of their trip to Egypt, of her own and her husband's travels on the Continent when they were first married—all came easily and with the charm of her sweet voice in the recital. She called on Paul Morgan to corroborate some stories of their Arab guides, and of Ambrose Ewing's unfailing drollery and good humor.

The Duc was enchanted, the clergyman entertained; as to the Comte, he envied his friend the possession of such a wife.

"If you will excuse me, Mr. Morgan," said the Duc, as they returned to his private drawing-room, "I will leave you to my wife to entertain; the Comte de Rodillac is anxious for me to go with him to see an officer who has just come back slightly disabled from the war, a brother-in-law of his sister."

"Do not consider me," answered Paul. "We are all governed here by the war, and I shall be well entertained by the Duchesse."

The Duc and his friend made their adieux and departed; and Anita and Paul were left alone.

"It has grown sultry," she said, moving to one of the windows and looking out on the brilliant African night. "It is too hot for so much light or to remain indoors," she continued, as she moved to the balcony, where she proceeded to settle herself in a comfortable rattan chair, motioning him to sit down near her.

It was a beautiful night, and the rest to the young clergyman after a long and busy day was inviting.

Anita drew a wrap around her.

"How much longer will you be here, Mr. Morgan?" she asked.

"It depends on my orders," he replied. "I was sent out, as you know, to view the ground with the idea of a branch of our Order being founded here. I may have a letter by the next steamer recalling me."

"It is a hard life," she said, "and I often ask myself to what end. Yet we, who live in the world, apparently free, are often bound by more rigorous trammels than religious vows."

"I suppose," he answered, "that therein lies the meaning of the text, 'the truth shall make you free.' Once we are given up to it, heart and soul, the strict rule is easily obeyed."

"And are you satisfied?" she asked.

Paul Morgan had no intention of making a confidant of Anita de St. André, so his only reply was to say, quietly, "I am satisfied, Duchesse, to do the work appointed for me—wherever it may lead."

"Just now," she said, "your work seems to be to watch over and care for your friend, Captain Wynville. Surely you are not going to sail for England and leave him here alone?"

"Shall I tell her?" thought Paul Morgan—"and does she suppose I have lived so close to Wynville, and do not know their joint history? Yet she seems to have no fear or shame in asking after him constantly." Then aloud, after a slight hesitation, he said: "There is no question now, Duchesse, of my leaving Captain Wynville behind when my orders come to leave here, as he sailed himself for Southampton early this morning."

The eyes of the woman before him, which a moment before had been looking into his, gray and soft and beautiful, confronted him still, but they were dark

now, and hard, irradiated by sparks of light that scintillated like steel.

He heard a gasp for breath, then an exclamation of utter incredulity.

"Captain Wynville on his way home," she said, "when I thought he could scarcely walk as yet! Why did not you tell me sooner?"

His voice, when he spoke, cold and full of rebuke, would have been calculated to recall her to herself; but Anita was past caring now.

"Captain Wynville went home in excellent hands," said Paul, "and well cared for; the surgeon thought it perfectly safe. Moreover, it was imperatively necessary. His uncle and the latter's two sons were lost in a squall on one of the Scotch lakes a week ago, so Captain Wynville has thus succeeded to the title and estates of the Earl of Ware."

For one moment Anita de St. André sat there—on her face such despair and baffled purpose as might well have made her good angel hide his head under his shining wings.

"The Earldom of Ware!" she said—and her voice to Paul Morgan had a far-off and hollow sound—"and I threw him over for a paltry French dukedom. Oh, my God!"

"Madame de St. André," said Paul, "since the day you were married Gerald Wynville has sought to forget you. I am not a priest of your religion," added the young clergyman, quietly, "but it seems to me you have given me the liberty to tell you that you are bound to forget him, and to remember you are a married woman, with a husband worthy of your most loyal devotion."

She made a gesture of superb scorn and disgust.

"How easy it is to talk," she said, "when one has never suffered a like sorrow. My life for two years has been intolerable; but there are laws that can make me free."

She arose as she spoke, as did Paul. To his refined senses the beautiful woman opposite seemed suddenly to appear like some gleaming, venomous serpent. There was nothing he could do, and to remain and see her in her present state lowered his own self-respect.

"Pray make my adieux to the Duc," he said. He bowed as he spoke, nor did Anita offer her hand. There was that in his manner which suddenly filled her with very shame. The door closed behind him, and, left alone, the miserable woman sank on a lounge and buried her face in its soft depths. The thoughts that surged through her brain were such as would have made the twin sister who loved her so devotedly bow her head and weep.

* * * * *

Paul Morgan walked home by the light of the stars, whose pure radiance seemed to act as an antidote to the poisonous atmosphere he had breathed. A light in the harbor attracted him; the steamer from Southampton had arrived. He went to bed, but not to sleep; pity for the erring woman was mingled with disquiet as to how he was to avoid her in future, if they both remained in Natal, without revealing anything to the Duc. But the morning's mail brought relief; the expected letter from his Superior in England had arrived, and his order was to return home at once.

Thereby his heart was lightened. He would take the steamer that week, and be back in Great Britain some time in May.

A longing for the sweet English country and fragrant English lanes came over him. He was like a man who had been morally poisoned against his will, and his craving was for whatever was pure in contrast.

He hoped that time and the Duc's devotion would change the woman *whose future, otherwise, filled him with fear.*

XXVII.

A week after his visit to the de St. Andrés, Paul Morgan went on board the ship that was to sail for England that evening. There was the usual hurry and bustle of departure as he stepped on the gangway. Going at once to his stateroom, he deposited his valise and directed the porter where to place his small steamer trunk; then he went on deck again and commenced walking back and forth, not a little entertained by the scene before him. Those of his fellow passengers who were visible were strangers to him; indeed, he doubted if he would meet any one he knew, and, had he analyzed the subject, he would have had to acknowledge that he wanted the quiet and repose of the sea voyage. He had come to a point where it was necessary to look into his own heart and question whether or not the half-defined stirrings within him that Father Basil's Lenten lectures had called forth meant any imperative call to the Catholic Church or whether they were the temptations of a restless mind.

Although he knew it not, he was like thousands of others, who, having in one way or another been touched by the claim of the One Universal Church, yet hesitated and held back from sheer inability to break away from hereditary prejudices and traditions. Joined to this was a sense that to disown the claims of the Anglican Church to valid orders was sacrilege. Such a feeling at the outset is perfectly natural, and the soul that does not feel the tearing up of its roots, and the denial of the beliefs it has held most dear, would hardly be worthy of the call and sacrifice. Especially is this true of devout members of the Anglican High Church party, who, having been taught more of the divine deposit of the faith, and believing sincerely in their own position, have more to suffer and more to part with when the supreme moment comes. Only the

greatest outpouring of grace can lead these bewildered and sorely-tried souls to the light where abides their true Mother. Among many born Catholics there exists a belief that these would-be "Catholics" of the Church of England are not sincere. No idea could be more mistaken. As a rule, these men and women are tremendously sincere and thoroughly in earnest, and the discovery that their position is untenable and false comes like a shock of surprise and pain.

It is a tearing down of the foundations and beliefs of a lifetime, and it takes time, not only to bring such souls to the truth, but to teach them to know and love what they are about to embrace. Hence, if Paul Morgan's action in delaying to push his inquiry seemed weak, it was in truth the reverse of that. His conduct in the great temptations of his life, his hardworking devotion to the poor in his large London parish, his indifference to his own health, which for several years had been in a precarious state—all marked him as a man whose very strength made the struggle of faith a veritable travail of the soul.

Nevertheless, the attainment of truth can best be achieved by making use of the surest and quickest means to reach it. This Paul Morgan had realized. In one of his lectures Father Basil had touched at length on this subject; and had strongly recommended two lines of conduct for those in doubt: prayer first—constant and fervent—with visits to the Blessed Sacrament; and, to those whose duties and calling would permit of it, a few days or weeks in a religious house, where a retreat could be made.

Thinking this over the night before he sailed from Cape Town, the young clergyman's mind was made up; on his arrival in England he would seek admission as a guest in some Catholic house—either with the Jesuits or the

Oratorian Fathers—and go into seclusion for a month.

Having come to this decision, his heart and mind attained a degree of calmness and peace that he had been a stranger to for some time. He went on board the steamer full of gratitude at the thought that he could, before many weeks, as he hoped, attain to a clearer knowledge of his duty. Little he knew that the wider vision was to come in a way undreamed of.

He was standing at one end of the ship, just before dusk, watching the men hurrying back and forth, and the lights gradually appearing on shore, when a carriage drove up and a lady in deep mourning, followed by a maid, stepped out and ascended the gangway to the steamer. It wanted only five minutes of the time of sailing, and the young clergyman's eyes followed her with interest; probably some one who had been widowed by the war, and who was returning home heartbroken by her loss. The steamer contained a number of army officers who had recovered from their wounds, but who were in such a condition that they were unfit to go back to active service and who had therefore been ordered home. Paul looked for the veiled lady during the succeeding week; but apparently she felt unable to leave her stateroom, as she did not appear. He made friends with many of the officers and passengers, and with the few children on board, who, like the little ones of his London parish, soon found out the man's strong and kindly soul, and were drawn to him as to a friend. A gift for story-telling speedily won them completely, and the tired mothers, or nurses, hailed his coming on deck or in the salon with joy.

The steamer had left Cape Town on a Tuesday. It was the Sunday following that the captain approached Paul and told him that the passengers had asked if he would hold a short service in

the salon and preach to them, a request to which the young clergyman assented.

When he walked into the salon about eleven o'clock every one on board seemed to be present, and he noticed with surprise the veiled lady seated near the reading-desk that had been improvised for him. After the usual prayers and some hymns, he approached the desk and began his sermon, having chosen as his text the twelfth verse of the fourth chapter of St. Peter's first Epistle: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." * * *

Was it some thought of his own coming conflict that moved him to choose this text, or because he had that morning taken it as his meditation?

"Above and beyond many trials," he said, "to most of us there comes at some crucial period of our lives one fiery trial, discipline or temptation, greater than all that has gone before, or that follows. It is for us, therefore, not to be taken unawares; to so live our ordinary life that, when the extraordinary moment of our supreme test comes, we may not be unprepared for it," and then he went on to describe the strange inscrutableness of some of these temptations of the soul. "These things, my brethren," he said, "have a meaning, believe it. Ultimately that meaning may be knowledge; but before knowledge it is character. Every small trial met and overcome, every little temptation resisted, will make us so much the stronger for the last great test, even if our very life—the life of the heart or the physical life of the body—be required of us."

For a moment there was silence as he ceased speaking; then he raised his hand to give the final benediction ere the congregation dispersed. Once during his sermon he glanced at the motionless figure, so heavily draped in mourning, that sat near him; but her veil was down and he could not distinguish her features. Was it some one

whose sorrow needed just such words of comfort and strength as he had been trying to give?

That night the young clergyman knelt for a long time at the port-hole of his cabin. There was no moon, but the stars overhead were shining with all their Southern brilliance, and his eyes sought the Southern Cross, just visible from the narrow port-hole where he knelt with clasped hands, his blue eyes raised to the heavens, beyond which his soul, outstripping his mortal vision, seemed to leap to the throne of grace.

"Help me, O my God," he prayed, "in my final test; lead me whither Thou wouldst have me go."

The sound of rushing waters mingled with his prayers as the great ship rode on proudly in its majestic strength—on on, over the wide waste of waters, through the impenetrable darkness of the night, to what lay beyond.

* * * * *

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

From a sound sleep Paul Morgan was wakened by a sudden and tremendous shock. The hundreds of souls on board sprang to their feet even as he did—"in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the whole face of the world had changed—they knew that life and death hung in the balance now! Hastily putting on some clothes, the young clergyman opened his door and joined the hurrying forms that were all making for the upper deck. The captain, a brave and disciplined man, had instantly responded to the terrible need, and his crew had rallied to his command. His voice rang out like a trumpet, giving orders to both officers and men, the while the terrified passengers rushed hither and thither, many screaming and crying; some on their knees praying aloud. It was a scene of darkness and confusion. A few of the braver souls, among whom was Paul, began the work

at once of trying to calm and reassure the frantic crowd.

The captain had instantly sent his chief officer below to ascertain the extent of the damage. What had become of the ship that had struck them? No one knew; it had reversed its engines after the first shock and had disappeared in the darkness. Paul was standing near the stern of the ship, a little child in his arms, the while he spoke calmly but authoritatively to the people crowding around him, when he saw the chief officer come hurrying back, and, crossing the deck, speak in a low tone to the captain. A second later, the latter called out in a voice that commanded universal attention from all present:

"The accident is a serious one," he said. "We must take to the boats at once. Remember, women and children first."

His words were few, as of one to whom every second counted. He gave his commands to officers and men, who sprang to the boats with a will. The ship had a more than full passenger list, and what often happens occurred here: it would be impossible for every one on board to escape on the boats, simply from lack of room.

The great ship was filling fast and settling down in the water. To keep her afloat was impossible, the damage had been too serious to repair. Even the boats afforded but a slender ray of hope; they were hundreds of miles from land, and their only chance lay in being picked up, either by the ship that had struck them or some other they might meet. Who has not become familiar with the heart-rending tale, and how many will there be at the last great day that the sea will give up?

The women and children had all been safely landed in the boats. Paul had given up the child in his arms—a little fellow with golden hair and brown eyes, who clung to him with its tiny hands. Tenderly the clergyman unwound the

little arms and kissed the child on his pure forehead, then handed him over to the stalwart sailor who stood in the boat waiting to receive him. There was still room for many more, and the captain turned to Paul:

"You next, Mr. Morgan," he said, "the women will need you."

But the young clergyman drew back.

"No," he said quietly, "I shall stay here with you. These women need their husbands and sons."

The captain's voice rang out like a clarion:

"Let the married men go first," he said, "then the sons who have mothers."

Not once had the splendid discipline been broken—the discipline of the British sailor that is known all over the world; and to this fact many who got away that day owed their lives. The boats were full at last, and pushed off into the black night, each in command of an officer. Then the captain turned to those who were left.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have behaved like brave and gallant men tonight and I thank you. If I could, I would have saved you all."

The boat was rapidly settling to one side and her bow was rising in the air, making it difficult to retain foothold on the deck.

"Captain," said a fair-haired, boyish-looking young lieutenant, who had been one of the bravest and most helpful present, "how much longer do you think the ship will hold?"

"I fear not more than an hour at the longest," was the answer.

"Shall we kneel down, gentlemen?" said Paul, and with one consent all present knelt down on the deck, over which there already washed an occasional swell of water, a shuddering reminder of what was to come! The captain turned away as they all arose from their knees, brave man that he was. He had already done all that was possible to save his passengers and crew—rockets had been

sent up continuously in the hope of attracting some near or distant ship.

Paul walked to the stern of the ship, which was for the moment deserted, as the rest of those left on board were standing near the captain some distance away. He looked up at the sky with clasped hands and a heart raised in prayer—at any moment the ship might go down.

"Mr. Morgan," said a voice. He turned like a man in a dream. Before him stood Anita de St. André, her beautiful face pale and drawn with horror.

Thus suddenly brought down from heaven to earth, Paul suffered a shock of pain. How came she here, and why?

"Mr. Morgan," she said again, "we are going to die, you and I. Why this has come to you, I do not know, you are innocent of any crime; but for me it is just retribution, for I have sinned. I sinned all along and this is my punishment."

One quick gleam of relief and thanksgiving shone in the man's face. So she recognized her sin and repented! Well he understood now the mad desire and wilfulness, the absence of principle and indifference to the world's opinion, which had made her embark on the steamer unknown to her husband, and had thus brought her to her doom.

He saw by her dress that she it was who had remained so closely veiled. Why had she not gone in one of the boats with the other women?

"Madame de St. André," he said, "forget the past, except to ask God's pardon for it. His mercy is greater than all the sin in the world."

The ship careened to one side; a wave dashed up to their feet. Anita sank on her knees with one inarticulate cry, and buried her face in her hands so she could not see.

In the East the dawn was breaking as Paul Morgan also knelt down and clasped his hands. In that last hour of agony it was given to him, as a final test,

to forget self, and to hold out a helping hand to this woman who had sinned so deeply.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in Me, shall live forever."

Oh, healing and kindly words that fell on Anita's ears! She had been as one dead—yet even for her there was hope!

"Father, into Thy Hands we commend our spirits," said Paul. "Receive us into Thy everlasting habitations."

The rush and swirl of many waters—the rending asunder of planks and partitions. One long, shuddering sigh seemed to shake the great ship as, for the last time, she rose proudly in the air. Slowly her graceful bow dipped into the dark waters, and then down—down—she sank, into unutterable depths and silence.

XXVIII.

It is nearly two years later and the war is over. After the relief of Lady-smith Philip Everdeen had remained with the army all through the rest of the campaign, his success as a war correspondent making his name known throughout England and filling his uncle's heart with pardonable pride. He was back in Cape Town now, bronzed by the African sun, older, with a wider experience of life than he had had on that memorable evening when he talked to Father Basil in Rome, for he had looked on death and human suffering. On the field of battle, in Boer trenches, by camp-fires and in hospitals, he had stood by the dead and dying, and had soothed many a poor fellow hovering on the brink of eternity.

It was an experience to sober any man, and to one as profoundly religious as Philip Everdeen the scenes he passed through made a lasting impression.

Throughout the whole of the war his own life seemed saved as by a miracle. Standing again and again in the most exposed positions, sometimes with pencil and note-book in hand, both Boer shells and Mauser bullets passed him by.

The tide of travel was now setting homeward, and officers and men were embarking by the hundred; but Philip had lingered at the Mount Nelson Hotel in Cape Town. He had had no opportunity during the war to communicate with the Van Wonters, nor to give them the message from the son and brother whose last moments he had witnessed. It was to try and find them, or else write to them, that he had lingered behind after most of his friends had embarked for home.

By diligent inquiry he ascertained that, only a day or two after his escape, the Van Wonters had abandoned their farm, and trekking north past Monte Cristo, had joined the Boer forces; but just where was uncertain. Probably, said his informant—one of the Natal scouts—they had gone to Pretoria and were there now, as their farm, he believed, was still empty and abandoned. It seemed impossible to get any further clue unless he journeyed far into the interior again, and this Philip hardly wished to do. He was impatient to reach England, his uncle and Natalie. How much the desire to see the latter dominated him Philip could hardly admit to himself.

He finally decided to write a full account of the young Boer soldier and leave it with some trusty person who would have orders to search for the Van Wonters. So, shutting himself up one morning, he wrote a long letter to the Boer. His task finished, he took an early lunch and about three o'clock strolled out to the Botanical Gardens, where he had come to spend a great deal of his ten days' leisure at Cape Town.

Taking a book with him, he found a sheltered nook and removing his hat

prepared to enjoy the delicious breeze, the blue sky overhead, and the feeling of absolute quiet and repose. He had been reading for about half an hour when there was a slight rustle of a woman's skirts.

"Monsieur," said a voice, in French, "I think we have met before."

The young man started to his feet with a slight exclamation. A few yards from him stood Franzje Van Wonter.

"Ah! mademoiselle," said Philip, "this is an unexpected pleasure. I have been searching for you and yours everywhere; in fact, I have delayed my departure for home in the effort to find you."

The young girl's face lit up.

"It seems equally strange to see you here, monsieur. We have been in Pretoria almost ever since you left us; but now, thank God, this dreadful war is over, and my father and I came to Cape Town so he could prove his title to our farm, to which my mother and eldest brother returned last week."

They sat down as they spoke in the shade of a spreading palm; a tall mimosa bush on one side almost screened them from the broad walk beyond, although there were very few passers-by so early in the afternoon.

Franzje looked up at the handsome young Englishman, so browned by the hot African sun. Philip had gained in breadth and in fine physical development during the campaign, which had obliged him to live out of doors constantly. His image, these past two years and more, had been faithfully cherished by the young Dutch girl; but well she knew that he cared nothing for her beyond the kindly interest that he had shown during his captivity.

On his part, Philip noticed how pretty and sweet the young girl looked. "She would make a charming wife for some fine English fellow," he thought, "but I suppose she will marry one of the invincible Boers."

"My meeting with you solves a difficulty," he said aloud, and then he proceeded to tell her the whole story about her brother, and of his dying message.

Franzje was deeply moved. The news of her brother's death had reached them, but with no particulars. How strange it seemed that, among the thousands of Englishmen on the field of battle, Monsieur Everdeen should have been the one to find him!

"My father and mother will be so thankful to hear this news," she said; "can't you come and see my father this evening and tell it to him, as you have told me?"

"The sooner the better," answered Philip. "Now that I have met you and delivered my message, I must sail for England as soon as I can arrange about my passage."

There was an involuntary tightening of the young girl's lips; but this Philip did not see, and Franzje's training stood her in good stead. A daughter of the brave and stoic Boers—spartan-like in their suffering—must not show weakness, even if her heart did ache.

They sat and talked for two hours, then Franzje arose, and Philip walked with her to the house where she and her father were staying. Lifting his hat as the door opened to receive her, he paused a second to see it close, then turned and ran full tilt into Ambrose Ewing.

"Hello! Sir Galahad," said the young sailor, "well met!" The two men clasped hands cordially, the while Philip poured forth eager questions as to how his friend came to be in Cape Town of all places.

"My ship has just arrived to take home some of the troops," answered Ewing. "In fact, we got here only two hours ago and I asked for leave to come on shore at once so as to look you up. I went first to the hotel, and finding you out, was walking through the streets to see the sights when I met you."

"And how long will you be here?" asked Philip, to whom the sight of his friend's frank, handsome face, and the familiar sound of his voice, after the months of separation from home and kindred, was fraught with keenest pleasure.

"Our orders have not been revealed to us," said the young sailor. "I fancy we will remain only long enough to take the troops on board, and then sail for Southampton."

"Well, I embark myself in a week," said Philip. "You have come right from England, Ewing; did you see my uncle; and how was he?"

"Yes, I saw the dear old General," was the answer; "he was hale and hearty, and full of joy and pride in your prowess, Sir Galahad. And I saw Miss Blackwood. Of course you know she has become a Catholic?" He took a sly look at his friend as he spoke.

But Philip stood stock-still in the middle of the street they were just crossing, amazement, joy, overpowering emotion, in his face.

"Miss Blackwood a Catholic!" he said. "Surely you are mistaken, Ewing. My uncle has said not one word about it."

"I fear I have let the cat out of the bag," said the light-hearted lieutenant. "It's a fact, though, Everdeen. She was received over two years ago by Father Basil at the convent, Hammersmith. I fancy your uncle wanted to surprise you and that I have told some news I should have held back."

"And her relations?" said Philip, eagerly, "has there been any trouble?"

"Lots of it," was the answer. "The dowager Lady Blackwood was furious and the clerical uncle was angry, but Miss Blackwood has weathered it all. You remember my aunt, Mrs. Stoker?" he continued, "she saw it all coming long before any one else did, and, by the way, Everdeen," and he lowered his voice—"she told me a curious story

about the unfortunate Duchesse de St. André. My aunt found out in some way that she was engaged to the Wynville who succeeded to the title and estates of the Earldom of Ware, and that she threw him over when he was plain Captain Wynville to marry the rich Duc. She left the Duc twice after their marriage, the last time to embark for England from Cape Town, when she was shipwrecked. Morgan, the Anglican clergyman we met in Egypt, was lost on the same steamer. My aunt declares the Duchesse was on her way to the States to try and get a divorce and marry the Earl, though I doubt if he would have had her."

"It seems impossible," said Philip.

"I wouldn't commit myself to an opinion," said Ewing. "She was a strange woman, though. I met the Duc in London six weeks ago. He was in deep mourning, and looked like one who carries around an abiding sorrow."

"That was indeed a terrible shipwreck," said Philip. "Those who were picked up in one of the boats say that Morgan behaved splendidly; and the outline of his sermon, preached the Sunday before he was lost, was given by one of the passengers, and published in all the papers. My uncle sent me a copy of the 'Times' that gave the sermon nearly in full. One of the men had taken it down in shorthand, and he found the notes in the pocket of a coat he had hurriedly slipped on, after he was rescued. It was strange about the Duchesse," he added, thoughtfully. "The Duc knew she was on board, as she left a note telling him so before she sailed; but she seems to have gone under an assumed name. The steamship office produced a list of the passengers, and 'Mrs. Black and maid,' was her entry."

"Black, indeed!" answered Ewing. "If I am to believe my aunt, she was as unprincipled as she was beautiful."

The two young men had reached the Mount Nelson by this time, where they

dined together, after which Philip told his friend all about the Van Wonters, and as much of his own African experience as could be compressed into an hour's talk.

"I must go to see them this evening," he wound up. "Come with me, Ewing. You can talk to the daughter while I see the father."

To which the young sailor agreed, and his knowledge of French being as thorough as Philip's, he spent what was to him a delightful evening with Franzje, only leaving in time to take the last boat for his ship.

Into the next week was crowded all the sight-seeing and trips into the country that the two friends could arrange; and by common consent Franzje Van Wonter accompanied them—her father, who was very busy, being only too glad to have her so pleasantly employed.

Any bitterness the old Boer may have felt at Philip's escape had been entirely obliterated by the young Englishman's kindness to his lost son. As to Franzje, never before in her life had she had such a time or been so happy.

"I believe Ewing is really struck by her," thought Philip, watching them. "She is as good as she is beautiful, and if she could be persuaded to leave her veldt she would make him a charming wife, especially if he could convert her, which, if she loves him, might be easy. She is the stuff to say 'Whither thou goest, I will go,' and 'Thy people shall be my people.'"

Philip's mind ran in different channels, tending most to the thought of Natalie. What news it had been, and how he longed to reach England and see her and Father Basil. He scarcely dared admit, even to himself, how deeply he loved the young English girl who had emerged so splendidly from out her trial of faith. How wise Father Basil had been!

The day came when Philip went on board his steamer. Ewing was not to

sail for another fortnight, and both he and Franzje, with her father, came to see the young war correspondent off.

"Farewell, monsieur," said Franzje, smiling bravely to the last, and "Adieu, Sir Galahad," said Ewing, as he wrung Philip's hand; then the whistle sounded for every one except the passengers to leave the steamer. The gangplank was withdrawn and the huge boat swung out into the harbor.

Philip stood on deck, waving his hat and straining his eyes, long after he lost sight of the square, stocky figure of Van

Wonter, Ewing, in his lieutenant's uniform, and, between them, Franzje, in her white dress. He saw the flutter of her handkerchief some time after the faces were lost to view.

The voyage was comparatively short and accompanied by fair weather. In two weeks from the time they left Cape Town the steamer sailed up to its dock at Southampton, and the young Englishman, with hundreds of others, stood on the deck and looked his fill on the land that meant home, his uncle — and Natalie!

(To be concluded.)

Life

By Julia C. Walsh

How like a river is the life of man!
 His infantile beginnings like the rill
 That wakes the wooded silence with its trill.
 Then, from the peace where its brief day began—
 Perchance thro' depths of forest, leafy aisled,
 To show of added strength and voice beguiled—
 As it the brook, so he becomes the child.
 The tireless action of a boy's full days
 The ceaseless chatter of the stream portrays.
 Then youth's deep thought is mirrored in the pool
 That glasses back the overarching shade
 As mind does mind. But rushing from the cool
 And sweet seclusion of the tranquil glade,
 The waters lift in spray their oriflamme
 And fling their cramped bulk upon the dam
 That fends from depths below. So passion hurls
 Man from the firm dominion of his soul,
 To plunge him into deep and mad'ning whirls,
 Whence issues he, a wreck that idly swirls
 In the swift eddy. Then, the turmoil past,
 Cometh the broad, deep course beyond the shoal,
 The mightiest, grandest effort and the last.
 In deeper channels as the river flows,
 Calm in its might moves on man's better life;
 Broader its scope, too deep for petty strife;
 Till life and river hastes each to its close.
 So comes the river to the boundless sea.
 So cometh man unto eternity.



ENTRANCE GATE AND STUDENTS' RESIDENCE.

A Visit to Mt. Melleray

By MAY F. QUINLAN

CAPPOQUIN lay at the foot of the hills, in the valley of the Blackwater. The Trappist monastery was up in the heights—tucked away in the very heart of the Knockmeldowns. But the Waterford horse thought nothing of the climb, and the jaunting-car swung along the mountain road as if there was no such thing as an angle of forty-five degrees.

At first the hillside was thickly wooded. In the shadow of the trees the banks were bright with dog-violets and early primroses. Then the foliage gave place to brown-green bracken, lit up by broad splashes of yellow gorse. Above, the rugged mountains raised their heads—those great barren hills of Waterford. Below lay the plains, fertile and rich. As far as the eye could reach, they

stretched out to the horizon, rising and falling like the billows of the sea.

It was more than an hour's drive from Cappoquin, and as we climbed higher and higher, the jarvey talked. There was a frankness of speech about the mountain jarvey—a freedom, coupled with a sense of deference, which is only to be found in the Green Isle. More than that, he spoke well. In the course of conversation he referred to the yearly exodus which is draining Ireland of its young blood. There was not enough employment at home. He had two brothers in the States, he said. Both had prospered. They wished him to join them. But—, he raised his head and his eye swept the mountain—"Tis hard to leave it," he said; "and the old people would be lonesome." His re-

mark typified the two characteristics of Ireland: love of country and the care of of the aged. It was right that some should go, for there were riches beyond the sea, and those that went out sent help. But one must stay and watch; one must bury the dead * * * after which he, too, might set sail, though his heart would ever cling to the rugged hills of Waterford.

"Is the land good about here?" I asked.

"'Tis yonder," said he, and with his whip he pointed to the plains. "The mountain land is poor. 'Tis nothing but stones and gorse. No one could cultivate it if 'twasn't the monks."

"But if they can, why not you?" I asked.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "the monks has but themselves to think about. They works hard and lives hard. No man with a wife and family could live on it, what wid clearin' it and fertilizin' it. 'Tis land that can't be left, for soon the gorse would grow again. Before the monks come, some seventy years ago, the abbey lands was like them barren slopes—just stones and bracken and gorse. Ah! 'tis poor land," said the jarvey. So we drove up and up, and not even a mountain cabin broke the solitude. From time to time a lark would wing his flight into the upper air and pour out his song in the blue. It seemed as if the versicle of the psalm had been set to music: "He that stretcheth out the heavens as nothing, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in. * * * Blessed is He," sang the lark. And as one listened, the voice of the bird thrilled with a living joy, while the sound floated away in the clear ether. Then the road gave a sharp turn, and in the far distance, as if keeping guard over the lonely places, rose a church spire.

"Get thee up into a high mountain, thou that bringest good tidings to Jerusalem," wrote the Prophet Isaiah.

"Lift it up, fear not. Say to the cities of Juda: Behold your God." So the church tower of Mount Melleray gives testimony to the Deity, while the listening hills stand in silent worship, and the spirit of God seems to rest over all. Then the hills closed in again and the church spire was lost to view.

"I suppose the abbey has opened up the country?"

"It has," answered the man. "All the year round, the people do be comin' to visit it. They comes from every part of Ireland, and many a one from far countries. In summer the cars are runnin' all day. Each horse makes the journey four times."

"And taking the distance at 'a mile and a bit'—but perhaps," I added, "one ought to put the mile in the middle and the bit at each end?"

The jarvey gave a quick glance from under his hat and laughed softly.

"Divil a bit, Miss," said he, "'tis four miles, Irish, each way."

"And in English?" I asked.

"Mebbe six or seven. But, by the same token," he said, "that horse there do be as fresh at the end of the day as when he started out."

Like every other Irishman, the jarvey loved his horse. So from that we diverged into sporting intelligence: the Punchestown results; last week's entries at Leopardstown; the successive winners of the English Grand National—the mountain jarvey knew all about them. And as he spoke, he instinctively took a shorter grip of the reins, and the Waterford horse, sharing his mood, flung out his feet with renewed vigor. Then the jehu turned to me.

"If it isn't makin' too bold, Miss," said he, "an' how long will ye be stayin' at the abbey?"

"Two days," I answered.

"Ye wudn't be stayin' a week now?" was the tentative suggestion. From his solicitude, he evidently thought his fare

needed some spiritual leavening. But I shook my head.

"Ah, then, 'tis the eleven o'clock train ye'll be wantin', an' 'tis mesilf as'll be proud to drive ye back," for by this time the jarvey knew that I belonged to the land, even though I was seeing it for the first time. Being a fellow Celt made a great difference on an outside car; I was addressed by name, as if I'd grown up under his eye.

A few dwellings now appeared in sight, and before a trim cottage we drew rein. Here the jarvey descended, laid hands on my luggage and disappeared through the doorway. I tried to view this from an impersonal standpoint, failing which, I had decided to follow my belongings when the driver reappeared and, remounting the car, he proceeded.

"What did you do with my luggage?" I asked.

"Shure an' isn't that the guest-house?" was his reply.

"But if that is the guest-house—" I began.

"Ah, now," said the man, "an' isn't there another one forment the abbey; an' 'tis there I'll be takin' ye this minute."

The explanation was not illuminating. It was of the kind I was always meeting with in Ireland. It made me feel as if I had pulled up at a high stone wall. There was no getting beyond it. So I gripped the sides of the car—and thereby just escaped being jolted off—as we whisked round the corner. Inside the abbey gates there was a long building where the secular students lodged, after passing which we spun over the private grounds of the abbey for the next mile and a half. Close to the monastery rose the seminary, or college block, round which we drove into a sort of open courtway where a brown-frocked lay-brother awaited our arrival. On learning from the jarvey the amount of the fare, I was not surprised that the people emigrated. It had been

a stiff drive of more than an hour, an uphill climb, for which the charge was one shilling! An additional sixpence was the perquisite of the jarvey, and when I gave him a shilling he raised his hat in acknowledgment.

Never having visited a Trappist monastery before, I felt a little uncertain how to proceed, though the sight of the kindly brother standing on the steps was reassuring. On the previous day my father had written to say that I had a relative in the abbey whom I was to be sure and ask for. Accordingly I alighted from the car, offered my card to the brother, and enquired if my relative was at home. Then it occurred to me that perhaps a Trappist monk never was "at home" this side of the grave, where like the Israelites he waited, staff in hand, to cross over into that land of promise for which Mount Melleray is but the preparation. However that might be, my kinsman was not forthcoming.

"Is he living or dead?" asked the brother.

This enquiry was somewhat disconcerting, the more so as I was entirely ignorant of his name.

"Well," was my cautious reply, "I hope he is alive, but candidly, Brother, I have recently been introduced to a succession of dead men."

At this point I found myself involved in an explanation. It was my first visit to Ireland. My information came from my father, who had left the old country fifty years ago when he was a boy. And though there were many facts to remind him of the march of time—of which I myself was one—still he refused to believe that the former generation had moved on. "Go and see your cousin," was the injunction which I received every other week. Accordingly I travelled over Ireland, ringing bells and enquiring for the non-existent. With the best intentions in the world, no one could ever locate these mysterious rel-

atives, and it was only when exhaustive enquiries had failed that I used to try to discover them for myself—generally under a tombstone. It gave one rather a shock at first—to grope in the dark for the living and to find one's hand laid on the dead. But such was my experience. It was a shadow-hunt.

However, there was a certain Father X. now in the monastery whom I decided to ask for. He was an unknown quantity, but for this reason if for no other I thought he might prove to be the missing link.

"Might I see Father X?" I asked.

"Surely," answered the lay-brother. But as I was to spend two days at Mount Melleray there was obviously no hurry. Breakfast was offered me. But I had already breakfasted hours before, away down the Valley of the Blackwater. Would I have a glass of milk? was the next enquiry. Dinner was at 2:30. The lay-brother feared it was a long wait for any one unaccus-

tomed to it. This seemed a kind thought on the part of an ascetic who never, winter or summer, broke his own fast until 11 A. M. though his day began at 2 A. M. Severity for self; kindness for others: such seemed the spirit of Mount Melleray. On my declining refreshment, I was led upstairs into a parlor which was one of a row which opened onto a long corridor. The corridor was uncarpeted, but the bare boards were spotless. From there the brother led the way through an immense dining hall into a smaller room beyond, where the end window opened onto the monastery garth. The garth was within the enclosure, and the frosted window could only be unlocked with a patent key which the monk produced from the depths of his pocket. On either side of the quadrangle ran the cloisters; and opposite the guest-house rose the monastery and church. The open square was filled in with a grass lawn, in the centre of which stood a high Celtic cross.



POOR SCHOOL.



EAST VIEW OF MONASTERY.

On the grass an assortment of monastic garments lay out in the sun; for the monks were their own laundresses. I then learned that the dress of the choir monk was white—symbolic of him who serves the altar. In addition to the white habit, he wears a black scapular and hood. The lay-brothers wear a brown habit with a brown scapular and hood. All wear white stockings and strong shoes. When at work in the fields, the hood is drawn over the head and the habit is turned up three inches by means of cords attached to the leathern belt.

Finding I was interested in the Trappist Rule, the lay-brother gave me certain details of their daily life.

The monastic year is divided into three parts. The summer season is from Easter to September 14th. The winter from September 14th till Ash Wednesday, and the Lent season until Easter. In the Lent season the daily fast is not

broken until 2:30 P. M. At other times dinner is at 11 o'clock and a piece of bread is permitted in the early morning. Those who need a collation partake of it at 7 P. M. Many of this community eat but once a day. Their diet is frugal, no meat, fish or eggs being allowed. In the case of invalids, the two latter may be taken when necessary. It is then served in a separate refectory. At dinner, the daily fare is half a bowl of maigre soup; a little boiled rice or vegetable; a small piece of bread and one pint of skimmed milk. Collation consists of a piece of bread with one pint of tea, cocoa or coffee. That is all. Year in, year out, that is the daily fare. And apart from the contemplative life, some of the monks teach in the college; some in the Poor School; some follow the plough; some work on the farm; others are engaged in clearing, digging and planting; and it is no easy work to reclaim barren soil.

The sleeping arrangements of the monastery would not commend themselves to a Sybarite. Each monk sleeps on a straw bed and has a straw pillow under his head. They occupy a common dormitory, though each one has a particular cell in which he passes his day.

The community of Mount Melleray follow the Rule of St. Benedict, though belonging to the Reform of Cîteaux, as instituted by St. Bernard—hence their name of Cistercians. In ordinary parlance they are called Trappists, though, accurately speaking, this title applies only to the monks of La Trappe, the famous Cistercian abbey in France.

The present community of Mount Melleray, originally a French foundation, settled in Ireland early in the nineteenth century. There are to-day about seventy members in the Irish abbey, of whom twenty-five are novices; for in spite of the rigorous life there is no lack of vocations. Indeed, it would seem as if the very austerity of the Cistercian Rule appealed in a special way to the highest aspirations of the Celtic temperament, and that its rugged sternness and its renunciation of creature comforts have placed the white monks of St. Benedict in the foremost ranks of Ireland's sons. The Cistercian Rule enjoins perpetual silence, from which the lay-brothers alone are exempt. A choir monk may only speak by permission of the abbot. No dispensation is required of course for the duties of the sacred ministry, confessions being heard at all times in the abbey church.

The monastic day begins at 2 A. M. An hour later the first Mass is said, after which there are Masses each half-hour until the "Missa Cantata" at eight o'clock. Throughout the day the Divine Office is chanted at regular intervals, and this terminates with the night office of Compline.

From the guest-room the brother now led me down-stairs, and on our way *thither we again passed through the spa-*

cious dining-room where, during the summer months, two or three hundred guests are daily entertained—all entertainment being free—at the abbey. Should the guests wish to make an offering on leaving, they may do so; but the monastic hospitality is irrespective of earthly reward. That "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is no doubt a truism, yet it is one which, as one may hope, is shared by the guests as well as the hosts of Mount Melleray.

From the steps of the guest-house I looked out across a magnificent stretch of country. Opposite the abbey there was a cleft in the mountains, where the hillside fell down into the valley. Far below, the plains of Waterford rolled away to the sea. On each side of the monastery and behind it rose the rugged brown heights, their jagged edge seeming to pierce the blue sky, while the abbey nestled in the arms of the hills. In the far distance the mountains were wrapped up in a soft purple haze; not a living thing stirred, no sound broke the stillness.

On the Holy Mount, it seemed impossible to realize the roar of cities. The clang of machinery would have sounded ill-timed; the snorting of motors a profanation. Here in the heart of the hills one looked across a realm of peace, where the song of the birds was hushed and the green leaves were still. It was as if an invisible hand had thrown a veil of silence over mountain and valley, and as if above the abbey church a mighty angel, with outspread wings, gave testimony to the Presence of Majesty.

The Trappist brother knew this as he stood on the steps with his hands folded beneath his scapular. He was standing on the threshold of the Beyond. He was awaiting the call which would summon him from Death to Life.

"It is a place of healing," I said, involuntarily.

"To many it is, thank God," was his answer.

"Do a great number come?" I asked.

"They do," he made reply. "We are never without visitors. They are of all classes. Many come for a visit, others to make their peace, while yet there is time. Society women come here to make amends for past negligence; men of the world, when they have gone the pace. Many of both sexes come to correct the habits of a lifetime. Others, again, wish to make retreats—married women and young girls; the former to seek for strength to bear life's crosses, the latter for light to choose their vocation. The peasants come for material and spiritual assistance. All are welcome," said the brother.

"Have you always men guests?" I asked.

"More men than women," he answered. "For the most part they keep enclosure. They like the quiet; they can think better, for certain men come to be saved from themselves. Of these, some are brought by their friends. Frequently they are victims to drink; sometimes they are in delirium, in which case they are never left, day or night. One of the brothers remains with each through the night and another through the day."

"It is a hard life," I ventured.

"Yes," said the brother, simply, "it is a hard life. But after all," he added, "are we not here to serve?"

But though it was true that all must serve, yet it seemed to me that it was seldom one found gratuitous service. It was but the few who took up the burden of others that salvation might be easier for them; few were there who labored that others might rest; few who honored the Divine in its human setting. Here at Melleray, the Sermon on the Mount was the daily Rule of Life.

From the ethics of the spiritual, we drifted gradually into economic and political questions: the want of em-

ployment and the consequent exodus from Ireland, the need of local industries and the undeveloped resources of Ireland. The lay-brother was aware of the work done by the Agricultural Organization Society, as also of the aims of the Department of Agriculture and of Technical Instruction. And though I found myself unable to accept his opinion on certain points, I was struck by the breadth of view which he brought to bear on each question. What surprised me was this: Here was a man whose life was vowed to prayer, whose days were passed in the inclosure—whose abbey was far removed from the every-day life and trials of the people, and who in spite of his isolation and surroundings was keenly alive to the needs and aspirations of his fellow countrymen. He was in touch with to-day. An ascetic and a recluse, his heart still beat in sympathy with suffering. He could see the long vista of sorrow which lay back in the years. His love of country was part of his life. His patriotism was a sacred thing.

The monastic church adjoined the abbey. Like the Trappist life, the Trappist church was stern and bare. The whitewashed walls were unlovely, the lancet windows gave back no glow of color. It spoke of the Reform—of the "primitive" observance. And yet, as I thought of an earlier day, when the spirit of the catacombs did not despise the service of art, I regretted that this handmaid of religion had not been permitted to enter here.

The monastic choir was divided from the outer church by a high wooden partition, and before this partition were two altars, where Masses were daily said for the visitors. The high altar within the enclosure could only be seen from the upper gallery. From this point I could just see the white-robed brethren as they filed into choir, each enveloped in a spotless white cowl. The Office over, a mighty clack of



CHAPTER ROOM.

wooden book-covers was given back over the dividing partition as the Office books shut with a dry snap. Then the monks filed out with drawn hoods and the church was again as silent as death.

So far I was the only feminine guest—I felt a sort of pelican in the wilderness—or, rather, a leper among the tombs, for I seemed to be the only living soul above ground. Then I recollected that there was a shop at Mount Melleray where one might buy mementoes of the abbey, so I hastened thither. Behind the counter stood a great burly lay-brother, looking like a Hercules in his strength. Good-humor was writ large over this brown giant, and in his Irish gray eyes there was a twinkle of fun.

"Brother," I said, "I have no one to speak to, so I've come to buy things in your shop."

The big brother gave a low, deep laugh. "Ah, to be sure, the other ladies left early," said he.

"Yes," I confessed, "and silence to a Celt is a serious matter."

Then he asked if this was my first visit to Mount Melleray, to which I assented, adding that I had come to grope for a relative who turned out to be a phantom.

On hearing this he went into questions of genealogy.

"Ah, then, if 'twas Father Alexis ye're related to, ye may well be proud! Father Alexis was a holy man," said the brother. So I decided to adopt Father Alexis, because even if he was not the right one it was consoling to know that he could not repudiate me. But in view of the saintliness of the deceased Trappist I feared there could be but little connection be-

tween us—unless, indeed, that he had had the monopoly of family virtue; for, as I explained to the brother, I was one of nine, and the others were not much better than I was. Under these circumstances, it seemed quite possible that Father Alexis had our share of grace as well as his own. Meanwhile, I bought mementoes, and presently we diverged into other matters. The Benedictine Rule was discussed, as also St. Bernard's Reform. My opinion, based on what the lay-brother told me, was that the Trappists had rather improved upon the Rule of St. Benedict; and forthwith I quoted a few points of divergence. For myself, I wondered aloud how the Patriarch of the West liked that? The big lay-brother stoutly protested. At Mount Melleray, said he, they were true sons of St. Benedict. But it seemed to me that they were distinctively posthumous, inasmuch as the Patriarch died in the eleventh century, and the Cistercians only saw the light in the eleventh century—or was it the thirteenth century? "Just imagine," as I said to the lay-brother—"imagine St. Benedict walking into the refectory in the Knockmell downs and finding the monks all eating one

whereas St. Benedict expressly said were to have a choice of meats."

"No, no," said the brother, "he said ing about meat."

"Vell," I said, "let meat be the hy-esis. What choice is there in :ot beans? The fact of the matter I said solemnly, "you are doing better than the founder!"

ere was an amused twinkle in the of the giant behind the counter.

t is not often," said he, "that a lady rersed in the Rule of St. Benedict."

But I'm only a newspaper corre-ent," I admitted, "and you never v what an editor wants next. Some-

s 'tis Hindooism; sometimes 'tis ical economy; sometimes 'tis the dence of Benedictinism." And with parting shot I laughingly gathered y purchases, and, having consented end him this article on Mount Mel-er, I was soon lost among the purple her of the hills.

n returning to the guest-house, an or two later, I found a poor old an. She was wrapped up in a shawl a scarlet handkerchief tied over her l. She looked at me, then nodded. had walked across the mountains. es were bad, and she

in need. As she e, she unwrapped shawl and undid her adbare bodice. Then whispered: "'Tis all naked I am, barrin' old dress. An' shure that in rags?" The her's step then reided on the stone r. She drew her vl around her and face lit up.

He is a kind friend ou?" I said, tenta-y.

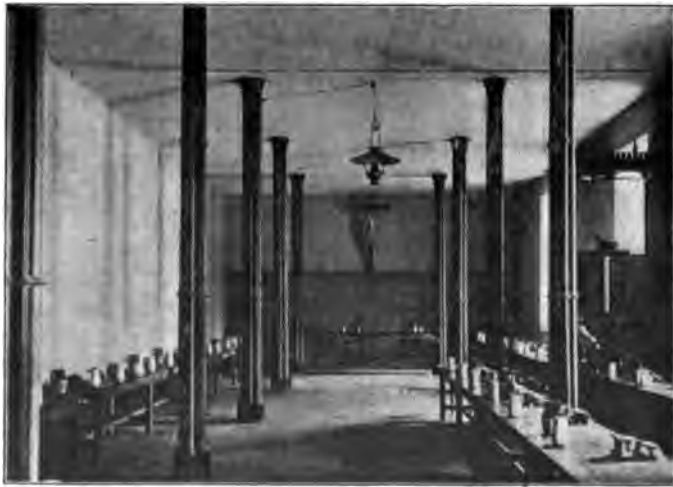
Ah! may the Lord His Blessed Mother

reward him, for he's the best friend as ever I had in my life."

Unaware that he was the subject of conversation, the brother approached to say her dinner was ready. He was about to help her to walk into the dining-room set apart for the poorer brethren when I took his place. A steaming plate of meat and vegetables, a piece of bread and a glass of milk, had been set out for the old woman, at sight of which luxuries she called down blessings on the abbey. And when I slipped a small coin into her hand, she gazed at it in wonder. It was not often she saw any silver.

The brother was emerging from the big kitchen as I passed out of the vestibule, and seeing I was still the only lady-guest, he evidently took pity on me. So we stood in the warm sunshine and talked of many things. He was a man of shrewd judgment and of considerable insight. In the course of conversation, I found myself wondering—apart from the conditions of life—whether salvation was as difficult in a Trappist monastery as it was in the world?

"Salvation," said the lay-brother, "resolved itself into a question of re-



REFECTORY.

nunciation. The increasing luxury of modern life made mortification more difficult. The individual temperament, too, was more susceptible to discomfort. It felt hardships more. The wear and tear of to-day deprived many of the necessary time to reflect on the larger issues. But a man's soul," said the monk, "ought to be like the high mountain, around whose base the storms may rage but whose summit rises above the clouds, where there is continual peace. The trials of life should never disturb the soul's higher faculties, which ought to stand in constant, silent worship." Thus did he speak—he who was but a lay-brother.

It made one wonder. For though one might, perhaps, expect that he should know something of the Fathers, one hardly expected him to be conversant with Newman, or to strengthen his argument with a quotation from Plato or Socrates.

On the following day I had occasion to refer to a rather striking passage which he had let fall. But, as if fearing to be credited with any culture which might be inconsistent with the brown habit of a lay-brother, the monk drew back. "One often quotes," he said, quietly, "without perhaps fully understanding;"—and his eyes sought the hills in silence.

"That is true," I answered, "and perhaps it is only a coincidence when the quotation illustrates the text." Whereupon I, too, looked out across the sunlit valley. But the monk stood immovable, saying nothing, and presently he stole away to forget himself and the ethics of philosophy in humble service for his brethren.

Just before dinner, a pretty Irish girl arrived. She wished to enter a convent, and this pilgrimage was to enlighten her in her choice. We dined together that day—the little nun-elect and I, while the brown-frocked philosopher waited upon us. *It fell to my lot to carve—a duty*

which I would fain have shirked, not knowing how to carve. But according to the law, which was as irrevocable as that of the Medes and the Persians, the first lady to arrive took precedence at Mount Melleray.

To my mind, the Rule of St. Benedict was better kept at the guest-house than in the abbey—here was a "choice of meats;" but, as I was obliged to carve them, I lamented it as an absurd indulgence. A leg of mutton looked defiance on one dish; a joint of boiled bacon on the other. Before the two combined, my spirit quailed.

"Which do you suppose is the leg end?" I asked, vaguely. "I mean, where do I begin?" So a council of three sat on the leg of mutton, with excellent results. It was interesting to know that everything on the table was home-grown. The leg of mutton had grown in a distant field where I saw, later in the afternoon, numberless other legs of mutton whose owners grazed on the grass while I sat and watched from the gray stone wall. The pork was indigenous, too, as the grunts from the farm gave testimony; the eggs were laid by the many hens which clucked and stretched their wings in the poultry yard; the great mealy potatoes were dug up in the adjoining monastic field; the bread was made in the big kitchen and the new milk came straight from the dairy, where each evening the cowherds milked while they chatted together in Gaelic.

That afternoon I had an appointment to see Father X in the parlor—permission having been obtained from the abbot. So at the appointed time I sat and waited on a high-backed chair. To the minute, the door opened, and a tall, muscular figure clad in white, with a black scapular and hood, walked into the room. He glanced again at my card, which the lay-brother had given him, then he held out his hand and said a few words of welcome. Feeling some

explanation was necessary, I confessed to a sanguine hope that he might be a relative. The kindly face took on a look of quiet amusement as he wheeled an armchair into the window. The armchair was for me, the uncomfortable seat for him. We then discussed the possibility of kinship, and though I could not but regret that I was unable to establish a connection, it was refreshing to find that he had known my grandfather forty years before. More than that, he knew the antipodes where my earlier years had been spent, and where, as a missionary priest, he had built up the faith in different Australian cities. It was only after eleven years of strenuous work in the distant vineyards that his thoughts turned to the Trappist monastery in the Irish hills. His Bishop's permission having been asked and refused, strategy was finally resorted to. He obtained leave of absence to travel for reasons of health and when next he appealed for his "exeat," he did so from the fastnesses of the Knockmeldown Mountains. Father X was a good specimen of muscular Christianity. His broad shoulders and well-knit limbs spoke of vigorous health in spite of fasts and night vigils.

At five o'clock, tea was served in the guest-house. Other guests had arrived by now, among others, a bright-eyed American girl who was accompanied by her brother. According to custom he had been received within the enclosure, while she and her travelling companions were left to their own devices. Remembering how belated I had felt myself that morning, I ventured to offer my services as cicerone—an offer which was accepted with alacrity.

Later in the evening, a car drew up at the steps of the guest-house. It had journeyed eighteen miles through the mountains and had broken its shaft en route. A man and his daughter got down. The latter was given tea, while

her father was taken charge of by a lay-brother. He was evidently a patient. His daughter looked sad and worn, and when she had finished her tea, the philosopher brother came and asked me to be kind to her.

"She is strange here," said the kindly contemplative, "and when people have never been about the world, they are apt to feel awkward."

So the shy girl came with me to Vespers, after which we went off—a party of us—to explore the gorse-covered wastes where the rushing stream fell bubbling and gurgling down the hillside and the mountains wrapped up their heads in the gathering darkness. The stars were blazing in the sky as we made our way down the long road which led to the ladies' lodgings outside the distant gates.

I had meant to go to the five o'clock Mass next morning. But alas! I knew no more until the sun was streaming in through the little lattice window and the hand pointed to seven. At eight o'clock, however, I was waiting in the gallery for the "Missa Cantata" to begin. At the conclusion of the Mass some one stood beside me, and looking up I saw the little American girl. She was leaving in half an hour and she wished to say good-bye. She hoped we might meet again—if not on earth, then perhaps in another kingdom. With a smile she had gone, and presently the rumble of departing wheels died away in the distance.

At nine o'clock we breakfasted. I could not find the sad, tired girl of the night before. I asked, but no one had seen her. So I went off with the lay-brother to see over the college—a fine building made up of study rooms and lofty, well-ventilated lecture rooms. The curriculum here was similar to that of most colleges, though the science department seemed to me its most striking feature, the laboratory being particularly well equipped. The terms are



DORMITORY.

£26 per annum, which include board and lodging.

Beyond the college is the Poor School for country boys. This school stands back in a garden of flowers, than which nothing could be in greater contrast to the national schools of England. Here, again, the usual subjects are taught in addition to religion, while violin lessons are given gratuitously to any boy who has a love for music. Indeed, the study of music forms part of the Gaelic Revival which is now stirring into life the best qualities of the Celtic nature. In the Waterford Mountains the old language has never died out, and the love of music is still strong in the hill people, though nowadays the fiddle has ousted the harp.

Returning to the guest-house for dinner, I found another new arrival. This time it was an Irish woman who, with her brother, had recently been travelling *in the States*. She gave me an interest-

ing account of things over the water which made me long to take ship and see America for myself. Dinner was almost over when the shy girl came in. To-day she looked more tired than ever. Her hair was tossed and she was dust-laden. She told me then that her father had escaped from the enclosure that morning, hearing which she had set out to find him. No car could be had, therefore she had walked all the way to Cappoquin. It was a hot day and a six-mile walk, but she scoured the village until she found him. From Cappoquin, she hired a car for the return journey, and thus she brought him back to Mount Melleray in the hope of effecting his cure.

That afternoon the man who had been in the States volunteered to show me a view of the abbey as seen from the fields. So we set off. Down a long, sloping drive, across ploughed fields, over endless stiles, and deeper and

deeper into the woods, only to find that the abbey successfully evaded us. So we turned our steps in the direction of a distant field where the brethren were at work, and sitting down on the high ground we talked of black and white, etc., while hooded monks followed their ploughs in silence. Presently another lay-brother walked across the meadow and as he passed gave us greeting. Then, scaling the gray stone wall, he dropped down into the lower field, where he also took up the burden of labor.

"That is Brother —," said my companion. "He is the best judge of a cow or a horse in the County Waterford. It is he who transacts all the business of the abbey. He does the buying and selling, attends all the county fairs—and many of the more distant ones, too—and looks after the temporalities in general. To see him at a fair, you would think he was only a respectable farmer. Then

when he has sold his pigs or his cows, he returns to Melleray, changes his secular dress for his brown habit, and again he is the Trappist lay-brother whose life is bounded by the walls of silence."

It was now time to return to the abbey; my visit was drawing to an end. On reaching the guest-house my companion asked if I had ever seen the kitchen. Finding I had not, he led me across the vestibule and into a stone-floored apartment where a lay-brother stood before a big kitchen range. He had in his hand a large fork with which he was spearing brown-skinned potatoes. He reminded me of Neptune with his trident. Beneath the seething pot the fire roared and crackled. It was particularly warm even where I stood.

"Isn't it rather hot work poking potatoes?" I asked.

"Hot!" ejaculated the brother, and in his jovial voice there seemed to be a smack of the salt sea. "Hot is it! Faith,



INTERIOR OF COMMUNITY CHURCH.

an' if 'twas twice as hot, I wouldn't mind it, so I wouldn't!"

Again he prodded a potato with much concentration of purpose, while its fellows climbed up the side of the pot, then plashed back again and began tumbling one over the other like a school of porpoises in mid-ocean.

Then the brother spared us a moment. But he still stuck to his post, for with one hand he retained a grip on the handle and in the other he grasped the fork.

"Yes," he continued, "if the heat of it was fifty times worse, shure 'tis nothing to what I deserve. Ah, yes," said he in regret, "fur there was a time when hell would have been too good for me * * * an' 'tis little enough I can ever do now to make up for it. But whatever it is, I'm glad to do it," he said with vigor. "And 'tis all the same to me what the work is; digging potatoes, cooking the dinner, washing up, cleaning the pots and pans—no matter. Give me the worst, and I'm satisfied." And the brother laughed again as only he may whose heart is at rest.

Outside the kitchen, a poor woman stood with a frightened look in her eyes. From time to time she whispered something to the brother. Then I heard the brother trying to soothe her, and presently she made her way across the sunlit courtyard. Half an hour later, I was kneeling in the dim church when a figure moved out of the shadow. She approached hurriedly on tip-toe. At first the footsteps were quick, then they faltered. I felt a hand seize my arm.

A pair of glaring eyes peered out at me and bending down she whispered incoherently. So the maniac moved restlessly about the darkened church—waiting for the deliverance of the final transfiguration.

"Thou called upon Me in affliction and I delivered thee: I heard thee in secret places of tempest: I proved thee at the waters of contradiction."

* * * * *

Of those who make a pilgrimage to Mount Melleray there is no end. It is a place of healing. In the ruggedness of the hills the voice of the Prophet rings out across the empty spaces:

"Strengthen ye the feeble hands, say to the faint-hearted. Take courage * * * and a path and a way shall be there and it shall be called the holy way."

For this did the white sons of St. Benedict get them up into a high mountain. For this did they say to the cities of Juda: "Behold your God." And lo, the nations have given ear and the stream of pilgrims has become a mighty stream, and of their numbers who shall tell?—for only the Angel knoweth. And thus through the Sabbath of faithful souls, the long day of rosemary and rue brightens in the East; and they pass on towards it with quiet feet and opening eyes, bearing with them all of the redeemed earth they have made their own, until they are fulfilled in the sunrise of the great Easter day; and the peoples come from the North and South, and East and West, to the City which lieth four square—the Beatific Vision of God.

The Journey

By Lyndall Charlotte Burden

The road to peace is weary
And up a rugged way,
And the night is dark and dreary,
And I long for break of day.

Its Mission

By MARY RICHARDS GRAY

LETTIE stood by the kitchen table washing dishes. She was blue, and being unable to find any other tangible thing on which to pin her gloomy thoughts, resorted to the neglected grave of her little sister Mary. Now and then a tear rolled down her cheek, and whenever Mr. or Mrs. Seymour, or Bill Hanks, the hired man, came into the room, she talked for the sake of talking, regardless of whether they heeded her words. Mrs. Seymour appearing, she began:

"Mary's ben dead now fur twelve years an' has never had a tombstone. O' course, none of the boys ud buy her one; it don't bother them so to see thet little grave thar, without even a marker up to it, the way it does me. They ain't any of 'em so near as I am to the old Seymour graveyard. Here I c'n jes' look out o' this window ev'ry time I wash dishes an' see that poor neglected little grave off thar in the corner, with all the tombstones 'round it. All the fine folks hev got tombstones—ev'ry one of 'em—good ones, too," and she gazed despondently at the little family burying-ground in which lay the generations of Seymours who had lived and died in the immediate neighborhood, and a few poor souls like her little sister Mary.

This graveyard was on a knoll of ground at one corner of the Seymour farm, and between it and the Susquehanna River ran the valley road to Naperville, the county seat. Tall, leafless poplars and stunted willows fringed the banks of the stream, but in the yard there were only a few scattered shrubs and one or two dark, time-defying pines, against which stood silhouetted the high shafts and less pretentious old-

fashioned thin slabs of marble. In the river, drift ice moved along with a monotonous swish. The low hills hemming in the valley, so beautiful at times, this morning were bleak and gray, their dull tints merging into the murky hues of the leaden sky. A chilly wind blew, carrying with it a few straggling flakes of snow; altogether, a drearier November morning could not well be imagined.

"Lettie, ef you keep on a-rubbin' thet cup you'll not hev a thing left of it—not a thing. You've turned it 'round at least twenty-five times sence I come into the room. You've ben a-washin' dishes now fur over an hour an' you ain't done yit; you've got on one of your moonin' fits again, an' thar you jes' stand sozzlin' in the dish pan," remarked Mrs. Seymour after watching her for a few moments.

"Oh, when I git to thinkin' o' Mary bein' so neglected an' hevin' no tombstone, I git to feelin' bad," said Lettie, bursting into tears.

"Wa'al, Lettie, I didn't go to start you off on one o' your spells, but I don't want you all day washin' a few dishes. Never mind, never mind," she added, sympathetically, "thar's lots o' folks thet don't git tombstones an' hev to lay in lots worse places then Mary does."

Just here Mr. Seymour appeared on the scene. "What's the matter, Lettie? Cryin' again? Did I ever! What's the trouble this time?"

"Oh, nawthin'," she answered, and seeing that he was in an amiable mood, dried her tears to make the most of an opportunity. "Mis. Seymour says it's one o' my spells an' I guess she's right. Say, Mr. Seymour, do you care ef I take Charley horse this afternoon to go to town to buy Christmas presents—that is,

ef you ain't a-goin' to use him? You know it's the last day o' November an' Christmas ain't so very far away. I'm invited up to 'The Forks' to Celestie's to spend Christmas, an' hev got to git a lot o' presents."

"Thought you wuz a-savin' your money to buy a tombstone fur Mary. I haven't heard nawthin' but thet tombstone fur weeks, an' you've got twenty dollars locked up in the sec'tary in the sittin'-room," said Mr. Seymour.

"Ya'as, I know; I'm a-savin', but I've got to buy Christmas presents, an' ef I hev 'em, I want 'em now. I can't go up to Celestie's without some—an' I ain't a-goin' to spend much," she added.

"Oh, o' course not. I don't care. Go, ef you must."

"Wa'al, you know, ef I'm goin' to hev Christmas presents, I want 'em now," and at prospect of going her face brightened.

It was six miles to Naperville, but she did not mind the long ride over rough roads after a slow nag. An occasional trip to town was a diversion and broke the deadly monotony of life on the farm. With surprising alacrity she got through with her work and started off to feast her eyes on the shop windows hung with pretty things.

Lettie Phoebe Ross was the daughter of a poor shiftless farmer whose worldly possessions consisted mostly of a numerous progeny. She had spent almost her entire life working out. With the Seymours—who took a kindly interest in her and treated her almost like one of the family—she had a pleasant home and many privileges. In appearance she was more attractive than the average country girl. Her thin, drooping figure was neat and trim, her features clearly cut, her eyes dark and dreamy and shaded by long, drooping eyelashes. Glossy black hair, with a natural inclination to wave, made a pretty soft setting her face, but to this tendency

which her hair had to wave she objected, and twisted her locks back in a tight little knot which stood out aggressively from the back of her head in marked contrast to the soft and drooping expression of her face and figure. By many she was called the beauty of the neighborhood; but the prerogatives of youth and beauty—days of care-free ease—were not hers.

That night at half-past six as Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were about to sit down to supper, Lettie drove into the yard. Bill went out to take the horse, and soon the two came marching into the kitchen and began depositing bundles on all available chairs.

"Thought you weren't goin' to spend any money," remarked Mr. Seymour at sight of her purchases.

"Wa'al, as I told you, Mr. Seymour, I can't go to Celestie's Christmas without Christmas presents fur ev'rybody. Thet big bundle thar's a drum fur little Sykie—he's named after pa; thet big heavy box is a music-box fur Lettie—she's named after me. She's fond o' music; it plays seven tunes. Thet's a corn-popper fur Ida; that purse is fur Minnie; these pillow-shams are fur Celestie, marked 'Good-night' and 'Good-mornin'!' I'm goin' to embroider 'em. This cane is fur Cy, on account o' his rheumatiz, an' a flute fur Dick—an'—an' this bird-cage is fur myself, my Christmas present to myself. You know I've ben a-wantin a bird this long time, an' ef ever I'm goin' to hev a bird, I want thet bird now. Mis. Seymour said she didn't care ef I hed one, a good singer. I c'n git one up on the hills o' Mis. Rorer fur two dollars, a good one," and Lettie gasped for breath.

"What you want of a bird's more'n I c'n see, Lettie," said Mr. Seymour.

"Wa'al, I want one, an' I've ben a-wantin' one fur a long time. I want to listen to its singin'," she replied.

"Wa'al, you c'n git along without it, seems to me. You jes' want an excuse

to spend your money; you can't on your life hang on to a cent."

"Wa'al, it is hard to save," admitted Lettie, "but ef I ever hev a bird, I want thet bird now."

"Oh, John, do let Lettie alone," said Mrs. Seymour.

"Wa'al, what's' the use o' buyin' a bird, I'd like to know. When she gits it, it'll only be another excuse to chase to town to git somethin' or ruther to stuff down its neck. Oh, I know."

"John, never mind. Let her alone, do, and come on to supper."

"Lettie's gittin' old 'nough to hev some sense an' not be buyin' ev'ry fool folderol she sees or hears of," said John, as they passed into the dining-room out of earshot of Lettie. "Thet Christmas stuff is all nonsense. The very idee o' spendin' all her hard-earned money on Christmas gewgaws an' a bird."

"You know who and what Lettie Ross is," said Mrs. Seymour, very impressively. "Syke Ross ain't got a dollar to his name, an' ef by any lucky chance he gits his finger on one, it will go. What's born in the flesh an' bred in the bone you won't talk out of a Ross I c'n tell you, John Seymour."

During the December evenings which preceded Christmas, seated in the spacious kitchen—once the kitchen and living-room of the inn in the days when the old Seymour House was one of the popular taverns on the mail coach route through southern New York—Lettie embroidered pillow-shams. Bill sat beside the big cook-stove, affording her a sense of companionship and protection; but her thoughts were not on him. He had no part in the dream future which she pictured for herself. The wind howled through the leafless trees in the yard and down the old chimney, causing her to give many a start; now and then came rattling sounds from the pantry filling her with fear, for there, long ago, one of the Seymours in a fit of despondency cut his throat with a

butcher-knife. These sounds, however, roused her but momentarily from her dream fancies. The December days passed almost before she knew it.

The holiday season was at hand, and on the day before Christmas, loaded down with gifts, Lettie went to "The Forks" to visit Celestie. Christmas Day was all that the presents which she provided her small cousins gave promise of, and when night came none of the family was in humor for Sarah Horton's surprise party on Nabe Jones. The Christmas spirit of "peace on earth" was not in their souls after their distracting day; yet, as they had promised to go, they appeared at the place of rendezvous at the appointed hour, and with thirty of their neighbors walked in unceremoniously on the Jones family. The surprise was a genuine one. It was Christmas night, but no rejoicing was going on; quite on the contrary, Nabe Jones, like Job of old, was sitting in sackcloth and ashes, his daughter Edie and his wife bearing with him in his hour of trial. He had had a Christmas present of a most unpleasant sort—a notice of the foreclosure of the mortgage on his little farm. For twenty years there had been a feud going on between him and George Hawkins growing out of the killing of a sheep worth two dollars. Through George's machinations in buying up this mortgage the present crisis had been brought about. This was the last act in the little village drama.

Greetings over, the guests—who felt themselves intruders yet could not well go home—ranged themselves in a stiff circle around the sitting-room while the parlor was in process of heating. Every one knew the details of the feud which had furnished "The Forks" with a topic of conversation for so many years. The announcement of what George had done surprised no one. The consensus of opinion, of course, was against him; all held "that so long's he didn't ketch Nabe's dog in the act o

killin' the sheep, thar wuz no use in pay-in' fur it, an' thet no man ought to hold a grudge like thet."

The subject was a most unpleasant one for the Jones family and Mrs. Jones did all in her power to divert the minds of her guests. Lettie, the only stranger present, she took the rounds of the circle, introducing her to each one, then proposed games—a suggestion to which no one took kindly. Among the guests was Abraham Lincoln Witherspoon, a widower, who sold tombstones for a living and in case of a rush of business helped the village undertaker. In appearance "Abe," as he was always called, was not at all prepossessing, being tall, thin and angular, with an unruly crop of thick red hair and a goodly sprinkling of freckles of the deeply-tinted, spreading variety. To him she was radiantly beautiful; her face had on it a happy expression and the mystery of her dark, dreamy eyes completely fascinated him. He invited her to sit beside him on the sofa in the parlor and soon the two were deeply absorbed in conversation. Sarah Horton—who felt uncomfortable to think that she was responsible for bringing all the neighbors in on the Jones family at such an inopportune time—tried to help Mrs. Jones entertain her unbidden guests by asking Edie to play;—anything to stop the talk on the subject of the mortgage. After much urging and many excuses about being "all out o' practice an' really not pretendin' to play before folks," Edie went through with her repertoire, beginning with "Pure as Snow"—on account of the quieting influence it had on her nerves—and finishing with "May Showers," the charm of which lay in the fact that it went "clear from the top almost to the bottom note of the piano." Then Minnie Hawley was invited "to make the piano talk." She refused, however, because a sore thumb prevented her doing justice to a scale in *her best piece*—"The Fairy Wedding

Waltz"—which she always executed by drawing said thumb almost the length of the keyboard. Edie finally started a game of "Post Office," and following this came "Snap and Ketchum," in which Abe and Lettie joined; but as Abe snapped only Lettie and Lettie snapped only Abe—being, of course, obliged to return the compliment—the others soon wearied of the monopoly and suggested a change. Abe and Lettie did not mind in the least; for them a quiet chat in the corner of the parlor was quite entertainment enough. The evening dragged on to an end and, finally, with a sense of relief the party broke up. Only to Abe and Lettie had it brought pleasure.

Cy and Celestie invited Abe to call on Lettie next evening. He arrived early and had a clear field, as his host and hostess absented themselves to put the children to bed. Left alone, the two grew confidential. It seemed that they had known each other always instead of a few brief hours. Little by little, they told each other their life histories, their aims, their aspirations. Lettie even went so far as to tell about saving her money to buy a tombstone for the neglected grave of her little sister Mary, describing in detail just what she wanted, and then confessed that she had spent it all for Christmas presents. At ten o'clock Abe rose to go. Lettie gave him a general sort of an invitation to visit her, and, speaking in an offhand, indefinite way, said that perhaps when she got twenty dollars saved up again she would give him an order for a tombstone. He departed reluctantly.

* * * * *

The next night when Lettie walked into the Seymour home, the family greeted her cordially. Mr. Seymour, seeing her face without its usual drooping expression, exclaimed:

"Wa'al, Lettie, you look as happy as a clam. You must hev caught a fellar up to 'The Forks.' What's his name?"

A telltale blush was her only reply.

"Come, own up. What's his name? I'll bet he's got red hair and freckles."

As Mr. Seymour had unwittingly struck upon the truth, Lettie decided not to say anything about Abe's appearance; however, she admitted that "thar wuz a man up to 'The Forks' thet wuz kind o' nice to her." For days she went about the house fairly beaming; not once did the tombstone wraith rise before her eyes, though she washed dishes at the window as usual. Perhaps it was for the reason that snow covered the little graveyard, almost hiding the stones which were to her a reminder of a duty unfulfilled. From time to time in letters beginning, "I now take pen in hand to write you a few brief lines," and ending, "I hope this finds you well as it leaves me," Celestie forwarded Lettie messages from Abe; then correspondence lagged and gradually her whining spells came back.

The snow had all gone, and over the bleak little graveyard on the knoll the cutting March winds swept mercilessly. Sentinel-like, the tombstones stood in dreary array; again they wore on Lettie's nerves; again Mary's tombstone became the burden of her pathetic little wail.

One cold morning, as she was sitting before the window peeling potatoes for dinner, a man in a democrat wagon, with a tombstone in the back of it, drove into the yard. Recognizing Abe, she took in the situation in a moment; he had come to see her and was making the tombstone—which she had merely spoken of buying at some future time—serve as an excuse for a visit. To see her, on this raw day he had driven twenty-eight miles, and now what should she do with him? She wanted to see him; she wanted the tombstone; but she had no money with which to pay for it. There were only two dollars stored away in the secretary. Pretending that she was busy, she allowed Mr. Seymour

to go to the door, hoping thereby to gain time in which to formulate a plan of action. After putting the horse in the barn, the two came into the house. Lettie, in a state of great perturbation, greeted Abe stiffly, then leaving him in the sitting-room with Mr. Seymour, fled to the kitchen to go on with dinner. The more she thought of her dilemma the more distressed she became—so distressed, in fact, that when the meal was finally on the table she could scarcely taste a mouthful. She wished for an opportunity for interviewing Mr. Seymour on the subject of borrowing the amount needed for the tombstone. It came shortly when Abe went to the barn to feed his horse. Lettie began:

"Mr. Witherspoon's come way down here on purpose to fetch me a tombstone," she whined, "an' I ain't got but two dollars to my name to pay fur it with. I don't know what I'll do," and her drooping figure looked the picture of dejection and despair. "I didn't exactly tell Mr. Witherspoon to fetch it, but it's here, an' I'll hev to take it, 'cause he don't want to take it back after drivin' way down here twenty-eight miles on a day like this."

Mr. Seymour made no reply, only looked at Lettie. Seeing that he was not in pliable mood, she resorted to tears.

"You knew you didn't hev any money. What did you order thet tombstone fur?" inquired Mr. Seymour. "You know you can't hev your cake and eat it, too. You hed to hev a bird-cage an' a bird, an' Christmas presents, an' Heaven knows what all—a lot o' new clothes here a week or two ago. All I c'n see is go without your tombstone. Tell your man you ain't got the money."

"Oh, I can't, I can't," sobbed Lettie. "I can't when he's fetched the thing all this distance. Mr. Seymour, I'll stay an' work it out. It'll only take nine weeks to pay it all up ef you'll let me hev the money. I've got two dollars.

"I know it's a nice one, an' o' course he'll put it up fur nawthin'." She dried her eyes for a moment. Mr. Seymour was inexorable.

"No, Lettie, thet's no kind o' business fur you to do. You ain't got the money; you can't hev the tombstone. You don't want to saddle yourself up with dead horses; you can't pay out what you hev'n't got. Tell your tombstone man you ain't got the money."

Hearing footsteps in the kitchen and feeling that it was useless to argue further with Mr. Seymour, Lettie fled upstairs, where she remained until Mrs. Seymour's voice, summoning her, roused her to action. Dashing a little water in her face to wash away the traces of tears, she went to the kitchen where she found Abe comfortably seated before the window. So much did she dread having something said about the tombstone that she dislodged him from his point of vantage, fearing that he might make use of the view from the window as a plank on which to slide into conversation about his errand. Mrs. Seymour, who had cleared the table, said: "Why, Lettie, set down an' visit a spell; the dishes c'n wait."

Lettie did not wish to have them wait; now anything but the quiet chat with Abe for which she had longed with her whole soul ever since leaving "The Forks." Very slowly and deliberately she washed and wiped each dish and put it away, then brushed up the floor as slowly as possible, talking about anything—everything—except the subject uppermost in her mind. At last there was nothing left for her to do but sit down and visit. Abe noticed Lettie's extreme nervousness, but could assign no reason for it. She was not behaving as on the occasions on which he had seen her—that was all. From three until five, when she could begin supper, only one remark did he make which gave her the least hope, and that was *that Mr. Seymour had invited him to*

remain over night. "Delays," the old proverb says, "are dangerous"; in Lettie's case the very opposite was true. In delay lay her only safety. She had tided over the afternoon by carefully shifting conversation from the dangerous subject; she hardly dared to think of the evening. After supper she dawdled in the dish pan as long as possible, while Abe sat with his eyes fixed on her; and when, finally, he saw that she was ready to sit down, without any preliminaries he began:

"Say, you know, Miss Ross, when you wuz up to 'The Forks' you said you wanted a tombstone fur your little sister's grave, so to-day long's I hed to fetch one down to Naperville I put in one thet I've got fixed up nice, thinkin' mebbe you'd like it. You know thet night up to Cy's you wuz a-talkin' 'bout hevin' a lamb carved on it an' a verse, so I went to work an' fixed' up a good lamb an' put on it my best verse. The tombstone's out in the back o' the dimicrat. It got dark so sort o' quick thet I didn't say nawthin' 'bout it this afternoon; besides, it wuzn't very good weather fur you to go to the graveyard."

"Oh," said Lettie, fairly gasping for breath,—*"ya'as, I wanted a lamb."*

"Wa'al, it's got one, a nice one, layin' down so peaceful like, restin'."

"Oh," said Lettie.

"Ya'as, an' it's got on it the best verse I could find, the very best one. I alwuz use it fur the best folks thet trade with me. This is it, jes' fixed up to suit Mary:

"'Darkness has settled like a pall,
Robbing us of one beloved by all,
For death, with his relentless hand,
Has gathered another of his band.
Greatly we mourn and grieve the loss
Of little Mary Lucy Ross.'"

"Oh, ya'as, thet's quite pretty. Ya'as, I think I like thet," gasped Lettie, who was so nervous that she did not know

what she was saying. "Ya'as, ya'as, I think I like it, ya'as, it's jes' lovely."

"I'm going to stay all night, an' the first thing in the mornin' we c'n git it up."

"Oh, Mr. Witherspoon," — Lettie stopped—"thet tombstone can't go up—I ain't got any money to pay fur it with. I'm to blame I know fur tellin' you I wanted one, but when I did, I didn't think you was goin' to fetch it so soon. I'm sorry, but I can't take it; I know it's jes' lovely and jes' what I want, but you'll hev to take it back," she looked at him, hesitated, then went on: "I ain't got but two dollars, an' Mr. Seymour won't let me hev any more."

"Why, Lettie, — why — why, thet's all right," he said.

"I do want the tombstone the worst thet ever wuz,—an' I want it now ef I'm ever goin' to hev it," and Lettie burst into tears.

In her distress she was more attractive to Abe than ever. He faltered, hardly

daring to speak, then blurted out awkwardly: "You take the tombstone an' me with it, an' thet will be pay 'nough—all thet I want."

Lettie drew a long sigh, dried her eyes, and by way of an answer threw herself into his arms. At last she said:

"Oh, Abe, I've ben scart to death all day wonderin' how on earth I'd pay fur thet tombstone I wanted so bad;" and at mention of it she went off into another fit of hysterical crying.

"Never mind, never mind thet tombstone, Lettie," he said, caressingly kissing her hair. "Thet's all right. You take me an' we'll see 'bout things."

"Wa'al, when I want things I want 'em," sighed Lettie, somewhat relieved. "I've ben wantin' thet tombstone the worst way this long time, and now I've got it."

Abe looked ruefully at her, then said: "So you hev, but you don't say nawthin' at all 'bout wantin' me"

"I do want you," she replied simply.

The Wise Men

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

Led by one star's mysterious, moving flame
O'er hill and vale, o'er desert, moor and fen,
From out the dim, rich, Eastern lands they came
In kingly majesty, the Three Wise Men.

All things they left when they, athwart the sky,
Beheld the beckoning beam that planet shed;
All princely pleasures they at once put by
To seek the Saviour, wheresoe'er it led.

Haply there stood full oft beside the way
The worldly-wise who mocked their holy quest,
But they, unheeding what the world might say,
Following the star, still ever onward pressed.

Until their faith at last received reward,
And He they sought revealed Himself to them,
When bowing low their Saviour they adored
Within the stable walls of Bethlehem!

Tuesdays With Friends

A Refuge From the World

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN



IT'S agreeable to be home," said the Young Lady from Virginia, "the country would be well enough if one could live in the fashion of one's ancestors,—the old manor-house, you know, with all the splendid appointments we had before the war."

There was silence. The Student dropped a kind of metaphorical bucket into the depth of his inner consciousness, in order to bring up, if possible, a subject remote from the young lady's last allusion.

"It is pleasant to be back again," said the Student, at last, "but I'm afraid I'll have to give up tea before dinner. It destroys my appetite. They dine early in all the boarding-houses where students congregate."

"Ah," said the Young Lady from Virginia, with a sigh, "I suppose the servants like an early dinner. In the old days in Virginia, they were not the rulers, they were simply part of a happy family before—"

"No, no!" said the Student, wildly, "it's not the servants, it's the students themselves that have to be considered in Washington. They attend classes in the evening. Well, I will risk the tea," he added, turning to the Lady of the House. "It's a dissipation to me," he added, with a glance at the Young Lady from Virginia, "but it is, during the season, with young persons in society, a perennial article of diet."

"If you mean me," remarked the Young Lady from Virginia, "you ought to be told that I am not frivolous. I read serious books; I love serious music; I have tickets for Friday's matinée, and I adore Rossini's 'Stabat Mater.'"

"And she calls that serious music!"

cried the Student, raising his left hand in horror, his right being occupied with his teacup. "The Rossini musical fireworks are the least serious things in the world of music."

"The 'Stabat Mater' was one of the causes of my conversion," said the Young Lady from Virginia; "some of you 'born' Catholics dogmatize about everything,—from morals to music."

"I'm a baptized Catholic," returned the Student, "I wish young ladies who spend their time in society would be more careful of their phrases—theologically—"

"Speaking of serious books," the Lady of the House interrupted, observing that the situation was not precisely easy, "I often think that the 'serious' books that you young persons read are too utilitarian."

"I've just finished Caffin's 'How to Study Pictures.'" The Young Lady from Virginia made this announcement with a triumphant look at the Student.

"And I!"—he said, "well, to be honest, I haven't read a book for three months; I've studied, of course, but I haven't read anything."

"Who hasn't read anything?" asked the Judge, entering. "Nobody has time to read anything. Even novels are only skimmed. Mrs. Ward is considered to be serious, and even Mr. Marion Crawford is read for culture, not for amusement. This must pain him. No tea to-day, Madam—it's too warm."

"I was about to say that 'serious' books are, from the point of our young people, not books that cultivate the spiritual sense."

"With me," broke in the Young Lady from Virginia, enthusiastically, "the spiritual book is the only book. I find,

in fact, in every book I read food for the mind."

"You mean that you read for culture in the broad sense," said the Lady of the House; "that's not what I mean. A book like Dr. Healy's monograph on the persecutions under the Emperor Valerian is really food for thought,—you must read it, Judge—and it is a great help to people like myself, whose ideas of the Pagan-Roman conditions are borrowed chiefly from 'Fabiola'; but when I speak of the spiritual sense, I mean, with all due regard to the Student's scrupulous regard for the exactness of the phrase—"

"How learned the Lady has become!" murmured the Student.

—"the science or the art of divine love. In a word, I've been reading the 'Life of St. Catherine de Ricci.'"

"Oh, yes," said the Young Lady from Virginia, delightedly, "I've seen pictures of her, or perhaps it was of St. Catherine of Siena. There's the marriage of St. Catherine, and all sorts of interesting pictures. I must try to attend some lectures on art this winter, so that I shall know all these Saint Cathelines apart,—I really don't know one from the other. The Catherine of Alexandria, of Genoa, of Siena rather puzzles me. I wish I had time to read about them."

"In France," said the Student, with a touch of malice, "to be interested in St. Catherine means to be an old maid,—'to dress the hair of St. Catherine,' you know."

The Young Lady from Virginia shrugged her shoulders.

"To be an old maid is not the worst thing that can happen to a woman," she said. "One may escape much worse."

"But St. Catherine de Ricci is wonderful," went on the Lady of the House, as if she had not been interrupted. "An hour with her is like leaving the glare

of the world for a moment, to enter a little oratory, lit only by the flame of the tabernacle."

"I know the meaning of your simile," said the Judge, smiling. "Do you know the old church of St. Peter's in Barclay Street?—I trust that church may never be pulled down for lack of a congregation—you go out of the rush of Broadway into it, and you're in another and better world. Every crowded and turbulent and sordid spot in a great city ought to have such a spiritual oasis."

"I agree with you." The Lady of the House paused, while she followed the burst of red light that, coming through the west window, deluged the bunch of white chrysanthemums on the table with crimson. "The 'Life of St. Catherine de Ricci' is like that old church. You come out of the glare of worldly books, and find yourself in the dim glory of her cell. I never understood really the difference between gifts and virtues—in the spiritual sense—until I read this wonderful 'Life.'"

"I'm sure I don't yet," said the Judge, "but I rather thought mysticism had gone out of fashion."

"You mean those phases of it that offend Protestant ears; we can not be too careful of that,"—the Young Lady from Virginia cast a disdainful look at the Student. "Some 'baptized' Catholics never consider it at all."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of Protestants," said the Lady of the House, "I was thinking of the gifts that come from God, and of the delight and consolation it must be to receive them in silence,—of their coming from heaven as generously as that red light came to change the color of the chrysanthemums. In the words on the mystical life at the beginning of this 'Life,' I read: 'In order to distinguish the gifts from the virtues, we must follow the way of speaking we find in the Scriptures, in which they are described to us, not, indeed, under the name of gifts, but of spirits. For we

read the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him (Christ).' That is from St. Thomas Aquinas."

"I don't in the least know what you mean;—though I think it is that, if one seeks silence occasionally and learns to meditate—"

The Student broke off doubtfully.

"Oh, she means," exclaimed the Young Lady from Virginia, "that we ought to choose a suitable saint, and live with this saint the interior life. Isn't that it?"

"Something like it," said the Lady of the House.

"Goodness knows I'd like it well enough, but I don't have time. I'm in a rush!"

"Priests find time to read their breviary," said the Lady of the House. "It was the thought of that which sent me to St. Catherine de Ricci."

"You are right." The Judge looked very thoughtful as he said this. "We strive hard and humanly for the commonplace virtues, which would no doubt come easier to us if we prayed and meditated and waited in silence for the 'gifts.'"

"I don't in the least understand," said the Student. "I must go."

"I think I understand," said the Young Lady from Virginia. "But that sort of thing requires time."

"And yet," concluded the Judge gravely, "we have all the time there is."

Dr. Douglas Hyde and the Gaelic League

BEFORE this issue of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE reaches its readers, Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League, and one of the most widely-known Irishmen of to-day, will have arrived in this country.

Dr. Hyde is here to lecture on the Gaelic Revival—one of the most remarkable intellectual movements of modern times. The Gaelic League is, as it were, the concrete expression of the Gaelic Revival, and what it has accomplished in Ireland since its establishment in 1893 is something to surprise and delight all who have at heart the regeneration of the old land.

When the League first began its work Irish as a written and spoken language was dying out. Ireland was being swiftly Anglicized. It set to work at once to stop this process of degeneration. It was not immediately successful. It met with coldness and hostility on every hand—hostility from the British Government and, sad to say, from peo-

ple in Ireland as well, who thought themselves eminently patriotic, but who deemed it a waste of valuable time and energy to attempt to restore the Irish language or preserve it from decay. They knew not the value to a nation of its own language and its own literature, and so they frowned or smiled pityingly upon the new movement as their mood inclined them. But help it they would not. It was too impossible, too Quixotic a scheme. It was, they held, foredoomed to failure.

But the movement continued to exist, to grow, to gather strength and influence. Men who once thought it a passing fad, began to see it in its true light. It began to gather into its ranks men of all kinds and creeds and classes. It swept into its stream the university student and the laborer, the priest and the parson, the Unionist landlord and the naturalist farmer. To-day it is admittedly the most comprehensive movement in Ireland. Here are some examples of what it has done since its establishment:

It has prevailed upon the so-called National Board of Education to make large concessions to the national language in primary education. The number of schools in which the Irish language is taught has advanced from 105 in 1899 to over 3,000 in 1905; and the number of children at present studying more or less Irish in the schools is now over 100,000. In secondary education it has prevailed upon the Board of Intermediate Education to place Irish in certain cases upon an equal footing with other modern languages. The percentage of intermediate and secondary students who passed in Irish has risen from 272 in 1899 to 2,103 in 1904.

These are only a few of the many things which the League has accomplished. Above and beyond all, it has done an incalculable service in raising the tone of Irish life; in increasing individual and national self-respect; in turning the minds of the people, for the solution of Irish problems, upon themselves rather than upon the British Government; in showing that the best patriot is the sober patriot; in teaching that patriotism means more than lip-service, that it has its practical side, that it can be best expressed in Ireland at the present day by the purchase of Irish goods in preference to the foreign shoddy wherewith the Irish markets are flooded. Beginning with the restoration of Irish language and literature, it has touched and revived every department of Irish life.

But all this is an old story now to well-informed men and women who pay heed to the world's affairs, for the Gaelic League and its work have been so remarkable as to arouse interest and comment in every country in the world. Naturally, the President of the League has been a most interesting figure. Dr. Hyde comes of a family which has been honorably associated with Ireland for centuries. He was born in 1860 at

Ratra, Frenchpark, County Roscommon, where he still resides. He is a Protestant, and the son of a Protestant minister. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won most brilliant honors and successes. A vivid light is thrown upon the complete way in which he has devoted his talents to his native land by the statement that he has written nothing that is not associated in some way with his native land. His coming to America is an event of great and far-reaching importance to the Irish race in this country.

Dr. Hyde is described by a writer who saw him a few years ago as being "pale, but with a healthy pallor, above the middle height, of graceful carriage, quietly but correctly dressed in dark blue serge and tan boots. He wore a Gaelic League badge in his buttonhole. This and an opal cravat ring were the only ornaments on his person. He looks to be about forty-five years of age. In his heavy dark moustache, the ends of which droop slightly, there are a few ribs of gray, and in his hair, which is dark and luxuriant and worn rather long, there are some streaks of silver. His eyes are dark blue, with a tinge of steel-gray in them, and are small rather than large, but keen, bright and kindly. His forehead is broad, bony and round. Intellect, enthusiasm, tenacity of purpose, kindness and strength are written on his face. He speaks with no particular accent of Ireland, yet with an accent which is melodiously persuasive and unmistakably Irish. * * * Let him speak half a dozen words to you, and the question of his nationality is at rest once and forever."

This, then, is the man who is here to speak for the Gaelic League and all it means and represents, the man of whom it has been written, and no doubt with truth, that "no man since the days of Thomas Davis has done so much for the Irish language or has so aroused the enthusiasm of the Irish people."



The Christ-Child to Mary

By Charles Hanson Towne

Thou art my Mother! Therefore I
Love most thy tender breast.
Close, close against thy heart I lie,
Mother, at rest, at rest.

Soothe thou my weeping, dry my tears;
Sad are the days to be;
Yet through my dark and troubled years
Thy love shall comfort me.

I shall remember thy warm kiss
When Judas kisseth me!
Beyond bleak Calvary's wide abyss
I shall remember thee!

The White Knight of the Woodland Path

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY



MAIDEN loved him, to begin with, and, he loved her.

The maiden lived in the big brick house with the colonial porch—the house set far back from the road, with a beautiful, green-carpeted yard stretching from the porch up to the whitewashed fence bordering the pike. Some rose-bushes grew in front of the house, and in the Junetime they bore big, red-blushing roses which the maiden would often pluck and place among the dark braids of her hair. To one side of the house were peach, plum and pear-trees, each bearing luscious fruit in season, and on the other side was a long row of beehives, where the tiny, yellow-banded workers toiled through all the summer hours. Between the house and the public highway large trees grew; oak, poplar, ash, and a few cedars far off in one corner. Back of the house, and beginning at a picket gate opening through a fence, was the woodland path. It was a delightful walk, flanked on either side by dense-foliaged maples and ending at a spring-house, where the milk was kept during the hot months. In was on this walk that the knight and maiden met at morning and at evening and told their love again and again.

He was as brave and fine-looking a warrior as ever bowed before a lady. His suit was snow-white, with the exception of a dark collar around his neck; his helmet was blood-red, his leggings were yellow and his spurs were sharp and long. For it must be known that the white knight was a game rooster of as pure a strain as lived.

Early in the spring, over a year ago, he had, by dint of unceasing effort, driven his cartilaginous bill through the shell casing which encompassed him

and thrust his head out for a first peep at the world. He found himself in an enclosed space lined with straw, and all about him were white, oblong objects. Then he discovered that he had just emerged from one of these. Before his slowly-moving faculties could reason the matter out, something warm and soft smothered over him with low, maternal clucks, and his first peep of the world ended. But the darkness and the warmth seemed more natural than the daylight, and he lay contented, wriggling a little further out of his shell now and again. Then he went to sleep, and when he woke the next time it was to see two more small heads gazing out at him from tiny orifices. He did not know it, but he, being a game chicken, had been the first of the "setting" to pip the shell. For the maiden had procured this egg as an experiment, and had placed it with a lot of the common sort. Now the blood of our hero began to show even at this early hour, for, barely out of the shell though he was, and still wet, he struggled towards the nearest head with the help of his puny wings and gave a decided peck. But he was too young to measure distances and his bill struck the shell. Then a shadow fell across him, and a soft voice spoke:

"You little fiend!" it said; "what will I do with you?"

He felt a new touch upon his palpitating, half-naked body; he was lifted gently from the nest, and the next thing he knew he was being borne away. His new home was in a small soap-box placed just back of the kitchen stove, and there were some warm rags for him to creep under when the fire died down. The hand which had taken him from the nest to prevent fratricide now fed him on bread-crumbs and taught him

how to drink water from a cracked saucer. This hand was always tender, always kind, and the naturally fierce heart of the foundling soon came to have a weak spot in it. If his crumbs gave out or his saucer went dry, a succession of chirps never failed of the desired effect, and his wants were quickly supplied.

The weeks went by and he grew apace. Fuzz turned to feathers; the nib on the end of his nose dropped off, and at last the great day came when he was carefully conveyed to the back yard and placed upon the ground—a free chicken. There he stood for perhaps a minute, not moving out of his tracks, craning his ugly neck this way and that, turning his head to various angles, and viewing the great out-doors. A moth floated by him and lit on a ragweed. The spell was broken, and his first prey rolled up in his craw. That was the most wonderful day in all his life to the fledgling knight. All about him were others of his kind; some larger, some smaller. But he did not feel drawn towards them. He let them alone, and would move away when they came near. The world seemed full of insects, and his gangling legs grew weary of chasing them. But when the shadows began to lengthen in the late afternoon, his craw pouched out and he was very comfortable.

Then one came down the steps of the kitchen porch with a pan in her hands and called in a clear, sweet voice—"Chick-ee! Chick-ee!" The alien, resting under an althea bush near one of the drinking troughs, knew the voice, but not the call. But instantly there was a great hubbub and a hurrying of three-toed feet. A mad scurry of wings and a disordered rush from every point of the compass. Roosters and hens; chickens half-grown and chickens half-feathered,—all came hastening pell-mell at that magic cry. At last they had gathered, an hundred or more, rubbing *wing-shoulders* and hopping over each

other, impatient, clamorous. The maiden lifted the wheat from the pan by the handfuls and scattered it broadcast among the hungry crowd. Then all heads went to earth and all tails stuck up, and the evening meal was in progress. Passing among them with searching eyes went the maiden, but she did not discover that for which she sought. Holding the pan in the hollow of her arm, she looked around and called again—"Chick-ee! Chicky! Chicky! Chicky! Chicky!" The last call was for him, for thus she had always crooned to him in his box behind the stove. He arose and trotted towards her, and she espied him and came to meet him. She scattered a few grains of wheat before him and he gobbled them up. Then she leaned down and gathered him in her arms; and he suffered her, because he had no fear of one who had ministered to him from the beginning. That night he slept in his box on the kitchen porch.

Week by week the summer slipped away, and day by day the game-cock grew in size and in strength and in combativeness. By early fall he had left the awkward age far behind him and was a handsome young fellow with a soft coat of glossy white feathers. Around his arching neck was, as it were, a collar of black lace. His comb began to grow and his wattles to droop and swing as he walked, and his spurs were of a respectable length. He had learned some worldly wisdom, too, during this time. One day he saw a black woman come out with a pan and call, as the maiden had done. The feathered tribe answered quickly, crowding as usual, and suddenly the black woman stooped and caught one by the legs. Then she walked a little to one side and took hold of its head instead, and whirled it around and around until the neck was wrung off and the headless body went flopping over the ground. The white game had witnessed this from a distance, and he nodded his head and walked

farther away. One day he nabbed up a long, yellow insect, very slender in the middle, which moved its gauze-like wings up and down, up and down, whenever it alighted. Instantly a terrible pain pierced his tongue, and it was swollen and sore for a long time after. In the future he was very careful about all insects with slim waists. Then there was a black boy who hung around the back of the big house, and who shied stones at strutting cocks or placid matrons indiscriminately. It is true that none had ever been cast at the white game, but he did not know that his person was sacred by order of the maiden; and so he made shift to care for himself, and his bold eye saw nearly everything that was going on in his kingdom. But these were minor evils which have been mentioned and could be avoided with ordinary watchfulness. There was something else that disturbed the young lord no little, and of this we will now tell.

One hot afternoon in August, as he was lying sprawled lazily on his side in some dirt he had scratched up under a rose-bush, he witnessed a very alarming spectacle. Nearly all of the company from which he was self-exiled had sought some shady spot; only a few hens were strolling listlessly about, singing a monotonous cluck-song. All at once a scrub cock came around the corner of the house, running heavily and lurching from side to side as he ran. His mouth was open, and from it issued a distressed, harsh croak with each forward thrust of his weary legs. Not two lengths behind him came a long, slim brown shape, moving in graceful, undulating leaps, steadily, relentlessly pursuing. A dozen yards further on the cock stumbled, the snake-like, brown body pounced upon it, and the mink's eager muzzle burrowed through the throat feathers to where the red blood was rioting from fear and exercise. Into a thicket of horse-weeds behind the line

of beehives the bold slayer dragged his prey, and there feasted. This terror was the one thing that the young knight feared, but as he grew older and the blood of his myriad of warriors ancestors began to call out for battle, he gradually lost his dread of even the mink and stalked proudly wherever he willed to go.

Practically, he had no restrictions. The common fowls were doomed to the back yard, the barn lot, and an enclosure where pigs were fed and where nothing green grew except a stunted sort of plant with thorns on it. But the freedom of the entire premises was this favored one's. Past scratching broods he would go haughtily around to the front of the big house, preening himself if by chance the maiden sat on the colonial porch, and marching by with his head up and his white armor glistening bravely. Alone, he would sedately parade the large yard, gathering his food as he went, and going and coming whither and when he would. So the first winter came and went, and the spring found him a year old and fully grown. He was a sight good to see; slender, tall and gallant. Throughout this first year of his life the maiden never forgot him, but would daily come to him with the pan of wheat and would caress his neck with her soft hand as he ate. His first fight happened that spring.

None of his kind with whom he lived had ever opposed him. Some instinct seemed to tell them that he was master. But upon a day a strange cock came a-visiting from a neighbor flock—a high-headed, important-looking young fellow, wearing a gay suit of many colors. The white knight saw him coming through the yard which no three-toed foot was allowed to press but his, and resentment and anger at once sprang up in him; he walked slowly towards the intruder, his black ruff rising as he went. The stranger showed signs of battle, and the

fighting strain of the white game thrilled within him. The preliminary courtesies of pecking at the grass and circling about being extended, they leaped and struck. The stranger was low-born, and spurs he had none to speak of. The other's spurs were long and keen as lances and they went home at the first thrust, so that his opponent, bleeding and vanquished, ran wildly in the direction from whence he had come. Whereupon the conquerer, disdaining pursuit, drew himself up, threw out his breast, and gave the call of victory.

Soon after this he discovered the woodland path. It was a rule of the big house to keep the gate closed leading to this path, but one afternoon the maid whose duty it was to attend to the milk at the spring-house forgot and left the gate ajar. The favorite came along and discovered this avenue to fresh fields, and he immediately entered with his customary air of proprietorship. The maid, returning, met him on the walk and, alarmed, sought to drive him out. But he ignored her puny efforts, and when she tried to take hold of him he pecked her so sharply that the blood spurted. The girl rushed to the house to tell her mistress and the maiden came out to investigate the matter. She found the trespasser at the further end of the walk, complacently gazing at his image in the pool of clear water before the spring-house. He came towards her fearlessly, trustingly, and because of his trust and his hitherto unlicensed liberty, she stooped and laid her hand gently upon him and decreed that he should tread the woodland path whenever his fancy pleased. That twilight she brought her pan of wheat there and fed him from her lap as she sat at the foot of one of the trees.

The woodland path became the favorite haunt of the white knight. Sometimes he would stray from it to the broad *front yard*, but not for long. At *morning* and at twilight the maiden would

come; maybe with a red rose in her hair, more often clad in simple white and unadorned.. Up and down the path they would stroll together, and the love between them grew more and more intense. The cock came at last to roost in one of the trees near the spring-house, so loath was he to leave the spot. After the evening meal, the maiden would lift him up, smooth his feathers, and, tip-toeing, place his feet on the limb of his perch.

About this time his rival appeared upon the scene. One afternoon as the maiden came through the gate some one else came with her—a handsome young man with dark hair and a low, pleasant voice. Side by side they came down the walk. The white knight saw them, and he stood very straight and still, watching them advance. This time he would not touch the wheat nor have the maiden come near him, for his heart was sore with bitter jealousy, and there was a crafty look about the newcomer who had usurped his place. That night he flew unaided to his roost and sat for many hours humped up on the limb, brooding and sullen. A screech-owl, emboldened by the inert quietude of the silent figure, alighted on the same limb, and instantly a long neck shot out as though made of rubber, and the screech-owl carried a sore spot on his side for a long time as a penalty for his boldness.

They were sad days now for the white knight. Still the maiden came often alone, and upon these occasions the cock was as he had been in the old days, except that now his love had a fierceness about it where before there had been quiet content. The maiden was always happy and smiling, and seemed to be suddenly possessed of something which made her whole life bright. But the supplanted lover became more and more dissatisfied with the way things were going and watched the stranger with a jealous eye whenever he was present. The weeks went by and matters moved

on smoothly between the maiden and her new admirer. One beautiful twilight hour the white game saw the first kiss exchanged, and from that time he was slowly but surely neglected. His heart never failed in its worship and its careful watchfulness. He mistrusted the favored suitor who had stolen his mistress from him. Late one afternoon, he flew to his perch in a despondent mood. Life had suddenly darkened for him, and so he sat in solitary sorrow and brooded upon his misfortune. The gate opened and shut, and they came towards him. He saw that something had gone wrong. The maiden's face was cold and unsmiling and the man's was dark and treacherous. Without seeing him, the pair stopped a few feet from his tree and faced each other. Then bitter words were spoken; upbraiding and charges of faithlessness on the one hand, and cunning denial on the other. Then the maiden said something in her scorn and anger that must have gone home, for the man raised his fist as though to strike her. With a shrill scream of rage and like a bolt from the sky, the white knight swooped from his perch straight at the face of his coward

rival. Body, beak and spurs struck center with fearful impetus, and the man reeled backward with an imprecation, while the champion slid to the earth. The blood of his ancestors was roused to its fullest pitch; the fierce spirit which had been dormant so long slipped the leash and mastered him. Again and again he arose to the attack, his sinewy wings bearing him up to that hated face. Vainly the man fought and beat and dragged with his hands and tried to shield his face with his crossed arms. The sharp beak and sharper spurs always found their mark. Blinded and mad with fury, the man drew a pistol and fired, then turned and ran wildly for fear of the alarm that the shot would create.

Pale and terrified, the maiden rushed to where her brave defender lay, struggling feebly. Sitting on the ground, she lifted him tenderly to her lap. His glazing eyes turned upward with one last adoring look, while from a small dark hole in his noble breast a crimson stream welled out over his spotless coat, streaking it with red.

So at the last he fought and died for his lady, as every loyal knight should.

Christmas Night

By Sister M. Dominic, O. S. D.

In rapture lost, our sweet Madonna bends
 Above her new-born babe. As lily fair,
 Her form. Her radiant face and flowing hair
 A veil in part conceals. All love she tends
 Her Child, her God! Who now to her extends
 His infant hands. What joy! Maternal care
 Henceforth with reverence combined and prayer
 Shall fill her days; shall later make amends
 For seven-fold wounds. As rests her gaze on Him
 Do visions rise of scourge and crown and cross?
 Or, as she feels His rosy tenderness—expressed
 In ways all mothers know—do her eyes dim?
 Her heart in sorrow swell? Oh, ye whom loss
 Of sons bereaved, draw near—"God's will be blessed."

Out of Bondage

From the French, by MARY E. MANNIX



CERTAIN Monsieur Prudhomme, government employee, and skilled physiognomist, recently took a little journey on the railroad. In order not to be separated from his dog, his constant companion, he selected a third-class carriage. At first he was the only occupant, but there presently entered a woman of about thirty, whose face was exceedingly pallid and unhealthy looking and whose clothes, though well-made and of good material, sat upon her with a kind of "gaucherie," as though to demonstrate the fact that she was unaccustomed to them.

Her hair was short, her hands bare and coarse, showing that she had been used to hard labor. She wore no ornament of any kind, and although not bad-looking she presented an odd and unattractive appearance.

Monsieur Prudhomme was a good citizen, a warm adherent of the government; he hated and despised religious of all kinds, especially women, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to read in his morning paper that such or such a convent had been closed and the inmates sent about their business.

His eyes had not long rested upon the garb and general "ensemble" of his fellow traveller before he decided that she must be "one of them." No longer ago than yesterday he had read that many religious were en route to Belgium, voluntarily leaving their convents rather than be obliged to submit to their inevitable expulsion at the hands of coarse and brutal officers of the law. "Yes," said Monsieur Prudhomme to himself, "she is one of them, there can

be no doubt" and forthwith he resolved to make known his sentiments to his "vis-a-vis," at the same time congratulating himself on the amusement which was likely to be afforded him by the interview, which he began as follows:

"I would be willing to swear that it is a long time since you petted a dog, Madame."

The woman had been pulling the dog's ear, and continued to do so, as, regarding him sharply, she replied;

"Why do you think so, Monsieur?"

"I am of the opinion that they do not tolerate dogs in the—cells. They want to mortify you all they can, do they not?"

"How do you know where I come from, Monsieur?"

"Do not think me impertinent, Madame. It is true that you people do not at all meet with my approbation—from beginning to end the life you lead is unnatural—and I flatter myself that my mind, very observant, is not slow to place such of my fellow creatures as I meet from day to day in the place where they belong. You ask me how I know where you come from, and I reply that I can judge from a certain stiffness with which you wear your clothes, that you have not long been attired as you now are. Your hair, also, being short—am I right?"

His companion pressed her lips tightly together, then answered, briefly:

"Unfortunately, you are."

"You are going to Belgium, I infer?"

"For some months only, I hope. I intend, if possible, to return to France, but there are times in one's life when it seems desirable to expatriate one's self for a while."

"I do not agree with you," answered Monsieur Prudhomme, with great gravity. "When one lives in a country, one should obey its laws."

"You are in a position, no doubt, to believe what you say. But the laws of this country do not apply to you in the same manner as they do to me."

"We will not prolong a discussion on which we could never agree. Madame, I pity you—be assured of that. But I felicitate you above all for having closed such a life. How old were you when you first entered your—your prison?"

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen! Poor woman! The rules are very severe?"

"Not too much so, Monsieur!"

"But, of course, you could not go out?"

"Certainly not, Monsieur," answered his neighbor, in some surprise.

"And you could only communicate with your friends at certain stated times behind a grating?"

"I had no friends who cared to visit me, Monsieur. What you say is true of those who had relatives and friends."

"That grating arrangement makes my blood boil. It must be insupportable! And, no doubt, you were badly fed and obliged to sleep on a hard, narrow bed?"

"Yes, Monsieur. You seem to have a very tender heart."

"I have," replied Prudhomme, with a satisfied cough, as he pulled up his shirt collar. "Tell me, now, haven't you entirely forgotten the taste of fried chicken?"

"I must acknowledge that I have, as well as that of almost every other pleasure in life."

"What do you say now to a little lunch with me?" continued Monsieur Prudhomme, turning to a large basket on the seat beside him.

"I shall be very grateful, Monsieur," replied the woman. "I did not think there was in the whole world a man who could be so kind as you are."

"Oh yes, 'yes,'" replied Prudhomme, a little irrelevantly as he busied himself with the contents of the basket, which he now produced, neatly arranged in a white napkin. "My wife will be pleased," he went on, "yes, she will be pleased when I tell her of this incident, for she is something of a bigot—a little too charitable, if I may be excused for saying it, towards persons—like yourself."

"She must be a very good woman."

"She is—she is. Come, now, let us pick our chicken-wings together. And here is some delicious bread and butter, and a bottle of very good wine."

His companion needed no further invitation. For some moments both travellers applied themselves to the appetizing lunch which Madame Prudhomme had prepared for her husband. At length, when their hunger had been somewhat appeased, Monsieur Prudhomme said:

"I am going to tell you something. Usually I am not fond of making it known, as I am not at all proud of it, I assure you. But, as we have broken bread together and are not likely to meet again, I do not mind telling you that my wife has a sister who very early in life entered—on a career similar to your own. We even paid her a visit during our wedding journey, though much against my will I am bound to confess. That is why I know personally about the iron gratings. Oh, I shiver when I think of it!"

"Oh, then, I begin to understand, Monsieur why you have some sympathy for me. The saying is true that a fellow-feeling makes men wondrous kind!"

"Ah! do not call it a fellow-feeling," exclaimed Monsieur Prudhomme, hurriedly replacing his things in the basket, as the train began to slow up. "If I had a daughter who had a desire to follow that career, I could almost kill her where she stood. And, alas! how many parents there are who

have to undergo the agony of such a parting. But come, I bear no ill-will towards individuals. Let us finish this bottle, Madame, a glass each. Your health!"

"Thank you," said the stranger. "But tell me, Monsieur, where was your sister? I may have known her. Is she still—there—or has she finished her time?"

"Finished her time, the poor creature! No, indeed, she will never finish her time till she leaves the prison in her coffin. There may yet be twenty years of a miserable existence before her!"

"Twenty years! Mazette! Then she must have murdered somebody. I am

an angel compared to her, at that rate. I was only in for a little robbery."

"A robbery!" cried Monsieur Prudhomme, pale with horror. "What do you mean? Where do you come from?"

"From Mazette prison, of course," replied the astonished woman. "Did you not know?"

The discomfited government clerk rushed from the train, very glad to have reached his destination. He did not cast even a parting glance at the astonished woman, who gazed after him—open-mouthed—from the window as he strode, empty luncheon-basket in hand, followed by his dog, to the quay, where he was to take the steamer for Bordeaux.

The Hare and the Tortoise

By M. T. ARMSTRONG



ABSORBED in his dreaming, the Poet had taken no notice of the passage of time, and not until the Woman's gift came to him did he know it was Christmas. It was a gift worthy of the sender. It expressed her dear and comprehending thoughts of him. The Poet was abashed. When he remembered she would receive nothing from him, because of his forgetfulness of the days, grief and regret entered his soul. He had not forgotten her. She transfused all his dreams. There was no part of him she did not possess. But did she know this? would she understand?

"Do not hope for that!" said his Friend, who had more knowledge of the world than the Poet. "They never understand. She will regard your failure to send her a present as a slight. Women may forgive an insult, but a slight, *never!*"

"Other women might feel that way, but my Queen is different from other women!" cried the Poet.

He sat for a moment with his pale brow resting on his hand. Then he rose and, going to a table, took up a small, worn volume. He looked on it affectionately, and said, more to himself than to his Friend:

"I was a lonely child. Day and night I prayed to the good God to send me a companion—one who would understand why I wandered through the misty shadows of the forest; why I loved the birds better than human playfellows; why I craved no other wealth than the gold of the dandelions on the meadow's breast and the jewels of the dewdrops threading the slender blades of grass. To many I was attracted, but always after a brief fellowship we parted, for my way was not theirs.

"Despair came into my heart. I thought I should never find the com-

panion of my life—that I must ever walk alone. In the midst of my sorrow, I found this little book. In it the soul of the author lived, although for centuries his body was dust. It has been my companion in the fields and in the streets. Together we have lingered in the woods, while the winds sang their weird songs; together we have sailed on the placid bosom of the lake, under the mystic gleaming of the stars; together we have sat before the tender firelight; together we have traversed distant countries and dwelt together among strange peoples. Dear as a child to the heart of a parent is this little book to me. And so it shall be my Christmas gift to Her. She will understand!"

His Friend, having more knowledge, smiled and said:

"She will see only an old book, and will find insult added to injury in your sending it to her. Be wise in time, O Poet! You have lost the Woman; do not lose your book!"

The Poet did not hear him, so busy was he making ready the book for its journey to the Woman. When it was gone, he took his old place before the fire, and began to speak softly concerning the Woman.

"She is very beautiful," he said, "and very rich. I have always wondered why she should drop the splendor of her eyes upon me, so poor and so unworthy. But since she has done so, I have ceased to think of myself as poor and unworthy. Have I not riches and honor when she deigns to regard me? Also, since my singing is sweet in her ears, should it not be the sweetest singing in the world to me? Since she permits me to weave her name into my lines, are they not lines of beauty? Is not my life a noble life, since she has accepted it for her own?"

"Wait until to-morrow," said his Friend, who had deep knowledge of the world. "Wait until to-morrow, which will bring you the Woman's answer."

The next day the letter came. The Poet's fingers were a little unsteady as he broke its seal, for, in spite of himself, the words of his wise Friend were in his ears. What should he do if she had not understood? All he was, the Woman owned, and how could he live on if she were to be other than the woman he deemed her? The envelope contained only the Woman's visiting card, with the words, "Four o'clock," written below her name. The Poet was sorely disappointed until he chanced to turn the card, when he saw, on its back, the sketch of the fabled race between the hare and the tortoise; then he was mystified.

"Well! did she understand?" inquired his Friend.

"It is I who do not understand," he said, handing him the card.

"It is all plain enough," explained the Friend who had so much knowledge. "She here tells you that you had the opportunity to win her, but, falling into your dreams, you forgot all about the race, which your rival, turning aside for nothing, gains. Being a woman, she rewards the faithful lover with her hand. Being clever, she takes an artistic way of showing you your folly."

"It cannot be!" cried the Poet. "While I do not understand her message, she is not false!"

"Wait and see!" counselled his Friend.

At four o'clock the Poet stood before the Woman. There was a strange smile around her mouth, but when he saw the little book clasped against her breast his fears slipped from him, for he knew that she understood. Presently he thought of the drawing, and a light broke upon him.

"Slow-journeying Time was the tortoise that passed the Poet while he sat down to dream," he whispered. "Forgive him, for the sake of the sweet object of his dreams!"

When she gave him her white hand, he thought with pity of his Friend, who considered himself so wise.

THE GARDEN BENCH



MERRY Christmas and Happy New Year!

Soon we shall be listening to the old greeting and repeating its message of good-will. If, however, you happen to live below the Mason and Dixon line, you will be much more apt to hear, "Christmas Gift!" I hope you will not call me sectional, but after some years of exile, I have come to think that you really have to live below that celebrated line if you would know what Christmas cheer really is. Down there the shopkeepers bring in Fourth of July goods with their Christmas things, and the small boy looks upon himself as badly neglected if "ole Sandy Claus" does not put some firecrackers and Roman candles in his stocking. On Christmas Eve the little boys—and, occasionally, some who are not little,—carry all the old boxes and barrels they can find—and if there are any tar kegs so much the better—to the top of a hill, and when night comes on there is a bonfire worth leaving the warm hearthstone to see.

You will hear this custom commented on depreciatingly by strangers, but, on consideration, is it not significant? We read in St. Luke, that on the first Christmas night there was a brightness in the sky. The light it kindled in humanity still shines on, and it takes a visible expression in the bonfires blazing on Southern hills.

On the next day, when you go forth in the morning, you meet with a regular bombardment of calls of "Christmas Gift!" The children awaken you with the words, and when you go down stairs, Aunt Dinah, whom it has been your effort to try to catch first since you *began to know the meaning of Christ-*

mas, sings out from the kitchen, "Chris'mus Gif', honey! Ole Dinah's done ketched you fus' again!" and her fat, happy laugh compensates for the failure. After all, you reason, it would spoil Aunt Dinah's happiness if she did not *spea*k the words first. But you will surely get Uncle Dan this time. "Chris'mus Gif', Missy!" calls Dan from the dark back hall. "I done got you an' Dinah bofe!" Going down the walk you meet Uncle Mose, who has come to give you "Chris'mus Gif'!" and get one more substantial than a phrase. In the streets the darkies, standing on the curbstones for you to pass, duck their heads and bid you "Chris'mus Gif'!" The boys and girls shout it at you, the men and women wish it to you, and as your friends clasp your hands they whisper "Christmas Gift!"

It is a friendlier greeting than "Merry Christmas!" and a better one. "I wish you the gift of Christmas," it says. Therefore, let us greet our friends, at least, with the dear old words, "Christmas Gift!"

* * * * *

"I dread the thought of Christmas," said a woman the other day.

"Why you, of all persons?" asked her neighbor, knowing no pair of stockings would be missing from the line before that fireplace, no vacant place would be at that table. "Why should you dread the thought of Christmas?"

"Oh! because of the presents one must buy, and then the letters of acknowledgment one must afterward write. It is a nuisance!"

"Then why do you do it?" asked the other woman.

"Because I have to do it," she answered. "It is customary."

There are many who join that woman in her wail, and from time to time we read discussions in magazines as to whether the custom should be abolished or perpetuated. Customs are the institutions of time, and only time can destroy them. Individuals may refuse to recognize customs, but customs go on merrily without them. So, neither the magazines nor their readers can do away at will with the custom of gift-giving at Christmas.

I doubt not that many of us, at times, feel like this complaining woman. We picture to ourselves the crowds in the streets; the difficulty of getting waited on after our choice is made; the neglected work, because of the time consumed in the shops; the weary feet and aching head, and then, disappointment—for there is always a disappointment dragging in at the heels of every joy—that back-kick of the gun, of which Emerson speaks. Anticipation always makes things brighter or darker than is the reality. We shall find when we get back to the Christmas crowd that they are unusually good-natured, that it is a pleasure to see all those wonderful objects, that it is easy to wait your turn, that somehow the work takes care of itself, and we are not so tired after all. As for the disappointment—well, it is only our opinion of a thing that gives it power over us; so let us say with the brave old stoic, to everything painful, "You do not concern me."

When you view it in the right way this gift-giving is really beautiful. We are so small, we are so mercenary, and, alas! we are so selfish. Blessed then be the custom that lifts us out of our little selves, scatters our money, and makes us loving and self-sacrificing! When you meet a niggardly woman in the shopping district, her arms filled with bundles, her hard face relaxed in a smile, do you not feel that this custom does more to spread the Christ-spirit than all the sermons that will be

preached on Christmas Day from the text given by the angels to mankind? When you see the miser parting with his beloved dollars in exchange for some pretty trinket that will awaken the light of youth in his wife's dim eyes, do you not understand that this custom is one of Love's many ways of reasserting his claim on human hearts? Then consider, I pray you, the sacrifices that the majority must make to fall in line with this custom! In every sacrifice there is some growth to the one who makes it, and will you not admit that that gift carries a certain grace to the recipient when it is accompanied by this sacrifice?

In our wiser moments we know all this to be true, and then we pray that long may live this custom of gift-giving at Christmastide!

* * * * *

When you here find sacrifice in the giving of gifts praised, do not interpret it as a commendation of foolishness and imprudence and extravagance. The most of us are poor people, and, notwithstanding our much vaunted prosperity as a nation, we are getting poorer. Where some of us once had to consider the dollars, we must now look after the dimes, and the strain made by the holiday season on our purses is felt long after the berries have dropped from the holly wreath.

That is wrong. The sacrifice should precede, not follow, feast. It is as easy to retrench during December to buy our gifts as during January to pay for them, while the satisfaction is greater. And in the purchasing of gifts, as in all other buying, we should keep within our means. Sacrifice is one thing, dishonesty something entirely different, and we should no more act dishonestly toward our family than toward our neighbor.

But, it may be said, So-And-So always sends me a handsome present, and I feel that I ought to do the same in return. So-And-So probably can afford to be generous, possessing greater means than

you; so should your gift be in accordance with your means. If the gift is the offering of affection, your friend will be pleased with whatever you send; if it is merely an exchange of presents, So-And-So's remembrance next year will fall in value to correspond with yours.

"One of the most prized gifts I received last Christmas," observed a woman the other day, "was from a dear girl friend. It was a small picture of Thackeray, from the pages of a magazine, neatly framed in black. I don't suppose it cost more than twenty-five cents. Did I measure the girl's regard by the monetary value of the picture? Oh, no! I found a very high expression of her thought of me in thus sending me a picture of the English master, of whom she knew I was so fond. She might, of course, have bought for me a richly illustrated copy of one of his novels, but in that case, as her spending-money is limited, others of whom she thought something would have had nothing to remind them of that thought on the blessed day."

"I think it is gifts of this sort that draw forth our deepest appreciation," remarked one of her listeners. "They seem to tell us that we hold a secure place in the mind of the sender when they gracefully remind us of our friend's memory of our favorite author, or flower, or of a sentiment which we do not often reveal. A friend in the South regularly cheers my Northern Christmas with a spray of pansies. I know that they grow by his door-step, and they are more eloquent of the fidelity of his friendship than would be a box of orchids from a florist's. That special part of the pansy bed is his special care, during the autumn, in order that I shall have a message from him and our common Southland in my distant home on Christmas Day, and nothing brings more joy to my heart."

A simple gift need not be a shoddy one. Indeed, the majority of us would

greatly prefer that the well-wisher would send her greetings in the form of a letter than in the unlovely and unuseful things we sometimes must receive and seem thankful for. We ought not to teach our friends and acquaintances deception, as we do when our worthless gifts force from them expressions of gratitude which they do not feel. You will find that the truly simple things are always pretty.

Then, let us send as many gifts as we can afford. In other words, let us think of many, in the Christmas spirit. Let us think of some of the old friends. There are relatives or school companions or teachers from whom we are long separated and with whom, of late, we have held no communication. Suppose a letter, with a little gift, were to find them this Christmas? Imagine the surprise, the gladness of heart at the thought that they were not forgotten by you! And it is possible that they are forgotten by all, therefore will your thought be all the dearer to them.

For in this sorry old world, my dear friends, there are many, many who are forgotten. Now, if each of us would think of one of those forgotten people, don't you see there would be no heart on this happy day without its little spot of joy? And when we consider how rich we are in happiness, ought not our feet be swift to carry some of our gladness to those who have nothing? And if we have not much, we shall always find those who have less, and whom the little we can give will bless. And there is one thing all of us, no matter how poor, no matter how forlorn we may be, can give — kind thoughts. Let us give these forth lavishly at this good time, and at all times. If kind thoughts abounded, they would show themselves in kind words and kind actions, and then, indeed, would be ushered in that time of peace which the angels promised on that first Christmas Night.

CURRENT COMMENT

Suicidal Mania

The Catholic Standard and Times

It is significant of the extent to which the crime of suicide prevails, in nominally Christian countries, that a movement looking toward an antidote should be formally inaugurated here. To Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, belongs the credit of starting this highly commendable crusade. He and some other philanthropic gentlemen of the same city have formed a club or society whose object will be to seek out the probable victims of despair and gently strive to win them back from the spell of the fiend who whispers that in living there is no use, in death a blessed relief. It is a noble idea to put into practice the theory of the brotherhood of man, and bid the hope-riven again take heart and look up toward God's sky.

But, ah! how much more noble to plant in such weak and empty hearts the seed that blossoms into a talisman against despair! Suicide is accounted for by many causes, but the one primary cause is the infidelity of the age. Suicide is, in the last analysis, the negation of God. It is the one unforgivable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost. Where there is no religion there is no fear of God. Infidelity is the foster parent of sin, sin of shame, shame of despair and despair of death. Strong drink is a potent agency. Over-indulgence in it produces a frightful physical and moral depression; and the alternation from wild gaiety to sickening melancholia, repeated from week to week, mayhap from day to day, destroys the fountains of life and spirit. It becomes impossible for the unhappy victim to call up again the

stimulus of hope; life ceases to have any purpose or goal worth striving any longer for, and at last the whisper of the tempter overcomes the natural instinct of self-preservation and the fatal plunge into the dark ensues. Miserable indeed is the case of the unhappy wight who has not known God, or who, worse still, having once known, has dared to cast Him out and defy His judgments.

Hardly less potent a cause of this terrible crime is the abandonment of the soul to the spirit of materialism and worldly success. This sordid spirit is almost universal. Money and the things that money can procure are held up in book and magazine and newspaper as the great prizes of life. Pagan Greece was a thousand times higher in the moral scale than Christian England and America are to-day in this regard. It cultivated beauty and truth in art and literature, and thereby paved the way for the reception of the really beautiful and true—the knowledge and love of God.

Perhaps the most pathetic of all the fruits of this worldliness of spirit is the state of the child mind in parts of Germany. Recent statistics reveal the appalling fact that the suicide of children is beginning to be a new and dark feature of industrial life. Over-schooling and premature drudgery in factories are given as the causes of such an unnatural condition of things. All the joyousness is thrust out of the children's lives in many communities. The unhappy beings are made to feel the hard, pitiless grip of a sordid, God-ignoring world ere they have well begun to taste of the innocent gaiety of youth, and they

have no promptings of religion to sustain them in the hours of sadness and disappointment; and so, children though they be, they decide to end it once for all. In Saxony especially is this tragedy of child-destruction becoming common. That France leads in suicide is a common belief. If the ratio of increase in the United States keep up, we shall soon have established a claim to supremacy in this dreadful distinction. The use of absinthe and similar villainous decoctions of wormwood and other deadly vegetables and plants is indirectly responsible for the high rate of self-destruction in France. But the direct responsibility lies at the door of Voltaire and his school. When you destroy the belief in God you destroy the respect for human life, of which He only is the giver. Hence the desire for nothingness, the frantic appeal of despair to the eternal dark. —

An Antidote to Bad Reading

The Sacred Heart Review

A valuable aid in our efforts to combat the manifold evils of the present day will be found in a steady effort towards acquiring an accurate knowledge concerning the history, doctrines, and practical working-methods of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church is an organization, an institution, so vast, so long-lived, so unconquerable, so skilled in the making of great men and the accomplishment of great things, that writers not of her fold have lavished magnificent tributes of praise and admiration upon her,—tributes which it has long been one of the special aims of the Sacred Heart Review to present from time to time to the attention of its readers. If these writers are thus impressed, if they display so keen an appreciation of the *Church's* glories, what ought to be our *own knowledge* and our own admira-

tion of the glory of our heritage, of that treasury of good things that is ours by right of inheritance, and because we are truly the Church's children?

A story exists to the effect that, one night, in a fearful dream, the inventor of printing saw before him the terrible evils that awaited the promulgation of his invention. From that discovery not good alone would flow, but awful harm, direful temptation, tremendous power for lasting woe and ill. What serious thinker to-day is not well aware of this flood of evils now pouring out into the minds and before the eyes of young and old through the medium of the daily press! This state of things should prove the Church's wisdom in maintaining, on her part, a censorship of the press, by means of her index of condemned writings, forbidden writings, writings concerning which she says to her children, as God said to our first parents in Eden: "Of the fruit of this tree ye shall not eat!"

Yet, because a thing is forbidden, it does not follow that there will be no transgression of the law, no temptation to break it, no longing to follow one's own will and the devil's seductions, no tasting of the forbidden fruit. Too many persons, young and old, want to be conversant with what their careless neighbors are talking about; they dread to be called ignorant, prudish, or eccentric.

A remedy for this cowardly spirit—one excellent remedy among many others,—lies in making ourselves, and those under our influence, conscious of, and joyful in, the beauty, the grandeur, the magnificence of our inheritance as Catholics. We should cultivate in every way a taste for Catholic knowledge, just as carefully as we cultivate a taste for anything noble and beautiful; nay, far more than for any other subject, since in the Church the beauty of holiness is

stored up and with it the unfathomable stores of the truest wisdom and the deepest mines of thought.

We should make our reading a part of our examination of conscience. What do I read? Is it harmful or helpful? Is it elevating? Is it such as I should like to face God with, or the eye of the friend whom I honor most on earth? But to this self-examination, let us add a firm resolution, namely, that by God's grace we shall do all in our power to become intelligent Catholics through daily helpful reading in the Church's marvelous stores of literature—history, biography, missionary travel and discovery, poetry, philosophy, fiction even, for the writers of Catholic fiction well deserve attention from many readers. But, above all, let us cultivate the love for truth, for purity, for profound wisdom, for holiness. Let us desire these things; and let us hate and despise and scorn what is false and impure, foolish and evil. For, at the last day, believe it, the unerring Judge will demand from us how we used the intellect, the mind, the wondrous gifts He gave us—whether we spent them in His service, or flung them to the dogs among the mire.

Unclean Literature

The Michigan Catholic

"The murderer is not alone to blame for the foul piece of work he has done. It is the fault of this city, of the state and of the United states. It is the fault of every community and every government that allows unclean literature to be sent out to poison the minds of our young people and inflame them to deeds of darkness."—Extract from sermon at funeral of Josie Oom, of Grand Rapids.

Once more has the influence of foul literature brought death into a happy home; once more has the corruption of the blood and thunder novel made some one a murderer. The recent murder in

Grand Rapids of a young lady, who was returning from her daily employment, has brought grief to her parents and relatives, and aroused the sympathy of every law-abiding citizen of the "Second City" of Michigan.

The murder of Josie Oom was most brutal. It was the act of a fiend in human form; the aftermath of a premeditation encouraged by a curse which is ruining and wrecking the youth of the country—impure literature. Until the Christian people of the United States, in one harmonious acclaim, demand from the Federal government the suppression of immoral literary filth, murders will continue; crime will increase; sin will flourish. What fills our jails, our penitentiaries, with inmates? Literary moral sewerage, which is the production of degenerates who are encouraged by unscrupulous publishers in their work of the devil. The daily press, with its scare heads, its "cuts," and inflammatory paragraphs describing sin and abomination, is an accomplice and breeder of crime and vice. Crime is too glorified in this country, and it is through this glorification of criminals—by men and women from whom is expected "common sense"—that justice is defeated.

Well did the Christian minister speak the truth when he declared at the bier of Josie Oom that "the murderer is not to blame." Under the sanction of a government, National and State, and encouraged by the citizens of a nation which boasts of advanced civilization, the literature of hell is permitted to spread broadcast throughout the land. But as sure as night succeeds day, the nation, whether it be empire, kingdom, republic or principality, that does not check the flow of literary poison will fall.

Suppress yellow-back literature; suppress a publication that glorifies vice, and demand a more rigid punishment for criminals that we may avoid murder and other crimes.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



THE Stork family was large and numerous. As were leaves on the trees, so were the little olive branches of the original Storks, until sisters, aunts and cousins formed a goodly array, and their name was legion. There was scarce a family with less than three children, and to their credit be it said that the little ones were always welcomed joyously. The Stork parents regarded their offspring with a doting fondness which blinded them to such minor details as faults and flaws. Indeed, had any of them been asked, they would have assured the questioner that their children were impeccable. The general public would not have concurred, but then the general public is not always sympathetic. If it has no children, it is wont to be bored at tales of the virtues of childhood; if it has progeny of its own, it believes not stories of children too well behaved, knowing, though not admitting, the failures of its own offspring.

But from dear old grandfather Stork and grandmother, all through the brood of uncles and aunts, mothers and fathers, down to children varying from frying size to broilers, all united to celebrate *Christmas* with an urgency which cost

many hundreds, not only for presents but for the nervous prostrations incident to their purchase. Presents flew from family to family, the men being for the most part well-to-do and generous. These were talked to sleep night after night for weeks before the fatal day with requests to know what they wanted to give to so and so! In each case the result was the same, and an irately sleepy man—than which there is nothing more irate except it be a hungry one—would exclaim:

"Gee whiz, Mary, quit talking me deaf, dumb and blind with this Christmas business! Get what you want and charge it. I should think if I furnish the boodle you might furnish the brains." To which Mary would murmur something about being so glad to help him, but the responsibility was so great. Nevertheless being true women, who could not resist spending money, the wives in question would go on as before, cheerfully buying impossibilities for which their more or less unsuspecting relatives would have to look pleased and smile, being villains still. ,

As for children's gifts, there was not a nursery which was not like unto a toy shop, overflowing with Noah's arks,

hobby-horses, dolls, books, tops, blocks, engines, and mechanical toys, broken before night. The noise was deafening, for the sound of drums, tin horns, French harps, and accordians mingled with the tinkle of the toy piano and the rasping scrape of beginners on violin and mandolin.

The children were none the better for these attentions. Indeed, there had been people cruel enough to voice the sentiment that the Stork children were "spoiled little brats;" but these were for the most part old bachelors—wont to be critical—or parents who had not the wherewithal with which to spoil their own children. Things proceeded in the same old way until one year there was a strike in the Christmas trade.

There were so many family names in the family that every one had a particular designation. There was Aunt Mary, and Aunt Mary Dave, Little Mary and Jim's Mary. There was Arthur and young Arthur and young Mrs. Arthur, and this last-named had dropped like a nihilistic bomb into the family circle. She was young and pretty and opinionated, and this is a fatal combination; for while a plain woman may yield her ideas upon occasions, a pretty one never changes her opinions. Never having felt the need of ideas, being always approved, no matter how idealess, by the censor, Man, she clings to her opinions tenaciously.

Young Mrs. Arthur had been busy since her advent into the family six years before and, with the glamor still upon her as to her husband and to all that pertained thereunto, had accepted his family's ways. But she had reviewed the situation and felt that the time had come to make a change. She had talked it all over with Arthur in the silent midnight watches when her husband, weary with a strenuous day upon

the links, yearned for sleep and had acquiesced with everything she said as the nearest way to approach unto his desired haven.

"I think the way we keep Christmas is all wrong, don't you?" she said.

"Um Um!" Arthur didn't mind when she asked questions which could be answered with yes or no. He had learned to sleep with one ear open and could catch the intonation and tell whether to say, um-hum or un-un. It was when her remarks required answers with ideas to them that Arthur squirmed. He couldn't see why women would expect the impossible from their husbands! Mrs. Arthur went on in a monologue pleasant and soothing:

"We never made such a fuss over Christmas at home. When we were little we had a tree trimmed with popcorn, cranberries and candles, and some gold and silver paper things, and we had presents, a few simple ones, and we mended up our old toys we were too big for, and took some pennies out of our banks, and made up a basket for some poor children. My mother used to say that children shouldn't think about what they were going to get, and of course she was right." Young Mrs. Arthur had the old-fashioned idea that everything her mother did was right, and in this she was an agreeable change from the modern young woman who thinks herself superior to all of femininity which has gone before. "We used to get into a perfect fever over what we were going to give Mother and Father and each other. Why, when I was only five years old I remember pricking my fingers nearly to the bone working a cross-stitch needle-book for Mamma,—bless her! she has it yet. And putting in my playtime for weeks making a shaving-paper case for Father. The present I liked best that Christmas was

a lot of clean white blocks my brother begged from the carpenter and smoothed off the edges of. Now Maude is five and she has never given me a present in her life, and Horace could no more smooth up blocks for her—or even think of doing it—than he could fly. It is the whole system that is wrong. Children are regular little sponges; they absorb everything. They hear all this chatter and fuss about a Christmas present for this one and that one and the other one, and all the other children speculate as to what they're to get, and ours are growing too selfish and scheming for anything. They say you can't stem the tide, but I'm going to take it by degrees and dam it." She spoke impressively, and Arthur, catching one familiar word, murmured with sleepy approval, "That's what I say."

Mrs. Arthur beamed. Genuinely in love with her handsome, black-eyed husband, she was always happy when he approved of her notions.

"Oh, I knew you would agree with me, Arthur, you're such a dear! Well, my plan is this. We will proclaim publicly that this year we don't intend to give or receive any presents except those for the children of the family. Of course one can't pass over children on Christmas Day! That would be heathenish! Heavens, there are enough of the children to think of! There's our three, and Hannah's six, and Esther's nine, and my own four nephews and seventeen cousins,—thirty-nine! Think of it! I wonder if the President thought of Christmas when he advocated large families? Now, we shall pose as devotees of the 'Simple Life' and give each one of the thirty-nine some trifle, and not give the older ones a thing! Isn't that a good plan, and don't you like the idea?"

Arthur said, "Sure, Mike," and she *purred on*, detailing in full how, grad-

ually, they would instil the true Christmas spirit into their own offspring, and incidentally the circle would widen, like ripples in a pond, until all the Stork family dwelt together in unity of ideas upon the irrational spirit of twentieth century giving.

These periods she rounded so well and so impressively that Arthur said, "Hear, Hear!" but later was caught in some irrelevancy of reply, and avenging Nemesis descended upon him as his wife said:

"Arthur Stork, I don't believe you heard a word I said!"

"I did, too," he declared, fully awake at last, "you said, 'Damn Christmas presents!'"

"I never used such a word in all my life!" She was indignant even unto tears. "How can you say such a thing about me! I never even heard the word until I was married, and I didn't know that any one but vulgar creatures ever said it," and she wept bitterly. Arthur, who was just as much in love with his little Dresden china wife as she was with him, prostrated himself in spirit before her and implored forgiveness, which, being sweetly granted and the kiss of peace bestowed, was nearly withdrawn when he asked, with genuine masculine tact:

"Say, Ethel, what was it all about anyway?"

When the plans were once more unfolded, he gave a whistle of surprise.

"You'll have a regular cat's nest about your ears!" he said. "The old maids who haven't any children will raise a howl that you could hear from Dan to Beersheba. They'll all call you stingy and—"

"No, they won't." She closed her lips tightly. "They know I'm not that. There's nothing like establishing a precedent. If you just establish one bad enough, you can do as you like forever

Amen! I'm tired of being driven by my relations-in-law and I'm going to start right now to do my own way. They'll just shrug their shoulders and call me queer, and if people once get the idea into their heads that you are queer, you can follow your own sweet will the rest of your natural life."

"Well, do just as you like. I'll stand by you," said Arthur, and the subject was closed.

Great was the astonishment of the family when young Mrs. Arthur made her grand "pronunciamento," but over the family conclave we will draw a veil. It presented but the salient features of all family conclaves—vivid discussion of one absent member—and Mrs. Arthur considerably remained away from the luncheon given by young Mary Dave about that time.

She was very busy. It was not easy to find thirty-nine inexpensive presents for children, and she found herself murmuring, even in her sleep: "Tops, dolls, paper-dolls, marbles, balls, hockey-sticks, baseball bats, footballs, golf balls, doll's chairs, handkerchiefs, doll's toilet-sets, slippers, pocket-books, oh, dear! Thirty-nine presents for inexpensive children—what am I talking about? there are no such things—I mean inexpensive presents."

If the elders discussed the affair, no less did the youngsters. They felt themselves observed of all observers. How important they must be if Aunt Ethel—much admired in the family by young and old—intended to bend all her Christmas energies to giving them gifts to the exclusion of all children of larger growth. They preened their little feathers greatly, and speculation was rife among them as to what they would receive.

Christmas morning dawned crisp and fair, and the little folk in Mrs. Arthur's

sunny nursery were early agog with interest. Their gifts had been carefully selected with a view to simplicity and utility, each gift embodying some idea which the recipient was to work out with eventual profit.

Baby Flora received an ivory teething-ring with which to soothe her aching gums, a rubber doll to cuddle and caress and a Persian kitten to teach her to love dumb animals. Horace, proud in his first knickerbockers, just turned four, had building-blocks, horse's reins, a stalwart hobby-horse and a drum, while Maude rejoiced in a white enameled doll's cradle with brass knobs, a baby doll to be undressed and put to bed every night (to teach her motherliness her mother said), a dust-cloth, hemmed and her initials in the corner, and a folding cutting-table.

There was a great Babel for awhile, and Mrs. Arthur slipped off for a quiet half-hour with her husband. He had refused positively to come under the ban of giving only to the children and had presented her with a magnificent antique necklace, whose silvery green aquamarines set off the delicate fairness of her beauty. She had shown her common sense in giving him a genuine Samurai sword for his "lair"—as he called the study in contradistinction to other "dens"—and they were having a happy time together when howls came from the nursery.

These things had not worked out psychologically. Something had gone wrong with the thought vibrations; tone colors were awry.

When the mother entered she beheld a marvellous sight. Baby Flora had undertaken an investigation of the drum and had fallen into it, after chewing the brass bells on the horse's reins; dainty Lady Maude, her mother's image, was astride her brother's hobby-horse, using

the rubber doll to encourage Dobbin's further endeavors, while Horace, blocks unnoticed, was holding his sister's doll bed by the knobs and pushing it around the room in front of him, upon its dainty spread the Persian kitten, every claw spread, its tail a round fluff of indignation. Mrs. Arthur gave one glance, then retired to her husband's sheltering breast, shrieking to nurse to rescue the baby; and at that moment the door-bell rang.

"A package for the childer, mum," said Norah, the housemaid, and that was but the beginning of the end! By noon Norah had grown to repeat the words with mechanical precision, and the house looked like a junk-shop. The effect that the united efforts of the combined relatives would have upon her own children had not occurred to Mrs. Arthur. The exponents of the Simple Life were cumbered with much giving. They not only had representatives of every known toy, but many unknown ones; they had dozens of dishes, a gross of dolls, a peck of tops, a bushel of cars, and a perfect wilderness of books.

With cheeks scarlet with excitement, tired, cross, blasé, bedtime came to the

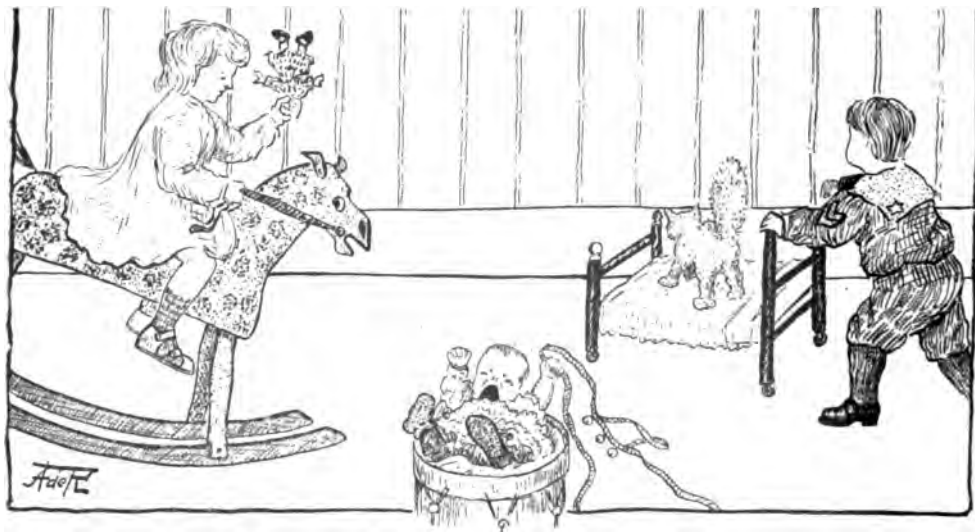
children, and they were hauled off by the exhausted Norah from a nursery strewn with costly things, half-broken, wholly unenjoyed, over which the Christmas kitten wandered, daintily toying with dolls' wigs and marbles, the only childish spirit left in all this melée of this Simple Life.

"Talk about the Christmas spirit and giving simply to a little child! ye gods, Ethel! did you ever see such truck?" said Arthur. "Say, how did your plan work?"

Mrs. Arthur looked around despairingly, then said, in a voice between laughter and tears:

"I rather think it worked not wisely but too well! But I'm not going to give it up yet. Next year I'll think of some other way," and her sweet lips closed firmly.

"I hope you will." Arthur spoke feelingly, as he fell over a train of cars and bumped his head against a toy balloon floating in the air. "And say, if you are going in for another Simple Christmas, won't you think up something just a little less strenuous than this!" and Mrs. Arthur answered with emphasis, "Well, I reckon so!"



CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY

THE ROSARY IN ADVENT.

THE month of October, that season of prayer under the invocation of the Rosary Queen set aside by the great Leo XIII as protracted Rogation time for the needs of the Church and society, has undoubtedly elicited from heaven many helps and much strength that, otherwise, would have been withheld. Certainly, God does not forsake His Church. Until the final day will the Spouse of Christ stand among the nations to win and heal them. Persecution cannot overcome her. But it is our duty, nevertheless, to pray that the Church be allowed to enter in where the obduracy of man's heart wishes to forbid her free admittance. The work of God does not grow old. Society, however, changes in its views and temper. It spurns the old as effete, and laughs to scorn the antique as obsolete. It grows to manhood forgetting the days of formation in youth. But without youth there is no manhood. The influence of the Church has suffered much from those imbued with this spirit of modernity. She is looked upon by such as an interesting archeological remnant striving, in indifferent senility, for an impracticable ideal.

But salvation comes only from Christ through His Church. Hence with wonderful wisdom and keenest penetration into the needs of nations and a clear perception of the essential fundamentals of national success, Leo XIII, of happy memory, promoted devotion to the Rosary. October was dedicated in a special manner to the Rosary and given

over to prayer for the needs of the Church; for her advancement among nations; for her growth; for the increase of her "ineffable seductiveness" over human hearts. The great Pope would save all peoples through the Church; he saw that the only guarantee of national happiness lay in the extension of Catholic doctrines. He was inspired, doubtless, by the Queen of Heaven herself, the mystical Co-Regent of the Church. Hence, within the last score of years the Church has made tremendous progress. Loyalty to Rome has increased and the wonderful power of the Rosary has repeatedly been shown.

Advent, the season of preparation for the coming of the Christ-Child, is now upon us. Each Catholic should know and feel that it behooves him, personally, to imitate and realize within himself the virtues of the Man-God. One good Catholic is a better argument for most men than volumes of apologetics; one good citizen whose patriotism is the outgrowth of Catholic morality, works wonders towards the spread of Catholic doctrine. There is a close bond between the prayers of the Church and her feasts. Harmony of thought and sentiment with the ecclesiastical season pervades the liturgy. Hence we see in Advent a kind of echo of October. The Rosary is in season at all times, because it is, in its fifteen mysteries, an epitome of the entire life of Christ. But the joyful mysteries seem to spring naturally from October thoughts. During that month we told off the beads for the growth of the Church, and the union of all men with

her. During Advent we ought to pray for the increase of the spirit of the Church in ourselves. The Annunciation should admonish us to beware of the slavery of sin. The Visitation should mean for us an early refuge and flight to the hill-country of humility and forgetfulness of self. Christ came to earth to save us, and that as the mirror of all perfections, men might look upon Him as their model. When we have once learned the lessons of Jesus then we shall be missionaries unconsciously and despite ourselves; for the "sweet reasonableness" of virtue irresistably attracts men even as Jesus in the crib drew the shepherds to His side and won their simple hearts.

"O mystery worthy of greatest veneration, not to be told but to be felt, to be expressed, not with words but with silence and wonder. What can be more wonderful than to see that Lord, Who is praised by the stars of the morning, Who sits between the cherubim, Who flies upon the wings of the wind, Who sustains with three fingers all the weight of the earth, Whose royal seat is the heaven and the earth His footstool, Who has chosen to descend to such an extreme of poverty that at His birth His Mother was forced to lay Him in a manger, not having any other place for Him. Where can we see united two so great extremes as God and a stable, God and a manger? How is it possible that man should not be amazed beholding his Maker trembling with cold, wrapped in poor raiment? O King of Glory, mirror of innocence, why shouldst Thou have such mercy, why shouldst Thou have shed tears, suffered cold, been almost without clothing, paid tribute, and borne the punishment of our sins! O charity! O compassion! O

immense mercy of God!"—St. Cyprian, translated by Mrs. Francis Alexander in "Il Libro D'Oro."

INDULGENCES FOR DECEMBER.

The "station" indulgences are gained by making five visits to the different altars of a church, and there praying for the Pope's intention.

December 3—First Sunday of Advent: the regular First Sunday indulgences; also "station" (ten years and 400 days).

December 8—Immaculate Conception B. V. M.: C. C., visit to a public oratory (plenary); C. C., distinct visit to a Confraternity altar, with prayers (seven years and 280 days).

December 8 to 15—Octave of same: C. C., procession (plenary—only once).
December 10—Second Sunday of Advent: "station" (fifteen years and 400 days).

December 17—Third Sunday of Advent: "station" (as on Dec. 3).

December 20, 22 and 23—Ember Days: "station" (ten years and 400 days).

December 24—Fourth Sunday of Advent: "station" (as on Dec. 3). Vigil of Christmas: (same as on Dec. 17). Between Christmas Eve and daybreak (the same).

December 25—Christmas: "station" during Mass called "Aurorae" (fifteen years and 600 days); also, C. C., visit to a Rosary church or chapel (plenary); C. C., visit to Confraternity altar, with prayers (seven years and 280 days); five mysteries (seven years and 280 days).

December 26, 27 and 28—"station" (thirty years and 1200 days).

WITH THE EDITOR

We extend to all our friends and readers hearty greetings of the holy season, and wish for all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The month of December appeals in a special manner to the clients of our Blessed Mother, consecrated as it is to the infancy of our Divine Lord. The season of Advent, which precedes the glorious feast of our Lord's Nativity, is a time of preparation for our Saviour's coming. True Christmas happiness is for the Christian only whose heart is pure, whose conscience is clean and in whom God's grace abounds; indeed, no genuine happiness is attainable aside from union with God. Wisely, then, does the Church provide the Advent season that Christians may "make straight the way of the Lord" and receive Him worthily into their hearts. The Divinely appointed means for making our peace with God is the sacrament of Penance. Let us then see to it that the days of Advent pass not by unheeded; but let them be to us days of prayer and preparation for the coming of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem, the "Word made flesh," because "God so loved the world." Let each of us receive on Christmas morning the Most Adorable Eucharist, the Bread of Life, the Body and Blood of Christ; then, indeed, shall we be partakers of that holy joy that passeth understanding, and we shall experience a foretaste of that heavenly peace which God's angels proclaimed from on high to "men of good will on earth."

An event which augurs well for the Church in America was the organization recently, of "The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States." The purpose of the society, as stated by its founders, is "the development of

the missionary spirit in the Catholic population of the United States, by aiding the building of churches in needy places, or by any other missionary work that may be deemed advisable by the board of governors." It is a deplorable fact that in many places in this country, especially in the West and South, the paucity and poverty of Catholic settlers are such that it is utterly impossible for them to provide suitable places of worship—or churches of any kind, indeed. Those people are certainly proper objects of missionary concern and activity; and efficacious and permanent assistance can be rendered them only through organized and intelligently directed effort. It is unquestionably a noble form of charity to seek the conversion of non-Catholics and bring to them the blessings of the light of faith. But, after all, charity begins at home; and those of the household of the faith should not be overlooked nor forgotten by their more fortunate brethren. There is no sadder chapter in the history of the Church in America than that which records the countless defections from the faith of their fathers of emigrants to our shores—and of those even "to the manner born." And who shall undertake to compute aright the vast number of those who have abandoned the practice of the religion of their childhood, retaining the while the *name* of Catholic? It is this latter class that is hardest of all to reach and influence. They dwell, for the most part, not in rural districts apart from the humanizing and refining influences of Christian society, but in centers of large population, in the great cities of the land. And here they thrive, according to the maxims of the world, growing fat upon the ignorance and misfortune and necessity of their fellow men, accumulating vast fortunes, frequently by methods not merely

hensible but positively criminal—methods which, were justice done, would clothe them in the garb of convicts rather than in the purple and fine linen in which they ostentatiously and vulgarly parade themselves before equally vulgar and sordid worshippers of Mammon. Such “semblances of men” are a disgrace at once to their country, to their race, and to the creed which they have not the courage nor the decency openly to repudiate. It cannot be doubted that “Catholics” of this description bring reproach to the Church, and discredit her in the eyes of a few; but the thoughtful and discerning are not deceived but appraise them at their true value.

The society is to confine its operations exclusively to the United States. Assuredly the field is vast, and the objects in view should appeal to the patriotism and the charity of American Catholics. It is proposed to raise a million dollars to carry on the work of the society. Those prosperous Catholics who refuse assistance to foreign missions on the plea that their contributions are needed at home, will now have an opportunity to prove their sincerity. We wish the society God-speed, and we congratulate its promoters, especially the Reverend Francis C. Kelly.

A prominent Chicago daily, which loudly asserts its claims to respectability, recently treated its readers to an exhibition of coarseness and brutality which would put the “yellowest” journal in America to the blush. The management of the paper in question saw fit to basely ridicule the President of the United States by caricature as mean and vulgar as ever disgraced a public print. It is the reproach of American youth that they are irreverent and wanting in respect for authority. Those who look beneath the surface of things find abundant indication of the reason for this deplorable condition in precisely such in-

cidents as the one related. No office or position of honor or trust is too exalted, no person is too dignified or sacred to escape the coarse and villainous assaults of the mercenary paragrapher and cartoonist. These exponents of popular American wit and “smartness” are applauded and richly rewarded by the enterprising panders of buffoonery and indecency, who thrust their vile productions into the hands of old and young alike under the guise of news! Small wonder, then, that there is an increasing disregard of authority and an alarming disrespect and contempt of law among the people. The personality of Mr. Roosevelt may not appeal to the publishers of certain newspapers; his political doctrines and economic views may not be in consonance with theirs; but he is, nevertheless, the chief executive of a great nation, the representation and concrete expression of the highest authority in the land, and as such he is entitled to the respectful consideration and the loyalty of every American citizen.

The rout of the political bosses in the battle of ballots last month and the retirement into oblivion of most of them was an achievement which rejoices the hearts of all honest and patriotic citizens. Well may the people exult, for their triumph was complete and most significant. It was in no sense a party victory, for party lines were practically disregarded. It was a triumph of honesty and decency over corruption and degraded political servitude. Nothing in American political history has ever demonstrated so clearly the potency of the popular ballot as did the recent election. Let it be hoped that a realization of their large constitutional powers and prerogatives will inspire the people to bring about many other needed reforms and the correction, by remedial legislation and otherwise, of notorious and flagrant abuses, political, economic and social.

WITH THE EDITOR.

BOOKS

LEX LEVITARUM ; OR, PREPARATION FOR THE CURE OF SOULS. By the Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O. S. B. With the *Regula Pastoralis* of St. Gregory the Great. Benziger Bros., New York. 8vo. pp. 349. \$1.60 net.

Bishop Hedley's pastoral cares do not interfere with his literary work. His pen is ever busy, and his contributions to sacred literature are numerous and deserving of the greatest praise. This new book of his is different from his other works, but by no means inferior to them. The work is in reality a commentary on the "*Regula Pastoralis*" of St. Gregory, adapting it to the needs of our own times. It is the "*Lex Levitarum*" because it was written especially for those preparing for the priesthood; but it should be the guide and director of those who are now pastors and directors of souls. Besides presenting admirable instructions for the Levite, it will recall to the minds of many priests the advice they received before ordination and the resolutions they made when they became priests. Every chapter in the book is a treasury of salutary advice. "Vocation," the first chapter, deals with those things that mark the true vocation. The chapter on "Purity of Soul" is full of the best advice—purity of soul that means "that complete 'purgation' which eliminates from the soul all that stands in the way of grace. It includes the predominance of wisdom over impulse; the humility of the Catholic spirit, as contrasted with the seeking for novelties in faith; cleanness from carnal desires and from avarice; disinterestedness, as compared with self-seeking; and the absence of personal animus or envy or anger in dealing with others." "Sympathy with Souls;" "Seminary Life;" "The Principles of Study;" "The Study of Philosophy, of

Literature, and Holy Scripture" chapters replete with instruction. The last chapter with the necessity of "The Priestly Life"—science included under these four faith, conduct, history and topics. The last part of the volume contains the original text of St. Gregory's "*Regula Pastoralis*." The Bishop's subject in presenting the text of the great Pope, is that his pastors and Church students come familiar with it. This will be most welcome to all for whom it is written, especially to those preparing for the priesthood.

HUMILITY OF HEART. From the works of Fr. Cajetan Mary Davis. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. Benziger Bros., New York. 211. Price \$1.25 net.

Advised by his physician, Cardinal Vaughan left London quiet and rest at Derwent. When he thought of translating the works of the Capuchin, which had for many years been his daily companion, he was familiar with the work in Latin. He is of opinion that the translation is free from those defects that are so often to be met with in translations. Aside from the excellence of the English translation, Cardinal Vaughan has given to us a valuable book. The beautiful simplicity and humility, how often neglected, forgotten, yet how necessary for the attainment of eternal life! The words of the author tell us how necessary is humility: "In Paradise there are no saints who never gave alms to the poor; many saints who never mortified their bodies by fasting or wearing hair shirts; many saints who never excused their bodily infirmities excu-

There are many saints, too, who were not virgins; their vocation was otherwise. But in Paradise there is no saint who was not humble." This book studied as Cardinal Vaughan studied it, will teach us as it taught him, that humility will secretly make of us saints before God.

REX MEUS. By the author of "My Queen and My Mother." Benziger Bros., New York. 8vo. pp. 183. Price, \$1.25 net.

This book is a meditative work touching some of the clearly marked periods of the career of holy David. The author, in his introduction, gives us the objects which he had in view in writing the book:

"I. To help young people, unfamiliar with the Old Testament, by putting into their hands some chapters which can be pondered over by them without danger of their being disturbed and perplexed by matters which it is not necessary, nor even, perhaps, desirable for them to be occupied with.

"II. By drawing out, here and there, thoughts from these chapters to let them see how much that is helpful can be extracted from the words of Holy Writ by those who will take a little time to think and ponder over them.

"III. To put before them one of the most beautiful characters God ever made, that of the man after His own Heart, the holy king and prophet, David, in hopes that by gazing at it, and comparing it point by point with our Lord's, they may be brought to understand better Him and His Sacred Heart, and grasp the truth of what is said in the Book of Wisdom, that by the beauty of the creature the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby (Wisd. xiii). And indeed this, though mentioned last, is the main object of the book, and the meaning of the title, for

the study of the prophet-king's character only makes us realize how his noble qualities, his courage, generosity, meekness, etc., pale into insignificance when considered side by side with the life of Him Who is not only our King but our God, our God and our all, Whom each of us can truly speak of as 'Rex meus, et Deus meus' (Ps. lxxxiii, 4)."

The book is one which will be welcomed by all who would seek a parallel between the holy King David, and Him Who has chosen to call Himself the "Son of David."

MANUAL OF CHURCH MUSIC. The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia. 8vo. Paper. pp. 150. 75 cents net.

This Manual has been prepared by Rev. Wm. J. Finn, C. S. P., of the Catholic University, Prof. George H. Wells, of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and Prof. Francis J. O'Brien, choir-master of Gesu Church, Philadelphia. It is prefaced by Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D., and the introduction is by His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to the United States. Two years ago the Holy Father issued that much talked of instruction, commonly referred to as the "Motu Proprio," in which he laid down certain laws regarding Church music. Many pastors and choir directors have found it almost impossible to carry out the Pope's instructions. The Manual before us will prove a great aid to those who have under their direction the training of male choirs. The Manual treats in three parts of the choir proper, its organization, the number and proportion of voices, hints for maintaining a choir; boy-choirs, the training of the boy's voice, the Gregorian chant; how to teach it; classic polyphony, modern music, to what extent it might be used. The appendices contain the "Motu Proprio" of Pius X, summary of regulations regarding the use of the or-

gan, etc., and an alphabetical table of topics. The book is most timely and useful; it should be in the library of every pastor, every organist and choir director. Father Henry in his preface, says: "Every priest, every choir-master, every singer—in a word, all those to whose spirit of zeal the Pope appeals in the last words of his famous "Instruction"—should not merely possess the volume but should carefully master its contents, so that all may be enabled to forward the 'prudent reforms, long desired and demanded with united voice by all,' and so that 'the authority of the Church, which herself has repeatedly proposed them, and now inculcates them, may not fall into contempt.'"

THE BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD OF JESUS.

With five colored and five white and black illustrations. 4to. printed on varnished paper, net, 15 cents; printed on untearable linen, net, 30 cents. Postage five cents extra.

This is the title of the latest toy picture book issued by Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne, London, illustrative of a phase in the life of our Divine Saviour. Already two numbers of this series have been published, viz., "The First Days of Jesus" and "The Last Days of Jesus," both of which have had a wide circulation. The present book is equal in every respect, and perhaps in some ways superior to, its predecessors. The colored pictures, of which there are five, are most artistically produced and make a very agreeable impression to the eye of the reader. In addition to these there are five pictures in black and white, each of which gives evidence of careful drawing. Altogether the book is highly creditable to all concerned in its production and is sure to command an extensive sale wherever it is shown. At this season of the year it would be difficult to find a more suitable or acceptable present for

young people of both sexes than this picture book. The work is from the pen of the Very Rev. Prior O'Gorman, O. S. A., and touches upon the early life of Our Lord, His being lost in Jerusalem, and His hidden life with Mary and Joseph at Nazareth. The preaching of John the Baptist is described and also the calling of the first apostles by Christ at the beginning of His public ministry.

THE VALERIAN PERSECUTION. By Rev. P. J. Healy, D. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1905. 8vo. pp. 285.

This work is a presentation in English of the results of the historical investigations of Allard, Da Franchi, De Rossi and scores of others less prominent, on the persecutions of the Christians under Valerian. A theme filled with more thrilling events and deeper pathos could hardly have been chosen. No wonder that the medieval man lingered over those blood-stained pages of Christian heroism. The great Bishop of Carthage, Cyprian, is studied here with love and veneration, though not without critical acumen and caution. This maiden work of Dr. Healy is well done. He believes in the continuity of history, and hence shows the ramifications of this single persecution with the others preceding it. The style is sober as befits the subject, and the exegesis of the highly-wrought "Acta" and "Gesta" is cautious and circumspect as befits the critic. The foot-notes are copious and valuable and by no means in agreement with the conclusions of such men as Aubé. If the author ventures no new conclusions, and contents himself with the mere statement of existing hypotheses, it is because his predecessors have done their work so well. All in all, even so severe a censor as Father Delehaye would find little in this work to find fault with. The make-up of the book is faultless.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of *THE ROSARY*, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. Have your beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of *THE ROSARY* will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix, or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross the Apostles' Creed: on the large bead, an Our Father; and on the small beads three Hail Marys. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say, Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and Our Father once, Hail Mary ten times, Glory be to the Father once; in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the Hail, holy Queen is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased

for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

It is not prescribed, but a pious custom assigns the different parts of the Rosary to different days of the week, as follows:

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

ROSARY INDULGENCES.

1. The usual conditions for gaining plenary indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffices for all the indulgences during the week except those for Rosary Sunday. In Calendar, C., C., means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On the first Sunday of every month, three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians. C., C., prayers.

(a) By those who visit a Rosary chapel.

(b) By those who are present at the Rosary Procession and make a distinct visit to the Rosary chapel.

(c) By those who are present at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament (v. g., at Benediction), in a Confraternity church.

4. On any day chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation. C., C., prayer.

5. The many indulgences attaching to the recitation of the fifteen mysteries may also be gained by Rosarians who celebrate or hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix."

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day for the recitation of the Rosary.

8. Many other indulgences may be gained on certain feast days. A list of these is published monthly in *THE ROSARY*.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

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CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Most Pure Heart of Mary (July 2). | 21. St. Thomas, Apostle. |
| 2. Blessed John, O. P., Confessor. | 22. Blessed Mary Mancini, Widow.
Ember Day. |
| 3. First Sunday of Advent. | 23. St. Francis Xavier, Confessor (Dec.
3). Ember Day. |
| 4. St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr. | 24. Fourth Sunday of Advent. Vigil of
the Nativity. |
| 5. St. Bernard, Abbot and Ecclesiastical Doctor (Aug. 20). | 25. Nativity of Our Lord. Holy Day. |
| 6. St. Nicholas, Bishop. | 26. St. Stephen, the First Martyr. |
| 7. Ordination of St. Ambrose. | 27. St. John, Apostle and Evangelist. |
| 8. Immaculate Conception—Holy Day
and fast day. | 28. Holy Innocents. |
| 9. St. Nicholas Tolentio, Confessor
(Sept. 10). | 29. St. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr. |
| 10. Second Sunday of Advent. | 30. Of the Octave. |
| 11. Translation of the House of Loretto. | 31. St. Sylvester, Pope. |
| 12. Sts. Eustachius and Companions,
Martyrs (Oct. 1). | |
| 13. St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. | |
| 14. St. Theresa, Virgin (Oct. 15). | |
| 15. Octave day of the Immaculate Conception—fast day. | |
| 16. Blessed Sebastian, O. P., Confessor. | |
| 17. Third Sunday of Advent. | |
| 18. Expectation of the Blessed Virgin. | |
| 19. Dedication of the Basilica of Our Saviour (Nov. 12). | |
| 20. St. Dominic, Abbot. Ember Day. | |

JANUARY, 1906.

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|---|
| 1. Circumcision of Our Lord. Holy Day |
| 2. Octave of the feast of St. Stephen. |
| 3. Octave of the feast of St. John. |
| 4. Octave of the feast of Holy Innocents. |
| 5. Vigil of the Epiphany. |
| 6. Epiphany of Our Lord. |
| 7. Finding of Our Lord in the Temple. |

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